

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.

Who Can Say?

Dry Laws May Yet Be Obeyed

Which are most violated, the traffic or prohibition laws?

County traffic officer R. E. Knowles was asked the question. It was his modest opinion that an incessant local campaign of the past several months has had its result, and that traffic conditions have been greatly improved in Klamath.

"One killed, one hurt recently, though," said Knowles, laconically. He was traffic officer in Los Angeles, where folks get their skulls cracked every day.

He was wise in dodging the original question. There is little basis of comparison between traffic and prohibition problems. Yet they are not altogether unrelated.

Human beings have paid attention, however, when shown they pay with their lives for breaking the speed laws. It took a long time to get a general response to the safe driving appeal, however.

Who can say the public in general will not have responded to the prohibition amendment several years hence?

And what would traffic conditions be today with whiskey ten cents a glass at every other door?

To What End Do They Work?

Should Colored and White Race Mix

Reviewing the efforts of lawyers in the Rhinelander case, wherein a white man who had married a negress seeks to annul the marriage, the ultimate issues seem to be somewhat clouded when natural conceded ethics are taken into consideration.

Briefly the case seems to sum up something like this:

A white man is married to a negress.

He seeks to annul that marriage.

Defense lawyers for the negress seek to prevent that annulment.

Admitting there may be circumstances in connection with the case that do not reflect creditably on the white man, the question which arises is whether it would not have been better to quietly annul the marriage and let it go at that.

A marriage between a white man and a negro woman is a mesalliance, no matter what the circumstances were that brought it about.

It must be fine to be so important that you can afford to speak courteously over the telephone.

Never cuss a bonehead employe. If he had your wit, he'd have your job.

No Kick Here



Sunny Dick Says

Alabama Beauty Dies After Drinking Shop Polish at Bouree Party of Wealthy Chicago Bachelor.—Perhaps the licker she was accustomed to 'way down in Alabama all tasted like shoe polish.

The house of commons in London has approved the Locarno treaties by a vote of 375 to 13. For once all the parties agreed. "Yea, the lamb shall lie down with the lion." But what creatures of habit we are. Although practically everyone agreed, they debated the matter a whole day.

The Farmers' Grange now officially goes on record as objecting strenuously to any increase of freight rates on products of the farm. Can you conceive of any industry going on record as favoring an increase of freight rates on its particular goods? It would be more of a curiosity than an old hen with a full set of teeth.

An imposing photograph shows Charlie Chaplin and his latest bride stepping out to attend a moving picture theatre in evening full dress, all immaculate white shirt front and fur-trimmed wraps. I guess if they had their way you and I would get thrown out by the scuff of our plishan necks when we degrade the movies by attending in our overalls.

Don't you wonder sometimes as your gaze travels over a solid page or more of legal notices dry as the Sahara whether the poor proofreader didn't feel like a camel when he waded through it.

There are two ways to keep out of divorce court. One is to give your wife an unlimited charge account in any or all of the stores and the other is to stay single.—Oregon City Enterprise.

"Fifteen years from today Salem will be a city of 100,000 people without a question."—Salem Statesman. They won't even ask each other how they got that way.—Medford Mail Tribune.

Dinner Stories

A sailor fell off his ship onto the quay and injured his hand. A week later, when he was getting better, he asked the doctor anxiously:

"When this hand of mine gets well shall I be able to play the banjo?"

"Certainly you will," said the doctor.

"Thanks, you're a wonder," said the sailor. "I never could before."

Senator Lenroot said at a luncheon:

"They talk about the new woman, forgetting that there's nothing new under the sun.

"A flapper said to her octogenarian grandfather one day:

"Grandpa, what did you say to grandma when you proposed?"

"Go away," growled the old gentleman, "and let me work my radio in peace."

"No, but tell me—what did you say?"

"Go away! Can't you see I'm trying to get Woonsocket?"

"I won't go away till you tell me what you said—so there!"

"The old man hesitated. Then he coughed and answered:

"I said 'yes.'"

"The way some of the foreign diplomats are trying to bulldoze us into ceding our war claims, has brought forth statements and arguments that are as ridiculous as one made by a professor of my acquaintance," said Senator Borah recently.

"This professor was very proud of his dignity and when one of the members of his class proved not as humble as the professor deemed he should be, he called the young man to account, saying:

"What do you mean by this insolence? Are you in charge of this class, or am I?"

