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Majority That Must Prevail

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ENCOURAGEMENT IN PEACE OUTLOOK

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Progress on Traffic Plan

Arms Not Necessary To Assure Peace

OF interest as the world waits hopefully for the February disarmament conference is a copyrighted interview with Sir John Simon, British foreign secretary, carried on the wires of the United Press. It presents, in the face of disappointments and setbacks in the movement toward permanent peace, two encouraging factors.

The world, said Sir John to Henry T. Russell, the United Press correspondent, has undergone an immense change from the attitude that arms assure peace. The people of the world are now convinced that peace cannot be assured by preparing for war. They are willing to cooperate in disarmament, if they only know how to do so.

The other factor which the British lawyer and statesman holds as encouraging is the new and extraordinary degree to which public opinion influences foreign affairs. His words were to the effect that rapid communications "not only make the world a sounding board, but make a spokesman of a nation. And if the mass of people are convinced that piling up of armaments is not only useless but dangerous, then we are bound to see a change under modern conditions."

There is hope and promise in these observations. They take cognizance of change in attitude and conditions, factors which strike at the fear we experience sometimes that because there has always been war, there must always be war, an outlook that the world dare not assume. H. G. Wells, writing in the current issue of Cosmopolitan, says that out of nineteen hundred million people in the world, there are only a few score hundred thousand who actually want the horror and bloodshed of war. It is foolish to suppose that the tremendous peace-loving majority cannot ultimately prevail. It must prevail.

A Marcola justice of the peace reports the motto of his office is peace, good will and no business. Somebody opines that if the rest of the world had the peace and good will, the Marcola justice would have nothing to crow about.

We are waiting, apparently, for those Christmas lights on Main street to burn themselves out.

Cooperation Marks Conference

THE spirit of cooperation that is needed in working out the city's traffic problem prevailed Tuesday night when Police Chief Merrill, Police Judge Fouch and some 25 operators of commercial cars met for a conference.

An ironbound enforcement of the traffic ordinance would hit the commercial car operator harder than any one else. The law enforcement officers saw fit to offer leniency, and the operators in return agreed to move their traffic as rapidly as possible, and to come up to the curb when space permits.

A similar spirit on the part of passenger car operators is needed, if the traffic problem is to be solved rapidly and without trouble for the motorists. It will be cheaper for the automobile driver, it will be more convenient for him in the long run, and it will hasten the day when the city can boast that it is able to keep its traffic in order. Give the police a boost in this program.

A Christmas Tree On January 2

THERE is something tragic about a Christmas tree on January 2. Stripped of its glittering splendor, its bright baubles and its tinsel, it becomes merely an ordinary fir tree, and a thin-looking, drooping one at that.

It is tossed on its side, perhaps in the corner of the basement by woodpile, or in the back yard by the garbage can, to wither away unless first it finds its way into the flames of furnace or fireplace.

The latter destiny, we imagine, is the one the tree would choose, if it had a choice. For a fir tree, tossed, branches and needles and all, into an open fire makes a most bright and glorious blaze. It is for a moment only, but it is an ending in keeping with a splendid past.

That suggestion about dressing up vacant windows was one that apparently met with indifference. Indifference didn't make the vacant windows any more attractive.

Little drops of water, adding to the moisture of the Klamath country, are rolling up a tide of optimism.

JERRY-*and*-JOAN

By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXI

Charlcie came over and sat down on the arm of the pew near Marcia.

"Doesn't it seem awkward, Marcia—the whole thing, I mean. Marrying so far out of her sphere. No money, or no prospects of making any. Not even successful in his line. That is, it would be different if he were a great novelist, or a good humorist, or something that somebody had heard of but—"

Marcia interrupted her.

"Well, she thinks he's a great writer, so that's something."

"Poor Dick! He's always been so damnably in love with her. Following her around like a starving hound. I feel sorry for him."

"Oh, why? He'll meet someone else. She never appreciated him, anyway."

"He told me over at Cyril's the other night that he never wanted to marry now."

"That's probably the way he feels right now, but you can't tell me that he'll stay that way forever. Men aren't built like that. Maybe they used to be, but not now nowadays."

Charlcie got up. The arm of the pew was too pointed. She looked down the long maroon velvet carpeted aisle.

