

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.

## Jackpots and Cruising

A Game With the Ante at \$20,000

In a conscientious effort, apparently, to fulfil an election promise, the county commissioners have gotten themselves into a jackpot. A jackpot, be it known to the uninitiated, is a place one puts money that rarely is returnable.

The commissioners, most of whom are good farmers, were lured into the timbermen's game. They had heard that it was a raw deal their predecessors were getting.

Another game, something like checkers, was proposed by the county assessor to put the tax properly on the timber men. But the commissioners were no pikers.

They demanded a new full deck, and put the ante at \$20,000 for the first deal. There were no eye openers in the first hand, it seems, and being sportively inclined the commissioners were ready to ante another \$20,000. They intended, if necessary, to go the limit of their stake—\$140,000, or more.

The timbermen promptly suggested that the game be stopped. Maybe the county board will let them quit. Maybe not.

Perhaps the county commissioners are holding several aces up their sleeve after the first deal. But just now it appears they are in a jackpot.

## Great Spirit Coming

May Be Needed Most As Mayor of Klamath

Modern methods are invoked by the latest Messiah to announce his appearance on earth. The News has been requested by the national director of publicity for the Order of the Star in the East, to "attribute sanity to the publicity director" until natural events justify the normalcy of his preposterous announcement.

The point is that this new world teacher deems a widespread publicity campaign is necessary. Publicity and advertising are essential to earthly men and institutions, very much so. And books have been written around the idea that if Christ, the real Christ, were to come onto earth today that He would fail of recognition. Any such idea is pure bunk. The real Christ would make His presence felt on this earth with the warmth of sunshine through an overcast sky.

Those individuals bringing forth the announced "Great Teacher" may be credited with sincerity of purpose. That let's them out. The News is inclined to view the proceedings in much the same light as the publicity director.

But newspapers all over the country will fall for the story like a ton of bricks—even as we.

A Eureka editor, jailed on a contempt charge, gets out his paper from the local bastille. Gosh! Isn't the smell of printer's ink enough?

## The Pleasure of Giving!



## Heart & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 15 years old and far from pretty. I am coming to you for advice because my parents are very mean to me. They do not care how much I suffer. I am the oldest of three children. I have a sister who is not so mean to me as my step-brother. Every time I look at a young man they torture me with all kinds of unkind words. If my brother tells a lie about me my mother beats me within an inch of my life until my body is black and blue. When I was only nine or ten years old I suffered much disgrace from then on. Now I hardly bear it. I feel like doing something desperate. We are very poor. Our home is never clean or in order. There is nothing for me to do but work when I get up in the morning until 9 o'clock at night. To me it seems as though there is nothing to do but work, work, work. Sometimes we go hungry for want of food. I never go out at night, and I never get some money from my mother's friends who feel sorry for me, but I have to give part of it to my mother so that I may go to a theater. I go to school and am in the eighth grade. My mother is trying to take my education from me. I am very eager for knowledge and I love to go to school. I have never fallen in love yet, for I realize I am too young to know what it means. Every night I pray to God to pull me out of my misery and work me into happiness. Just one unkind word from my mother and I am dull all day. But in spite of it all I try to smile and be happy. But underneath it all I am suffering. Last summer I met a sheik. I never let my mother know it. Somehow she found out through my brother and she has been scolding me ever since. She promised me a hard beating and I am sure it is coming. I know this time I will either get killed or badly beaten. Now, Mrs. Thompson, what shall I do if she

beats me? I am sure I do not deserve it. I only want friends which I am not at all allowed to have. I have no mother love nor a decent home of my own. Now, Mrs. Thompson, I want you to tell me what to do. I am sick and tired of this kind of life. My mother does not want me to live with her. I am unwanted. AN UNWANTED SUFFERER.

Unfortunately, you did not send me your name and address. You certainly need help, and I am suggesting that you go with your story to the principal of your school, he will bring your case to the attention of the proper authorities. Your mother can be compelled to keep you in school until you reach a certain age. And authorities can prevent her from beating you "black and blue." Possibly their cruelty, though indefensible, is based upon some fault of yours. Be sure there is no remedy within your power before you ask others to help you.

## Dinner Stories

The friend had dropped in to see D'Auber, the great animal painter, but the finishing touches on his latest painting. He was mystified, however, when D'Auber took some raw meat and rubbed it vigorously over the painted rabbit in the foreground.

"Why on earth did you do that?" he asked.

"Why you see," explained D'Auber, "Mrs. Millions is coming to see this picture today. When she sees her pet poodle smell that rabbit, and get excited over it, she'll buy it on the spot."

The officers' mess was discussing rifle shooting.

"I'll bet anyone here," said one young lieutenant, "that I can fire twenty shots at two hundred yards and call each shot correctly without waiting for the marker. I'll stake a box of cigars that I can."

"Done!" cried a major.

The whole mess was on hand early next morning to see the experiment tried.

The lieutenant fired. "Miss," he calmly announced.

A second shot. "Miss," he repeated. A third shot. "Miss."

"Here, there! Hold on!" protested the major. "What are you trying to do? You're not shooting for the target at all."

"Of course not," admitted the lieutenant. "I'm firing for those cigars." And he got them.

