

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

Stanfield in Action.

Knows How to Get to Work

One thing that cannot be charged against Senator Robert N. Stanfield is that he neglects his work. Another thing that may be said in his favor is that he knows how to go about his work in such a manner that he accomplishes something.

The effort to get a bill through Congress at this session that will recompense a number of Oregon counties in taxes lost through reversion of the O. & C. land grants is an illustration. Stanfield was asked to introduce the bill after citizens and officials of the affected counties had been talking about it for months, and did.

Following which he has begun prodding the various county courts into action at a time they had begun to lie down on the job. This, by the way, is no reflection on Klamath county, for although it is one of the counties which has the least to gain, has been to the very front in the endeavor.

"I do not want this bill to appear to be a mere political gesture. I want your committee to appear with all the facts in hand, ready to present a finished case," writes Stanfield.

And under Stanfield's prodding the committee will probably get back to Washington ready to go to the bat.

Camp Fires.

Around Which Womanhood Blossoms

Back a few years, about the lifetime of a young girl, a fond mother and father, deeply concerned with the happiness of their adolescent daughters and their daughters' friends, worked out the beginnings of what later became the ritual of the Camp Fire Girls.

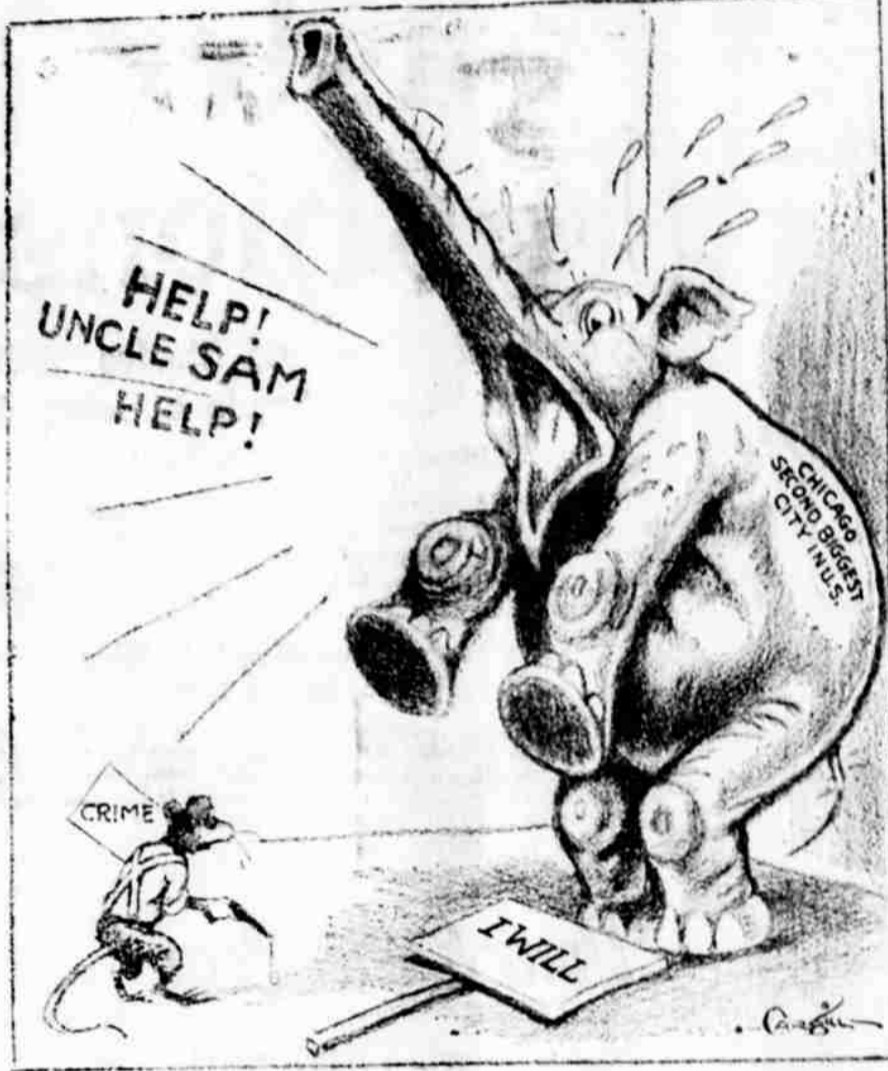
That was up on Lake Sebago, Maine. A wonderful camp was called Wohelo, which name was formed from the first to letters of three words—Work, Health and Love. The word Wohelo continues today as the watch word of the Camp Fire Girls, and their slogan is "Give Service."

The ceremonials begun up at Wohelo in Maine have been fostered down the years, standing the test of time because they meant something in the character formation of genuine womanhood. The Camp Fire program provides fortunate stimulus and guidance along those lines that make for womanhood in the broad, old-fashioned sense of the word.

Those ceremonials are symbols, loved by the girls because they are a means of expressing their ideals. And they are the noblest ideals of which the girls are capable. Here is the law of the Camp Fire—"Seek Beauty; Give Service; Pursue Knowledge; Be Trustworthy; Hold on to Health; Glorify Work; Be Happy."

This is the week of celebration of 160,000 Camp Fire Girls in 21 different lands in honor of the Fourteenth Birthday of the organization. It will not be difficult to appreciate that they are celebrating something genuinely worth while.

Cornered



The Architecture Of Human Life

By CLARK MINNAIRD.

The steelworker or the mason or the carpenter employed in erecting a building may be quite ignorant of its general design; or at any rate, he may not keep it constantly in mind. So it is with man in working through the days of his life, he takes little thought of its character as a whole.

