

The Klamath News

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A GREAT SHOW
CLOSES

Eliza isn't jumping the
ice cakes any more. Simon
Legree has cracked his last
whip, and Uncle Tom has
joined Little Eva in heaven
forever and ever. The cur-
tain has fallen on "Uncle
Tom's Cabin."

For more than 77 years
the show has had a con-
tinuous performance. Up
and down Broadway, at
small town theaters, rented
halls, school auditoriums,
any place and every place
the story has been told
and told and told.

But the last handkerchief
has been knotted into a
small wet ball as Little Eva
winged her way to heaven
on a heavy wire. The last
delicious shudder has gone
up and down a trembling
spine as the bloodhounds
found the scent of Eliza
and Harry. The show has
been taken off the boards.

Somehow "Uncle Tom's
Cabin" was more than a
play. It was a living, glow-
ing, pulsing part of every
youngster's education. May-
be it didn't measure up to
all the technical qualifica-
tions, as the playwright
knows today. But it
had sympathy and tears
and laughter, humor and
indignation, and a suspense
for which most any theatri-
cal magnate would rejoice
today.

It gave people what they
wanted. There was some-
thing happening. There was
something for which they
could fight. When they
wept it was because a real
wrong had been committed,
and when they laughed it
was because the humor was
strong and clear.

So the play went on as
the years went by. Flor-
adora girls gave way to
bobbed-haired Follies girls,
but Uncle Tom and Little
Eva went to heaven just the
same. The emotions found
an outlet and the play went
traveling down the road
from town to town.

It was especially popular
in the small towns where
the night that brings a
show is always a gala one.
Red and yellow posters
flaunted the coming event
for days before. Fathers
donned their Sunday suits,
mothers wore their best silk
dresses and the cameo pins
they prized, and little boys
and girls scrubbed their
cheeks unusually clean
when "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
came along.

There would be a crowd-
ed house. Boards would
creak and the lamps would
waver a little now and then.
But nobody noticed for the
play was the thing. It was
alive, writhing, struggling,
exalting there on the stage.

But that is over now. The
play has gone down the
twisted, tangled road of
American memories along
with old-time livery stables
and McGuffey's Readers.

But it may be that small
boys and girls will find dust-
y copies of the book and
read it now and then, thrill-
ing to the bloodcurdling
tales that Cassie told when
the dogs were baying un-
derneath her hiding place.
And if they do, perhaps

Today

By ARTHUR BRISANE
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Why Not Hunt Gold?
Is the Rest Silent?
One Kaiser's Life.
Free, Nowhere to Go.

HODGE, Mojave Desert, Calif.,
Jan. 27.—The world needs
more gold, and may get it.
France and Uncle Sam now con-
trol the world's supply, France
with the highest per capita gold
reserve. Hard times have sent
prospectors back to hills and
mountains, their "good times
they jobs" in cities having van-
ished. You see more and more
of them traveling this desert
country, each in his years of
prospecting, probably passing
great fortunes a dozen times.
To prospect is one thing, to find
is another.

USUALLY the prospector rides
one donkey, two others
following. One donkey carries
the camping outfit, with blankets
and "grub," the other carries
prospectors' tools, and more food.
Perhaps a few sticks of dynamite
are carried by the more enter-
prising.

An occasional prospector, too
old to ride long hours, drives
two donkeys hitched to a two-
wheel cart, a pole between them.
Up hills and mountains too
rough for his cart, he rides one
donkey, leaving the other below.

THESE men often spend a life
time without reward. More
money has been put into gold
mines and gold hunting than has
ever been taken out. But even
the oldest prospector never looks
discouraged. Hope is back of
the sun burned face and gray
beard, and fortune is always just
around the next ridge. He is
trying, and full of hope. A
young gentleman spending his
dead father's money in a fash-
ionable gambling house might
well envy the old prospector
seeking a "grub stake" for just
one more trip.

THE multitude of seekers will
find gold, undoubtedly, for it
is everywhere in this western
country. Some, below with a
hammer might uncover wealth
literally beyond the dreams of
avarice, although water power,
rich soil and oil have long since
superseded gold in the public
imagination.

