

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.

## Responsibility of the Press

Crowd Psychology Is Editor's Problem

A tremendous burden of responsibility rests on the newspapers during the time a community is faced with an epidemic. The public must be kept informed of such general measures for safe-guarding of health as may be recommended by the authorities. That much may be taken for granted.

After that, however, two widely separated schools of thought enter into the consideration. One is that by displaying such stories that a mental state is created among the public which renders it more liable to fancied as well as real illness. Another is that by thoroughly arousing the public to possible dangers that the individuals will be more apt to observe precautions.

No editor chooses either course lightly. The editor is a layman and must heed the opinions of medical men as to what he should do. But he also knows something of the psychology of crowds, perhaps as much if not more than do the medical men, and therein arises his own peculiar problem.

## The Past—What Is It?

Other Pages Have Been Writ; Now's What Counts

Many citizens of Klamath Falls have a questionable habit. It is the habit of questioning the pasts of other men.

"I'd like to have a line on that bird before he came here—I'd stop him quick," is heard all too frequently.

There are whisperings. A police officer is an ex-convict. A doctor was forced to leave another town. Several have been under indictment. The citizenship of one was under the ban during the war. A politician was several kinds of undesirable citizen—and so on, ad nauseam. No one, high or low, may be exempt from scandal of this type.

But is the state of mind which is ready to delve in dirt filled with envy or malice or sheer ignorance, or what? It is doubtful that such tendency springs from a sincere regard for the public welfare in more than a few instances. Even in such instances the divine element, with which humans are supposed to be endowed, is sadly lacking.

What is more interesting in a man is the quality of that man's manhood NOW.

Once, a long time ago, the RIGHT individual was given permission to toss stones. It is of record there was a lot of hesitancy. Any one in this neck of the woods who can qualify, has, of course, permission to hurl lava rocks.

The last hanging in England for sheep stealing occurred in 1825. To the plea of the three thieves that three men ought not to die for one sheep the judge replied: "You are not hanged for stealing the sheep, but that sheep shall not be stolen."

## The Trail of the Lonesome Pine



## Heart & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

### SOMETHING WRONG WITH ANY-ONE WHO LOCKS FRIENDS, SHE SAYS

Dear Mrs. Thompson: "Ted Bill's" recent letter was a peach, and I congratulate its author, for I, too, have been laughing at the lonely dub letters, and that in spite of the fact that I am usually a very charitable young lady. There is something wrong with anyone who lacks friends, for anyone who qualifies will have them by the peck. You know the adage about the beaten path to the door of the expert mousetrap manufacturer. No attractive, enterprising person was ever neglected in the history of human society. The folks who yap about their loneliness are really the odds and ends who can't fit in and play up to their opportunities. They should forget their social ambitions and draw the old easy chair up to the fire for good and all. Call me unfeeling and all that—it won't worry me any. I'm happy. Young, getting a kick out of life, all the dates and friends I want, all the stunts and parties, and frolics and dancing—but why rub it in? I suppose I am bringing tears to the eyes of some of your shy, envious readers. I never had to write an advice column to ask some benevolent soul to mail me three dozen select friends, postpaid. I simply knew my stuff, and the rest was easy, 'cause the other folks did it. "Ted Bill's" three samples of the earth's incumbrances are but a few out of many horrors. I could describe others, of both sexes, but it is too much of a bore. However, I'm willing to bet a pair of orchid garters that "Lola" never made a sorority when she was in college, and that "Just Another Lonely Girl" snorts when she laughs. There's a reason for everything under the sun—including unpopularity. One final thing—don't obey "Ted Bill's" injunction not to start a Lonely Soul's club, for the poor suffering dears really should get together and

rovel in their common misery. I am, amblably enough.

TODDIE FEMINA.

I am afraid you are too severe with the lonely persons who have been writing to me. I know from experience that in a strange city it is difficult to meet the right kind of friends. When, however, a girl or a boy has many acquaintances, but no friends, there is something the matter. I have another enjoyable letter from Ted Bill I'm going to print as soon as I have the space.

### WHAT TO GIVE FOR CHRISTMAS

I have many letters from young men and young women asking my help in selecting a Christmas gift for their sweethearts. Unless engaged, it is poor taste for a young man to make an expensive gift, and the same holds true of course for the young woman. Unless engaged, he should not give jewelry, and certainly not clothes. I have the following suggestions:

Young woman: Book, writing case, bridge set, dairy, cut glass perfume bottle, boudoir lamp, silk pillow.

Young men: Book ends, engagement book, military brushes, French linen handkerchiefs, scarf, cigarette case, carton of his favorite cigarettes.

Cut this list out and save it. I will not answer any more letters on the subject.

## Dinner Stories

The teacher was giving a practical demonstration to the science class. Her subject for the afternoon was "Steam and Its Uses."

"What have I in my hand?" she asked.

"A tin can," came the answer.

"Right. Is it an animate or inanimate object?"

"Inanimate," chorused the class.

"Correct. Now, can any boy tell me how, with this can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power almost beyond control?"

There came no responsive chorus from the class this time, how-

ever; not even a murmur broke the painful silence. Then, unobtrusively, a little boy trembling raised his hand, whilst his companions eyed him profoundly.

