

"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.

**Pin Down the Issue**

*Klamath District's Chances in Congress*

The productive years of the average farmer on an irrigation project are too few to be frittered away in futurity. Most farmers realize this, and get busy. They establish homes, raise and educate their children, and do those things which make for happiness now, and contentment in their later years.

But a few farmers, blindly following the dreamer district leaders, are led to heed the idea that the panacea for all their complaints, both real and fancied, may be had through federal aid.

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And to this end Klamath's problems are to be put up to congress. Delegations from the western states have been fully primed to make extensive reclamation relief an issue. Senator Charles McNary, leader of this effort by right of his chairmanship of the committee on reclamation and irrigation, will do anything in his power for this district. But in this case he has just as much chance as the proverbial snowball. Opposition is strong.

There is no doubt of the situation in Washington: Even yesterday press services carried this: "The farmer must work out his own salvation. This is the position the administration is expected to take in answer to the numerous farm relief measures that are to come before congress this winter."

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It should be realized that western reclamation is regarded as a failure by the rest of the country. Besides, the chief executive is enforcing a strict economy program. Relief through channels of congress will encounter insurmountable barriers. And this will apply particularly to any measure that does not carry the recommendation of the reclamation service. Yet:

"We'll get what we want from congress, damn the reclamation service," these district leaders, having failed utterly, now tell their constituents. Life is short, such hopes are vain.

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The reclamation service has placed failure for this district not having taken over operation and maintenance of this project, squarely at the door of the local district administration. While this newspaper is holding no brief for the reclamation service, the facts are clear on this point. Nothing else but the arbitrary action of local elective officials is responsible for the tie-up in the affairs of the district and the nullification of a district tax reduction made by the previous board.

And it will so continue if President Bradbury and Director Jacob are supported at the coming election. There will be no relief from congress. And there will be no opportunity for a change for the next two years.

Bradbury's term expires in two years, Jacob is running for the three-year term. Have these gentlemen kept one promise? Life is too short.

**The Watch on the Rhine!**



**The Best of Advice**

By CLARK KINNAIRD

France and Germany agree not to fight each other again, and the world begins to think again that possibly, after all, there is such a thing as peace.

And the Man in the Street asks, as he pays another mite of the cost of the last war, when will all wars cease?

It is easy to answer his question: "Not within the life of any one now living," with the assurance that the answer will be good for several generations.

Leagues of nations cannot end wars.

The members of a family quarrel and fight with one another as well as outsiders, and often to a greater degree and with more venom.

It is just the same in the State; among people living in one State, a struggle continues just as with people outside the State, only it is carried on under other forms.

In one case the slaughter is done with bombing planes and poison gas and guns that shoot 50 miles, in the other it is done with hunger.

A professional optimist proclaims that the world is getting better, on the grounds that "social progress brings morality." He classifies peace under morality; hence he sees peace as an eventuality of social progress.

A long time ago Tolstok observed that to assert that a social progress produces morality is like asserting that the construction of a stove produces heat.

If the law of struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest is the eternal law of life (and one needs only to look around to see that it is)—then no tangled discussions about social progress and an ethical law, supposed to flow from it, or spring up from no one knows where, just when he happens to need it, can disturb that law.

It is obvious that as long as social progress collects people into groups, then the struggle and survival will continue among those families, tribes and nations, and

the struggle will not only be more moral, but it will be even more cruel and more immoral than that between individuals, as we see in actual life.

European culture is penetrating the east, but meets with some objections. After the king of Spain graduated at Oxford, England, he promoted one of his wives to be queen and abolished his harem. The grounds are that she could not give him an heir. With a harem this would not have been necessary, which makes the first valid argument in favor of a harem.

**Dinner Stories**

The experienced motorist was crawling carefully through a well-known "speed trap" in England, when he saw the village constable making imperative signs to him to stop.

"Look here," said the annoyed motorist, "I wasn't exceeding the speed limit."

"I know that, sir," said the policeman, with a diffident cough, "but you see, I've got three chaps in the jail for reckless driving, and they sent me out to look for a fourth for a game of bridge."

Some way out from the Bay of Naples the little party on deck sighted a rocky islet, apparently two miles offshore. An elderly gentleman approached a youth who sat writing and inquired politely:

"Do you know whether that is Mount Vesuvius?"

The other replied with equal politeness:

"I don't know what it is, but I do know it is not Vesuvius."

"But," said the elderly gentleman, with an air of triumph, "if you don't know what it is, how do you know it's not Vesuvius?"

"Because," came the reply, while the speaker fixed his tormenter with an angry glare, "because Vesuvius is inland and this is out at sea; because this is about two miles round and Vesuvius is thirty; and because Vesuvius is a volcano and this is not!"

The absent-minded man arrived home late and entered his bedroom, where all was dark. Suddenly he stopped, stiffened.

"Who's below that bed?" he asked.

"Nobody," replied the burglar. "Funny," muttered the man. "I could have sworn I heard a noise."

Many a cop works on the theory that nobody, not even himself, is a gentleman.—Roseburg News-Review.

A college confers a sheepskin; but the school of experience tears off a couple of yards of human hide.—Port Wayne News Sentinel.

**Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle**



**Running Across.**  
Word 1. What Black Beauty was.  
Word 4. A large southern state.  
Word 5. A long legged, long billed bird that lives along the shore.

**Running Down.**  
Word 2. A large body of water.  
Word 3. What the Indians used to do to their enemies.

**YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED**



**Heart & Home Problems**

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

**THE VICTIM OF A SHIEKISH CAD**

He lied, he deceived, he deliberately practiced trickery and treachery in the most dishonorable way to overcome a girl's scruples. He deserves no young woman's love. His victim writes about him.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have written you before and found your advice to be helpful. My life until now has been filled with home troubles, but my friendships have been real and lasting. My boy friends, as I know well, are always doing their best to get me to neck, but I think they respect me for not doing it. Possibly that is the reason I have kept them, as I have done. Then the crowning humiliation came when I met a certain fellow who made love to me. We went riding, we parked on a country road, we hugged, we kissed, we petted, we cuddled, but I was in love and let it pass. I never before let a fellow touch me, but once when I was 14 I was teased into kissing a kid. On the way home he told me how he loved me and that he had necked before but that he'd never been really so in love. I cuddled up to him and he kissed me, then he kissed me, then he brought me home. The next day he seemed rather embarrassed when the fellows asked him about his date. He said "none of your biz." However when I encountered him later he avoided me, and then I overheard some of the fellows say that he had won his bet that he'd kiss me with my consent. Now my "rep" as a "pal" but not a "gal" is gone, and I'm merely the joke of the school. Did I do terribly wrong when I really thought he meant it? My conscience hurts, and yet I feel that I am not at fault.

LORNA.

I have nothing but contempt for the young man, but that your clear record was broken was due quite as much to your own weakness as to his deceit. Learn a lesson from your defeat and strive for victory. Conduct yourself so

that you will regain your reputation. Principles are of use unless they will in emergency.

**WOMEN DON'T INTERFERE**

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am suffering from some kind of a complex. Please tell me what matter with me. I have a number of fine women who want so much to be my friend. But when in the company of men I feel unnatural, I put my worst foot forward. At least I feel that I do. I have a young friend, and one of my women acquaintances can truly feel as if she is the rest are different; regard them with that ship that I would like to ward them. They do not seem to be interested in me. I cannot trust just seems that am I? I feel just the opposite company of men. I am at ease in their presence. I grow self-conscious and grow poise. My husband and sons are perfectly wonderful, and of course I wish to, and do, spend most of my time with them. I am also independent, do a great deal alone. Is it because of that when I find myself many, instead of only one, my poise? Sometimes I am much happier to be alone. But it seems so

You really have no worry, M. L. You are one of those women who interest in members of sex. Yours can hardly be narrow existence, since and are loved by a husband and two fine sons. And confidence when it makes shows that you do not and "presence." Your wish for doing things alone, has had an effect on relations with other women your heart's dictates.

If Roumania places a 600,000 loan in the United States, there may be some talk over here.—Columbia

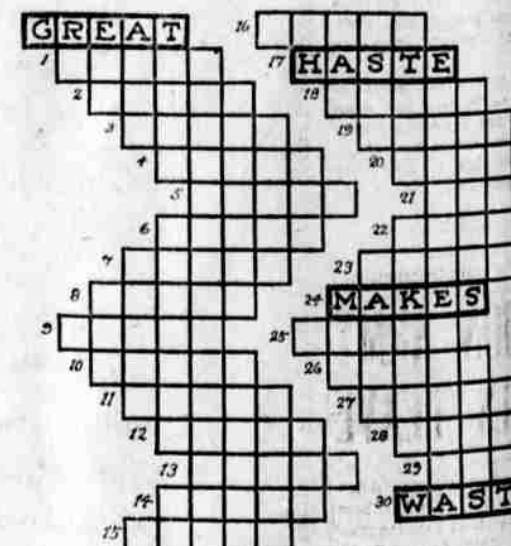
**STEP-WORD PUZZLE**

(PATENT APPLIED FOR)

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By ARTHUR WYNNE,

Originator of the Modern Cross-Word Puzzle.



- DEFINITIONS**
- 1—Riding master's attendant
  - 2—Sharp, harsh, squeaky sound
  - 3—The low harsh sound of a frog
  - 4—Soot on a kettle
  - 5—Partially break
  - 6—A crochety or impractical person
  - 7—Wading bird
  - 8—Wicker hamper
  - 9—Talk idly
  - 10—Opaque green quartz
  - 11—Pens used collectively
  - 12—Tantalize
  - 13—Concise
  - 14—Part of the foot to which the leg is articulated
  - 15—Small cup of coffee
  - 16—Perceive by the palate
  - 18—Dough prepared for times gone by, as
  - 19—Quantities less than
  - 21—Small, open pie
  - 22—Weeds
  - 23—Gains possession
  - 25—Female horses
  - 26—Markets
  - 27—Light, two-wheeled
  - 28—Throws down or
  - 29—Exclusive social

Solution to yesterday's step-word:

GOOD	DEED	mirr	THAN
hood	need	MORE	shot
bold	mend	mort	shut
held	mind	moot	shun
heed	mine	soot	shin
			chit
			whit