

"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.

"Sweet" Charlie Hart

Has Delivered the Goods In Klamath

Charles Hart, attorney for the Northern lines, when it came to a showdown, has delivered the goods in handsome fashion. He has not only won a real point for the railroads he represents, but he has also made it possible for the city of Klamath Falls to realize on one of the best deals that has ever been offered it.

This newspaper, tired of the dilatory tactics that have surrounded the park deal, has had some harsh things to say about Hart, but credit must be given when it is earned.

The city park board wanted the money that the railroads offered for the park property. The price offered seemed too good to be true. And the circumstances made it appear that the railroads, both of them, wanted to delay the purchase until they knew just what the interstate commerce commission was to decide.

Most certainly the Northern lines did not want the Southern Pacific to get any exclusive franchise for the use of public streets until it knew what the commission is to decide for or against it.

Hart took the situation in hand. His move was admirable. It forced the hand of the Southern Pacific. Knowing that the temper of the park board and city council was such that the sale of the park property could not be delayed longer, he made the city a flat offer for the park. And in justice to Hart, it may be stated on the best of authority that he was ready to make his offer a week ago, at the time Mayor Goddard delayed the matter.

But what Hart did was to make a \$46,050 bet. He or his railroads did not want the whole of the property. He wanted no more of it than two acres in his original bid at a price of \$15,585.

Had not the Southern Pacific immediately submitted an amended bid the Northern lines would have been sold the entire property, amounting to almost \$63,000.

The park board will realize about \$38,000 out of the deal. It can put the money to a number of good uses in and about Klamath Falls. And for the action that terminated a ridiculous delay of six months Charlie Hart is to be thanked. The move was masterful on his part, and the most creditable that has characterized a momentous railroad development that is to make for the prosperity of Klamath.

The world would be a crowded place, if all people were as big as they think they are.—Dayton Daily News.

It's a strange paradox, but some of our pessimists seem to get more fun out of life.—Little Rock Democrat.

Actions speak louder than words; and sometimes clothing speaks louder than actions.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Pay As You Pass "Out"



LIVING and LOVING
BY FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

Spring Song

"Where the river Shannon flows,
Where the three-leaved shamrock grows,
Where my heart is, there I'm going
To my little Irish rose"—

The day that had begun just as do other days in early March underwent a sudden metamorphosis, took on new radiance.

A catch in breath until that second calmly measured, a quickening of the heart beat, and thrill entirely unexpected and not altogether accounted for, but quickening the joy of living.

And all because a rollicking, raggedy, r-scurrying son of Erin down in the sun flooded street beneath our window with lusty rendering of old familiar song shattered into pieces the quiet of Sabbath morning.

Welcome harbinger of spring! Beyond doubt amazed would have been the modern minstrel who sang in part because he could not help it, but in greater part for the nickels and dimes that rained upon him from the listeners-in could be have fancied himself in such a role. Yet that's exactly what he was in that wilderness of wind-swept streets, his lifted voice bore prophecy of happier things:

Of greensward carpeting yielding soil;

Of errant zephyrs playing hide and seek among the treetops;

Of cowslip and buttercup holding court in the marshes;

Of violets sweet and shy;

Of love melodies from birdland orchestras;

Of swishing of wings—flashes of scarlet and orange and blue across the cat-o-nine-tails;

Of soap-bubbly clouds floating in the azure bowl;

Of white spray flecking bright blue waters;

Of rose tinted dawn; of night, starlit and fragrant with breath

of slumbering flowers;
Or highways streaming motor cars;
Of rocks dotted with gay picnickers;

Of merry-makers laden craft;
Of countless human corks bobbing in the whitecaps;

Of children skipping ropes, and old folks resting on the benches, and lovers walking hand in hand between youth and age.

All these things foretold in the spring song of a ragged roving minstrel.

At a recent divorce trial Max D. Steuer, noted lawyer, called our attention to this in no uncertain terms when he declared in the court room that gin, jazz and petting parties are now in the order; that short skirts and bare legs, paint and powder, once the symbols of the courtesan, are now considered as necessary aids to the beauty of every "perfect lady."

"Woman's rights have grown and their political franchise is only a part of their franchise to other privileges and prerogatives. A woman may visit theatres and restaurants with another man than her husband, even entertain this man alone in her home and merit no criticism since she is merely following the present day mode of life."

The freedom of relations between the sexes being thus admitted, there is little for the world to do but to accept the fact. Liberty need not turn into license. The chances are that it will not when man and woman grow accustomed to the changed standards.

