

"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.

**"An Empire Awakening"**

The Great Klamath Country Has Appeals for All

We were given a ninety-mile automobile trip yesterday through the Langell valley and Horsefly irrigation projects, and have a number of impressions to air.

The first impression is of miles and miles of sloping hills and crested mountains in all their original glory of forest and sage, of far-away crests in snowy blankets, of purplish haze overhanging the distant view, of sturdy junipers, of splendid Oregon pine.

The second impression is of rich fields of virgin loam, loam not heavy enough to ever form gumbo, not light enough to blow away or be easily exhausted, but brownish black—for want of better color names—and sweet looking, with none of that sour looking dankness that makes many midwestern soils so hard to work successfully. Soil that will appreciate the long-awaited draft of water, yet never was truly dry. Soil rich in the chemicals that make for vegetable life, soil that you would like to feel between your fingers, soil even that you would like to tread barefooted, soil of promise such as lighted the eyes of the first weary travelers of the Oregon trail—real soil.

An impression, too, of hopeful industry, of new settlers imbued with faith in the soil, with faith in the system for watering provided by a generous government, in the opportunities for marketing, and in themselves.

Impressions of careful engineering work, of far-sighted planning well executed, of public moneys well spent, of facilities in production just waiting for the hands to turn them to account to make the land yield rich harvests.

An impression of good trunk railway and highway transportation, needing extension and improvement, of course, to keep pace with the growth of the community agriculturally, but eminently superior for a district so new.

Of incomparable opportunity for a start in life for the man of little means. With land ready to take the water at hand, needing scarcely more than a plow, disc and seeder to put in a crop, offered at the ridiculous price in many cases, of twenty dollars an acre—land that five years hence will be worth five times as much.

A total impression of inspiring natural beauty, of bountiful richness scarcely touched, of generous provision of every fundamental facility essential for production and transportation, of opportunity unlimited.

The citizens of Klamath county cannot fail to catch the vision of her coming greatness. They cannot fail to preach the gospel of her future to all who will listen, even to those who will not listen. There can be no question that the great Klamath country is in very truth "An Empire Awakening."

**Jack in the Ballot Box**



**LIVING and LOVING**  
FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

**If We Earned Our Name!**

What's in a name? Very little in our own, if the truth be told. Any other probably would have done just as well and carried us every bit as far as the one we happened to be christened. Why not? Among us "white folks" a name is nothing more nor nothing less than a necessary means of identification—a sort of tag that prevents fate from permanently mislaying us in life's check room. It hasn't a thing in common with what we do or how we do it.

Babe makes his debut into the world of affairs and is ticketed Percival or Hezekiah or plain John, as best suits his ma's and pa's fancy. When Percival turns out to be pug-nosed and pugnacious and altogether unromantic, and Hezekiah deserts the farm and forswears the ministry for a job as chorus man in a musical comedy, and "plain John" grows up not plain at all, but dangerously charming and reckless with his wild-oat sowing, it is too late to do anything at all about the hastily bestowed misnomers.

As a race the red men are not so previous about such important matters.

Literally as well as figuratively, an Indian is known by the name he bears. Good, bad or indifferent, it suits him. He has justly earned it!

Endearing though it may be, what his family and friends first call the little papoose does not much matter. But there comes a day when with all childish things the youngster must put this aside and make a name for himself, a name that for the rest of his days will set him apart from his fellows.

Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton relates an amusing instance of how a certain young brave got his name. A buffalo hunt was staged. The 16-year-old boy was given his chance to prove himself. As he started out with the older,

seasoned hunters, vaingloriously he boasted of his valor and his skill. When he arrived at the scene of action his valor was manifest, but his skill was somewhat strained by the fury of the buffaloes, the heavy dust, the noise like thunder. In the midst of the milling herd the youngster, determined though confused, took aim. Twang! went the bow. An arrow whizzed to its mark, but not the mark. Uninjured, the buffalo aimed at thudded by; another buffalo fell in his stead. And from that day until he passes to the final resting place of his fathers that young brave who shot and missed will be known throughout the breadth of his tribal lands as the "Other Buffalo."

It is one thing to have a name wished on us. It would be quite another to win it. If custom were reversed and we as well as our redskin brother had to make our name and wear it as a symbol of our character and achievement what effect would this have upon us? We wonder!

Suppose good sportsmanship is a quality on which we are 'short.' Ever since we were very young we have made it a practice to get our own way by fair means or foul, bullying the weaker when we could, tricking the stronger when we had to—anything to gain our point. We know the fault that is in us, but we've hidden it from other people more or less successfully. Probably the only ones with whom we haven't 'gotten away with it' are our long suffering co-workers. Suppose, however, that when we were very young we risked being branded some day to the world at large as "the woman who wouldn't play fair?" Would we have clung to, cultivated our secret vice or would we have rooted it out, stamped upon it and in its place planted a trait far more

prideworthy? Fear in our heart! Few of us would choose to be revealed as cowards. Rather than take the chance of showing the "yellow streak" in unexpected trial, while there was yet time we would probably substitute courage. And so on, ad infinitum. We moderns cannot afford to be too scornful of primitive ways and means. Often these, in their very simplicity, afforded quick and sure solutions of certain problems that a higher civilization, crippled by its own complexities, finds eternally baffling.