"Please, miss," he piped, "tie it to a dog's tail and watch."

Not long ago a patron of a cafe in Chicago summoned his waiter and delivered himself as follows:

"I want to know the meaning of this. Look at this piece of beef. See its size. Last evening I was served with a portion more than twice the size of this."

"Where did you sit?" asked the waiter.

"What has that to do with it? I believe I sat by the window."

"In that case," smiled the waiter, "the explanation is simple. We always serve customers by the window large portions. It's a good advertisement for the place."

## Klamath Adventure

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### EPISODE VIII.

#### The Broken Jug

The Indian woman who accompanied you Riddle frequently assuaged her grief over the elder Riddles by draughts on the supply of liquor pair made their way on horseback through the toward the Klamath reservation.

At the Cleland ranch on the Little Shasta came serious delay. Jeff's mare that he had gotten cousin dropped a colt, and—well, there are so that even an Indian cannot make a horse do. tough little gray pony at the ranch to continue the journey.

He was anxious to get on, but the Indian woman's grief and consumption of liquor grew apace. Frequently she tumbled from her horse, and the boy had hard work to lift her to her feet and get her astride the animal. It was one kind of a mare the first day and a sordid nightmare the second. They made seven miles.

Next day they got to the Meese ranch, and the following night to Keno. The boy was frequently in tears. He implored the woman to stop drinking. Jeff relates she had consumed two quarts and one of the gallon jugs of whiskey.

In the morning at Keno the woman told Jeff to get her the second jug from her saddle. She was a very sick Indian lady, and desired an eye-opener. Jeff got the jug and held it toward her, making certain that it was poised over a flat rock. It crashed on the rock and the liquor was spilled. The woman tried to suck some of it from the surface of the rock.

The ride into Linkville was accomplished at a gallop after that. Still the woman demanded whiskey. She got a jug from a man named King, and that night they camped at a spring and clump of willows where the court house now stands. The boy was finished with her. At dawn the next morning he crept away and soon was galloping over the hill through Swan Lake, over the Indian trail to Whiskey Creek, near Beatty.

All that day and all that night Jeff told the stories of his parents' misfortune to the Indians. How his mother had sold trinkets and jewelry that had been presented to her. How they were even then ill in a strange country. Over and over again he related the details of the misadventures of the twenty preceding months.

At daybreak, worn out sleep. When night his uncle came to awake.

Into Jeff's eager Indian uncle put \$400.

Next morning Jeff Whiskey Creek and went through Diary long enough to talk C. Applegate, who in his front garden gave him \$5, all the had. On he rode—

All day he rode.

Night found him at legs were bleeding flesh. The gray pony ride at a gallop.

There are some who that this ride is post something over 115 old-timers who know the country don't think was light. The ponies J. Frank Adams Jeff's mission after the his people, having to Applegate remembers.

The money was from Yreka. The R home two weeks late.

But, for the anti-over the pages for years.

Jeff had married son. The boy was the father told the to get out a velvet worn on his trip to see how it would fit. felt something in the suit. It proved dress.

"Williams Parks, A. Wornia," it read.

Jeff Riddle thought ment—the man at had paid his share to of course. The kind had slipped ten doll pocket, money that him get a horse who found it hidden in his Jeff sat down and

(Continued on Pa

## Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

### BEFORE COLUMBUS

The discovery claims of the Norse, however, are not based entirely upon questionable traces of habitation left in America.

The sagas form another record.

These sagas were stories told by eye-witnesses and handed on from father to son and so on down generation after generation.

Naturally the sagas are a mixture of legend, tradition and history. Perhaps they have been added to or detracted from as they were passed along. However, it was a serious offense to make a change in a saga.

The sagas were supposed to be a record of historical events up to the time written language came into use. Then the sagas were collected and set down in writing with all possible accuracy.

Sagas dealing with the discovery of America are found in written records made before 1400. Hence strength for the discovery claims of the Norse is derived from this source and is pretty generally accepted.

The leading authority of the sagas is Prof. Karl Christian Rafn, a Danish scholar. He gathered material from more than a score of sources and wrote a colossal volume on the history revealed by these ancient sources.

Among these sagas are several complete descriptions of voyages to

America and discoveries made there, and a number of them make references to related incidents.

Prof. Rafn's book established the claim that the Norse Viking, Eric the Red, discovered Greenland and that his son, Lief Ericson, otherwise known as Lief the Lucky, discovered America about the year 1000.

Eric was a man of parts. Besides being a first-class explorer and a colonizer he seems to have had the instincts of a good real estate salesman.

When he announced Greenland as the name of the bleak island he had discovered, a comrade asked:

"Why Greenland?"

To which Eric replied:

"Colonists will be attracted here if the land has a good name."

Lief Ericson called the land which he had discovered "Vinland," because he found grapes growing wild.

Rhode Island and other states in New England have claimed the honor of having been the regions touched by Lief. There is a statue to Ericson in Boston.

That Ericson touched American shores is admitted, but just where we do not know.

The next installment is about two illustrious women and the first white child born in America