

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.

Away From Home.

A Void That Memory Fails to Fill

The most lonesome individual in all Christendom, man or woman, is that one whose lot is cast among strangers at Christmas time. The memories of the stranger revert to happier times, to hours with loved ones and friends during the most joyous hours of the entire year. Oppressed by such thoughts Merry Christmas may enshroud the stranger like a pall.

There is not much that may be said or done for the stranger who may be in Klamath Falls this holiday season. Darker moments may be leavened for some by invitations to hospitable homes of friends and acquaintances. The American people are noted for a fine custom of seeking those who may be without the immediate circle.

But for the stranger who is utterly alone no substitute may fully bridge his memories on Christmas Day. He may have money, but artificial cheer will give him no contact with the sheer good times he knew when among family and friends.

The delightful pen of Washington Irving reveals for posterity of all times his enjoyment of a Christmas spent away from home. But why, for the sake of the stranger of all times, could not Irving have been forced to spend a Christmas among total strangers, alone with his thoughts. Irving might have shown strangers how to live in memories.

Stranger, within our gates, Klamath Falls wishes you a Merry Christmas, despite circumstances, and a Happy Prosperous New Year, to fill the void that you, a stranger, must sense this Christmas.

Frank A. Munsey.

Reflected Credit on Publishing Field

Scarcely any of us have not contributed to the \$20,000,000 left behind by Frank A. Munsey, and we got much for our money.

Most of this fortune was accumulated prior to the advent of the Sunday supplements of newspapers, in the halcyon days of magazine publishing. With only a borrowed \$40 Munsey founded Argosy, and with Horatio Alger, Jr., as a contributor was on his way to success.

In later years he manipulated newspapers in deals involving millions, as if they were checkers, and earned the title of "dealer in dailies."

Uterior motives were never attributed to Munsey. His "urgings" were what he thought was right. His life and policies were a credit to publishing. He did much for his country, and could have been ambassador to any court in Europe had he so desired.

Those who knew Munsey's originality and whimsicality will be disappointed if a rare document is not disclosed indicating what he would like to have done with his fortune.



Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin, mother and child,
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace.

Heart & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

IS THIS GIRL'S LOVE HOPELESS?

Dear Mrs. Thompson: What is a person supposed to do when they really love some one but knows it doesn't pay them to. I often thought I cared, or really loved some fellows, but I have known a fellow for five years and I love him now. He was engaged to a girl but broke the engagement and I have been going with him quite a lot since. He says he don't want a steady girl and I would give anything to go with him, and to know that I'm the only girl he goes with. I have been used to going away a great many nights of the week, but now I don't feel like going unless it's with him, but when I stay at home I'm always thinking of him. When he leaves me he never asks for another date, but just waits until he happens to see me again and then asks to take me some place. Would it be all right for me to ask him to come some certain night the next time I'm with him, for whenever he knows that I'd like to go some place he always seems very anxious to come and take me? Please tell me if you think I should try to change my idea of him. It seems as though I could never enjoy myself with anyone else but him, and when I don't see him for a couple of days I can't help but go around downhearted even though I try my best to keep from it. I don't believe I can ever forget him even though he would never come to see me. It seems foolish for me to love him the way I do, when I don't believe he thinks any more of me than any other girl, but that's why I need help, for I don't know how to keep him from knowing how I love him. I am afraid if he knew how it was he would drop me altogether, so tell me what to do either to win him or forget him (which is very, very hard.) M.

You should not be so sure that he doesn't care for you to some

extent. You say that he always seems anxious to take you to the places you want to go. It may be that some outward occurrence in his relations with the young woman to whom he was once engaged, has made him reluctant to commit himself to another. You could give him encouragement without letting him know the extent of your affections. If he is not responsive, then there is nothing for you to do but erase him from your life. Do not see him again. Love as many friends and as many good times as you can, and divert your mind from him with other interests.

MRS. H. T.: You allowed boys to kiss you, yet you say you "saved" your kisses for your husband. What's the difference between kissing and allowing yourself to be kissed? I do not appreciate the distinction.

A WORRIED MOTHER: As far as I know, it is necessary in every state for girls of 16 to have consent of both parents to marry. Girls often fraudulently misrepresent their ages in order to obtain licenses. If you are afraid your daughter will do this, supply officials charged with issuing licenses in the various surrounding towns with a description of her.

Dinner Stories

The customer at the small restaurant called the waiter.

"What's the meaning of this," he exclaimed. "Yesterday you gave me a portion twice as large as this."

"Where did you sit yesterday, sir?"

"By the window."

"Oh, that accounts for it. We always give people by the window larger portions."

Secretary Kellong, congratulated on a diplomatic success, said to a correspondent:

"Our ambassadors deserve most of the credit for our diplomatic success. We choose our ambassadors with care. They know down to the ground the people they

serve among. But it wasn't always so.

"There's a story about a millionaire who, having contributed \$65,000 to the campaign fund of his party, was rewarded with the appointment of ambassador to Turkey.

"What are your qualifications for this post?" a reporter asked the man rather sternly one day. "Do you know the Turks?"

"Do I know them?" said the new ambassador. "Sure! Why, once I passed through Constantinople on a Cook's tour and lunched with the famous Turkish banker, Tewfik Pasha, by gosh!"

