

"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.

Worthiest of Worthy Causes

Local Folk Are Asked to Assist the American Legion

Before every thinking resident of Klamath county, regardless of the degree of affluence he has attained, there looms a question worthy of his most earnest consideration.

It is the move to secure money with which to complete the American Legion memorial building soon to rise in Klamath Falls.

This problem has not been considered lightly. The public, commonly, does not favor concentrated action with a view to securing funds for any cause which chances to present itself. It is believed that, frequently, these so-called "drives" are a mistake and that, on occasion, the donations made are not spent wisely.

In the present instance, however, Klamath Falls has not been faced by any such "drive." In consequence, it remains for local folk to contribute what they can, that the city may benefit from the ex-soldiers' contributions.

The word is used advisedly. Most of the money already has been raised by legion men and they have been unselfish to the extreme. For a building which will materially benefit virtually every family in Klamath Falls, they request local citizens to provide but a small amount.

The people should pause for a moment and consider the benefits which will attach to the erection of such a structure as the legion favors. At the present time there is no gymnasium in the city; no place where the youth of the city and county may compete in games, so essential to the welfare of growing boys. In the city is no auditorium of sufficient size to house a crowd interested in the consideration of a question of general interest.

The new structure would boast a gymnasium where the Boy Scouts and students of the high school could engage in such athletics as basketball and handball. It would take care of a sizable gathering when an auditorium proved necessary.

Please remember this: in virtually every city of the size of Klamath Falls, business men, professional men and working men have interested themselves in what is commonly called the "big brother" movement—a movement of older men to associate with, and attempt to solve the problems of, the coming generation. The results, authorities say, have been gratifying. What organization, it is asked, would be better suited to help in such a movement than the American Legion? And, answering this question, The News will say it believes there is none.

The American Legion, offering Klamath county something very much worthwhile, is waiting for its citizens to decide whether they shall co-operate. And the American Legion will not wait in vain.

It would seem that New York citizens should know by this time that the only way to get more subways is to dig for them.—San Antonio News.

On to Washington!



Dinner Stories

Any one who has ever traveled on the New York subway in rush hours can easily appreciate the following:

A little man wedged into the middle of a car, suddenly thought of pickpockets, and quite as suddenly remembered that he had some money in his overcoat. He plunged his hand into his pocket and was somewhat shocked upon encountering the flat of a fat fellow-passenger.

"Aha!" snorted the latter. "I caught you that time!"

"Leggo!" snarled the little man.

"Leggo my hand!"

"Pickpocket!" hissed the fat man.

"Scoundrel!" retorted the little one.

Just then a tall man in their vicinity glanced up from his newspaper.

"I'd like to get off here," he drawled, "if you fellows don't mind taking your hands out of my pocket."

While campaigning in Iowa "Uncle Joe" Cannon was once invited into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak. In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph Cannon gave vent to a violent sneeze. "But, hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster; "a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye not hear it?"

The visitors smiled and a moment later the second sneeze— which the ex-speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But hark!" bawled the boy, that heavy sound breaks once more, and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle

Joe" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."

Two men were discussing horse racing and remarking upon the silly names many horses were given.

"If I kept a race horse I know what I should call him," said one.

"What?"

"Money."

"But that's absurd, isn't it?"

"Is it? Well, tell me anything that goes quicker."

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across.
Word 1. The instrument with which Cock Robin was killed.
Word 4. A vehicle.
Word 5. Body of water.
Word 6. To permit.

Running Down.
Word 1. A territory in North America.
Word 2. Withdraw, revoke, take back.
Word 3. A city in Poland.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.



Sunny Dick Says

\$17,000,000,000 Is What Is Due American Wives Annually if Paid \$15 a Week.—Sounds like the European war debt, and American women, like America, would be tickled to death to collect the interest.