"You know, Marcia, I envy Joan at that. I wish I were stepping into the marriage ties with a little adventure ahead of me. At least, she's in love with Jerry. I think she wonders, too, how it will turn out, but she's too proud to admit it. Look at me, engaged to Tom Allbright. Why? Because it was expected of me. He had money, social position, and he loved me or thought we were suited to each other. We're like a couple of cold tomatoes now. We're getting married, because it's the thing to do. We've known ever since we were ten or thereabouts that eventually we would march down the aisle together and live in Allbright's town house and have parties, and take a trip every summer. I'm bored already just thinking about it."

Charlcie gave a little gesture of helplessness and went back to the business of arranging the fernery.

"Over there at the end of the platform," she said condescendingly to the decorator. "We don't want anyone to fall over it."

Marcia giggled.

"Won't Jo look funny standing up here at the altar with Jerry? He's so short and Jo looks taller than ever in her white gown. Terry said she ought to wear low heels."

"Terry is too sarcastic," Charlcie put in. Charlcie always felt that she could say whatever she wished about Joan, but whenever anyone else got to talking she rose in loyal defense of her best friend.

"Well, my dear. He is short." Marcia felt the aim of the statement and she didn't want Charlcie to think she was putting her down.

The florist picked up the heavy jar and carried it to the end of the platform. Charlcie stepped back and surveyed the scene once more.

"That makes it look awfully bare around the altar, Marcia," she said with a hint of irritation in her tone.

Marcia wasn't terribly interested.

"The whole place looks bare anyway. It's going to be a funny wedding, if you ask me"

Charlcie felt that Marcia was deliberately trying to spoil things now.

"Well, I didn't ask you. Too many people are answering questions about Jo's wedding that nobody asked them."

Charlcie had forgotten that she herself had been saying things a few minutes before. But she hadn't said anything maliciously. She hoped the wedding would come off all right, she really hoped that Joan would be happy with Jerry. It was only because at times she simply couldn't understand how Joan could go through with it, and when people caught her in moods like that she was apt to say something she hadn't meant to say.

Marcia lit a cigarette.

"Oh, pardon me."

Charlcie ignored her in favor of the florist.

"Now, I think that's better."

The florist had moved the fern a little nearer the altar.

"And when you get the fresh flowers around tomorrow it will look quite lovely."

"Miss Prentice didn't want too much, you know," the florist put in. "Simple decorations, those were her orders.

Charlcie winced a little. Florists were so difficult.

"Yes, I know, but she told me to use my own judgment."

Marcia glanced at her wrist watch.

"Well, tomorrow at this time the wedding will have been over by three hours and Jo will be finding out the mysteries of life."

Both girls laughed a little silllily.

Girls always laughed about things like that when the joke was on someone else, of course.

The florist was preparing to leave.

Marcia got up and went up to the altar.

"I really think they should practice it, don't you, Charlcie? Jerry's so awkward. I mean, not awkward, exactly, but I have a feeling that he's going to gum the works. You can't depend on him. You never can tell what he's going to do next. He doesn't know himself."

"Well, it's up to them. It's going to be so simple that a child could follow it, anyway. All he has to do is come out and stand there with her and answer 'Yes.'"

"I hope he's sober."

"Oh, he will be. Joan said he promised her he wouldn't drink any more at all."

"That's too bad."

"Why?"

"Frankly, I thought the only time he was never boring was when he was cockeyed. There are people that way, you know."

Charlcie sighed. There wasn't any use trying to sit on Marcia. It couldn't be done. She knew from experience. She glanced hastily at her watch.

"It's late. Let's go on over. Jo will be expecting us."

(To Be Continued)

Office Cat

A certain doctor always stutters when under the stress of excitement. Not long ago he had occasion to officiate at an important event. The husband and prospective father—who had set his heart on a son—was pacing the room when the doctor entered.

Man (smiling)—Well, doctor, is it twins?

Doctor—Tr-tr-tr—

Man—Triplets! Great Caesar!

Doctor (stammering) —Qu-qu-qu—

Man — Quadruplets! Holy smoke!

Doctor—No, no. Qu-qu-quite the contrary. Tr-tr-try and take it ph-philosophically. It's a girl.

