

"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.

Small Town Tactics by Official Head

Mayor Refuses To Give The News His News

The News bows its bloody head. Humility is its potion. Proud organ that it was, its spirit has been crushed to earth—or wherever it is that first-class spirits are crushed. It has been dealt a terrific blow. It is visited with contrition. The News, let it confess, has received a set-back, a back-set, a massage and a rub-down—or whatever you call 'em—from Mayor Fred Goddard. They were metaphorical, rather than physical, however, and didn't cost a cent. Mayor Goddard has declined to give The News any more news. He said so. In the future, The News feels it must confide to its readers, it cannot learn anything from the mayor. It must simply limp along under its handicap, without so much as a "personal" from his honor.

Why?

Mayor Goddard feels that The News, in its account of Monday night's council meeting, should have included in its story the admitted fact that Paul Lambert introduced the ordinance providing for a special election to choose a councilman from the second ward. He resents the fact that The News took up the council's conversation at a point where the mayor requested to know what disposition the council wished to make of the bill.

It is a fact that The News did not mention that Mr. Lambert provided the ordinance. It is equally true that The News did not describe the clothes of the spectators present, nor the color of socks worn by the councilmen. In other words, The News, by its omission of Mr. Lambert's name, had no desire to place the mayor in a position which, he seems to feel, is embarrassing. Limited space frequently necessitates the elimination of much detail. It was all very trivial.

Yesterday the mayor told The News that, previously, he had instructed all officers of the city to give The News a square deal. The News assumes that he meant it would be given access to affairs that are the business of the public. The News is appreciative, and trusts that the mayor will not withdraw his order. The News is very fond of a square deal.

Abjectly, The News submits its case. May its readers bear with it, in this, its hour of sorrow.

Learn "Your City"

Know Your City—Rejoice In Its Progress

Many people do not seem to know much about the city in which they live.

If they would take the trouble to learn the facts about the home city, it would be a revelation to them that they would never forget. They could then rejoice in the splendid progress and development their city has made.

It would make them realize the difference between inertia and initiative.

It would make them realize the importance of boosting the home city.

They would realize what good community advertising means.

They would realize if they don't tell the outside world about the home city, nobody else will.

They would realize that the coming to the home city of new residents and industries would make a definite addition to the potential and actual wealth of the city.

When opportunity comes to a city, that city should act right now; act like lightning. If they don't, the opportunity may move on. People well sold on the home city have lofty ideals, a bubbling spirit of unquenchable enthusiasm and unlimited faith in it.

When two fat women pass on the street each looks back and wonders if she will ever look like that.

Shieks are passe. An Egyptian tells us that real shieks are considered boobs in the Orient. Same here.

Lots of people wait in vain for their ships to come in simply because they neglected to launch them.

When truth becomes fashionable what will become of gossips?

"Having Grandest Time! Wish You Were Here!"



Sunny Dick Says

Heavy Fines for Liquor Violations in Klamath Falls Continue—This is simply terrible, boys, simply terrible. The overhead is getting so high that a poor boot-legger can hardly buy bread for his family.

Motion to Hold Special Ward Two Election at a Cost of \$500 Falls—There's graft abroad. If money saved is money earned the city is getting \$500 for accepting Councilman West's resignation.

Colonel Thompson, Who Led Lava Bed Attack Returns to Klamath—Migosh, weren't those tough old days! Now we use feather beds and Ostermoo mattresses.

"I'll Swim the English Channel or Die," Says Miss Gertrude Ederle, Sharks Have Been Reported in These Waters—No cheating, now, girls, like Jonah did.

Klamath Better Baby Movement Extends Into Logging Villages—Good work, County Health Unit. These chips off the old block must be taken care of.

Local Chapter of Long Fellows Organize Here to Protest Against Short Beds—Tix said this is an ancient order dating back to the Dark Ages in Europe (even darker than now), when long men were cut to fit a bed and short ones were stretched.

Flapper Rescues Drowning Boy at Astoria—Well, miracle of miracles! Here's a flapper who can actually flap.

City Fire Limits Will Be Extended—At last it is out, the real reason for the lumbermen organizing is to get the protection of our efficient city fire department for fighting their old forest fires.

Local Salvation Army Drive Is On. Needs \$5,000—Ouch, Ouch! Is there never a closed season on the poor old pocketbook?

Local Fans Charter Special Train to Weed—Poor Weed. They will need that trainload of fans to revive them.

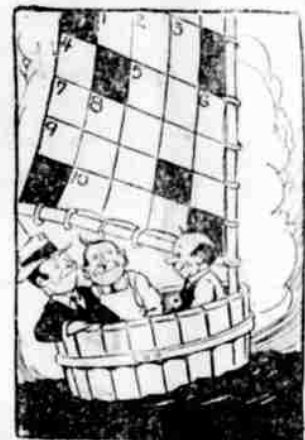
Weed Smothers Yreka's 15 to 0—I say, Yreka, aren't Weeds the pests?

Convict Trails Getting Hotter But Unfruitful—Judging by the kind of fruit already yielded it's safer this way.

Nationally Known Authoress to Pen Novel on Klamath—If she is to write up what she sees the county court ought to provide her with a competent guide.

A lot of people drive as fast as if they were going to the doctor. And some of them are, but they don't know it.—Huntington Advertiser.