"The reporter was impressed and said:

"I think I've met Tewfik. He wears a fez, doesn't he?"

"No," said the new ambassador; "he's clean shaved."

Klamath Adventures

Compiled by R. W. HARWOOD
EPISODE XI

Early Holiday Celebrations

No other holiday could hold any comparison celebration accorded Christmas back in the early days of the Klamath. Stockmen from miles around, together with their families, came to town for the grand ball, which was the big feature of the Christmas gathering.

Old grudges and rivalries were forgotten for the part by the old timers. They came to town for a good time and a good time it was—an old fashioned Merry Christmas.

There was, of course, the flowing bowl. Tom and Jerry mugged the bars of saloons. The individual who did not like this hot drink had something wrong with him. The long mustached fellows were constantly licking off the nutmeg and egg left behind after having partaken. Also there was egg nog—but these recollections of December, 1875, are painful in December, 1925.

"Of course you fellows nowadays have a few things we didn't have then," said an old fellow the other day. There was a suspicious twinkle in his eye.

"For instance?" suggested the compiler.

"Look at the good time you have with community chests and the like," he said significantly.

An unconscionable crack of that calibre would make anyone angry, and is directly responsible for the writing down of every known comparison between then and now.

Folks were all poor in those days. Not many of them had money, and when they did have it they had nothing much else to do with it than the keeping of extra bartenders busy during Christmas, or throwing it away around the gaming tables. Take that, old-timer.

Five dollars would see many of the old-timers and their families into town and out again. Nowadays we throw that much into the community chest and forget it. It won't buy anything, anyhow. Doggone it, though, a mug of Tom and Jerry would drive the mist away. Guess you had it on us a little bit, old-timer.

That grand ball continued all night, did it, old-timer? Had a pretty good time there with the missus. Had to apologize right often for the dances you missed while you were down at the bar, didn't you.

Long towards daylight you didn't much know whether the violins or the Tom and Jerry or your missus or someone else's missus was making you dance.

Isn't that about right, old Wasu? Your feet so badly ed that they both ach blazes?"

Didn't the voices of Pratt and Jim Leabo crack hoarseness as they p through the last quadrille wasn't the Virginia reel less of a genuine feel?"

Then, old-timer, remem Christmas of '79, when got short? Remember, h run out of supplies up her Klamath during a hard and there was no sug bacon.

Oh, you found enough a Tom and Jerry?"

Yes, but many of you s on fish that you had snag of the river and salted do winter, didn't you?"

The stores didn't stock gifts then, as now. But were more substantial—chiefs, gloves, shoes.

Many times a "hack" u board left Klamath Falls at of the old-fashioned, all Christmas celebrations. T would be asleep. Ma w asleep. So would pa. The would plod along—hor Merry Christmas would lished.

All this is not fancy, the old-timers to whom the piler of these adventures debted had a word to s interested mightily.

"Come around tomorrow fellow, and Eli show ye they used to make those T Jerrys," he invited.

An instinct for impartial tigation of historical circ ces, a large amount of cu a sense of kiship for one ptable as to make the in ring out like a parental co—all these impelling reason many more, imply nothing but a prompt acceptance.

So, Merry Christmas, o ers. Here's to you and memories of observances th gone forever.

(Continued Next Issue)

Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

COLUMBUS RETURNS TO SPAIN

It was midwinter when Christopher Columbus set sail from the new world which he had discovered, and started on the voyage to Spain. The sea had been calm and balmy on his trip over; it was tempestuous and angry on his trip home. The sailors were terrified, believing that they had offended heaven by crossing the impassable ocean.

As the storm grew worse and worse Columbus cast about for a means of saving his records should he be shipwrecked. He wrote a memorandum on parchment paper, placed it in a barrel, sealed it and tossed it into the stormy sea. A map sketch he fastened securely to the poop of his ship.

To this day there is alive a hope of recovering these bits of original memoranda. As late as 1852 a report was abroad that the barrel containing the parchment record had been found. But of course the report proved false. What valuable bits for our museums such documents would be!

The Pinta had returned to her sister ship, much to the delight of everyone. Columbus had been distressed over her disappearance for three reasons: he had been afraid that she had been wrecked on a treacherous reef; fearful lest she was aground on an unknown shore; and most of all, worried lest the

crew of that ship, instead of his own, find the fabulous gold mines. It appeared that she had merely become lost.

The storm continued with fury. Prayers and piety failed to lull it. Every day the entire crew drew lots to see who should make fresh vows—vows to make pilgrimages to shrines or do deeds of great self-denial should they be spared. Great and solemn were the promises made to God if He would save them.

It is said that the first one in Palos to sight the returning vessels was Father Juan, a priest who had helped to get the expedition together. From his convent windows, he had been anxiously watching for many days.

Columbus was received like a king, given a body guard and permitted to remain seated in the presence of the king and queen as he told his story.

A pension had been promised the one who first sighted land, and this was given Columbus, although it is said that the common sailor, Bermejo, claimed it and was bitterly disappointed when he failed to get it.

Talk of another voyage for further discovery and colonization was in the air.

(Tomorrow: Columbus makes three other voyages to his new world.)