* * *

DO IT NOW

There's nothing half so dear in all
life as sympathy expressed
By word or act of friends whose
thought with love is ever
blessed.
There's nothing half so dear in al
the world as a boquet
Of sweet forget-me-nots that smell
of what was yesterday—
A kind reminder of the hours together spent the while
Old Father Time steps on the gas
to speed another mile.

* * *

Synthetic Wanderlust

A doctor suggests that of the many people who disappear every year, some are actuated by the belief that they are not wanted. And others, no doubt, by the knowledge that they are.

* * *

Depression: An economic condition, one part lack of business and nine parts continual mouthing. . . . It doesn't pay a man to be too austere and stern. The boss had a rip in his pants the other day, and nobody dared to tell him. . . . It's all right to say it with flowers, but that doesn't mean you have to throw boquets at yourself. . . . Any party will be fizzle if there's more than one celebrity present. . . . The up-to-date woman always phones to the insane asylum to find out what the latest craze is.

* * *

FIVE THINGS

If your lips would save from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you
speak,
And How and When and Where.

If your ears would save from jeers
Five things keep meekly hid,
Myself and I and Mine and My
And what you Do and Did.

* * *

Miss Flossie Funnyface of Brushville is now signing her love letters: "Yours with balloons of love and not a pin in sight."

* * *

Don't wail that business isn't what it used to be. Catch up with it. . . . We Americans have little trouble keeping the commandments. It's the doggone amendments that bother us. . . . The girl at the hotel desk asks: "What fun is there in keeping a secret all to yourself?" Well, you tel 'em. . . . The person who does not know which way to turn might often do well to go straight ahead. . . . A woman writer enquires: "Has a man the heart to love two women at one time?" My dear madam, he has the heart enough, but seldom money enough to play the game properly. . . . A canoe is like a small boy—both behave better when paddled from the rear. . . . Newspaper advertising is not in the way of anyone who does not want to use it. . . . The honeymoon is over when the bridegroom realizes that something that resembles a grindstone is going to be the permanent parking place for his nose.

* * *

Great American Institutions

Twopance Soots,
Resternts.
Soapbox Orters.
Rasslin' Matches.

* * *

Just Married—My wife likes coffee for breakfast, while I like tea.

Dear Friend—You'll soon get used to coffee.

* * *

Goin' Back Some

Willie says, "I been spanked,
I'm burnt to an ember,
I been spanked so far back
As I can remember."

Health Talks

Of all the infectious conditions which attack the eye, trachoma is by far the most serious problem because it is most prevalent. It has been shown that this disease is spread by direct contact with infected people and indirectly by contact with articles freshly soiled with the discharges of those who are infected.

Trachoma, or infectuous granulation of the eyelids, is not in itself dangerous to life, because practically no one dies of this disease, but a vast amount of blindness is caused by trachoma, and all of this blindness is preventable.

One of the most serious problems related to trachoma in this country is the control of the disease among the American Indians, and among the poorer classes in the foreign population.

When a person is found to have trachoma he should be excluded from classes in school or if a worker in a factory from any possible contact with other workers. Certainly he should not be permitted to use the same washing facilities, roller towels, and similar toilet articles in public places which constitute a source for the spread of this disease. Washing in pubic places should be preferably with running water, without having to touch either the faucet of the stopper.

Physicians who handle this disease prescribe solutions of zinc and copper with suitable antiseptic substances for use on the eyelids as specific preventive measures. The disease is best controlled by routine examination of human beings who are constantly associated in educational, housing or working groups. Emigrants, school children, the inmates of orphan homes and of homes for the indigent, and employes in lumber camps and in construction camps should be regularly examined with the idea of prevention of trachoma in mind. Delay in the treatment of infectious granulation of the eyelids is an extremely serious matter, because of the tendency of this condition to result in permanent blindness.

Some Wise Cracks

Scientists say that certain stars are not as distant as formerly believed. Sort of taking off the high hat.

* * *

While financial ills are besetting the world, Mussolini has taken to motorcycling. But even in that he's got to keep his balance.

* * *

Eleven hours after staging a bank robbery, three Indiana youths were on the way to prison. At that rate the warden probably handed them their discharge certificate when they arrived.

* * *

A 21-year-old girl agree to marry anyone for $10,000, but when she tried to cash a check, it bounced back. Henceforth probably she will not bank on men.

