

"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.

Exactly Nothing.

Press Prohibition Ballot Result

The newspapers of the country have started a ballot on the prohibition question. Or rather, it was the Hearst newspapers that started it and the rest of the country's big newspapers are following. And after the newspaper poll is completed and will show an overwhelming sentiment in favor of modification it will mean exactly nothing.

The 18th Amendment will still stand. The United States supreme court has ruled that Congress has not the power to modify the effectiveness of the amendment, but has only the power to enforce it. The newspapers will show a heavy metropolitan vote, which taken by cities, is wet for the most part. They will not reflect the sentiment by states, and there is no keen observer who believes that a sufficient number of votes by states can be summoned to modify the 18th Amendment.

Congress may enact amendatory legislation, but it will mean many years, if ever, before it can be enacted. Congress, a personally wet congress, gave the states five years to vote on the 18th Amendment, not believing it could be enacted. A war speeded the work in a remarkably short length of time. It would be more remarkable if the 18th Amendment could be upset in ten years.

The newspaper ballot is not a plebiscite. It is representative of the wet warring element. It is very doubtful if a genuine plebiscite would show a wet majority; and further, it is doubtful if a genuine plebiscite in the cities would indicate a wet majority.

These are not arguments pro and con on the subject of prohibition. They are facts. The newspaper ballot of the country sets up no machinery toward modification. It does not even represent the will of the country. It means nothing.

Mountain View.

A Cemetery Can Assure The Living

There is a rapidly crystallizing sentiment in Klamath Falls toward doing something with the Mountain View cemetery; either to beautify it or to move it. Nearly every stranger who comes to the city looks askance at it. And in its present deplorable condition it is far from being a credit to the city.

The old-fashioned church yard cemeteries of England, and of New England, do not repel. Their whitened and weather worn monuments set against a green background are attractive spots that arouse poetry and turn one's thoughts back on one's self.

Perhaps Klamath Falls can convert its cemetery into a spot that will be an assurance to newcomers. A city that takes care of its dead can be trusted to care for the living.

But if the cemetery cannot be maintained except as a disgrace then it is time that consideration be given to moving it.

He Who Dances Must Pay the Fiddler.



Proves Her Love Him In

By MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am deeply in love with a young man in my home town. Have kept company with no one but him for three years and have been engaged for quite a while. Some months ago he quit coming to see me and fell for a girl of low character. After seeing his mistake he came back to me. I forgave him and went with him again. Now he has quit again. His mother objects to me for no reason. He has talked with her telling her what I mean to him, but of course, he contends her way. This is why he is leaving me, he says. Do you think if he loved me the way he should he would give me up? I am heart-broken and feel that I can't give him up. He is sensitive and jealous without cause. He did have no bad habits, but since he has acted like this, he has. This hurts me also. We are both 27 years old and I am sure I love him distinctly.

BROKEN HEARTED.

It is too bad, my dear, that you have given up three years of hopes to this man in vain. The proof of your devotion and loyalty which you have given him apparently means nothing to him. I cannot believe that he loves you. You will have to forget him, and give your interest to others. You deserve a husband much more worthy of you.

THE PRICE OF POPULARITY

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 17-years old and when I go out with a boy I do not want him to be an old stick and sit in one corner of the seat as if he is afraid of me, but neither do I believe in letting him hug and kiss me all the time during an evening. I have been going with one boy for four years and only three boys have really kissed me and these I thought quite a bit of. I simply can't let a boy kiss me whom I care nothing for, no matter how good looking he may be. Do you think I am old fashioned for thinking this way? Do you think that in the long run I will be thought more of for sticking for what I think is right and not allowing all the petty

What Is A Genius?

By CLARK KINNAIRD.

Every now and then some person is publicly acclaimed a genius, although the chances are that he or she merely happens to be unusual.

What is a genius?

Properly, a genius is one who is possessed of the highest order of intelligence man has attained.

What is the difference between the mind of a genius and the mind of John Doe or Richard Roe?

It is one of the tritest of truisms that human intelligences of a simple order are very literal; and the majority of minds are of a simple order.