Children's Page
Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across.
Word 1. "Rub-a-dub, dub; Three men in a..."
Word 5. Used in playing tennis.
Word 7. The juice extracted from apples.
Word 9. Poetic form of before.
Word 10. To be mistaken.
Running Down.
Word 2. Beneath.
Word 3. The insect that produces honey.
Word 4. Frozen water.
Word 6. Attempt.
Word 8. Wrath; anger.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.



Dinner Stories

A church house in a certain rural district was sadly in need of repairs. The official board had called a meeting of the parishioners to see what could be done toward raising the necessary funds. One of the wealthiest and stingiest of the adherents of that church arose and said that he would give five dollars, and sat down.

Just then a bit of plastering fell from the ceiling and hit him squarely upon the head. Hereupon he jumped up, looked confused and said: "I—or—I meant I'll give fifty dollars!" then resumed his seat again.

After a brief silence a voice was heard to say: "Oh, Lord, hit 'im again!"

A Georgia woman who moved north found she could not be contented without the colored mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for old mammy, and the servant arrived in due season. It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave the town the very day mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was the contrivance which interested the colored woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven, the broiler, and other burners, and felt certain the old servant understood its operation, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent for two weeks, and one of her first questions to mammy was how she had worried along.

"De fines' ever," was the reply. "An dat air gas stove—Oh, my! Why, do you know, Miss Flo'ence, dat fire aint gone out yit?"

The cook for the Cascadians, the Yakima mountain climbing organization now camping near the Sisters, left his campfire unattended and drew a \$25 fine. You would suppose that anybody connected with that club would know his woods stov better than that.—Bend Bulletin.

John McGraw is writing a movie scenario. And of course Pittsburg will be cast for the role of villain.—Saginaw News Courier.

Heart and Home Problem

By MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Doubts There Are Decent Men

Embittered by unfortunate experiences, this young girl has the belief there aren't any respectable youths any more. She says: Dear Mrs. Thompson: Think I'm destined to be an old maid for the simple reason that there aren't any decent men living (they must have died years ago). Probably it is because I am hard to suit and the men don't come up to my ideals but I am so disgusted with the men in general. I have gone around quite a bit with all kinds and they are all the same. I don't enjoy myself any more, trying to cope with this problem. There doesn't seem to be any more good fellowship—men have one thing on their mind and where it is absolutely a tough battle to keep your self respect, where is the joy in going out at all? For instance: I went with a young man for almost eight months and his love making was such that I had to give him up at last. I don't mind kissing a man I'm engaged to, or him putting his arms around me (that's natural in an engaged couple and if a girl didn't allow that she would deserve to be called a prude), but anything further than that I draw the line on and that's the problem I've had to contend with for eight months. What will I do? It's the same thing all the time with my friends. I am very modest and not too reserved (by that I mean I am good company. Jolly and try to make the man I'm with feel at ease); the girls that drink and smoke say I'm old fashioned and I must be a better sport to hold a man. I do neither, but seem to have a pretty fine time just the same outside of the musing. Does a man really like a girl better if she is a good sport and doesn't count on the sequences or loss of friendship, or do they really want a good girl with ideals? That's what has been on my mind for a long time—and now I've made up my mind

to write to you about a stage when men friends and because I would want and doubt the other girls like them? How is that? That is what I mean. If the men who aren't any decent they find me when her decency and there are some home the rest of lower myself to a man. Am I too... Obviously, I'm permitted use of experiences in my life and I'm not a man still but I preserves her self-gret that they're. You have been your choice of men that it is possible men of the right...

SALLY AND her secretary of capitol, for instance

HOROS

THURSDAY This day... full and glowing... by the presence... of the sun... be the reason of... construction, which... for substantial... accumulation of... time augurs... tired by... Letters written... should be... is a sign which... care should... undertaken... Those who... under... Substantial... financial... follow the... tion. But to... and disputes... solubility of... this day... and ambitions... contentment and... progress at the...

STEP-WORD PUZZLE

Copyright, 1925, King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain... (Reproduction of this title "STEP-WORD" or at the device... is expressly forbidden, except by arrangement with the King Feature...)

By ARTHUR WYNNE, Originator of the Modern Cross Word Puzzle

The solution to yesterday's seven word puzzle... WAFFLES in 14 steps, is given below, and for today's appetizing four-letter puzzle, SOUP to CAKE in 21 steps the definitions and change only one letter on each step to get the correct word for you will find the correct word on the eighth step. ROLL, on the eleventh step, or the sixteenth step, PRINCE to PAUPERS. How far can you PRINCE without (correct) definition?

A crossword puzzle grid with the words 'SOUP', 'PICKLES', 'NICKLES', 'TACKLES', 'TARKLES', 'TARTLES', 'TURTLES', 'HURTLES', 'HURDLES', 'CURDLES', 'CURFLES', 'CUFFLES', 'RAFFLES', 'WAFFLES', 'ROLL', 'BUNS', 'KE' filled in. The grid is numbered 1 through 20.

- 1—Com
- 2—Ho
- 3—Pa
- 4—V
- 5—A scandalous
- 6—Garment
- 7—A mineral
- 8—Not warm
- 9—An indoor
- 10—To enroll for
- 11—An actor
- 12—Govern
- 13—One of the
- 14—One of the
- 15—Hurricane
- 16—A sleeping
- 17—To hear up
- 18—Anything
- 19—Anything
- 20—To cook by dry