* * *

Now Metropolitan Opera will be broadcast. Judging from the size of most opera singers, it's never been anything else.

* * *

After a visit in the United States, Bertrand Russell sailed for England with a red nose. A nose by anybody else's name would be a confession.

* * *

Alexander Pantages, the showman, threw a party for the jurors who acquitted him, but four did not attend. Perhaps in planning his entertainment, he should have been more fourward. It was a theater party. But probably they had scene enough.

SIDE GLANCES *By George Clark*

"I just laughed in his face and told him that all the money in the world wouldn't make me work for a guy like him."

Telling the Editor

CHILOQUIN, Ore., (To The Editor)—In the Klamath News of December 31, 1931, under the title "Budget is passed over protest of Taxpayers' League," I noted a statement made by County Commissioner C. R. Williams relative to the part he had played in "causing" Indian reservation lands to be leased for cattle and sheep grazing.

As one who believes herself well informed as to the facts regarding the leasing of Indian lands and as to Mr. Williams' activities in Washington, I feel disposed to say that I fear he has exaggerated his "influence" both with the Bureau of Indian Affairs and members on Capitol Hill. If careful inquiry was made I believe it would be shown that Mr. Williams had very little if anything at all to do with the determination as to whether Indian lands should be leased or not.

Can it be that this statement was made for the influence it might have on Klamath county voters?

In connection with the subject of leasing lands it is only fair to state that the Indians do not object to leasing tribal lands for cattle grazing—and that every objection they have made to sheep grazing has been amply justified by facts shown.

Concerning Mr. Williams' many statements as to the many millions of dollars he "expects" for the county as taxes on tribal lands—in which effort it is admitted that the Klamath county court has already expended several thousands of dollars for Mr. Williams' trips to the national capital—it seems pertinent to ask:

First: Why is it that here in Klamath county Mr. Williams can tell not only down to the dollar but down to the cent, exactly how much the reservation is indebted to the county in 10 years, while in Washington it was not "thought safe" to mention any definite amount at all?

And, second: If Mr. Williams really believes it possible for him or any other person to receive any sum from the federal government for this purpose UNLESS THAT SUM BE TAKEN FROM THE KLAMATH TRIBAL FUNDS?

It seems pertinent for the Indians to inquire—if the Indian lands and tribes are so deeply indebted to the county within a period of 10 years—what has the Indian Bureau done with the hundreds of thousands of dollars expended annually out of the Klamath tribal funds for roads, education and administration generally?

The Indians are taxed and doubly taxed as any open-minded inspection of the records will prove and I challenge anyone to prove the statement incorrect.

Before Klamath county people decide that it is good business for them to hasten Indian impoverishment, by taking money away from them, millions of dollars at a time, it is well that they should recall the historical fact that the only Indian who is a "ward of the government" is the Indian who has property to administer. Once impoverished, Indians all over the west have been rejected by the federal government and have become charges upon the local community in which they live, just as similarly impoverished whites have.

IDA M. CRAWFORD,
Member of the Klamath Indian Business Committee.

Fashion Tips

Few women can do the native Hawaiian dances, yet they would be the most perfect exercises in the world for the woman who is settled and solid through the hips.

Any woman can profit by limbering up her hip joints. Walking doesn't begin with the feet. The graceful walker considers each step as starting from above the waistline and calling upon the hips, knees, ankles and feet muscles to do their bit.

The way to start limbering up through the hips is to stand erect on both feet, hands on your hips, and see if you can't draw your body up out of your hips. This should be your thought in all these exercises, not to let your trunk just settle and stay put right on your hip bones.

When you have a sense of having raised the load of your body from your hips, raise your hands up to rest upon your ribs above your waistline. This helps to hold your body up.

Now stand on one leg and swing the other leg up in front, back and up in the back, not very far, just describing a small arc. When you really are limber you will be able to swing it much farther.

Now, still standing on one leg, shake the other leg, from the hip, trying to relax the leg so that your foot and knee will jerk this way or that, like a rag doll's. Reverse feet and do the same to the other side.

Next, holding your hands on your ribs and trying to keep your trunk from moving, move both of your hips to the right side, then back straight and then to the left side. If this is easy to do, without moving your trunk, then try to make a circle with your hips, out to one side, push them back, then out to the other side and then out in front. This is the motion of the Hawaiian dance and not a bit easy to do. But it doesn't hurt to try it and it does help loosen up the hip joints, even if you do it badly. And it is only by practicing that you will be able to budge those old joints anyhow.

