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THE CAUSE OF CRIME

No more pictures dealing with the underworld will be produced by the Paramount-Publix Corporation. R. E. Kent, vice president in charge of distribution, made this announcement, adding that crime pictures, at the same time, to deny emphatically that gangster movies have been responsible for crime waves.

This action came only a few days after Police Commissioner Mulrooney of New York had charged that motion pictures and tabloid newspapers were chiefly responsible for the increase of crime among city youths. Mr. Kent, explaining his company's action, said simply that crime pictures have been overdone and that the public is tired of them. Thus, while he does not accept Commissioner Mulrooney's criticism he at least takes an action that ought to help make the commissioner happy.

The general public probably will welcome a diminution in the number of gangster movies. The general public also is at least partially in agreement with the New York police commissioner; and the whole business needs a little more intelligent consideration than it usually gets.

An impressionable youngster may now and then, be led into crime by a lurid movie; but in general it is safe to say that blaming the movies for the gang wars of the big cities is nothing but an easy way out of a perplexing situation.

As long as we can soothe our conscience by an "explanation" of that kind we shall continue to have crime waves. Indeed, one of the big reasons for bad crime conditions in American cities is the fact that all of us are content to find some obvious scapegoat like the moving picture.

We blame the movie and the tabloid and conveniently forget about the bad housing conditions that provide crime with its best spawning ground.

We blame the movie and the tabloid and overlook the fact that half a dozen good playgrounds, properly placed and rightly directed, would do more to keep city children from going astray than all the "uplift" in the world.

We blame the movie and the tabloid and shut our eyes to the fact that every one of us who buys a pint of gin helps to pay for the upkeep of the army of professional gunmen.

We overlook the social and economic conditions that produce big city gangs—because fixing those conditions so that they would no longer produce gangs would be altogether too much trouble. Being lazy, we prefer to put up with the gangs. Why not blame them on the movies and the newspapers? It's so much easier.

It's just about time that

Today

By ARTHUR BRIDGEMAN
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LATEST political news, not guaranteed, is that Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania backed by "Progressive Republicans" will try to take the nomination from Mr. Hoover in 1932. This is the first opposition to Mr. Hoover's renomination suggested thus far.

Taking the nomination from Mr. Hoover would not be easy, and if any taking were to be done, Senators Norris, Borah and La Follette might want to be considered.

Also would-be nominees should not forget that there is a certain Calvin Coolidge, sitting in the shadow keeping watch above his own. He wouldn't take anything from President Hoover, but he might take it from somebody else. And how easily he could take it: from somebody else.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., serves his city by rebuilding and transforming an undeveloped section in the heart of New York at an expense of about two hundred and fifty million dollars.

This undertaking guarantees, over a long period, a very large and permanent income for Columbia college.

It shows what can be done with imagination, energy and money to improve a great city in a short time.

Most important, Mr. Rockefeller's enterprise will give employment to thousands of men now out of work in the highly paid building trades.

AND, Mr. Rockefeller's magnificent planned development, in the heart of New York, including a fine opera house, buildings for exhibition of moving pictures and for broadcasting, will attract visitors from all over the United States and add to the prosperity of all business men in New York.

SOME New York editors, suddenly developing deep knowledge of architecture, are very kind about telling Mr. Rockefeller what he should build. Some, it seems, would like him to tear down several blocks and create some sort of Petit Trianon in imitation of Marie Antoinette's playhouse at Versailles.

Others perhaps would prefer a Fifth Avenue Sans Souci.

Mr. Rockefeller, fortunately, is a business man, has a business sense, and does not mean to build what would be known later as "Rockefeller's folly." He will build modern buildings, in the modern American way, up toward the sky.

MR. ROCKEFELLER's plans will pay a fair return on the investment, following his method in building apartment houses with low rentals. He wants others to follow his useful example.

IF MR. ROCKEFELLER can prove, to great financial institutions and life insurance companies, that it usually gets.

