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THE KLAMATH NEWS

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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

A MUNICIPAL VOCABULARY

The New York Times of May 6, ridicules the undignified and even child-like policy which New York city public officials have of belittling, slandering and calling each other names while carrying on the affairs of that great city. It says:

"How pale, in comparison with the vocabulary in which most of the business of this imperial city is being conducted, are the word resources with which the state and the nation must get along. An ambassador admonishes the Europeans, but refrains from mentioning names and is content to let the cap rest where it fits. There is no such weakness in the municipal lexicon of New York city. Always it is this man Smith, this crook Robinson, this double-faced hypocrite and liar Jones, this Dick Turpin Brown, this tool, this mescreant, this lost soul, this foreigner. In the matter of cap fitting, local authorities leave nothing to chance. They rush out, grab the victim by the neck and slam the head-gear over his eyes, supplementing the action with appropriate invocation.

"If ever the city administration starts work on its Napoleonic schemes of municipal ownership and operation, it might begin with a municipal fish market. The vocabulary is already at hand."

The Times comment shows the great danger inseparable from public ownership—the management is generally one of words rather than one of action and results.

THE BEST TOWN

There are fancier towns than our little town, there are towns that are bigger than this, and the people who live in the smaller towns don't know what excitement they miss. There are things you see in the wealthier towns that you can't in a town that's small; and yet, up and down, there is no other town like our little town after all. It may be that the streets aren't long, they're not wide nor maybe straight, but the neighbors you know in your own little town all welcome a fellow—it's great.

In the glittering streets of the glittering town, with its palace and pavement and thrall, in the midst of the throng you will frequently long for your own little town after all. If you live and you work in your own little town, in spite of the fact that it's small, you'll find it a fact that our own little town is the best little town after all.

BURIED

A town that never has anything to do in a public way is on the way to the cemetery. Any citizen who will do nothing for his town is helping to dig its grave. A man that "cusses" the town furnishes the coffin. The man who is so selfish as to have no time from his business to give affairs is making the shroud. The man who will not advertise is driving the hearse. The man who is always pulling back from any public enterprise throws bouquets on the grave. The man who is so stingy as to be howling hard times, preaches the funeral, sings the doxology. And thus the town lies buried from all the sorrow of the world.

IN ANCIENT DAYS

Prehistoric Indians built apartment houses of adobe or basalt in the Arizona of other days. They had no elevators, open plumbing or janitor service. There were no electric glims or vacuum cleaners, but they had their cramped quarters and kitchenettes, just as the modern cliff dwellers have.

Speaking of better homes, we have them here—in fact, we might truthfully say that this is headquarters.

Mail crossing the continent in a day now travels about as fast as bad news.

Same Old Bear—Just in a Different Tree



HEART AND HOME PROBLEMS

The author of this letter would have preferred for me to publish the answer, only, but it tells such an inspiring story. I must share it with you:

Dear Mrs. Thompson: My problem is different from the average young wife's and yet like theirs because it concerns the welfare of my husband. It has caused me considerable worry. We were married when we were both eighteen. The first year of our married life we both worked and were very happy and successful. The second year brought illness at first, and all our savings were used up. At the end of our second year, we were on our feet again, with the exception of a debt of \$250, which we expect to pay at least in a couple of months. However, we started without a cent and now at the age of 20, we have about four hundred dollars on a lot, and eight hundred dollars in furniture. In spite of the illness, I feel that we have done fairly well and should not be discouraged, for my husband has a splendid position. However, I have this to worry me: We are going to have my husband's father and sister for a couple of months during the summer, in November we are to have a baby, and next spring we have to move to ourselves. We have been living with my family, which has reduced our expenses considerably. So you see in order to meet our new expenses and clear our old debt, we shall have to be very saving.

My husband, realizing our need for money and desiring to make things as easy as possible for me is working over 12 hours a day. And it hurts me so to see the weary lines on his face at night. He is always cheerful, but I can tell he is dead tired. I always have dinner ready at 8:30 when he is through work. Then he takes his bath and crawls into bed. We get the alarm for six and work in the yard and garden till a quarter of seven. Then he has breakfast and goes to work again. That same program every day. No rest even Sunday.

