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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF KLAMATH FALLS

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and
 in that faith let us to the end dare to do our
 duty as we understand it"—Abraham Lincoln

EMULATION AND IDEAS

Carlyle shows in one of his best books, "Sartor Resartus," that what clothes are for the body, ideas are for the mind. If multitudes of men and women were as fastidious about ideas as they are about dress, a change for the better in public opinion would follow. Only when driven by necessity do they accept inferior articles for bodily wear. Only when driven by necessity do many accept any other sort for the use of their minds.

Even those who have respect enough for their brains to supply them with the best furnishings need to practice discrimination. Beware of the notion that much original thinking exists in yourself. It has been well said that if little enough is original since Plato. We depend upon the past for our leading ideas, and while many of these are verifiable in experience, it falsifies not a few.

Blind submission to antiquity is as foolish as blind acceptance of the modern order. Not that an idea is old, or new, but that it is true, is the deciding factor. And for one's self, its truth always has to be satisfied by personal experience.

The healthiest trait of youth today is its candor. Its restlessness, excess, and rebellion against conventions are by no means wholly mistaken. They are traceable to the rottenness which inheres in some conventions. It sees in Europe and Asia not lands fit for heroes to live in, but lands in which only heroes can live at all. It asks why the boasted statesmanship of the last ten years so nearly wrecked the world.

But the peril of this justifiable skepticism lies in some borrowed ideas. Take that of Rousseau, who said that though man was born free, he is everywhere in chains. The exact opposite is the fact. Man was born in humility and disaster, out of which he has steadily climbed upward during his ageless annals. Yet Rousseau's axiom set fire to a continent and travelled like flame around the globe.

Think of the consequences of the few basic ideas which the French philosophers took over from those of Scotland in the eighteenth century. They seemed academic enough at the time, but they blew up the proudest monarchy of civilization.

Russia at this moment is under the interdict of one able but resentful mind! For good or evil, Karl Marx reigns supreme there. Enlightened socialists may have discounted his ideas, but Lenin and Trotzky have given them a dramatic setting.

On the other hand, Jefferson, who discriminated, extracted considerable benefits from the French thinkers who inspired his broader conceptions of freedom. Hamilton confessed his indebtedness to the great politicians of Great Britain, and one has yet to learn that Hamilton's ideas were seriously at fault.

The moral is: Trade with trustworthy sources for your ideas. You will have to borrow, for a man is himself, plus the books he reads and the conceptions he absorbs from others. The borrowing is best done, however, when one trades with established minds. As a rule, Newton can be relied upon in science, Beethoven in music, Rembrandt in art, Shakespeare in poetry, Demosthenes in speech and Lincoln in statesmanship.

The goodness, truth and beauty which exhaust life's permanent meanings are unalterably opposed to moral anarchy masked as self-expression.

We best express ourselves by repression, concentration and discipline devoted to the highest aims we know. Steam rushing through the funnel or the gauge is wasted. Steam confined under the cylinder's steel jacket brings the vessel to its harbor.

Read the best books, listen to the wisest councils. Be guided by them, steep your conclusions in your convictions, test them out in practice, and what ideas you borrow and thus use, will repay you a thousandfold.

Jealousy is always pictured as a green-eyed monster, but it makes us red.—Columbia Missourian.

The Season's Greatest Novel of Marriage "The Golden Bed"

By WALLACE IRWIN

Produced as a Paramount picture by CECIL B. DEMILLE from a screen adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson with Rod LaRoque, Vera Reynolds, Lillian Rich, Warner Baxter, Theodore Kosloff and Julia Faye in featured roles.

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THIRTY-SIXTH INSTALLMENT

"I look at that you say," she murmured, her eyes again lowered. "I don't get the least encouragement any more."

He sat silent, swallowing with difficulty.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "I wish I were what prompted that remark. Possibly it was the pressure to a perfection which should have called out all of a young lover's resources."

"You?" Her eyes widened. "Why, Admahl, you've just begun. Just look at the way you walked right in and bought those great four miles."

"It was the Tuck and Pike Works," he murmured.

"Of course it was! But you'll get the four miles out. Everybody says you will. You're getting to be one of those 'Things of Nature'."

"Those which?" he found breath to ask.

"Things. They were sort of divine. Green gods that those mountains are."

"Divine?" he repeated, and laughed. "For a while, I think the very clouds parted and he whispered of me might and be-mocked him, saying it on that. But if the look was less than I don't soon disappear again under her spell. He never saw her coming for long."

He found himself looking recklessly at her. He had looked at her before, but he had looked at her through the T. & P. in the hall of his hands. He had looked at her through the T. & P. in the hall of his hands. He had looked at her through the T. & P. in the hall of his hands.

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FOR the KIDDIES

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

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Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Grampy Hoppytoad watched Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Oriole for a long time when the Raggedys and Grampy Hoppytoad left, the had almost finished building their swingy nest in the tip end branch of a tall tree.

"We hope you raise a nice family of baby Orioles and Mrs. Oliver Oriole!" Raggedy Ann said as she handed her hand to them.

"Thank you, Raggedy Ann!" the happy Orioles said. "If you pass this way in a month or so, you will find our birdies learning to fly!"

So, the Raggedys and Grampy Hoppytoad took the path which led to the brook, for one is more apt with adventures along a brook. And, they had not far before they met the adventure.

They had stopped to rest awhile, for Grampy Hoppytoad was quite old and very fat. And, as they sat upon the front of Grampy Hoppytoad and asked: "Do you know I can find Raggedy Ann?"

Grampy wiggled his large eyes this way and that, and then he said: "No, I wouldn't know. Raggedy Ann was a snake, bite you!" Grampy chuckled.

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Girls Will Be Girls

