OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CITY OF KLAMATH FALLS

THE KLAMATH DAILY NEWS

KLAMATH FALLS, ORE
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An Independent Republican Newspaper Conducted in the Interests of All Klamath County: Without Guile, Subsidy or Perfidy

"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.

Power and the Fool

The Same Yesterday, Today and——

Fifteen or twenty years ago a man who thought he was "daring," got drunk, then took an automobile filled with other human beings and started out on what has been popularly termed a "joy ride."

That man thought he was daring, or figured himself as a reckless dare-devil, fearless, afraid of nothing. So he thought.

Shortly after he started out on his "joy ride" his mental processes of reasoning, unbalanced by the "Dutch courage" of liquor, he failed to note the end of a flat car protruding out into the highway on a railway crossing.

The automobile struck the edge of the flat car. Death, excruciating pain, mangled humanity, domestic complications resulted—all because of the unbalanced reasoning of one individual.

Before a stern judge, angered that a man could be so forgetful of others as to take, by blind foolishness, that which he could not give back, the driver of that auto huddled in naked fear, presenting anything but the appearance of a dare-devil, recklessness and manhood and anything else all gone. His sane reasoning had returned, and with it he listened to these words:

"An automobile is a powerful engine of destruction when improperly handled."

Not one in 50,000 of these highway speeders would last one minute if given an opportunity on a track with a really high-powered car, drunk or sober.

And for a display of cheap acting they will risk another's life, maim still others and so on.

It was the same yesterday, perhaps today, and—

Much Ado About Nothing

Something Is Wrong With Something

Within the past month all we have heard as regards criticism of the air and naval forces of the country is that something is wrong with the "other fellow."

The latest comes from a mimic war somewhere in the vicinity of the Hawaiian islands.

History has proven that an anti-aircraft gun gets about one in a million aircraft—and that is, perhaps, only chance.

Anti-aircraft guns had been used effectively as a barrage, to turn aircraft, but in the past war it has been more chance than anything when an aircraft gun has brought down an aeroplane.

Somebody is right.

It would appear that if careful cognizance were taken of well meaning men's opinions, instead of expensive attempts to defend one's jobs, official pride, and what not, were to guide the contending parties, much more benefit would be derived by the people who pay the bills—if an actual war were to transpire.

If He Doesn't Have Great Thanksgiving It Won't Be their Fault

Sunny Dick Says

A strange, erratic comet
Is discovered afar.
'Tis said it's Colonel Mitchell's
Guiding star.

A certain organization of negro workers in the United States announces with pride that it now has seven men and three women in Russia training for the Russian diplomatic service. The outlook for Red diplomacy is dark.

The number of casualties during the open game season these years is startling. And yet some say it is surprising that there are not a great many more hunters shot considering how many are half shot.

The supreme court of Wisconsin decrees that Colonel Mitchell of the United States air service must pay $2,000 a year to his first wife for the support of his two children in addition to the $4,800 they are already costing him. The youngsters take after their daddy. Their mother keeps after him.

The only negro in May's Landing, N. J., is dead. He has been a poor barber and then cigar vender there for years. His only friends were books. He left $100,000 to his city for a school gymnasium and playground. It is evident that he used the same caution in selecting his friends as he did his investments. Yet he wants others to be more sociable.

Before the House Ways and Means committee hearing on reducing taxes, William A. Brady said in part: "I'm for putting the men who produce these musical plays showing bare legs and bare women in states prison." He also stated that his wife, his daughter and himself have to take their company to "the sticks" to make a living, and that the present theatrical tax is killing the spoken drama. There are those mean enough to hint that it isn't entirely the tax that makes it hard for him to earn a living.

"Samoots" Amatuna, suave-voiced, two-fisted Sicilian ruler of Chicago's underworld, dies with two bullets in the back of his neck. There was a big public funeral, but he was forced to be buried without benefit of clergy. It is mighty refreshing to find the clergy had the backbone to let him be buried the same way he had lived.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle

Running Across.

Word 1. What the little man in the picture and the story "Snow White and Rose Red," is called.

Word 4. The latest and most popular [illegible] entertainment in the [illegible].

Word 5. What [illegible] hearing, tasting, etc., are called. Singular.

Running Down.

Word 1. A pointed weapon [illegible]. Plural.

Word 2. The last name of the [illegible] to whom Priscilla said: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Word 3. Past tense of freeze.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED

Dinner Stories

It happened the other day. Quite a crowd of people missed a most narrowing tragedy.

"Sir," yelled a pedestrian suddenly, "you stuck your umbrella in my eye."

"Oh, no, sir," replied the genial idiot. "I assure you that you are mistaken."

"Mistaken!" yelled the injured one. "Mistaken! I tell you I know when my own eye is injured."

"Doubtless you do, sir," replied the genial idiot. "But you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one yesterday."

A young married man met a friend of his bachelor days, and insisted on his coming home with him to dinner. His wife was unprepared for visitors, and calling him aside told him that she had only a few oysters, and that when the friend had eaten his quota of six he must not be asked to take any more. In spite of his promise to remember, when the guest had eaten his six, the host pressed him to take more. The wife looked distressed and the friend declined. The husband insisted, the wife looked agony, and the guest firmly refused to have the rest of the oysters brought from the kitchen.

Later the wife said to her husband:

"How could you urge him to have more oysters after I had explained to you that there weren't any more?"

"I am very sorry," said the penitent husband, "but I forgot all about it."

