

"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.

Vest Pocket Government.

Common Sense Demands Correction

Whoever the candidates for county commissioner and judge in the approaching elections, particularly the county judge, a pledge should be exacted that they will, when elected, make their business a matter of public record.

For good and sufficient reasons, possibly, the present county judge has seen fit to abolish the use of a clerk. The result is, that insofar as the public is concerned, that most of the business of the court is kept in the dark. When anyone wants to know what the county court has done in some matter the reply is, "See the judge." Eternally Klamath county has the spectacle of a judge explaining his actions of previous periods.

It may be true that the present county court represents all that may be expected from men of integrity, and this does not gainsay them as such even by implication, but they would still be at fault in their method of procedure. And the most grievous charges against the county court have been given substance by the air of secrecy by which the court unwittingly, perhaps, has enshrouded its mooted acts.

There is no sign that Mayor Goddard has and fondness for Judge Gaghagen, who is city clerk. But what an ass Mayor Goddard would be were he to try and get along without the clerk of the council. The transactions of the council are taken in public, and whether or no one agrees with certain policies it must be admitted those supporting such policies on the council are not afraid of putting them out into the light of day.

The city council's conduct of affairs makes for confidence, but not so the county court's.

On Again, Off Again.

Mayor Discovers He Was Wrong About Lights

It was, of course, too good to be true—even if Mayor Goddard did say so. He had not consulted The Beast, who works better in the dark. Very sorry, Mr. Mayor, if taking small comfort out of your public words caused a paw to light on your pants. It was just a slip of speech, on your part, as you have discovered, and you did not mean to say what so many people heard perfectly. But it's all right, Mr. Mayor. Some time the bludgeoning may cease and then you can go ahead and give the people lights as you wish to do, realizing the present "disgraceful" condition.

If sheepmen make money at twelve cents for wool and five cents for lambs in Chicago, and can't make money with wool at forty cents, their costs have gone up out of all proportion to the rest of us.

Life is just one complex after another, said the Freudian when her car would not start.

FARM RE-LEAF



Dinner Stories

A New York business man tells of a trip he made on a coastwise steamer to Baltimore when the vessel was wallowing in waves that threatened to engulf her at any moment.

Hastily the captain ordered a box of rockets and flares brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited a number of them in the hope that they would be seen and help sent.

Amid the glare of the rockets, a tall, thin, austere woman found her way with difficulty to the rail and addressed the captain thus:

"Captain, I must protest against this dare-devilishness. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."

William's uncle was a very tall, fine-looking man, while his father was very small. William admired his uncle, and wished to grow up like him. One day he said to his mother:

"Mamma, how did uncle grow so big and tall?"

His mother said: "Well, when uncle was a small boy he was always a very good boy, and tried to do what was right at all times; so God let him grow up big and tall."

William thought this over seriously for a few minutes, then said: "Mamma, what kind of a boy was papa?"

An Irishman once lined up his family of seven giant-like sons and invited his caller to take a look at them.

"Ain't they fine boys?" inquired the father.

"They are," agreed the visitor.

"The finest in the world," exclaimed the father. "An' I niver laid violent hands on any one of em except in self-defence."

The older forms of automobile tow lines have been improved by an inventor who has inserted a shock absorbing coil spring in the center of a line with hooks for secure looping at the ends.

The world's first aerial restaurant has been installed in an ex-

press airplane flying between London and Paris, while a plane in use between Paris and Constantinople has sleeping berths.

To insure safe turning when run at high speed, a new automobile has been given a second steering wheel, operating gears at a higher ratio than those controlled by the regular wheel.

Distances covered by persons traveling can be measured on maps with a new pocket device by rolling a toothed wheel over the route and then reversing it along the map's scale.

The Best of Advice

By CLARK KINNAIRD

UNDERMINING THE FOUNDATIONS OF GOVERNMENT.

It is getting to be common now for important men to bemoan to public the fact that our laws are falling into universal disregard and contempt.

Many of them tell the Cause, and offer a Cure.

They all agree that our laws aren't being enforced.

Yet, no matter what the trouble, no matter what the disease, no matter what the complaint, no matter what the existing law, people rush to congress, to some committee, have a bill framed while you wait, have it enacted into law, and go contentedly back to work, without regard to the rights of the citizens or the dignity of legislation.