Box Pleats Give "Collegiate" Air to School Frock.—Ah, there's the idea, distressed father and mother. Just buy 'em collegiate-like clothes. Heaps cheaper than acquiring that college air by the slow, old process of ageing in the wood for four years.

Medford \$1,000,000 Water Bond Issue Is Carried 3 to 1. New City Hall Also Goes Over the Top.—Gee! if it were as easy to pay taxes as it is to spend them we would sure make the old home town bloom like the Garden of Eden.

Californian Who Murdered for Wife Hanged. Wife Says Her Three Previous Husbands Were All Murderers, Too.—We have never seen the female, but from the effort she has on men she must be as intoxicating as a long drink of white mule.

Two Deaths Mar Great Airplane Races on Long Island Course. One Flyer Crashed to Death and Elderly Visitor Died of Apoplexy.—We trust they both have a job helping St. Pete set the stars out at night, but think of the difference in their passing. The wires doubtless flashed the news from coast to coast that the aviator was falling to his death, and he is sung as a martyr to the God of air speed, while the old man merely slipped to the ground unnoticed and passed unsung. The lesson is: Die doing.

\$100,000 in Registered Mail Taken When Mail Truck Is Held Up on Los Angeles Thoroughfare. Driver and Guard Slugged by Four Bandits. 600 Police on Trail.—A little more guarding and a lot less expensive dashing about later would sure make a hit with us poor taxpayers on the sidelines.

Heart & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

HE CAN'T LIVE DOWN HIS PAST

The letter of M., the "Out-cast," who, after serving a term in a girl's reform school, is finding it difficult to establish herself, has brought me many letters, chiefly from men, asking her address. Because of the rule of this column never to divulge names and addresses of correspondents, none of these requests were complied with, but the letters were indicative of a wide interest in the young girl's plight.

Now comes a belated communication from one who can perhaps sympathize with her more sincerely than any of the rest of us. He says:

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I read your letter from the outcast in your column. I also "graduated" from a reform school some years ago, and have had the same experience since I left the state's boarding house. Since my release I've made good to society, but paid the fiddler. I am a member of a well known family, having resided here for 12 years, except for two years in the war. I came here to start all over, but ill news will spread and my record is known, and reflects on me who paid for an offence I never committed. I have since been proven innocent. However, that doesn't mean anything to people. They just remember that I was in the reform school. I am 26 years old, and went to France to fight for people who knew my record. You do not know the agony dealt out to us in the state's hotel. Somehow, one sort of lost faith in humanity. Memory of the past punishment forever wakes whenever one goes out at night without any particular business in mind. We have good reason to avoid the officers of the law. We must walk a chalk line forever or fall into the law's hands and then the past means more grief. I have gone straight but the police know my record and I have to watch my step or live under a phony name, all because I refused to squeal on another. Though I paid the state's price elsewhere, the local police somehow know all about me when I came here. They have my fingerprints, birthscars, etc. Once a black sheep, always

a black sheep. The fact that my own family simply because of a prank of throwing a roundhouse window, refused to talk and "boy," was given 18 months reform school. My first class. But my record followed me. Out of the school, 221 was France. Yet we were then and are now. "Outcast" feels for an outcast. Law denied me. There are call this "bunk," but has ever been in a will say I am wrong. Out-cast she has my sympathy nothing of the sort.

J. V.: You remember you would like to know and how shall you, at some distance away, not acquainted with friends. Write to her, and ask if you can be remedied.

STEP-WORD PUZZLE

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By ARTHUR WYNN, Originator of the Modern Cross-Word Puzzle.

Here is an "all-day" step-word problem for you to work the list of the few scattered definitions given below. First to WASH in four steps is not difficult, simply dropping one each step and spelling a new word. You may have to negotiate other steps. Monday.

DEFINITIONS.
6—Discreet
12—Compact and solid
18—A defect
23—Ridge made in joining two pieces
26—Playing cards bearing ten spots
32—Grade
37—Hollow metallic for giving forth sound