**Dinner Stories**

William was not a favorite with his rich uncle. In vain did he try to impress him, but the old man was not impressed.

One evening the young man called at his uncle's house ostensibly to ask after the old gentleman's health. In the course of conversation he asked:

"Uncle, don't you think it would be rather foolish for me to marry a girl who was intellectually my inferior?"

"Worse than foolish, Thomas, my lad," was the reply—"worse than foolish—impossible!"

A maid employed by a well-known actress approached her mistress one day and said, "I've lost my instinct, miss!"

"But," said the actress, aghast, "you must be mistaken. You can't have lost your instinct."

"Oh, yes, I have, miss," repeated the girl tearfully, "I can't smell anything at all."

A wife once complained to a clergyman of her husband's unsatisfactory conduct, when he said to her:

"You should heap coals of fire on his head."

To which she replied: "Well I will. But I tried boiling water once, and that did no good."

Calendulas are the marigolds that Shakespeare talked about and loved. Orange ball is a good variety to plant.

**Big Leagues Have Batting Epidemic**

A salvo of heavy hitting burst out in the American league Tuesday, generally cold and blustery weather making things difficult for a dozen or so pitchers. In the National league where two games were postponed because of low temperatures, the batting was light on the part of Pittsburgh and St. Louis, both of whom were defeated again.

The New York Yankees, falling upon Walter Johnson and four other Washington pitchers like the proverbial ton of brick, slammed their way into a tie for first place in the American league. A home run by Babe Ruth, his first of the year, started proceedings in the first inning. Walter Johnson was batted from the mound in the fourth, and the Yanks amassed a total of 22 hits in winning 18 to 5.

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

Score	R.	H.	E.
Cleveland	9	17	1
Chicago	5	7	0

Batteries—Shaute and L. Sewell; Thouton, Thomas and Schalk.

Score	R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	4	7	4
Detroit	5	11	2
Detroit	1	3	0

Batteries—Jonnard, Van Gilder and Schang; Stoner, Dauss and Basler.

Philadelphia at Boston, no game, cold weather.

Score	R.	H.	E.
New York	18	22	0
Washington	5	9	2

Batteries—Shocker, H. Johnson and Collins, Barnes; Johnson, Kelly, Hadley, and Ruel, Morrell, Thomas and Severid.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

Score	R.	H.	E.
Chicago	7	12	2
St. Louis	0	5	2

Batteries—Cooper and Gonzales; Reinhardt and O'Farrell.

Boston at New York, no game, cold weather.

Score	R.	H.	E.
Pittsburgh	2	4	2
Cincinnati	5	9	0

Batteries—Morrison, Sheehan, Adams and Gooch; Lucas and Pielich.

**Portland Jumps to Second Place**

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—(United News)—Two shut outs and the batting outburst of the league leading Los Angeles club featured Tuesday's games in the Pacific Coast league.

The Portland Beavers jumped into second place by virtue of their 4 to 0 victory over Mission, Rachac showing splendid form in allowing but six safeties.

San Francisco dumped Oakland further into the cellar by winning, 2 to 0. The Seals did not waste any base hits and earned their victory with four safe clouts off Krause, the same number the Oaks were garnering off Geary.

The Angels slugged out 14 bingles off three Sacramento pitchers, winning 10 to 3. Jacobs turned in a nice game for the winners, giving only five hits.

There was no game at Hollywood, as Seattle was traveling.

Score	R.	H.	E.
San Francisco	2	4	2
Oakland	0	4	1

Geary and Yelle; Krause and Baker.

Score	R.	H.	E.
Portland	4	9	0
Mission	0	6	2

Rachac and Tobin; Cole, Bryan and Walters.

Score	R.	H.	E.
Los Angeles	10	14	0
Sacramento	3	5	1

Jacobs and Hannah; E. Shea, Kallio, Canfield and Koehler.

Seattle-Hollywood—No game, Seattle traveling.

**SPRINKLING PREMATURE**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., April 20.—(United News)—The street sprinkler went out on its round here with the thermometer at 28 degrees above zero. The spray froze as fast as it fell, converting the streets in the business district into skating rinks.

**TRIES OUT FAITH**

BROOKLYN, April 20.—(United News)—"If you have proper faith nothing can hurt you." So saying Charles W. Kimball, newly converted to Christian Science, is alleged to have poured hot bacon grease on his wife, Mrs. Olive Gray Kimball, she testified in her suit for separation.

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