

"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.

Governor Weeps for Farmer.

Tells of Crimes Committed Against Them

It is no wonder that easterners have the idea that western reclamation of arid lands is a failure. In Klamath Falls the gullible are plausibly informed that the government has set about ruining the Klamath project by the "alkaline method" in order that the power company may have more water.

And then Governor Pierce, speaking of irrigation districts formed under the state law, says this:

"Many of these irrigation districts were never desired by the real farmer, but were promoted by schemers who were seeking their own personal gain in inducing the farmer to become a part of the irrigation districts. There are many hundreds of honest, hard-working farmers who have spent many years upon their irrigated farms who now find their homes are being taken to meet the obligations of the district. It was a crime unpardonable to force the farmers of this state into these districts against their own will and judgment and rob them of the hard earned homes."

One can see the tears streaming down the cheeks of the dear old governor, alkaline tears; but his tears and that sort of gush are not going to make the farmers any more prosperous.

Jap and Scot

They Marry and Result Is Grid Star

So much space was given Red Grange and other grid idols during the past football season that one of the big features was overlooked, almost.

Art Matsu of Cleveland, son of a Japanese father and a Scotch mother, has been elected captain for 1926 of the William and Mary football team. This eleven is not to be sneezed at in football circles, for it put up a stiff battle against Harvard last fall and lost by a score of 14 to 7.

It was Matsu that made the game as quarterback with a game of super-skill. He plays an all-around game, punting, running, tackling and passing with exceptional skill.

If Matsu were a full-blooded Japanese he would be interesting as one of the few football players of his country. They play baseball well and are masters at tennis. But the fact that Matsu's mother is Scotch makes him an example of racial inter-marriage, the possibilities of which cannot be ignored by those who insist that for biological reasons an inferior race will result as the issue of a Japanese and Nordic.

It is estimated that upwards of \$400,000,000 is hoarded and kept out of circulation, most of it in stockings. But it is a safe conclusion that cotton stockings contain a far greater part of it. It is the people who still wear cotton stockings that have any to hoard.

Rubber Tired!



Dinner Stories

A world-famous author, when quite an obscure young writer, was dining at a banquet, and a duchess happened to be present. During a discourse, the young author and the duchess disagreed over the subject. The duchess flew off the handle and said: "I do not give a flea for what you say or think."

"How strange," the young writer calmly remarked, "that women say right out what runs through their heads."

A draft of Missouri mules had just arrived and one new private made the mistake of going too near one.

His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher and started for the hospital.

On the way the injured one regained consciousness. He gazed at the sky overhead and felt the swaying motion as he was carried.

Feebly he lowered his shaky hands over the side, only to find space.

"My gosh!" he groaned, "I ain't even hit the ground yet!"

Mrs. Jones could only find two aisle seats in the theater—one behind the other. Wishing to have her sister next to her she turned and cautiously surveyed the man in the next seat. Finally she leaned over and timidly addressed him.

"I beg your pardon, but are you alone?"

The man, without turning his head the slightest, but twisting his mouth around and shielding it with his hand, muttered:

"Cut it out, kid—cut it out! My wife's with me!"

A new story is told about Bishop Henry C. Potter. It seems that a lay reader had been complaining to the bishop that he and his fellows were nowhere recognized in the prayer book. There were references to bishops, priests and deacons, but never an allusion to lay readers. "Why, of course there is," said the bishop. "Don't

you remember that verse in the benediction, 'O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord?'"

The Best of Advice

By CLARK KINNAIRD

"THE MALIGNANT TONGUE."

It is to be doubted if there ever was a time when the ancient platitudes, "The pen is mightier than the sword," was true.

Laws are useless without force. And, anyway, the tongue has more power than either pen or sword.

The name of Jean Baptiste Massillon, French bishop, is remembered two centuries after he lived, because of a sermon he preached on "The Malignant Tongue."

"The tongue," says the Apostle James, is a devouring fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

"And behold what would have applied to the tongue of the evil-speaker, had I undertaken to give you a just and natural idea of the enormity of this vice:

"I would have said that the tongue of the slanderer is a devouring fire which tarries what ever it touches; which exercises its fury on the good grain, equally as on the chaff; on the profane, as on the sacred;

"Which, wherever it passes, leaves only desolation and ruin; digs even into the bowels of the earth, and fires itself on things the most hidden; turns into vile ashes what only a moment before had appeared to us so precious and brilliant; acts with more violence and danger than ever in the time when it is apparently smothered up and almost extinct;

"Which blackens what it cannot consume, and sometimes sparkles and delights before it destroys.