"Johnny, tell your father what you saw at the seashore."

"Aw, gee, ma, what's the use? He knows a lot more than you think he does."

"Look here," said the stage manager, "what the duce is all this row about?"

"D'ye know the magician who eats fire? Well, he's just put the wrong end of a cigar in his mouth."

## Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

### COLUMBUS SAILS.

It is truly no wonder that Spanish sailors of the Fifteenth Century were afraid to join the expedition of discovery headed by Christopher Columbus.

The sailing interests of Palos, the port from which the ships were to sail had maps that showed curious and terrible things beyond the horizon—monsters, griffins, chimeras and on some there was even a bloodthirsty Satan lying in wait for foolhardy mariners. The poor sailors had but one thought: Heaven would be angry and wreak vengeance.

At first it was thought that the ships could be manned only by criminals from the jails. Those were promised no prosecution until two months after their return.

The Pinzon brothers, however, who were powerful citizens and navigators of Palos, exerted their influence and a crew was gotten together—a strange, motley crew, composed of Spaniards, Moors, Jews, one or two Irishmen and a Genoese.

The Pinzon family provided one ship, the Nina; it is thought that the Pinta was commandeered by the government for the voyage. The scarcity of ships was acute. At length a ship a little larger than either of these was found—an older boat, but one which Columbus pro-

nounced seaworthy, since to wait for another would mean more delay. He called her the Santa Maria and made her his flagship. Each of the other vessels was in command of one of the Pinzon brothers.

We have grown up in the belief that Columbus' ships were small and light—as indeed they would be for our day. But they were large for his time.

As the time for the departure drew near the people of Palos became alarmed. They were a superstitious folk who believed more in the signs of the stars than they did in what little science was then known.

Had it not been for their greed for gold the sailors would probably have deserted before ever the anchor was weighed.

But each had been promised large shares of treasure. Stories of fabulous wealth had spread.

On the morning of August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus, the humble son of the woolcomber, turned his back on Palos and the rising sun and sailed due west, to find a short route to India, the land of spices.

"Will they ever come back?" the simple people of Palos asked one another.

(Tomorrow: The Voyage Filled With Terror of the Unknown.)

## Klamath Adventures

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### EPISODE XII "Scrapers, What For?"

It was the summer of '82 when the Van Brimmers ready to proceed with the work of constructing a irrigation project. They had ordered scrapers and supplies and Albert Whitney and Tom Weedon with teams to Redding to freight them into the Klamath.

Whitney was one of Adams' hired men. He had offered \$500 of the Van Brimmers' money by order that he might file on a tract of land for him-

had refused. So closely had the secret of the difference in elevation of Lower Klamath and Tule lakes been guarded by Adams and the Van Brimmers that Whitney knew nothing about it when he arrived at Redding after the ditch building supplies. It was the difference in elevation that made their plan feasible.

He looked over the unusual pile of freight.

"What's them?" he asked the freight agent.

"Scrapers," he was told.

"Scrapers! Hell—what for! We don't want no scrapers up our way," he ejaculated.

And it was only after considerable persuasion that he loaded the slip scrapers—quite contrary to his own best judgment. He couldn't understand why a lot of scrapers should be shipped into a cow country. It was before the day of the Fresno type of scraper that is now generally used.

When those scrapers were delivered and the work of construction actually commenced other settlers who had been kept in ignorance of the deal, were greatly incensed. Fires of rancor were kindled that smoldered for a long time, and which still burst into occasional flame.

The Van Brimmers went ahead with the work. They built a small ditch, as ditches go today, to supply water for about 4,000 acres of land adjacent to the California-Oregon line between Klamath and Tule lakes. It was four years before the ditch was finally completed and water supplied for irrigation, according to the one official history of Klamath irrigation projects.

It is interesting to note here that there is a diversity of opinion as to just who built the first irrigation projects of any consequence on the Klamath. Mrs. Frank Ward, daughter of James Steele, claims that her father had the first project. She supports her claim by substantiating recol-

lections, and her claim supported by the official history.

But Adams, brother-in-law of Mrs. Ward, begins a friendly argument, with the result that the Van Brimmers got on their project before Adams came into the country, that his deed taking the Hybee holdings at the time and the Van Brimmers getting a goodly share of Klamath country, cleared the Van Brimmers to be the pioneers.

As near as the humble of these records can be ascertained from various sources, contentions are reasonable. The Van Brimmers' work in 1882, but have it completed and Steele pushed his project in 1884-85, and continue to be honored as the first ditch.

While the Van Brimmers going ahead with the Adams had also begun on his. He had acquired a level and tripod, learned the art of handling it, and his own ditch lines.

He completed a small miles long from Lost Adams point, with the help of neighbors, chief among them "Ban" Crawford.

The water for this came from White lake through the Brimmers canal, and was carried on the west bank of the lake. This was in accordance with an agreement between Adams and the Van Brimmers, who for delivery of 5000 ft. water for \$5000. The water was carried across the river by a dam.

But Adams had wished of trouble on himself.

(Continued Tuesday)

A German designer had an airplane motor on a light frame to make an easy of access for inspection and repair.