But until all of us have recognized our manner of thinking, our thought clear of doubt as to anything that is unlike that with which we are familiar, we had better hang on to our humor. It will clear many a situation as will nothing else.

Dinner Stories

On the occasion of a most interesting family event, Mr. Peedle, who desired a son, paced the drawing room in extreme agitation, until at last the doctor appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, oh, tell me," he gasped, "what is it—a boy or a girl?"

"Tr-tr-tr—" the physician began stammering.

"Triplets! Merciful providence!"

"Qu-qu-qu—" sputtered the doctor.

Peedle paled some more.

"Quadruplets!" he moaned.

"N-n-no!" the physician snapped.

"Qu-qu-quite the contrary."

"Tr-tr-try to take it qu-quietly. It's a girl."

A well-known political leader in the middle west completed a full course of study in veterinary surgery, but never practiced. He branched out into politics. During a campaign his political enemies referred to him with mingled sarcasm and scorn as "the vet," and one day at a heated debate one of them asked: "Are you really a veterinary surgeon?"

"Why do you ask?" queried the quick-witted politician. "Are you ill?"

The ocean liner was rolling like a chip, but as usual in such instances one passenger was aggressively healthy.

"Sick, eh?" he remarked to a pale green person who was leaning on the rail.

The pale-green person regarded the healthy one with all the scorn he could muster. "Sick nothing," he snorted, "I was just leaning over the side of the boat watching the captain crank it!"

Emanuel Jackson, a mule tender, appeared one morning or crutches.

"Lawsy!" exclaimed a friend. "Ah thought yo' was one o' de bes' mule han'lers in de business."

"So Ah be," affirmed Emanuel proudly, "but we done got a mule in dis mornin' dat didn't know mah reptitation."

"Comes Peace at Last," Wrote Gerald Chapman as Poet

HARTFORD, Conn., April 6.—Comes peace at last!
This line from a poem written by Gerald Chapman, so-called super-bandit who died on the scaffold today, might have been his thought as he died.

Chapman spent much of his time in the deathhouse at the Wethersfield prison writing verse. His familiarity with some of the better books added color to his undeserved reputation as an "intellectual."

One of his sonnets has to do with the fatality of life:

Comes peace at last! The drums have beat disarray,
No armistice of hours, but ever and ever

The slow dispersing legions of decay,
Under the muffled skies, tell all is over.

Returns the husbandman, returns the lover,
To reap the quiet harvest of away;

The bright plumed stars, whose wide fields may not cover,
Though wings beat on forever and a day.

Moves thus the unquenching, the marshaled powers,
Far swifter from the gathering than they came.

Through doubtful wars, for an uncertain fame,
Forgotten now the toll of thundering hours.

What plotting thrones have given their faithful this
The poor reward that was already his?



Another production of his pen, in a different vein, was:

I might have wooed your liking,
With chant of choral rhyme,
Made all of blissful singers,
In new delight of time;

Or faintly stained with passion,
Of roses drooping low,
Though gusts in bloomy gardens
Be all the grief they know.

I might have lured from bowers a modesty of wings,
I might have struck from sorrow

Some praise of darkling wells,
Or range disdain in numbers
Against the muffled bells.

Have made the night as tender
As arms that fold the lost.

Critics are inclined to class Chapman's verse much below that of Francois Villon, another poet who was a murderer and all-around crook.

