

An Independent Republican Newspaper Conducted in the Interests of All Klamath County Without Guile, Subsidy or Perfidy

Wanted: A Law Abridger.

And Not Entirely For the Scofflaws

Back a few centuries after Christ lived Justinian, the Great, a Byzantine emperor. In his time the laws filled many scrolls. He got busy and simplified them so that the ordinary citizen could understand and obey them, and thereby wrote a place in history for himself.

Within the last few weeks several speakers, of political turn and otherwise, have been telling the people of Klamath that there is a super-abundance of laws. And the cry against too many laws is in the air over the country. There has been a saturnalia of laws with which public opinion and information has failed to keep pace. Now the pendulum has begun to swing.

Ford dealers are campaigning the state of Oregon in the interest of the motorists who are harassed by many cumbersome laws.

One of the Republican candidates for governor is getting into his stride on the same subject. Oregon has place for such a man, the state is sadly afflicted. The spellbinders wear votes from an easily beguiled electorate by promising more laws.

Oregon needs a Justinian. Perhaps some of the new candidates will fill the bill. Washington got a pretty good man in Hartley. He sent the legislature home.

Jazz Homes.

Beautifying By Modern Building

"Get some color!"

This was the advice of a visitor in Klamath Falls recently, a man who has builded many hundreds of homes.

He pointed to a colorful creation in Italian pink up on the edge of Ewauna heights. "That is the most attractive dwelling in your city," he said. "Get two or three dozen more homes like it scattered around and it will improve the general appearance of the city 100 per cent."

And architects of Klamath Falls are in full agreement with him.

For some reason the color craze in building has not hit Klamath Falls. The most part of our finishing is in concrete gray, white, or other plain colors. Styles have changed.

The rococco house, as architects know it, it a modernized idea of old things—the modern jazz imparted to building, if you please. The English outlines were borrowed and incorporated with the old Spanish plaster walls, both being jazzed, as was said.

There are such colors as blue bird blue, seagull gray, Pompeian buff. Roofs may be a one-tone duo-tons, rainbow, or variegated in a hundred varieties by using moderately priced stained shingleed of green, gray and purple.

People like to live in these newly fashioned homes. Homes beautiful make happier people. Color is worth while. It gladdens the eye and heart.

Get some color!

Same Old Story



There's Another Woman He Doesn't Want Her

By MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have had the most unhappy experience a young married woman can go through. I have been married to years to a man I love with my whole being, more, I believe, than when I first married him. Time is just a blank to me when he is away from me. We have two children, a boy and a girl. I have had reason to mistrust him before we moved here two years ago, but I never really knew without a doubt that he had affairs with other women. Now I find a letter written to him by a married woman who calls her husband H, and he works two weeks days and two weeks nights. She speaks of her wonderful love for my husband and of the time when they will be together always. She speaks of the many times they have met. I have taxed him with this and he says he doesn't care for her, but had went out with her to spite me because I went back home on a two months' trip last summer. I have offered him his freedom but he doesn't want it. I feel I can never trust him again, although I still love him and know that I always shall. He gambles some and drinks some, and I know I'd be better off without him, but I feel that life would be almost impossible without him. Shall I trust him and close my eyes to this?

MRS. F. H.

Your husband's refusal to accept the freedom you offered him indicates that he is conscious of his mistake, and he no doubt deeply regrets it. Since you love him so much, why not give him another chance? If it was just spite, as he says, then there is little danger of him ever allowing the woman to come between you two. But insist that he tell her not to write him again, on peril of having her letters turned over to her husband.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Peg told me to write and you would help me in my troubles. Last night I was going from school, a college-looking chap gave me a ride. He told me his name, and I fell

The Triumph Of Common Sense

By CLARK KINNAIRD.

It was held by William James that the greatest common sense achievement, after the discovery of one time and one space, probably is the concept of permanently existing things.

"When a rattle drops out of the hand of a baby, he does not look to see where it has gone. Non-perception he accepts as annihilation until he finds a better belief. That our perceptions mean beings, rattles that are there whether we hold them in our hands, becomes an interpretation so luminous of what happens to us, that once employed, it never gets forgotten. It applies with equal felicity to things and persons, to the objective and to the ejective realm."

The notions of one time and one space as single continuous receptacles; the distinction between thoughts and things, matter and mind; between permanent subjects and changing attributes; the conception of classes with sub-classes within them; the separation of fortuitous from regularly caused connections; surely, as James believed, all these were once definite conquests made historic dates by our ancestors in their attempts to get the chaos of their crude individual experiences into a more shareable and manageable shape.

"They proved of such sovereign use as denkmittel that they are now a part of the very structure of our mind. We cannot play fast and loose with them. No experience can upset them. On the contrary, they apperceive every experience and assign it to its place.

"To what effect?" James asks. "That we may the better foresee the course of our experiences, communicate with one another, and steer our lives by rule.

"Also that we may have a clearer, more inclusive mental view."

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other way, and scarce in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct, opined Benjamin Franklin.

Carlota put it slightly differently. Experience does take dreadfully high school-wages, but he teaches like no other.

Experience is a process that continually gives us new material to digest. We handle this intellectually by the mass of beliefs of which we find ourselves already possessed, assimilating, rejecting, or re-arranging in different degrees.

Some of the apperceiving ideas are recent acquisitions of our own, but most of them are common sense traditions of the race.

There is probably not a common sense tradition, of all those which we now live by, that was not in the first instance a genuine discovery.

Dinner Stories

There was once a golfer on the links above Monte Carlo who would never blame himself for his bad strokes. Somebody had coughed—somebody had laughed—somebody had moved—and he had been distracted.

This golfer, bunkered one day, made a very careful stroke, only to die about a square yard of turf. He looked round at his companions furiously, but they had all been very quiet and it was impossible to complain about them. So then he waved his hand toward the blue Mediterranean, dotted with a few tiny sails, two thousand feet below.

"How can a man play golf?" he roared, "with all those ships rushing back and forth."

After an hour or more of screwing up his courage, the bashful young man finally managed to

Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

BIRTH OF BEN FRANKLIN

Benjamin Franklin has been called the first great American.

Whether or not he should be called "first" he was certainly a great American and we must not pass up his birth year without making note of it.

Franklin was the youngest of a large family. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts in the year 1706. We are told that Benjamin could not remember when he couldn't read. When he was eight years old he was sent to the Boston grammar school. It was fortunate that he lived in a community where schools were advanced for that day.

He only went there a year. Then he went to a different school where he studied writing and arithmetic.

When he was 16 years old, he was thought to be educated enough. So he was taken out of school and went to his father's shop to help him in his business. He was a soap-boiler and tallow-candler. He worked with his father for about three years.

The next step in his life was rather important because it brought

him into the printing business. He was apprenticed to his brother who was starting a newspaper called the New England Courant.

Benjamin liked writing and used to write little pieces for his brother's paper. He slipped under the door and signed as "The attracted some attention after awhile he admitted that wrote them.

After a while, however, he terminated to break away from his brother's business. First he went down to New York, then to Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia Benjamin went into the employ of a printer. Franklin was clever with the use of his fingers, always. He occupied himself with inventing some of which we may hear a little later.

For his day, he was very scientific, but you must remember that science was very young then. No one really knew much about scientific facts that are a part of our everyday life.

Moreover, he was very gifted in a literary way, and came to be a very famous man.