

"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.

City Management

"Voter" Discovers It Might Be Good

Every now and then The Oregon Voter carries some surprising utterances along with its usual load of good things. For instance, the following:

"Klamath Falls' city council has authorized the formation of a special commission of five to study the merits and demerits of the city manager plan of government. If there is any virtue in that plan of municipal administration, let's know about it. Klamath Falls is one of the rapidly growing cities in the state. It may be on the threshold of becoming the Spokane of Oregon. If its present city government is creaking under the strain of expansion, a serious study of the city manager plan is timely. If that city's present form of government is adequate, the study and report of the special commission will at least serve a valuable educational function."

While we appreciate the compliment he pays Klamath Falls, one expects such a man as is the editor of the Voter to know something of city management. And it would appear that he had written the above while looking out the window.

Bar Secrecy

New Policy of District Board

Instructions have been given the new secretary of the Klamath irrigation district by the directors to give the public access to the minutes of the board and such other matters as have been considered by the board. In short, the policy of secrecy is to be changed.

It has been the custom in the past to hide the district activities, and this has been carried to the point of the ridiculous. Even the budget, when published, was aborted for some twisted reason and shorn of \$4,000. This was done, too, in a "co-operatively" owned paper, supposed to be published in the interests of the farmers, and the former secretary of the district is a director and editor of that paper.

When public bodies keep their records a secret from the public they do not inspire confidence, and many things are possible that are in the private rather than the public interest. That sadly corrupted budget as published is an example. The correct budget would have caused no comment, but the public must be kept in ignorance of what is going on, it is reasoned by those who would do such a thing.

The irrigation district will lose nothing by the change of front, and the board of directors are to be commended for their action.

The Department of Agriculture has started a drive to exterminate mistletoe—which means that some folks just won't get kissed even on Christmas.

Can't Accuse Congress of Not Earning Its Money



Does Absence Make the Heart Grow Fonder?

By MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

HER LOVER'S MOTHER DOES NOT LIKE HER.

I doubt if it is true that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," as is often said. This correspondent also doubts it.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a very nice girl of 20, and thought rather good looking. I am in love with a young man about seven years my senior. He doesn't live here now. He went to where he now works about seven months ago. He has always managed to spend all the holidays with me. But he never came the last two holidays to see me. He said it was too cold and stormy. He drives through in his car. Now I haven't heard from him for a week and always before I got one letter and often two or three a week from him. I have written him twice since then. It worries me so and makes me heartsick when I can't hear from him. We are engaged to be married. I have gone with him a year now. We had gone together four and one-half months when he said he loved me and asked me to marry him. He gave me a diamond engagement ring. He always acts like he loves me when we are together, too. The reason we have not married yet is my sweetie says he thinks it is best to wait, and I believe it is, too. He wants to get a start and have a place to take me to before we get married. Do you think he means it and really loves me? A party says they bet he is trying to put me off and that he doesn't care for me and doesn't intend to marry me. Do you think he is fooling me? E. C. M.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 24 years old and have been going steady with a young man for four years. One year ago this young man asked me to marry him and live with his people, to which I did not approve. I truthfully told him that I knew I could not get along with his mother and no roof was large enough to cover two families. Since that time his mother has disliked me and says her son can never marry me. Now I love this young man and he says he cares for me in spite of all his mother's talking about me, which is practically all the time. Recently she urged him to go away, hoping that we would forget each other, but he writes to me and wants me to write to him. Now don't you think if he cares enough for me that he would get a home for me, and his mother would always be welcome to come there? My parents tell me I am foolish and I should go with other young men and forget him, because they do not want me to cause any trouble with his mother. People tell me that know her that she is only jealous of me. Now, what shall I do? PUZZLED.

You are right in your stand about wanting a home of your own, and you shouldn't budge an inch. It may be that he feels he isn't able to support a separate establishment, but you ought to be able to show him how by beginning in an inexpensive place with simple furnishings, you can save money until you're able to afford something better. Don't force him to choose between his mother and you, but tactfully make it easy for him to endure the criticisms his friendship for you bring from her. You are old enough to know your own heart and decide for yourself, so don't let your family worry you.

[Mrs. Thompson is always anxious to give as much assistance as possible to persons who need her help, but certain rules are necessary. Names of correspondents cannot be divulged to others. Questions relating to beauty preparations and health cannot be considered. The more pressing questions are answered first, of course, but the same impartial attention is given to every letter. Don't be impatient if your questions aren't answered immediately. There may be many others ahead of you.]