Uncle Sam, himself, may add
to Europe's indignation by dis-
covering his own gold mines in
the deep digging made necessary
by the Boulder dam enterprise.
Innumerable tunnels must be
made through the hills and, as
Harry Carr suggests, "all these
hills have been scratched by
prospectors for many years, but
few have been dug into."

Uncle Sam, digging deep, may
discover new bonanzas. Presi-
dent Hoover, able engineer, will
surely send young mining en-
gineers with the diggers.

IF YOU come out here and so
prospecting you probably will
find no gold, but you will find
something better—health and
knowledge of your country.
Young men out of college next
spring might invest \$150 in
three donkeys and an outfit,
bring a book on mineralogy, a
friend and advice which the gov-
ernment will gladly supply. In
a few weeks of gold hunting,
they might learn, in contrast with
the earth and with poor men,
things that are not taught in
college.

NO TROUBLE, as the late
Senator Hearst, said in
knowing when you have found
gold. "If you think it is gold,
it is probably pyrites, if it is
gold, you will not think you
will know it." He found the
Homestead gold mine, the An-
derson copper mine and other
properties from which hundreds
of millions of dollars have been
taken. But don't come here ex-
pecting to get rich. You will
not do that.

Slants of Wisdom

By CLARK WOOD
Editor of Weston, Oregon, Leader

Brand says that Europe must
unite or die, after which we
will continue to watch her
while she is doing neither.

Country editors would justly
be stigmatized as blithering
imbeciles were they to print the
story of stuff that Clara and
Daisy have told about each other.

"Six Hundred American are
peaceful in Paris and cannot
get home." We'd be looking for
that Latin quarter.

If the deaf are made to hear,
as reports from University of
California indicate, they will not
be without sound reason for re-
gret as well as rejoicing.

Although this country isn't
given to revolutions, we look
for some such sort of debacle if
the bill increasing the national
house membership becomes a law.

It's about time for the "cold
gray dawn of the morning after"
to resolve itself into another day.

the eternal triangles of the
neighboring playhouse, or
the girls who dance and
sway to gilded music, will
lose their appeal.

Perhaps, some day, Little
Eva will slide down the pul-
ley from her painted heav-
en and Uncle Tom will take
her on his knee again.

All work and no play
makes Jack.

IF YOU have reached 30 you
probably have more intimate
friends dead than alive. They
were so intensely alive and now
they are so completely dead,
whether they surprised the world
with their genius, bullied it with
their money, or "also ran," liv-
ing and dying unknown. Is there
a place, in Einstein's, Jean-
ne, an Edington's universe, in
which they meet and talk it
over? Or is it true that "the
rest is silence."

THE former Kaiser reached his
seventy-second birthday. He
has seen both sides of the shield
of fate. The writer saw him for
the first time at Montone, long
ago. His grandfather, William
was alive then, and Sir Morell
MacKenzie was operating on his
father's throat, to keep him
alive, that his wife, daughter of
Queen Victoria, might become
widow of the Emperor Frederick.
Not merely widow of a Prussian
crown prince. She did become
empress and dowager with dig-
nity and a big income.

NEXT, the young Hohenzol-
lern was seen riding in the
jubilant procession of his grand-
mother's victoria. He was
dressed in pure white; his well
trained charge was magnificent.
He outshone the whole parade.
Now he is an old man, in exile,
sawing wood, for exercise. He
had much of the will power of
his ancestor, the Great Frederick,
and could have been Germany's
greatest commercial emperor, had
he kept out of war.

But he lacked Frederick's
military genius. You can in-
herit that. He mistook the
greatness of Bismarck and Von
Moltke for Hohenzollern great-
ness. Now his sun has set, and
Europe that once watched and
feared him, makes its plans
without considering him. There
is the bitterness—to be nothing.

TELEVISION which means
"seeing afar," has its real
beginning, and in the usual way.
Men made tools of bronze to kill
each other more easily, than
saw flint, and the iron age
came to supply better killing
tools. Now bronze and iron are
useful, apart from killing. Tele-
vision is used to flash stock
quotations, a whole row of them,
to any earthly distance. In a
fraction of a second, making the
stock ticker as old fashioned as
the stage coach. Young Mr.
Vincent Ararat catching turtles on
the Galapagos Islands, could
have on his yacht an instrument
that would show him, before any
Wall Street man could know it,
that he made a mistake buying
sugar stocks.