Slants of Wisdom
Editor of Western Oregon. Leader by CLARK WOOD
Columnist McIntyre says he likes "the cold, clammy smell of Paris at dawn." The olfactory obsession of a roamin' nose.
We're inclined to class Jouett Shouse as rather more of a wet propagandist than a democratic campaigner.
The advantages of a peaceful revolution are indicated by the fact that eleven nations have been able to recognize the new Spanish republic.
Although Mr. Gandhi has undoubtedly earned his salt, that isn't all he has cost Great Britain.
Mrs. Thomas Edison complains that people demand too much luxury—which, however, is the other parent of invention.
An Oklahoma farmer is still at the age of 108. We understand that he is looking forward to real farm relief if he attains another century.
We gave up these cheap excuses. The roots of organized crime today go right to the foundations of American society. Cheap movies have no more to do with it than the price of bustles in Afghanistan.
"If a businessman cannot laugh," says Sir Thomas Lipton, "he has no right to get rich." Most businessmen now, however, will be content to grin and bear it.
A fellow doesn't realize how many back-slappers there are until he acquires a tender sunburn.
Few people, says the office sage, will give the dentist credit for taking pains with his work.
"Let's make toupee," as the bald-headed man said to the wig-maker.

Opposition For Hoover. Mr. Rockefeller's Plan. Pope Pius' Warning. How Do We Know Our- selves?

Pope Pius XI, in an earnest letter of rebuke, criticizes Fascist authorities, which means Mussolini and his government. Pope Pius warns Fascism, and Mussolini, plainly that "in order to be Catholics, not in name but in deed also, there is only one indispensable means—the church and its head."

The Pope's letter criticizes a statement by Giurati, secretary of the Fascist party, who objects to the "Aelone Catholicus," a church organization which he calls hostile to Fascism.

THE Pope reminds the government that, "in the field of education, the church has full competence and authority," and that it is the duty of the government to be guided by the church, and to assist her.

Mussolini's only reply, thus far, is the arrest of newsmen selling the newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, and calling out the Pope's letter of censure. There was no interference with newsmen selling the paper, but not calling out its contents.

POLICEMAN KEISHMAN was perplexed when a lady, 50 years old, said she did not know who she was, or where she lived. He anxiously asked a colleague: "Can you beat it?"

At the hospital, the woman's trouble was called "aphasia," which means in Greek "not to speak." The policeman need not have been surprised. The wonderful thing is that so many of us do know who we are, and where we live, for the moment. How will it be in a few years, the other side of the grave? Shall we then remember who we are, whom we used to be, and whence we came? Those are questions that must be asked. And what wonderful mechanism enables us to keep track of ourselves and identify ourselves each morning?

THE Prince of Wales, champion young salesman, after a business trip through South America, much of the trip by airplane, was expected to land on a flying field near Windsor Castle late yesterday afternoon.

His assistant, salesman, and another Prince George, flew with him, and they are prepared to show their father South American orders for goods amounting to 50 million dollars a year for several years. So says a London newspaper. There are such things as cancellations, but the prince is a good salesman.

MR. "LEGS" DIAMOND, said by the police to have been engaged in beer running, racketeering and various other enterprises, shot by gangster enemies in New York, some months back, recovered with several bullets in his body. Now he has several more, in his lower leg, liver and stomach. His enemies followed him with machine guns, and still he isn't dead. The doctors say he may even recover, although it is not probable.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS thinks, and says in an editorial: "A man who ran for office in America today with a straight anti-crime record, and a convincing threat against it, would come nearer to getting votes than many another candidate."

That is sound, but to fight crime, you would have to fight the bootlegging that finances it, and to fight bootlegging, you would have to oppose prohibition, and that might cost more votes than it would bring.

THOUGHTS We've Been THINKING

By BRUCE DENNIS

Few Oregonians Are Employed in Washington. But They Are All Making Good

WASHINGTON, D. C.—From the remarkably small number of Oregon people on the payrolls at the capital, there occurs some doubt if Old Oregon really belongs to the United States.

Her paid population here is so slight that it does not make a dent in the nation's expense account. Even under civil service there are few and the state's quota in the civil service has never been scratched.

Of course there are the elective members of the delegation—McNary, Steiwer, Hawley, Butler and Major Martin. Then comes the bigger appointive places. Clyde B. Aitchison has for fifteen years been on the Interstate Commerce Commission and only one member ranks ahead of him in tenure of service.

E. J. Adams is one of the distinctive appointees of the Federal Trade Commission. He is a former Eugene man and served Oregon as one of her early highway commissioners. He was very able in highway work and he is able in his present place with the government.

