

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

Lower Klamath Muddle

Some Time the Way May Be Cleared

Bird lovers may some day realize their desire to have the Lower Klamath lake re-flooded. But just now the United States is bound by solemn contract with the Klamath drainage district to keep the waters out of the lake bed. This is an indisputable fact. Up to the present time the drainage district has scrupulously upheld its end of the contract. It has met obligations that have imposed a heavy financial burden on the district.

Until such time as the district is unable to live up to the contract the reclamation service will have no moral right or legal authority to flood the lake at the behest of anyone. When that time comes some modification of the contract may be sought. And most certainly the reclamation service has no desire to violate its end of the contract. It has done no more to date than to inquire into the premises under pressure of national field sportsmen's organizations.

Auto Or Blackjack?

No Justification for Perversion of Facts

There is an ugly rumor prevalent in Klamath Falls to the effect that state prohibition officers slugged a man who is now recovering from a fractured skull. The arresting officers have consistently maintained that the injured man was struck by a sedan at the moment of arrest, and while he was in the act of attempting an escape.

It is sometimes necessary, even justifiable, for arresting officers forcibly to subdue a prisoner. The law has upheld officers who have killed resisting or escaping prisoners. But no excuse can justify the falsifying of facts. It is to be hoped the injured man fully recovers and can tell just what happened, if he really knows.

Soon The News opens its strongbox to receive on behalf of the community chest a bunch of half-dollars. Following the first announcement of the half-dollar day there have already been several friends of the kiddies who have dropped in their half-dollar. Nothing will be done with this money except to buy toys for the youngsters. Your half-dollar will make you no poorer. It will enrich you with the joy of giving. And you can know that this Christmas your half-dollar will have swollen to millions in the joy in some youngster's heart.

Here's a laugh on the mail order houses. Previously their business has been considered a barometer of agricultural prosperity. Now the farmers upset this dope sheet of the economists by the claim that they are forced into purchase of cheap goods when they are in destitute circumstances.

Bring on the Prisoner!



Klamath Adventure

Compiled by R. W. HARWOOD (Copyright by Klamath Publishing Company) (All Rights Reserved) EPISODE II "Soft on Top"

Aside from being a cowboy, and a good stockman had to be in the early days on the Frank Adams was a go-getter—otherwise an citizen. He had amassed a large area of some 1625 acres.

He had one of the three original irrigation. When the reclamation service entered the Klamath it paid Adams \$100,000 for his rights. Adams own initiative, built a canal 18 miles long, with its head on the Little Klamath, together with laterals, to serve 10,000 acres.

That was back in '85. And at that time Adams realized that to make irrigation a success good farmers must handle the land. Even a good farmer can mess things up in short order if he does not understand irrigation. A poor farmer stands no chance whatever. Years later, when Adams wanted to colonize the Lakeside lands lying between Adams' Point and Malin, he still bore this principle in mind. Not able to secure American farmers of desirable class he brought into the Klamath a number of Bohemians. Today the thrifty and industrious Malin community is one of the most prosperous on the Klamath.

Adams was always ready to go the limit in inducing a good man to remain on his irrigation project. And he was just as willing to see a poor one get out of the country, which was only natural. This time he had his eyes on a good one, Nathan Merrill.

Merrill had come into the county at the behest of his brother Charlie. He had brought some money with him. Neither had prospered, through no particular fault of their own. Prices were low, there was no transportation, the country was new. It was no disgrace to be broke. But Nate Merrill was disgusted. He was ready to pick up and travel, and made no secret of his intentions.

One morning Adams told his wife that he was going out to sell some land. Mrs. Adams, a beautiful young matron, the daughter of Wm. Steele, originator of the Steele ditch which later became known as the Ankeny canal, laughed. She laughed because she knew her husband was land poor. She also knew that everyone around them was too poor to buy. Her jollity acted as a spur.

"I think I can place about 1200 acres," he told her. Mrs. Adams laughed some more, but not in ridicule. The women in those days laughed at hardships out of sympathy with their helpmeets. If men were men, women were women. They struggled side by side on the hard land.

When Adams came home to dinner he told his wife, not without a trace of satisfaction, that he had sold 1,000 acres in two deals. She may have known something about the terms of real estate trades in those days, for she was not greatly impressed. Adams was nettled. He would show his sweet wife what he could do.

"This afternoon I'm going over and sell Nate Merrill 160 acres," he asserted, pushing his chair back from the dinner table. His wife screamed. Then she put her arms around him and reached up to pat his head.

"You don't seem to be getting soft on top," she teased. "But if you sell Merrill 160 acres I'll believe anything you tell me after this."

Adams strode out of the house, swung on his horse, and rode over to the Merrill log house. Merrill was at home, growing about the country, and seemingly the last person in the world to choose as a prospective buyer.

"Come over to sell you 160 acres," announced Adams, coming to the point with the abruptness of the pioneers. Nowadays real

estate men first see how oil was struck interest you in Klamath suitable for a drive. However—"Tell you didn't drill. "You couldn't drill." The very thing Klamath acres are "I had something here," he continued. "I've got left is a part up in Washington. Yet, and I couldn't give it away or I'd use the money to go country. The only on my way is that cent."