Later television will be use-
ful, apart from stock speculation.
Some Einstein, Moses, Maimon-
ides or Spinoza of the future
may be seen and heard by the
whole world standing on Mount
Ararat, sending out a message of
vital importance that nobody but
himself will understand.

GANDHI is freed by Britain.
After nine months in a
comfortable jail, and is said to
find freedom oppressive. Lead-
ing \$20,000,000 Asiatic is said to
be easy task, when \$9,999,999
of them insist on killing the
others, and there is no particu-
lar place to which they can be
led. Drive Britain out of India
and millions would die off or
be killed off every year, and
Gandhi, intelligent and well
meaning, knows it.

UNCLE SAM shot at a British
rum ship, killed the captain
and got \$500,000 worth of
whisky. Canada wants to know
why. Uncle Sam has seized an-
other British ship, the Ruby
Castle, killing \$120,000 worth of
narcotics. No questions asked
about that. But the British may
well ask how we expect them to
pay their war debts, if we inter-
fere with their most profitable
trade.

Eighteen Years Ago
In Klamath

Although there has been no
concerted effort or campaign for
new members on the part of the
board of directors of the Klamath
chamber of commerce, the
membership of this booster or-
ganization is growing rapidly and
nearly 160 new members have
been added to the membership.

Dr. L. L. Truax reports the
birth of a daughter to Mr. and
Mrs. J. P. Graham on High street
this morning. Mr. Graham is
foreman of the Chapman Con-
struction company.

Residents of Klamath Falls,
who have long heard of the fame
of the company of amateur thea-
trians, known as the "Bonanza
Dramatic club," will be given an
opportunity to see this clever or-
ganization Friday evening.

The popular four-act melo-
drama "The Noble Outcast" will
be the offering, and the cast of
characters is as follows:
Gerald Weston (Known as
Jerry the Tramp)..... K. I. Bold
Col. Matthew Lee (A Southern
Banker)..... G. A. Bellman
James Blackburn (This new-
comer)..... Thomas Sparks
Jack Worthington (Blackburn's
Rival)..... Earl Hamaker
Mrs. Lee (Wife of the Col-
onel)..... Marie Harpold
Sadie (faithful but free).....
Ethel White
Officer..... H. L. Clopton

Mrs. Levi McDonald, with her
little daughter Joy, came in this
morning from her Bonanza home.

MOTHER NATURE'S CURIO SHOP



**GRASSHOPPER
GLACIER.**
AT THE EASTERN EDGE
OF YELLOWSTONE PARK
IS SO NAMED BECAUSE
OF THE FACT THAT HUNDREDS
OF GRASSHOPPERS ARE
FROZEN INTO THE ICE.
NO ONE KNOWS JUST
WHEN THESE VAST
HORDS OF INSECTS
FELL AND MET THEIR
DEATH ON THIS
SHEET OF ICE.

**Second Annual States'
Dinner To be Tonight
At Methodist Church**

The second annual Methodist
States' dinner, one of the most
unusual affairs sponsored by the
ladies of this church, will be
held this evening at 6-15 in the
community room of the church.
Tenth and High streets. Paul
T. Jackson will act as toast-
master.

The program will be opened
with the song "America." The
Eastern States toast will then be
given by E. B. Hall, followed by
a selection of numbers by the
Kiwanis trio, John Houston,
Jack Francy and R. E. Patterson.
Paul Schuur will give a
whistling solo. Mrs. George Cun-
ningham will give the southern States
toast. The next on the program
will be a character reading by
Mr. Glimmerberg and a solo by
Miss Aakodt Frigaard. The West-
ern States toast will be given
by Rev. Arthur T. Eaton.

A colored skit will be pre-
sented by George Cunningham and
a ladies trio, composed of Mrs.
Pierce, Mrs. Badger and Miss
Frigaard will sing several num-
bers. Rev. Melville T. Wire will
close the program with the Oreg-
on toast.