If there is any importance attaching to a man's career, if he lays himself out carefully for some special work, it should be apparent that it is all the more necessary for him to turn his attention now and then to its plan, its general outlines.

Of course, to do that, he must have some progress in the art of understanding himself.

He must know what is his real, chief and foremost object in life—what it is that he most wants in order to be happy.

He must find out what his vocation really is—the part he has to play, his general relation to the world.

It has been observed before that if a man maps out important work for himself on great lines, a glance at his miniature plan of his life will more than anything else stimulate and rouse him, urge him on to action and keep him from false paths.

We all need a goal.

It was observed by Schopenhauer that just as the traveler, on reaching a height gets a connected view over the road he has taken, with its many turns and windings; so it is only when we have completed a period in our life, or approach the end of it altogether, that we recognize the true connection between all our actions—what it is we have achieved, what work we have done.

The same truth may be more broadly expressed by saying that the first forty years of life furnish the text, while the remain-

ing thirty or forty supply the commentary; and that without the commentary we are unable to understand aright the true sense of the text.

It is only when we are at the summit of life that we see the precise chain of cause and effect, the exact value of all our efforts.

For it is an old truth that as long as we are actually engaged in the work of life, we always act in accordance with the nature of our character, under the influence of motive and within the limits of our capacity—in a word, from beginning to end, under a law of necessity.

Dinner Stories

A mountaineer and his eldest son were coming down to pay their annual visit to the little village at the foot of the mountains, where a county road had just been put through.

As they rounded the last curve in the winding trail some tourists in an automobile dashed by on the main road. The father and son never having seen anything like this before, watched it with open-mouthed curiosity, neither saying a word. Just as it rounded around the curve, the county's new speed cop whizzed past on a motorcycle hot after it. This was too much.

"Well, by god," exclaimed the father, "who'd a think that thing had a cot."

When Herbert Spencer was in this country, a great dinner was given him in New York, at which many significant speeches were made, and the most significant and eloquent of all was by Henry Ward Beecher. Afterwards a pompous and enormously conceited physician ran up to Beecher with this exclamation, "Beecher,

you are the greatest man in the world," to which Beecher replied, with biting sarcasm:

"My dear Doctor, you have, for the moment, forgotten yourself."

"Are you sure this handbag is genuine crocodile skin?" the woman asked the shopkeeper.

"Absolutely," was the reply.

"I shot that crocodile myself."

"But it is badly soiled."

"Well, yes, of course. That is where it hit the ground when it fell out of the tree."

Any woman who has had to rub it off the woodwork can tell you why they call it soft coal.—Birmingham Press.

COPPER KETTLES.

Before cleaning copper kettles fill them with boiling water. They will polish more rapidly.

His Sister Tell Him

By MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: My problem is one that you have probably known many times. I am 21, not very tall, but not ugly. I dance, go to parties and always try to enjoy myself. I can talk intelligently on many subjects and have a fair education. In spite of this, I cannot seem to make many girl friends. I admit I am bashful, but that is induced more by respect for girls than by self-consciousness. I know deep in my heart that if they would bear with me a few times, accompany me to a dance, show, go riding or invite me to call, I would be able to gain their interest. Of course the boy must ask the girl to accompany him to places, but I wonder if you realize how difficult that is when there is an indication that the answer will be "Yes"? I realize that there may be something about my person or actions that is responsible for this, but how to find it out? I can also think of another reason. I have a brother, 19, to whom a girl is a "good time." Always in the presence of others he takes a condescending attitude toward me. His answers to my remarks are insulting but clever, or such as to make me appear to be a half-wit. Clever remarks are not my strong point, nor am I adept at the gentle art of "repartee." My only refuge, therefore, is in silence of sarcasm, but occasionally I forget myself and lose my temper and of course that doesn't help any. I do hope you can help me just a little to become not a "sheik," but just an average young man.

CLIFTON W.

A good way for a young man to find out how he appears to young women is to frankly question his sisters, or a pretty cousin, or a young married woman relative who has been popular with men. They can be depended upon to speak frankly. Your trouble may be that you are not outspoken enough. You must not expect girls to be forward about making friends with you; it is your place to take the initiative. Don't retire into a shell because one girl doesn't "take" to you.

Some Pages from American History

By VICTOR MORGAN

SOME CHANGES IN NEW ENGLAND

While colonial wars were being fought, and while political battles were being waged, the colonies were not standing still.

Slowly and steadily the colonies had been growing. More and more people were coming each year to try their fortunes in a new world.

Not only in numbers were they growing, but also in variety. At first the New England colonies had been purely English. Their religious beliefs had been similar, and perhaps they had hoped to keep the strain pure.

But it broadened them and smoothed their differences to have a greater variety among their people.

Now came many Scots-Irish people. They were thrifty. They were good workers. Moreover, they taught the New Englanders linen making. So they commenced to make their own clothes of this. And they brought over the potato, hitherto not grown in New England. The farmers found that it thrived very well.

They began to be glad that these

people had come to live with them.

At the beginning of the century there were a half million colonists from England on the coast of the water. We must be mind that there were also growing numbers here, else we not understand the victories of the revolution. A handful of men worn out by privation and wars, could scarcely have won a revolutionary war.

New England slowly lost its aloofness. She began to be progressive and to look Massachusetts colony gradually her proud leadership.

And as more and more colonists landed on her shores the New England people began to move toward the inland. They were way into the forests, instead of nesting down on the coast. They look was westward, where were lands and perhaps greater possibilities.

Similar changes were taking place in other colonies. They, too, were growing, in variety as well as in numbers. They, too, were beginning to move a little toward the westward to make room for newcomers.