Where Every One Must Look for Happiness

By CLARK KINSAIRD.

To one man the world is barren, dull, and superficial; to another rich, interesting, and full of meaning.

Happiness is a thing to be practiced, like the violin; and like the violin, difficult to master completely.

There are many whose very birth is a sentence of hard labor for life.

But that does not apply to the poor only. The rich now work quite as hard, or even harder.

There are many whose very money makes them miserable—in whose life there is no rest, no calm, no peace.

There is a story about a Persian king who being out of spirits consulted his astrologers, and was told that happiness could be found by wearing the shirt of a perfectly happy man.

The court and all the prosperous classes in the world were searched in vain. No such man could be discovered.

At last a laborer coming from his work in the fields was found to fulfill the condition; he was absolutely happy.

But, the remedy for the king's melancholy was as far off as ever.

The happy man owned no shirt.

Happiness cannot be bought with riches, neither can it be grasped by power.

We are told, "Anthony sought for happiness in love; Brutus in glory; Caesar in dominion; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction."

We do not need to look outside of ourselves for the spring of happiness.

If a man has not got the elements of happiness in himself, not all the beauty, the pleasures and interests of the world can give it to him.

It is our own fault if we do not enjoy life.

The man who formerly published seed catalogues seems to be editing tourist magazines now.—Flint Journal.

Among the heavy liabilities of certain foreign nations is no small amount of borrowed trouble.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

After you've struggled for 30 minutes with the range it's hard to believe that a cigarette ever starts a fire.—Roanoke World News.

The old-time country editor will have his doubts about Editor Frank Munsey leaving an estate of \$40,000,000.—Baker Herald.

The radio industry is in its infancy. That's why the darn thing kicks up such a racket when you have company.—Ashland Tidings.

Dinner Stories

A traveler who believed himself to be the sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal island hid for three days in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump he heard a voice say: "Why in hell did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried: "Thank God they are Christians!"

A tramp went to a farm house, and sitting down in the front yard began to eat the grass.

The housewife's heart went out to him: "Poor man, you must indeed be hungry. Come around to the back."

The tramp beamed and winked at the hired man.

"There," said the housewife when the tramp hove in sight, pointing to a circle of green grass, "try that; you will find that grass so much longer."

It is probable that many queens of the kitchen share that sentiment good-naturedly expressed by a Scandinavian servant, recently taken into the service of a young matron of Chicago.

The youthful assumer of household cares was disposed to be a trifle patronizing.

"Now, Lena," she asked earnestly, "are you a good cook?"

"Ya-as, 'm, I tank so," said the girl with perfect naivete, "if you will not try to help me."

It's hard to tell the day of the week since the housewives have taken to hanging the clothes indoors.—Columbia Missourian.

Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

A NEW COLONY IS PLANTED.

You have heard how the Pilgrims were persecuted in England and came to this country for freedom and peace. And you have heard how the Quakers came here to free themselves from cries of "Heresy!"

But you must not think that all the colonists who came to America came because they were ill-treated or because they were of a different religion from that of the king.

People who loved novelty and adventure began coming here because of the thrilling tales they heard of Indian fights and sudden wealth to be found.

The state that we call Maryland had already been included in the Virginia grant but the king didn't mind granting the same land to two different people upon different occasions. The boundary lines were so very uncertain and the king so far from the scene of action that he found that he could "get away" with this sort of thing rather nicely. Perhaps he didn't even know what he was doing, since true, careful maps were almost unknown.

Lord Baltimore sent colonists to form a new Maryland colony. At that time Mary was queen of England and the colony was named for her.

The place chosen for the colony was a high bluff overlooking the splendid Potomac. The feeling in Virginia ran high against the new colonists. They thought them to be trespassers on land that was really a part of Virginia. At the same time, perhaps they felt regret that they had never planted a settlement on so promising a piece of ground.

And the newcomers had come to stay. They spread out and multiplied. Their friends and perhaps their neighbors followed them over to be their friends and neighbors in the new land.

When they first landed they had come upon an Indian village. The wigwams were set along little paths for streets and there were cornfields in the clearings. The Marylanders had an eye for business. The men sought the Indian chiefs of the village and drove a good bargain. They bought the entire village as it stood.

So the Indians packed their blankets and their gay dresses, strapped their papooses to their backs and went off to build a new village farther back in the forest.

Tomorrow: First Signs of Confederation.