Hostesses at the various state
tables will be:
Mrs. S. R. Berry and Mrs.

Badger, New England, Maine,
New Hampshire, Vermont, Mas-
sachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode
Island, New York, New Jersey,
Pennsylvania, Delaware, Mary-
land, Virginia and Washington.
Mrs. E. N. Kendall and Mrs.
Byron Pierce, Ohio, Indiana, Il-
linois and Iowa.

Mrs. John C. Yaden and Mrs.
Melville T. Wire, Michigan, Min-
nesota and Wisconsin.
Mrs. F. E. Drake and Mrs.
Williams, Kansas.
Mrs. Mollie Belding and Mrs.
Kenneth Smith, North Dakota,
South Dakota, Montana, Wyo-
ning.

Mrs. E. M. Bubb and Mrs.
Harden Carter, Colorado, Ne-
braska, Arizona, Utah, New
Mexico and Nevada.
Mrs. Fred Coffey and Mrs. J.
E. Angwin, California.
Mrs. George Newton and Mrs.
Rachel Solomon, Good, Oregon,
Washington, Idaho.

Mrs. Charles Sewell and Mrs.
E. M. Chilcote, North Carolina,
South Carolina, Florida, Ala-
bama, Texas, Louisiana, Mis-
sissippi and Kentucky.
International: Mrs. Kent,
Mrs. Harry Peitz was in
charge of arrangements for the
affair.

Grandmother-in-Law
Of Jack Dempsey For
Champion and Estelle

By BARRY J. HOLLOWAY
United Press Staff Correspondent
NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 29 (UP).
—Mrs. Ida Barrett, of Wilmin-
ton, Del., a quiet little woman
of 72 whose distinction is that
she is the grandmother of Es-
telle Taylor and, naturally,
grandmother-in-law of Jack
Dempsey, was the guest of honor
at a Dempsey reunion tonight at
a Dempsey restaurant on Mount
Ararat, sending out a message of
vital importance that nobody but
himself will understand.

In the first place, Estelle was
"extraneous." She considered
it a huge joke that her grand-
mother should tip the Pullman
porter, upon her arrival, with
two red lips.

SHE STAYS HOME
"I didn't have room to carry
them," said Mrs. Barrett, "and I
wasn't going to see them go to
waste."

Then Jack and Estelle ran out
to the room to watch the run-
ning of the Estelle Taylor handi-
cap. Mrs. Barrett stayed home
in the hotel.

"I'm a Methodist and I'm a
dry," she said. "I don't believe
in races, or playing cards or any-
thing that takes time away from
the good things of life. You can't
go ahead and do as you like,
but get back in time for dinner."

Then there was the matter of
children. Estelle is positive
Grandma Barrett is not going to
be a great-grandmother. "Child-
ren aren't in my scheme of
things at all," she said. Grand-
ma Barrett distinctly disapproves
that idea.

On the other hand, the kind-
ness with which the former
heavyweight champion, handed
Mrs. Barrett about, and showed
her the way to the fire escape,
and otherwise "babied" her, cer-
tainly had its effect upon the
smiling 72-year old lady. The
pride was in Jack's disposition,
however, not his boxing record.

FIRST PULLMAN RIDE
This is the first time in 50
years Estelle's grandmother has
been away from Wilmington.
And it is the first time she has
ever ridden in a Pullman.

Upon her return, Estelle con-
tributed another thought to her
plans for the future—minus chil-
dren.

"I'm going to work and stay
with the stage as long as I can
hold myself together," she said.
"And when I lose my youth, I'll
revert to face lifting to make
myself presentable."

It takes three good, old CARTERS
LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two
pounds of him downing freely and make you
feel "up and up." They contain wonderful,
harmless, potent herbs to make you suddenly
sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the
bowels and you feel worse. The reason for your down-
cast feeling is your liver. It should pour out two
pounds of light into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food
doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels.
Gas builds up your stomach. You have a
thick, bad taste and your breath is foul,
sigh often breaks out in hiccups. Your hair
aches and you feel down and out. Your whole
system is poisoned.

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