Adams waited for down a bit. "I didn't come to your hard luck came up here to sell he said.

"How are you going demanded Merrill challenge.

"Tell you what I offered. "You take water on it. I'll give you can plant it in year. You won't have cent for three years, can have five years an acre without about it?"

"You've sold your Merrill could say. And Mrs. Adams nothing further to pledge to her, was

Next morning Adams at work plowing the sold Merrill it was wheat. It produced the acre. The man amazed. So was the matter.

But Merrill was fied.

The price of wheat the Klamath Falls and it was an expense to town one would cause folks of up in despair.

"What will I get Merrill wanted to Adams still had had. But the pertinent him for a moment.

"We could have a down here," he suggested.

"A mill would do Merrill.

And to keep Merrill went after a flour mill. Merrill hadn't anything on the place had yet to be completed.

(Continued tomorrow)

A strange picture our way to our chimneys feebly marching, grumbles the time for rest. "Oh, toiling hands of Stevenson exclaimed. "led feet, traveling so whither! Soon, soon, you, you must come on apacious hill top, and be way further, against the sun, descry the spruce rado. Little do ye know blessedness; for to travel is better thing than to

They never show many dies in England on Saturday. It might cause laughing churches Sunday.—Paris

Some people read with their cut-outs while Defiance Crescent-News.

Sunny Dick Says

Report of Committee Which Investigated State Pen Last Summer Is Made Public. Blame for Notorious Jail Break Laid on Warden Dalrymple, Who Resigns.—Yes, these penitentiary offenses, take lots of time.

Muley-el-Hassim, aged 16, has been proclaimed Caliph of Spanish Morocco because he is the 37th in descent from Fatima, the daughter of the true prophet. Three days of rejoicing followed. Report has it that it was a great three days for Fatima cigarettes.

Negress Wins Marriage Annulment Suit. Will Sue for Divorce. Her Share of Kip's Income Estimated at \$500 per Month.—She needn't feel alone. There are plenty of women who would admit black, yellow or red blood in their veins for \$500 a month the rest of their lives.

The running of three shifts in the big Ewauna mill will advertise Klamath more effectively than 30,000 booster booklets.

An easy payment plan of meeting your tax bills is being advocated before the Federated Community clubs. This will remove much of the pain now caused by paying in lump sums. Death and taxes have long been held the only sure things in life. Now if somebody will step up with a plan for mitigating the bad features of death we will have made life as pleasant as humanly possible.

Wife.—Brilliant colors are all the rage for evening wear, my dear. This red gown trimmed with silver is the latest thing.

Hubby.—Yeah, but it won't last long. They'll soon be trimmed with gold, it's more valuable.

The Best of Advice

By CLARK KINNAIRD

When we live happily, we live in an ascending scale, with one thing leading to another in an endless series.

There is no end to gathering

wealth, or to making books or experiments, or to travel, nothing is conclusive.

Problem gives rise to problem. We may study all our lives, and yet know but little of what there is to know.

And if we discover a continent, or cross a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain on the farther side. "There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death," Stevenson observed.

Cuba is said to be shipping 10,000 cases of liquor a week to the United States. What a wayward child!—Lake County Times.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. To the emperor of what country did the nightingale in the picture and the story sing? Word 4. A city in Idaho. Word 5. Well known, celebrated. Running Down. Word 1. What a person who lives in Cuba is called. Word 2. A simpleton or dunce. Word 3. In the front.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED

MOUSE
I N R
N I C H E
E L C
S W E E T



Dinner Stories

A connoisseur of painting saw in the window of a second-hand dealer's shop the portrait of an admiral in full uniform. He offered the dealer \$250 for it, but the latter declined to sell it under \$375, and as neither would give way, the picture remained in the shop.

A short time afterward the connoisseur saw the picture hanging in the dining room of a certain house he happened to be visiting. With an exclamation of surprise he walked toward it.

"Halloa, what have you got here?" he said.

His host replied that the portrait had just been bequeathed to him, and added: "It is the portrait of one of Nelson's admirals, an ancestor of ours."

"Was he, indeed?" commented the connoisseur. "A month ago he was within \$125 of becoming one of mine."

A clergyman who was summoned in haste by a woman who had been taken suddenly ill, answered the call, though somewhat puzzled by it, for he knew she was not of his parish, and was, moreover, known to be a devoted worker in another church. While he was waiting to be shown to the sick room he fell to talking to a little girl of the house.

"It is very gratifying to know that your mother thought of me in illness," said he. "Is your minister out of town?"

"Oh, no," replied the child in a matter-of-fact tone. "He's home; only we thought it might be something contagious, and we didn't want to take any risks."

"Crop failure causes suicide," is a headline. What a mortality there would be in some sections if this got to be a custom.—Bend Press.

Bootleggers not only run hazards, but they also sell them.—Charleston Courier.

Yes, things come to him who waits; but even then a station-master has to call his attention to it.—Rockford Republic.