He is the man who was slated for a drubbing by some of his Eugene neighbors, but he came out on top of the heap and his standing in Washington was not impaired. Mr. Adams has a keen, legal mind. He is companionable and a fine all-around gentleman. His work here is pleasant to him and while he still calls Oregon home he will very likely remain in the capital permanently.

NO one admits he lives here, except probably a merchant or two. Everybody is from some place, and almost everyone expects the sword to fall across his neck and he will then go back to that place where he came from.

IN Senator Steiwer's office are Robert Boyd, son of the late Daniel Boyd who for years was prominent in Eastern Oregon affairs. Also Miss Swartz, daughter of the banker at Hermiston, and Miss Berly, formerly of the Oregonian advertising force and a graduate of Oregon University are among the force in the Steiwer offices. All are fine young people. They are smart and on their toes, ready to serve and they know a thing or two politically.

Be it said with all due respect to the Virginians and Marylanders who constitute a large percentage of the help here, the Oregon young people show up well and good.

ROBERT BOYD is studying law at night school and he will be heard from in the future, for he has marked ability—like father, like son. His father was one of the good lawyers of Oregon. By the way, Bob Boyd married Jacqueline Zurcher, daughter of Charles Zurcher of Enterprise. She is also a graduate of Oregon University.

CLYDE AITCHISON finds time after his arduous task as Interstate Commerce Commissioner to instruct and lead a municipal chorus in the capital. Clyde rates high as a singer and his chorus is a top notcher; gets fine mention in the musical columns and the critics say nice things about it, which is proof that Clyde is not only a good singer, knows how to swing the baton, but he is also a diplomat and understands how to get along with the critics.

YES, there is Carl Smith, a Portland boy, who for fifteen years has been "covering" Washington affairs for the Portland Journal. Carl still loves his Oregon but he has reared his family in Washington and for fifteen years has been a citizen of the District of Columbia—that sacred spot where no one has a vote.

THE last recruit to the Oregon crowd here is Johnnie Kelly, "the Come and Go" man of the Oregonian. Johnnie once took the hotel "beat" in Portland and welded it into one of the best features the Oregonian ever had. He made that column so readable that a survey would probably have shown it was read more than any other department of the paper except, of course, the editorials. Well, Johnnie marched on to Washington and he is doing the same thing over again. News from the capital used to be just stale facts, but Kelly has put his ability into his Washington correspondence and has again scored a great hit with his stuff. We will tell you, confidentially, that Johnnie "pines"

The MELODY GIRL

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

SYNOPSIS
Beryl Borden discovers that her half-sister, Irene Everett, is planning to elope with Tommy Wilson. She tries to prevent the marriage by kidnapping Tommy with the assistance of her neighborhood "gangs."

They capture him on the eve of the elopement and drive him out to the country where Beryl urges him to continue in college and not break the heart of his adoring aunt, Mrs. Hoffman, who is financing him. Failing to convince him of his folly, Beryl loses her temper and calls him a "sap" and then drives him back to her sister.

Irene is enraged at Tommy for keeping her waiting and refuses to listen to his explanation. He begs her to come with him, but she is obstinate.

CHAPTER II.

A wave of anger, overwhelming and savage in its intensity, swept over Beryl with Tommy's words. She could have taken him in her thin hands and shaken him as a terrier shakes a rat. But the practice of restraint kept her standing silent, waiting with bated breath for Irene's answer.

Irene laughed—a dramatic, taunting laugh. Then, "That's all there is to it, is it? Just like that! Irene, will you come with me?" she mocked. "You've got a nerve, Tommy Wilson, to ask me that when all I've heard out of you for keeping me waiting here is a lot of crazy talk about a gang of kids kidnapping you. A hot one, that is!"

She paused and turned to Beryl. "But if I'd known that you were mixed up in it I'd have believed him if he'd said wolves had got him."

As Irene faced her sister, flaming with outraged pride, Beryl's anger against Tommy abated. She could not blame him so much. After all, Irene was magnificent when in a rage—the only time that she was anything but insipid in Beryl's estimation. Her blue eyes were dark and flashing, and there was life with a thousand facets revealed in her furious gestures, in the play of emotion upon her features, in the flush of her noble, trembling lips.

"If he only were not equally infatuated with the marshmallow Irene I could forgive him," Beryl thought.