"I would have told you that evil-speaking is an assemblage of iniquity; a secret pride, which discovers itself to us the mote in our brother's eye, but hides the

beam which is in our own;

"A mean envy, which, hurt at the prosperity of others, makes them the subjects of its enmities, and studies to dim the splendor of whatever outshines itself; a disguised hatred, which sheds, in its speeches, the hidden venom of the heart;

"An unworthy duplicity, which praises to the face and tears to pieces behind the back; a shameful levity, which has no command over itself or its words, and often sacrifices both fortune and comfort to the imprudence of an amusing conversation;

"A deliberate barbarity, which goes to pierce your silent brother; a scandal, where you become a subject of shame and sin to those who listen to you; an injustice, where you ravish from your brother what is dearest to him."

Heart & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

DAUGHTER SUES HERSELF AS FAMILY MARTYR

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Our family doesn't "harmonize," and although I've been as patient as I could, and tried in nearly every way I could to do my share in keeping peace, I can't do it alone. My father and mother were never supposed to get married, that is certain, also unfortunately for the children. Now, although I have a perfectly horrid time with my father every time I go out, this only one instance. During the holidays I worked in a busy store nights (all day, too) until 10 or 11 o'clock. I go to high school and I suppose I was rather more tired than usual when I got home this night. But mother had just handed me a card from a boy friend of mine of whom I think a great deal, and she told me I had a phone call to go out. My father heard and said something to the effect that I needn't have any actions like I did a week ago. (I stayed out rather late on a perfectly harmless party). I answered him back, which was very unusual, but my patience had begun to wane, and he didn't like it, and started to give me one of the "sermons" he always tortures me with (he really believes they do me good) and it is these same "sermons" that have made him simply unbearable to me, and there's always the same thoughts, same sentiments, and same everything—I know them by heart, and could fly every time he speaks. I would rather have a dozen strapings. Of course, he doesn't dream of what I suffer, because I have always controlled myself, whatever it is that makes me mad and leaves me in a daze for a month afterward. Well, when I was feeling happy about receiving this card, and to have him scold me just because I couldn't, no matter how hard I tried, "keep in," was too much, and I said just what I felt, and the last sane words I spoke for 15 minutes were, "You take all the joy out of life." This is the second time I have "gone crazy," I call it. I don't know whether you can imagine my feelings or not, Mrs. Thompson, but for nearly a month afterward I'm not myself. I do

and say the right naturally. Oh, it gets more difficult to keep myself to things I think and not spoken to a brother for a year, doubtless think it hateful, but it is fought with him because he'd always mamma and he has made him so I simply can't leave I couldn't cent sentence a prove, I'm through it taking to ignore the father and brother. My poor father, try for him, but through and through and ideals, and will not understand (that he thinks ing, once a week, ing out at night with boys to clean way, are me as his lodge written a great know, but there's side me that I please, if you tall out of this as best you can.

Youth and age things the same as necessary for understand your for him to bend dies. It is for before it, to be seeming cruelty, you are inclined tive. Such incidents need not be the dies you make of have no ideas of children when they tain things but purpose of saving from unhappiness, smoke not because but to have your are no more just toward them than are in their feeling. Had yourself of the are a martyr, be straight, and be years you will be your education and it alone, then please. As long as der your father's more consideration pear, ready to give aren't harmonizing ily.

Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

THE COMING OF THE PURITANS.

The Puritans were a people who formed the Massachusetts Bay company and this company proposed to become rich and powerful by opening fine fisheries on the coast and by trading with the Indians for furs.

The company planned to send out some colonists to charge in this business for them.

The first of these colonists came several years before the Pilgrims sailed over the seas in their Mayflower. They brought with them a very liberal charter from the king. It was so worded that the colony was really a self-governing body.

And you who knew the story of the American Revolution, which came more than a hundred years later, will want to see how each of the colonies came to demand more and more self-government. How they demanded more and more the right to say for themselves what they should do, instead of being forced to obey a sovereign who knew little of their interests.

John Winthrop, a very able man, was their first governor. And a right good governor he was. The colony grew and developed rapidly. Then suddenly, someone must have whispered to the king that he

was permitting too much freedom in this colony. Perhaps they told him that he would lose his hold on them or that they would demand independence or something of that kind. Or perhaps he simply read over his copy of their charter and wondered whatever made him give them such a liberal one.

At any rate, he revoked the charter.

You may well imagine what a furor that created among the Puritans. They were getting along so nicely and doing so well in the new country that it was like a dash from a bucket of cold water to find suddenly that their privileges were to be taken away—and perhaps a governor sent out from England.

So they grudgingly decided to resist by force, when it became necessary. But at that time, it didn't become necessary. Charles, the king, had drained his treasury and there was not enough money left for him to send any troops over to down at insurgent colony. So he merely let the matter pass.

And the Puritans lived in peace under a charter that was really not theirs any longer.

Tomorrow: The Indians and the Pilgrims.