Can a boy of 20 stand such a strain? He looks well, has his sleep, eats well, and his work keeps him out of doors most of the time. All this is in his favor. But on the other hand can a young man work day after day with no recreation in store for him at all? He seems happy and says that I am all he needs, that he is willing to work his hands to the bone for me and laughs at my fears. We can get along on less money. I have made a budget and we could meet all our expenses if he worked only 10 hours

a day, but there would be absolutely no luxuries. I might add that he has no bad habits, neither smoking nor drinking, and that he has never been ill a day in his life. Please advise me in what I should do.

MRS. D.

Yours is a fine letter, Mrs. D. You should be proud of your husband. An energetic youth has an enormous capacity for work, and it may be that your husband, with his fine physique, could stand the strain if it did not extend over too long a time. But there is a chance that he will break down under such a regime, or feel the ill effects later in life, as is so often the case. If he cannot arrange to have his Sundays absolutely free, so that the two of you can go out in the open, or just loaf that day, he should, I believe, limit his work to 10 hours a day. You can help by keeping all your little troubles from him, and making his worries as light as possible. It may be that the visit of his father and sister will afford him relaxation, on the other hand, unless he has more time to see them, they may make it harder for him to bear the burden. Your letter is so sensible, Mrs. D., that I feel sure that you can work out the problem in the wisest way.

THE BEST OF ADVICE

Shelley, in "Queen Mab," sings: Power, like a devastating pestilence, Pollutes whatever it touches; and obedience.

Rare of all goods, virtue, freedom, truth, Naked slaves of men, and of the human frame

A mechanized automaton. Yet life is a search after power.

Emerson observes that all power is of one kind, a sharing of the nature of the world.

"The mind that is parallel with the laws of nature will be in the current of events and strong with their strength."

"One man is made of the same stuff of which events are made; is in sympathy with the course of things; can predict it. Whatever befalls, befalls him first; so that he is equal to whatever shall happen. A man who knows men, can talk

well on politics, trade, law, war, religion. For everywhere men are led in the same manner."

Here is something to be remembered—"For everywhere men are led in the same manner." "The key to the age may be this, or that, or the other, as the young orators describe," Emerson observes; "but the key to all ages is—Imbecility; imbecility in the vast majority of men at all times, and even in heroes in all but certain eminent moments: victims of gravity, custom and fear."

This gives force and power to the strong, — that the multitude have no habit of self-reliance or original action.

The observation that last of power is the most flagrant of all the passions, calls for the quotation of a fine paragraph in Tagore's Gitanjali:

"I thought that my invincible power would hold the world captive, leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip."

Personals

Mrs. A. R. Wilson and daughter Pearl Jean, left for Boulder, Colo., for an indefinite stay with Mrs. Wilson's mother, who is ill at her home.

Mrs. S. E. Martin is here from Oakland, Calif., on a visit to relatives and friends.

Wm. Hagelstein, cashier of the Dorris bank, was a business visitor here yesterday, as was also his brother, Fred, from his home near Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Stewart drove to Ashland Sunday and returned the same day, bringing back with them little Shirley Enders, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Enders, for a short visit among relatives in Klamath Falls.

Mrs. J. S. Bateman and daughter, Jessie Tall, accompanied by Inez Jenkins, left the first of the week for a two weeks' vacation in San Francisco.

Kenneth Bold, Bonanza business man, was transacting business here yesterday.

Gene Hammond of Merrill was here yesterday attending to business matters.

Jas. Givens drove in from Bly yesterday on business.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Menu Hint
 Halved Grapefruit
 Scrambled Eggs
 Coffee
 Vegetable Salad
 Cheese Biscuits
 Stewed Rhubarb
 Cookies
 Ginger Ale
 Dinner
 Roast Baby Lamb
 Mint Sauce
 New Peas
 Potatoes with Parsley
 Jewel Salad
 Rhubarb Tart
 Coffee

Today's Recipes
 Roast Lamb—Get the crown roast. It is made up of the rib chops, tied in a circle, you know, and the center may be filled with tiny new potatoes. The baby lamb is delicate and the chops are small so you had better get two in a serving. Roast fifteen to twenty minutes to the pound, basting every ten minutes with the pan drippings. For brown gravy drain off all the fat except two tablespoonfuls, blend with one tablespoon flour, add gradually one cup hot water, and cook until smooth and thick. Season with salt, pepper and paprika to taste and a wee bit of onion if liked.