Many laws upon the statute books of the states and the nation are unjust and absurd, as everyone knows; yet from all sides is to be heard the plea that all laws ought to be obeyed because they are laws.

There is one sound argument, and one only, in favor of the strict enforcement of all laws: Popular disrespect for one statute leads to disregard for others, and, in some cases, for the whole body of laws.

When a polity begins to lose its faith in the sanctity of the law, the foundation of society is in danger of weakening and causing the whole structure to topple.

Society is impossible unless those who are associated agree to observe certain rules of conduct towards one another.

Its stability depends upon the steadiness with which they abide by the agreement; and, so far as they waver, that mutual trust which is the bond of society is weakened or destroyed.

Law never made men a whit more just.

It has been discovered many times in the history of the race that the less government the better—the fewer laws, and the less confided government.

Government is an expedient by which men would fain succeed in letting one another alone; and as has been said, when it is most expedient, the governed are the most let alone by it.

Heart & Home Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

MOTHER HAS MANIA FOR LISTENING IN ON PARTY LINE.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: We live in the country and are on a party line with a lot of others and the phones are busy all the time. Our mother just listens at the phone all the time and it is pretty awful. As far back as I can remember as a child she did not care about anything but listening to what the people on the line have to say. She does not go any place, even to the neighbors, if she is invited. She would rather stay home and listen and tell them she is too busy with her work. She cooks the meals as quickly as possible, does not care how the table is set, and our beds look terrible. Yet she always tells us she is too busy to make them up. I am sure the neighbors know she is listening, as I have overheard their conversations about times when she has been listening and has put the rest of the phones out of commission so they could not carry on a conversation, because she is using up the hearing properties. We have all asked her to quit, but I think it is such an old habit she just can't stop. She always complains about how nervous she is and is more so if someone is at the phone and she can't listen. She is listening when I go to school and still listening when I come home. I feel guilty in writing this, but I look to you as the only advice I can seek. She is kind to us and wishes us the best in the world; yet my sister, who also goes to school, has threatened to leave home because she feels so embarrassed when her boy friends come. I stop in at my chum's place on the way home from school and his mother has it so nice and clean, and always has good, eatable food, but my mother never makes anything out of the ordinary and I blame it all on that most dreadful habit of hers. What would you do?

Possibly loneliness of a sort you do not understand is at the bottom of this mania of hers. If some way could be managed to persuade her to get out with her neighbors more, if something could be found that would interest her so vitally that it would take her out amongst her fellow-

Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

ROGER WILLIAMS COMES TO TOWN.

Several years after the Pilgrims and the Puritans were well settled in their colonies, there came to the village of Nantasket in New England a young man with odd ideas.

His name was Roger Williams. He went about the village telling people that he believed that the Indians ought to be paid for every bit of land taken from them. Now the Dutch in their colony at New Netherlands had paid the Indians, but these ideas had never spread much among the English colonists.

Nor were the people of Nantasket pleased with such talk. They believed that the land belonged to the strongest and that there was plenty more for the Indians farther inland. Or perhaps they thought that the savages were not quite human anyway, and so were not to be treated as they would treat normal human beings.

Young Williams found that his free utterances were not received kindly. The men of the town began to look upon him as a dangerous character and one likely to stir up trouble. So the Massachusetts Bay colony coolly ordered him to leave.

There seemed to be nothing else to do, so he left and went to visit the Pilgrims in Plymouth, where he was very well received. The Pil-

grims were more tolerant of other people's ideas than were some of their neighbors.

Here Roger Williams went back and forth very freely among the Indians. He got so well acquainted with them that he learned their language and was quite a friend of theirs.

But he wasn't the sort of fellow who likes to stay in one place very long and soon he was on his way to new lands. He must have found it easy to get along well with the natives when they heard him talk in a language they had heard before. For even if it didn't happen to be their own Indian dialect, they would recognize that it was Indian talk and so would look upon him with less unfriendly eyes.

At last he reached a place called by the Dutch "Rood Eilandt," or as we know it, "Rhode Island." But here he was given no peace for he was again ordered on. The story of his doctrine traveled and those who did not agree with it, sent him on his way.

On down the river he went, until he landed at a place where an Indian met him with the welcome words, "What cheer!" And here he planted his colony and called the place Providence.

Tomorrow: A Colonial Dime and Her Lectures.