

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.

Lawful Ladders

Credulous Flights Offer Least Resistance

"All ambitions are lawful except those which climb upward on the miseries of credulities of mankind," quotes Christopher Morley from Conrad.

Morley, whose random thoughts in his writings are many, interposes this: "Is it permissible to wonder what some newspaper owners would reply to that?"

It is an easy matter to drift with the tide or play to popular prejudices in publishing a newspaper. Take the reclamation situation as it exists in the great Klamath country, for instance.

The men who publish this newspaper and a few farmers believe that the majority of farmers are not the gainers by their attitude of animosity toward the reclamation service. They believe antagonistic tactics of the farmers' representatives are not, and never will be, productive of results in securing such relief as may be necessary. And, what is more, the publishers of this paper know that some of these representatives now realize their approach has been wrong. It is a good sign.

It would have been a simple matter for this newspaper to have prodded on the farmers in their antagonism to Dr. Work and Dr. Mead. But it would have been cowardly as well. It would have been climbing on the miseries of others. The cheap, poltroon method or publishing, of climbing on the credulities of mankind, is not the method of this newspaper.

Women's Working Ways

Once Upon a Time It Was "Winning Ways"

Doggone near every employed woman in Klamath Falls is a married woman. It is believed that statistics will bear out the statement that more married women support, or help to support themselves, or help support their husbands in Klamath Falls than in any town or city in this country. Some of them who work even go so far as to have children—in fact, quite a few support children.

In Klamath Falls employed women marry and put in an appearance on the job next day smiling as usual, an insignificant white metal band marking the only change in the usual order. The first thing a stranger in town remarks is the brigade of potential mamas in pants—our bright appearing and good-looking box factory girls.

Doggone it, are Klamath Falls women far in advance of the modern movement among women? Or are they victims of the peculiar economic aspects of this town?

A little of both, perhaps.

Why shouldn't there be low-brow literature? If an infant can't eat meat, must it starve?

In the Public Eye Again



Heart & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

ADMITS SCHEME TO "KICK OUT" HUSBAND AFTER GETTING REQUEST

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am just another wife seeking your advice. I am 45 years old and my husband is 59. He is in love with a beautiful young girl. He is crazy about her. When he goes to the show he never sees the pictures for looking at her, and he sits as close to her as he can. He is mean to me. He never gives me any money. I work out so I can buy some clothes. I don't love him and I have pulled the wool over his widow sister's eyes so that she is going to leave me her land when she dies and the rest to my children. She is doing that so he will stay with me, but she is 60 years old and has heart trouble so she can't live long, and when I do get what she has I am going to kick him out and let some other man have me who appreciates me. Don't you think I should? I wish you would tell me if it is all right. He even bought the girl a ring last Christmas, but she returned it. Don't you think I should have it. Do you think I am too old to start life over again? With a man who is loving and kind? I went to the show one night, and he would not walk home with me. POLLY.

I am afraid your sense of honor is as deficient as your husband's. Possibly you deserve the request for sticking to your husband, but you should not want it at the price of deception and broken faith. Young and beautiful girls do not fall in love with men of your husband's age and circumstances. She is no doubt annoyed by his attentions and would be glad to be rid of them. I think you should take action to compel him to support you and your children, and abandon your schemes to get control of that land by false pretense, and "kicking him out" for another. Your attitude indicates that you have not done all you might to help your husband

straighten himself out and be the man you ought to be.

A HAPPY WIFE

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been wanting to write to you about the letter of Mrs. A. J. There are, of course, many happy marriages and many unhappy. Mine happens to have been the former kind. We have been married 11 years nearly, and have six children living, one dead. I suppose that would seem drudgery to some women. But the main point is that we are happy. We haven't so much of worldly goods as some. We are buying our home. We have "one" pocketbook and "both" of us carry it. By that I mean when one needs money that one spends what he or she needs and no arguments as to where or why. I am going on 27 and my husband is six years older. My mother is dead and my mother-in-law is the "only mother I have." That explains what I think of her. My husband felt the same way toward my mother before she died. At the hospital as she passed away the nurses thought he was the oldest son instead of the son-in-law. Another stumbling block to happiness in some families is religion. It has passed us by as each is entitled to his own belief. My mother-in-law is Catholic, my husband is not. My own mother was an Eastern Star and had a Mason. I am not a Catholic, nor our children. Yet the priest comes twice a week to see my mother-in-law. Knowing all I do now if I were 16 again I'd do just as I did then. I'd marry the man I loved and do yet more and more every day.

HAPPY WIFE & MOTHER.

I'm glad to hear from a happy wife and mother. Of course there are many more of them than the letters of this column would indicate.

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the stork has smiled on you." "Smiled on me!" repeated Mr. Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"

Dinner Stories

George Clarke, an celebrated negro minstrel, on one occasion when being examined as a witness, was severely interrogated by a lawyer.

"You are in the minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Is not that rather a 'big' calling?"