Mint Sauce—Wash the mint thoroughly, cut it small and put in a small pan, cover with a tablespoon of sugar, half a teaspoon of salt, few grains of cayenne and a cup of weak vinegar. Let it steep in a warm place for half an hour, and serve hot in a gravy boat or bowl.

Jewel Salad—Soak one tablespoon of granulated gelatin in one-fourth cup of cold water for ten minutes, then add one-fourth cup

of boiling water to one cup of cold water, and mix the gelatin, then add one cup of sugar, one fourth cup of vinegar, one tablespoon of oil, and a few grains of salt. Stir into individual molds in cold water, and when ready to use, dip into cold water, and unmold. Use with cream, or half mayonnaise, or whipped cream.

Rhubarb Tart—Take one inch pieces of rhubarb, one and one-half cups of sugar, and one cup of flour. Mix the rhubarb with the sugar and flour, and add a very little water. Bake in a hot oven for one hour, and when tender, add a little lemon juice, and a little butter and a sprinkle of sugar. If the rhubarb is very tart, add a little lemon juice. Bake for one hour, and when done, brown the top with a piece of good cheese.

This menu would be a dinner given by a married couple. The menu is changed to accommodate the rhubarb tart. But think it delicious from the usual tea menu.

DINNER STORIES

A Californian was in a great stew over the shortage of help to harvest his crop. When a tramp stopped by the fence and asked for work, the orange grove owner looked the fellow over doubtfully and finally said: "If I were sure you are honest, I'd give you a job gathering these oranges."

"Honest!" exclaimed the tramp with offended dignity. "I was manager of a public bath for 15 years and never took a single bath."

It had been Johnny's good luck to become the proud possessor of a litter of kittens. Having too many, he had the idea of making some money. Thus begins our story.

A ring of the doorbell and a lady of uncertain age appeared.

"Do you want to buy thome toot 'tittle tittens?"

"Some what, I don't understand."

"Do you want to buy thome toot 'tittle tittens?"

"Another lady appears on the scene."

"What did he say?"

"Do you want to buy thome toot 'tittle tittens?"

"I didn't understand. Will you say it again?"

By this time Johnny was disgusted.

"Aw, hell! Do you want to buy a dodd dadd tat?"

The small daughter of an actor had seen, and heard, her father rehearsing a new part, and after it was over she retired, greatly impressed, to the nursery. A little later her mother overheard her apparently rehearsing a play she was inventing as she went along.

"My loved one is ill! I must go to him!"

There was a momentary pause. Then suddenly: "Blow it, he's dead!"

Agency Employees To See Stronghold

Employees of the Indian reservation, from Klamath Agency, will enjoy an all day's trip through Klamath county on Sunday, visiting the historical spots in the county made famous during the Modoc war days.

The party will arrive in Klamath Falls on Sunday morning at 6:30 a. m., and will start the trip around the lake by way of Captain Jack's stronghold, where the Modoc Indians made their stand in 1872 and 1873. The party will be accompanied by Captain O. C. Applegate, who has consented to be their guide on the trip.

New arrival of felt hats for only \$2.50. At Bee Begin's Dress Shop.

Children's Picture Cross Word

HOW TO SOLVE
 The words start in squares and run either down. Only one letter each white square. The words are found in the puzzle—the first word in the drawing. Below are the other words.



Word 1. In the picture. Word 4. What you do to the rules of your school (city). Word 5. A spring. Word 6. A New York. Also the name of the ship the sinking of which the Spanish-American war. Word 7. The capital of Washington. Word 8. What the evading of a game is called.

SATURDAY PIRATE

PIRATE
 VALARIN
 PIECES
 FLCSH