Klamath Names

MODOC POINT

(From "Oregon Geographic Names" by Lewis A. McArthur.)

This is a prominent point on the east shore of Upper Klamath lake, about 15 miles north of Klamath Falls. It bears this name because the Modoc Indians, under Captain Jack, lived there from December 31, 1869, to April 26, 1870, and then escaped and went back to their old habitat further south. Modoc Point is a well known locality in Klamath Indian folklore, where it is spoken of as Kiutt and also Muyant. Will G. Steel is authority for the statement that the mountain is also known as Nilakla, which is the Klamath Indian name for dawn or sunrise. The Indian name Modoc is derived from the Klamath words moa, meaning south, and takni, meaning a native of that place or country, hence from the point of view of the Klamath Indians, natives of the country just to the south. The term Modoc lakes was formerly used in the Klamath country to refer to Tule and Clear lakes, because Modoc Indians lived nearby.

Some People Say—

We have to sustain our customers as far as we can without becoming politically entangled.—Patrick J. Hurley, secretary of war.

* * *

This (national socialist) party is absolutely under my control. My will is done.—Adolf Hitler, leader of Germany's fascists.

* * *

The world can no longer safely or wisely carry the burdens armaments impose.—Alison B. Houghton, former ambassador to England and Germany.

* * *

We are now on the edge of a new renaissance of the spirit.—Dr. Edward Howard Griggs, former university professor at Stanford.

Earlier Days

January 6, 1914

At last night's meeting of the Klamath chamber of commerce, the following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year:

President—George J. Walton.

Vice President—Wm. T. Lee.

Directors—S. B. Evans, Hunter Savidge, Charles F. DeLap, Leslie Rogers, Charles Martin, H. J. Darling, Charles Graves and Richard E. Smith, Klamath Falls, and J. Frank Adams, Merrill; F. W. Broadsword, Bonanza; James Pelton, Fort Klamath.

* * *

That there has been nothing found to date to indicate that the cost of the Horsefly Irrigation district will be as high as $30 per acre, was the report of C. T. Darley at Tuesday's meeting of the directors of the district.

* * *

Reduction of about 50 per cent on small packages and about 35 per cent on packages over 100 pounds will be made in the rates charged by the Wells Fargo & Co. Express company when the new schedule goes into effect next month. A change in schedules was ordered sometime ago by the interstate commerce commission.

* * *

One of the biggest events of the month on the Klamath Indian reservation was the election of 12 councilmen who will represent the Indians in all negotiations for the tribe as a unit before Superintendent Edson Watson.

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To further carry on the fight for the eradication of the Western pine bark beetle, the Klamath-Lake counties Forest Fire association has opened another camp. This is located at Parker station, and will be in charge of Fire Warden Chitwood.

Current slang may be short-lived, but any time you get into the bathtub with the water steaming, it's sure to "hot cha."

* * *

Ford may put out an eight. "ut it's just as well to point out here that probably that will not help the depression, for you can't chew a spark plug.

Night Coughing Quickly Stopped

In a few minutes after taking Thoxine, a doctor's famous prescription, your cough stops. It acts on a new principle—relieves throat irritation and goes direct to the internal cause not reached by ordinary cough remedies.

Most coughs are caused by an irritated throat. Thoxine stops these at once. Safe for the whole family—guaranteed no dope. Money back if not satisfied. 35c. Star Drug company and all other good drug stores.

Prices Lower

Than You'll Ever See Them Again at Our

January Clearance

La Pointe's

Over 6000 Preferred Shareholders

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

The "March of Progress" in the West, marches steadily onward. Productive farms, villages and cities appear here and there, where little more than a generation ago was hostile wilderness. Fine paved highways and beautiful bridges over high canyons carry the stream of commerce and trade. This company is proud of its part in the development of this great empire.

Copco 6% Preferred Stock offers an exceptional investment at this time. It is safe, sound, readily negotiable. It is backed by 12 Copco Power Plants, over 2,000 miles of pole lines and other substantial properties, which supply power to 61 growing communities in Southern Oregon and Northern California. Investigate this splendid investment opportunity today. For full particulars write to the

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