"I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am proud of it."

The lawyer fell into the trap.

"What was your father's calling?" he inquired.

"He was a lawyer," replied Clarke.

Klamath Adventure

Compiled by R. W. HARWOOD
(Copyright by Klamath Publishing Company)
(All Rights Reserved)
EPISODE VII.
Jeff Gets a Boost

The kindly stranger—the West was full of the golden days—listened to Little Jeff's story of why his mother and father were dependent on a hotel keeper at Ogden, and how he had get money from Winema ("Toby") Riddle's pe Klamath reservation was a long story.

The stage was making ready to depart from Yreka, and it was there Jeff wanted to go. In conclusion of the sorrowful story the stranger puffed Jeff's hat and looked him in the eyes.

"Well, sonny, let's of boys come through here with wild stories—but I believe you are honest, and telling the truth," he said.

At that moment the stage driver gathered up his lines.

"Hi! Wait a minute. Here's another passenger," called the stranger.

"Young Jeff's fare was paid out of a twenty dollar gold piece. The stranger pressed the change on him, some fourteen dollars, but the boy refused to accept it, insisting he would be among friends when he got to his father's people near Yreka. The stranger forced him to take a couple of silver dollars, patted him on the back, and slipped the double eagle into the side pocket of the black velvet coat Jeff was wearing.

"Let me know how you come out, sonny," the stranger told him, scribbling his name on a scrap of paper. He was William Parks, of Arbutle, California.

Inside the stage was an elderly couple, the only passengers beside Jeff. He was worn out. At the Willow Creek station he awakened with his head on the lady's lap. She told him it was time to get up, and insisted on paying for his meal. Also, she made him take a five-dollar gold piece for future needs.

When Yreka was reached the boy set out at once to walk the fourteen miles to the Riddle ranch, where he expected to get a horse. The ranch had been looted. The Riddles had been away almost two years. Frank Riddle had left behind him a well-furnished home for those days, a blacksmith shop full of tools, and fifty head of horses. All that remained in the house was a feather bed and a stove. The swinging doors of the shop showed emptiness within.

Jeff learned that Lee Bird, a Cherokee, had driven off the

horses. A long time Bird came back and died as he had and thought they were going to return, he had horses and sold them.

The boy wanted the Klamath reservation to walk, hoping to find some of the ranch. Hoover, an Indian learned that he was and overtook him gone a few miles. He ride back with her could not find a horse were none to be had told him to take his boy looked at the man. But he wanted to get reservation.

Another Indian white insisted that the long for so young alone. The Riddles the mountains, and in need of help go along and help mission. The more of the plight of the more she grieved. herself against this-grief on the ride to the she put two quart key in her dress who he kept warm and tied two mallets to her saddle.

The boy and the set out for the Klamath.

(Continued tomorrow)

The old gentleman getting into a carriage neglected to assist her. "You are not so old as when I was a girl," ed, in gentle rebuke. "No," was his reply. "you are not so young as a boy!"

Australia has been have 80,000,000 sheep ery inhabitant.

Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

THE FIRST WHITE MEN IN AMERICA

Who discovered America? Christopher Columbus, in the year 1492, is the answer any of us would make.

Yet there is a world of fact and fancy, claim and counter-claim whirling about that question.

There is a Welsh tradition that Prince Madoc, who commanded what answered for the Welsh navy in 1170, came to these shores with ten ships, landing at what we call Florida, and there establishing a colony.

There is an Irish myth that hardy seamen of that land visited the shores of America hundreds of years before Columbus.

Claims also have been put forward in behalf of the Arabians, the Chinese, the ancient Phoenicians and many other races.

Most persistent of the before-Columbus claims and the only ones receiving a considerable recognition from scholars is that in behalf of the Norsemen, who were the people we now know as the Norwegians, Swedes and Danes.

They were a seafaring people, and their vikings, or pirate chieftains, sailed far and wide in their one-masted, many oared vessels. There is good ground for believing that Lief Ericson, an intrepid Norse sea rover,

in the 11th century landed at Newfoundland and at other points on the mainland farther south.

Dighton Rock, found on the banks of Taunton river in Berkley, Mass., bears strange inscriptions. Danish scholars say these inscriptions tell the story of a visit to America from a Norse chieftain and 131 men hundreds of years before Columbus. Other students, however, regard the markings as merely those of the American Indian.

The Newport Tower in Rhode Island is a stone structure of singular shape which it is claimed was erected by the Norsemen. The tower is put forth as proof that the Norsemen here established a colony many centuries before 1492. Other investigators, however, insist that the tower was erected by Governor Benedict Arnold and that he refers to it in his will as "my stone-hull wind in his will of 1678 as "my stone-built windmill," a replica of a similar structure he knew as a boy in his native England.

However, none of the claims can dim in the least the lustre of Columbus's name. For all practical purposes Columbus discovered America and the authentic history of this country begins with Columbus.

Next installment: Before Columbus