They are slaves of habit, doing what they have been taught without variations; dry, prosaic, and matter-of-fact in their remarks; devoid of humor, except of the coarse physical kind which rejoices in a "practical" joke; taking the world for granted.

But turn to the highest order of minds, and what a change!

Then, as William James puts it, instead of thoughts of concrete things patiently following one another in a beaten track of habitual suggestion, we have the most abrupt cross-cuts and transitions from one idea to another, the most rarefied abstractions and discriminations most unboard-of-combinations of elements, the subtlest of associations of analogy.

"According to the idiosyncrasy of the individual, the scintillations will have one character or another," to use James' words. "They will be rallies of wit and humor; they will be flashes of poetry and eloquence; they will be constructions of dramatic fiction or mechanical device, logical or philosophic abstractions, business projects, or scientific hypotheses, with trains of experimental consequences based thereon; they will be musical sounds, or

images of plastic beauty or picturesque, or visions of moral harmony.

"But, whatever their differences may be, they will all agree in this—that their genesis is sudden and, as it were, spontaneous."

To Professor Jevons is due the greatest credit of having emphatically pointed out (in his Principles of Science) how the genius of discovery depends altogether on the number of these random notions and guesses which visit the investigator's mind.

The true genius' mind does not run in the same channel. Leonardo di Vinci is known best as a painter, but his notebooks show him to have possessed greatness as an engineer, as an inventor, as a philosopher, in all the arts. He is but one instance.

Dinner Stories

A rangy Kentuckian while walking the streets of Louisville one day noticed a sign on a building which said, "Woman's Exchange." He walked past it a few times, finally sauntered in and addressed the elderly woman in charge who no longer retained any traces of youthful beauty, nor was she amiable.

"This is the Woman's Exchange?" he drawled.

"It is," she snapped.

"An' air you the woman?" he persisted.

"I am, she replied in an exasperated tone.

He looked at her again, then around the room, changed his chew of tobacco from the right to the left cheek and edged toward the door. Once safe in the doorway he remarked: "Wal, I thought—ptu—we might do business—ptu—but I reckon I'll just keep Bai."

A colored preacher in Alabama had at one time served a short jail sentence and was fearful lest his congregation discover the fact, as in his later years he had been a model of rectitude.

One Sunday, rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank to see a former cellmate sitting in the front row. Quick thinking was necessary. Fixing his eye on the unwelcome guest, the preacher announced solemnly:

"Ah takes mah text dis mo'ning' from de sixty-fifth chapter and fo' hundredth verse of de book of Job, which says: 'Dem as sees and knows me, and says nothin,' dem will Ah see later.'"

The more we read about the Countess of Cathcart and the Earl of Craven the more satisfied we are with the title of "Mister."—Roseburg News-Review.

Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

LETTERS OF COLONIAL POST

When our modern man writes a letter, he drops it in a mail box. And Uncle Sam does the rest within a very short time. If the letter isn't delivered within five days, the business man wants it returned to him, and promptly. He thinks that his business will only run smoothly if he can secure very prompt delivery of his letters, and if they are not returned to him within a couple of weeks, he knows that they have been received.

But the colonial business man had no such easy time of it. His letters were carried by post riders. These riders followed the main road where there was a main road. After that, they had to find their way along the Indian trails in the forests as best they could. It was a hard enough job.

Nor did the mail go out at regular intervals. Whenever the post rider had enough mail to pay him to make the trip he set out on his journey.

In the outlying districts families

were lucky if they received once a month. Of course, the roads were good and there was more business.

Since letters came so seldom did not travel very fast. There were no newspapers as we know them. In the year 1764 there was a little sheet called the News Letter. This has been the first permanent newspaper in America. By the time the revolution broke out, the thirty-seven of these papers

However, these newspapers were all weekly papers. The first came after the revolution was fought and won.

Of course these first papers were small and badly printed. They contained very little of what we call news. But they were beginning.

Since letters and news came so slowly, you can see how difficultly the colonists were kept in touch with the world.