"Well," she said to Irene, "now that you know it was all a fault why don't you go with Tommy?" She was suddenly weary. If Tommy couldn't be stopped—he couldn't. It was all up to Irene now—and it would be relief to know how it was going to end.

"I'll tell you why," Irene claimed. "I'm sure still at a high pitch. But now she was directing her attack at Tommy. "You wouldn't tell on her, would you? Just a gang of kids! I might have known whose gang," she added bitterly, a whole album of memories in her face. Beryl's young friends had played a part rushing to her mind.

Beryl looked at Tommy. Queer, funny Tommy. So he had tried to shield her. Her eyes thanked him, though he did not see it. For him there was no one in the world but Irene—Irene who, for a runaway marriage, had dressed herself in pink chiffon and a picture hat and looked for all the world like a Dresden doll. (Or at least she would when her anger subsided.)

"Let's go," Tommy begged, "we will be too late to catch a train to New York at all!" "You can take Water Baby," Beryl offered, pretending to forget just a little for his old state. He has not adjusted himself yet to the "city of mystery" where "surface courtesy" is the stock in trade. We believe Johnnie would like to go into Eastern Oregon and sleep in a sheep-camp, eat out of a chuck wagon and be one of the fellows once more.



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"You can't treat me like this and get away with it," Irene flared.

good humor went glimmering. To have him anything but humble and pleading in Beryl's presence was more than Irene would tolerate. It all ended with the aloofness of indifference, the aloofness of being indefinitely postponed and Tommy going home, torn between disappointment and anger toward Beryl.

She offered to drive him back but he ignored her completely as he strode out of the room in high dudgeon.

The sweet scents of the night and the serenity of a pale moon meant nothing to him as he stalked moodily down the tree-lined street to his aunt's house.

Of course Irene had shown a lot of temper—but who could blame her with a sister like that? The kid had always been bossed and badgered by the older sister. Why, if only half the things she told him were true he wondered that she hadn't left home to make her own way in the world long ago.

When he reached home he saw a light in the living room and guessed that his aunt was waiting for him. He hid his suitcase under the porch hammock before he went in, then forced himself to assume a cheerful air.

"Early to bed and early to rise," he began, and "For some old ladies is very unwise," she finished for him.

"But really, Aunt Emma—" "Come, let's have a snack of lemonade and ginger snaps," his Aunt Emma said, setting up heavy trays from the armchair that Beryl had covered in chintz during the short period that she was a professional decorator. The business had been going nicely, too, but it didn't synchronize with her duties as cashier in Everett's grocery. Between the two even Beryl saw that it would cause less disturbance generally to let the interior decorating go. And anyway, she'd only spent a small amount of money for the mail order course

Your Mother goes or I go...this Minute!



An orphan—Flo called herself—that evening she met in the city—strangers—lonely. After that night—lived for her passionate lips—lips that enticed me into marriage.

Flo spent wildly—kept me broke—baby came—and Flo took pneumonia. When my poor, old widowed mother sold her house to pay our bills—she had to live with us. Two women—one roof—that's when hell out loose! Kind, noble—Ma did all the work—never complained. Flo sulked, nagged—even cursed Ma for kissing baby—for little things—for nothing at all.

Then Ma took neuritis—couldn't work. Flo kept growing nastier—UNTIL—that day Ma broke a pitcher—trivial thing—a molehill that flared into a mountain. "Get out—out of my home, you worthless hag"—Flo screamed and swinging on me—"This roof's too small—she's got to go, Eddie—or out I go—this minute!"

"Stop," I roared. "You're cruel as a snake." Flo moved toward me—viciousness arms raised my neck—"No friends—no place to go—she'd die! Before you drive her out"—Flo's lips sought mine—"I'll see you—damned you—I'll see you—"

Which woman did Eddie choose? Did his slavish desire for Flo tear into the streets his aged mother who

worked, sacrificed, gave all to make them happy?

Or did destiny force Eddie to drive from his home this wife who had made him so happy—had borne his child—and whose embraces were still an ecstasy he craved like dope?

You simply must read for yourself MY MOTHER AND MY WIFE—a helpless husband's own true story of how his wife and mother—loving him with equal fierceness—dragged his soul through hell and how he finally solved this terrible domestic tangle, the like of which has wrecked a million homes.

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