CITY OF KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

Report of Condition for Quarter Ending March 31, 1926

FUNDS	Balances	Disbursements	Receipts	Balances
General	\$ 16,663.47	\$ 8,235.93	\$ 3,910.08	\$ 12,337.62
Street	6,750.84	4,276.10	120.96	2,444.70
Bond Sinking	54,595.74	52,182.82	533.00	3,408.92
Interest	23,404.53	6,683.79	1,154.84	17,875.58
Fire Department	4,572.43	2,055.16		1,517.27
Incidental	441.69			441.69
Library	348.11	300.00		48.11
Light and Water	5,196.12	2,558.46		1,637.66
Park	2,403.89	8.00		2,395.89
Police Department	64.71	64.71		
Sewer	6,582.57		299.39	6,881.96
Shipping road	97.14			97.14
Tax Fund	2,471.12			2,474.12
Special	*289.55			*289.55
Preliminary	*694.18			*694.18
National City Bank	*14,537.08	13,332.32	16,657.02	*13,212.33
Chemical National Bank	*1,150.00		1,150.00	
11th Improvement Unit	*2,651.85			2,651.85
12th Improvement Unit	*269.49			*269.49
13th Improvement Unit	316.05			316.05
14th Improvement Unit	1,290.64			1,290.64
15th Improvement Unit	*44.53			*44.53
16th Improvement Unit	210.54			210.54
17th Improvement Unit	167.61			167.61
18th Improvement Unit	1,827.10		77.25	1,904.35
19th Improvement Unit	2,193.76			2,193.76
20th Improvement Unit	848.21			848.21
21st Improvement Unit	*1,276.63			*1,276.63
22nd Improvement Unit	*601.90			*601.90
23rd Improvement Unit	*378.53			*378.53
25th Improvement Unit	127.37			127.37
26th Improvement Unit	1,405.13			1,405.13
27th Improvement Unit	338.55			338.55
28th Improvement Unit	2,054.77			2,054.77
29th Improvement Unit	38.95			38.95
30th Improvement Unit	1,385.14			1,385.14
31st Improvement Unit	59.67		118.92	177.59
32nd Improvement Unit	*25.00			*25.00
32nd Unit Deficit	39.50			39.50
Alley thru Block 16	664.45			664.45
Alley thru Block 27	577.71			577.71
City Charity Fund	476.14			476.14
Parks Paving Fund	974.92			974.92
Repaving Sixth Street	495.45			495.45
New Fire Equipment	325.11			325.11
New Fire Alarm	1,131.06	25.89		1,107.26
6th Sewer Fund	17.85			17.85
6th Sewer Deficit	2,493.72	2,126.77	118.54	485.50
35th Unit Preliminary	*1.50			*1.50
35th Unit Bond	491.25			491.25
36th Unit Preliminary	110.50	110.50		
36th Unit Bond	283.79	13,674.44	15,521.40	130.75
36-A Unit Bond	1,434.62	104,115.97	111,275.86	8,594.51
37th Unit Preliminary	46.00	46.00		
37th Unit Bond	328.34	16,870.12	16,655.28	113.50
38th Unit Preliminary	114.50			114.50
38th Unit Bond	2,142.82	21,085.38	19,172.53	229.97
39th Unit Preliminary	6.50	6.50		
39th Unit Bond	391.16	3,199.39	3,559.39	751.16
40th Unit Preliminary	13.00			13.00
40th Unit Bond	818.60	9,574.90	8,805.84	49.54
41st Unit Preliminary	45.00	45.00		
41st Unit Bond	743.54	6,759.09	7,118.72	1,103.17
42nd Unit Preliminary	53.00	53.00		
42nd Unit Bond	8.29	7,092.96	7,915.27	830.60
43rd Unit Preliminary	80.00	80.00		
43rd Unit Bond		4,603.67	4,683.67	80.00
44th Unit Preliminary	60.00	60.00		
44th Unit Bond	241.85	3,017.80	2,927.55	151.60
45th Unit Preliminary	210.00	73.00		137.00
46th Unit Preliminary			250.00	250.00
47th Unit Preliminary			150.00	150.00
Improvement Bond	65,685.36	65,000.00	5,645.96	64,831.32
Interest	*40,018.28	11,183.23	3,805.27	*47,396.24
Tax Revolving	3,745.56		153.89	3,899.36
C. M. Fulghum	1.00	1.00		
8th Sewer Unit Preliminary		25.00	500.00	475.00
Special Sewer Fund	2,000.00			2,000.00
Cemetery Fund	10.00			10.00
City Public Library	50,485.86	1,388.00		49,097.86
Special Election Fund	330.90	330.90		
Totals	\$216,355.50	\$305,702.71	\$230,680.54	\$141,333.33

* Denotes Overdraft.

STATE OF OREGON,
COUNTY OF KLAMATH,
CITY OF KLAMATH FALLS.

I, Lem L. Gaghagen, Police Judge of the City of Klamath Falls, Oregon, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true exhibit of the receipts and disbursements and the condition of each particular fund of the City of Klamath Falls, at the close of business March 31, 1926, as shown by the receipts and paid warrants and the ledger of said accounts and funds. Witness my hand and the seal of the said City of Klamath Falls, Oregon, this 3rd day of April, 1926.

(SEAL)

LEM L. GAGHAGEN, Police Judge.

Apr. 6

TRY NEWS CLASS ADS—GET RESULTS