"I know I am not in charge, sir," admitted the student.

"Then," roared the professor, "since you are not in charge, don't try to act like a conceited ass."

What tickles a man more than a new suit of woolen underwear?—Columbia Record.

Publishers Column

A city is judged by its newspapers. Mirrored in the columns of the newspaper is the soul of the city. Vices, morals, business, politics, the character of its citizens stand out clearly.

The newspapers indicate if political scandal is common. That in turn shows if the citizens stand staunchly for proper government. If so, there will be good schools and churches. It will be a good place in which to live. A desirable class of citizens will be attracted.

A Pittsburg manufacturer was visiting Seattle. He had been entertained and shown all of the possibilities for which the Puget Sound metropolis is justly famed.

"I like everything about Seattle but its politics," he said.

"What do you know about our politics—that's the only thing we haven't shown you?" he was asked.

"I have been reading your papers," was the answer.

Newspapers are constantly studied by prospective home seekers and settlers to learn all about a community. Perhaps the greatest factor in deciding a newcomer's intention is whether or no the newspapers reveal the people already there are happy and contented.

The newspapers will show if the city is governed by minions of the underworld, or if the worst element is under control. If self-seeking exploiters are having their day and the city is not working along the lines of genuine development and progress the newspapers will give ample evidence of the situation.

Responsibility of a newspaper to a community is heavy. It cannot guard its columns too carefully. It's one and only excuse for exposure of scandal is to correct an evil condition. It must consistently maintain within its columns the best of a community. The dirty face of a community can too easily be mirrored by the newspapers.

There's little wrong in a land where half the people are counting calories.—Baltimore Sun.

No one but the undertaker succeeds in everything he undertakes.—Springfield News.

Soon the microphone will be mightier than the sword.—Chicago Daily News.

At present rate of production it will soon be almost impossible for a pedestrian to ford the Fords.—Wall Street Journal.

Friendship is that quality which enables us to tolerate what others say about themselves and appear much interested in their words.—Ashland Tidings.

I. B. H. Stevenson, secretary of The Klamath News Publishing company, deposes and says 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 STROENACH, 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 & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

BOYS JUST GO CRAZY

HEIR—SHE ADMITS

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have brown hair, brown eyes, fair skin and a beautiful figure. Kind that people look at me and time. Everywhere boys just seem to go crazy for me, and I am never a fellow, but here is my story. I am one of those girls who go with a boy a few days and then go with another. I have been doing this for some time, and every one of the others. I have been with a certain boy a year and a half. I met him when he was working in the office. When he left he got me to marry him. I was a nice boy and I believe I would make a good husband. I was with him for some time and he was not so good as I thought he was. He was 23. After he had not heard from him for some months after I went where he was and he came to see me, although I had not known that I was going to a tournament. I came back we had been engaged and it was not so good as I thought it was. I proposed again, and he accepted it. I had not wanted to marry for some time, but I had accepted it and after he continued to write to me to marry him and after I had just answered his letter I have not seen him since. Now there is a girl that is just crazy about me. She would cut his head off if she could. He is a nice boy, but I like the first one. I am 19 now, and I don't know what love is. Even when I was with other boys I was thinking about the first one you write or call me. I know he loves me, but he never speaks to me and I have not heard from him for a month and do not know if he is still there. I am sure would like to know that I still care for him. I believe I could be happy with one else. I am just crazy about him.

UNLUCKY WITH WIVES

SAYS, BECAUSE HE

THEM LIKE SHE

Dear Mrs. Thompson: your advice to "Betty" and just. I know that young men of today are bad as she has pointed out that the majority of us are decent, and I am afraid I have met up with the group. I wish to congratulate you for standing for what is right although some friends call her a prude. I think that Betty is a little minded as she is letting two unfortunate letters to her to condemn the whole group. I am 22 years of age, the son of a family of five. I have been rather unlucky in my young lady friends because always wanted a sister. I have always had lady friends as I would like to have a sister treated if I had one but has not proved very well. Not say as this is my belief, but will say that I have had no decent young lady friends but will say that I have had the pleasure of meeting a young woman yet.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, but one of the greatest things in civilization is getting a little closer to the danger.—La Grande Observer.