"Forgot about it! What do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?"

"But you didn't kick me."

A farmer was accused of having slandered his neighbor.

"Did you call him a rogue and a liar?"

"Yes I did."

"And did you call him a thief?"

"No; I forgot that."

Publishers Column

Barnum is credited with the statement that the people like to be fooled. Apparently they do. That is—about once. Barnum had sufficient foresight and knowledge of human nature to spring a new game on them each season.

* * *

Editors and publishers who are without the sagacity of the old snowman, try to fool their readers. For a time they fatten. Shortly their publishing property takes a downward trend in value. It is at this time they grow ferocious. They try to use the editorial bludgeon. This partakes the nature of a threat, the weapon of an arrant coward. It is a contemptible practice. Happily, in this day and age there is little of it.

* * *

There is a simple reason why a publisher cannot successfully fool people—he has facts with which to reckon. The street fakir sells a worthless article for your quarter. Regardless of its worth it is a concrete something. You buy it, you find you have been stung, and buy no more. The publisher who fools you has something abstract to peddle, usually in the negative.

* * *

In other words, what he peddles is untruths, distorted half-truths, wordy nothings. His one sinister purpose is to lead his readers away from facts. The real facts have a way of arising to the surface. Ink or inquisitions cannot keep them down.

The people can be fooled for a time only by any publisher. His methods cannot change. The only thing he can change is ownership. He must peddle the same old stuff. Soon he is forced to quit and move to other fields.

* * *

It is the nature of some people to strive for gain by use of unholy methods of graft in city, state and nation. Some politicians are in this class. They, too, thrive on fooling people—for a time. The unscrupulous publisher and the crooked politician are usually bed-fellows.

The people like to be fooled—for a time.

The pessimist is a man who would enjoy the job of putting up "detour" signs.—Lafayette Journal.

E're long we shall have 27,000,000 automobiles in America. Guess whether we're bragging or complaining.—Louisville Times.

A cheap suit is comparatively safe until some ingenious villian succeeds in crossing a boll weevil with a moth.—Flint Journal.

Three blind men are candidates for office in Jersey. Blind officials can't wink at violations of the law.—Winston-Salem Journal.

I. B. H. Stevenson, secretary of The Klamath News Publishing company, depose and say that the following are the holders of the entire issue of capital stock of The Klamath News Publishing company, a corporation:

BYRON HURD
NATE OTTERBEIN
WALTER STRONACH
B. H. STEVENSON.

That no others are financially interested in any manner whatsoever; that no person other than those named above, no corporation, no company, nor any individual or individuals have any financial interest in any manner in The Klamath News Publishing company. Further that no corporation, no company, nor any individual other than those above named has any control over the policies of this newspaper in any manner whatsoever. Any statements to the contrary, either implied or otherwise, are false and misleading.

B. H. STEVENSON,
Secretary, Klamath News Publishing company.
Attest:
Walter West, notary public in and for Klamath county, Oregon.
My commission expires February 2, 1929.

Heart & H... Problem...

By Mrs. Elizabeth Th...

GIRL TOLD HOW TO K... FOR MARRIED ...

Dear Mrs. Thompson: ... loved a man since I was ... years old, and I am now ... also loves me. Each time ... he shows it in every way ... look, every action. He ... seems hungry to talk of ... higher things of life, ... God and eternity. He ... it seems, and is my ideal ... real man, physically and ... ly. Oh, how I love him. ... realized since I was ... But I have no right to ... He is a married man, ... ways kept this a secret ... lieve that no one else ... love for him. I have ... know. And I ignore ... toward me as if I do not ... see it. Do you think I ... ahead and marry some ... when I know that I ... love him as this One ... There seems to be so ... and yet I like many ... say they love me. I've ... my power to kill the ... can do no more than ... from others. Shall I ... marry some one, and ... happy?

You have no right to ... man while loving another ... surely want to kill ... the other, cultivate a ... for his wife. Perhaps ... perfect at home. See ... her eyes and he perhaps ... come less attractive ... "perfect" hardly applies ... if he is so dishonorable ... tinue to come to see ... ried man, when he ... his love.

LOVESICK

Dear Mrs. Thompson: ... I have fallen in love, but ... der if this is the ... passing infatuation. If ... latter, how long can ... since I met him, I have ... about him all the time. ... ways on my mind and I ... get him. I have tried ... cause he has moved to ... It does not seem as if ... ing the meantime I pay ... others as I did before, ... not enjoy myself any ... wonder if I should stop ... cause it only seems to ... being with someone else ... out with others it seems ... all want to kiss me, and ... to be kissed. I can't stand ... ing them, especially when ... mind is on another. He ... ed me fair, just as he ... other girl, and has never ... ed love. We were just ... that's all, and I have been ... love him so much now. ... can I do? I didn't know ... love him like this. Am I ... love? It seems that say ... but what can I do? Don't ... to forget him, because I ... been trying to do that for ... time now and I cannot. ... shall I do? WINNIE WI...

You say "don't tell me ... get him?" Then what ... can I give you? If he is ... ested in you, there's real... ing else you can do.

The telephone girl in ... York hotel answered a ... over the house exchange ... morning about 11 o'clock ... she "plugged in" a ... said: "Hello. Is this ... and-so hotel?"

"Why, no," answered ... "This is the Such-and-... hotel."

"Oh, all right," said ... "Just woke up and didn't ... where I was."

The cash grocery ... quite popular—with the ... men.—Springfield News.