

Just Plain Duty

Every Citizen Should Go To The Polls

Living in a democracy as we do, the basis of government comes back to the people. Perhaps many of us are dissatisfied individuals, men and women. But as long as the majority rules we should, as good American people with the sporting spirit of democracy, smother the greater part of our dissatisfaction. In other words, all of us should not have to be begged to go to the polls.

Misguided voters, though many of us may be, we have no right to voice dissatisfaction unless we have voted. Even after voting we should abide by the will of the majority. That is the sporting spirit of democracy.

Men and measures enter into the consideration on almost every balloting day. We may be for or against when casting our ballot. But the spirit of "Aw, what is the difference?" is not going to carry democracy very far.

Whether we vote or not does make a difference and a huge one, having to do with the happiness and best welfare of us all. Minorities have their rights, of course, but democracy is safe just as long as we all vote. Otherwise the minorities, always actively exercise their will at the polls and then it is that the greatest numbers of us are dissatisfied.

If you have any faith in yourself, in democracy, in America and her institutions, get out today and vote! Exercise your will as you may on men or measures, but VOTE.

Felix, the Cat

The Feline Image Of Us All

On the mantle shelf is the latest creation of man—Felix, the cat. After his fashion Felix reminds us of Klamath Falls. When he is in his happy moments, Felix can stand on one leg, spread his vertebrae tail into the air, extend his arms and welcome the world.

Felix may wear a smile. Felix may snarl. Felix may have a worried look, crossing his hands behind his back. Felix may crawl on all fours. When Felix is in a nasty mood, the world comes not his way.

Felix may just as well wear his smile and extend the glad hand. There is no use in his advertising his worst moods. His bad manners get him nowhere. Felix may just as well understand that all railroads, industries, men, women, and children are going to live with him and be happy.

Felix might just as well purr against the silk stockings of the woman who wrote 'Laugh and the world laughs with you.' The alternate disgraceful moods of Felix is getting him nowhere. Felix must keep to his happier moods. Felix, the crazy cat that sits on the mantelpiece of everyone of us here in Klamath Falls must shortly chase himself or be chased. That is all a cat knows, to chase or be chased.

What this town needs—we are all of us needing—is Felix when he skips along in his happier moments, when he is skating along on one foot, tail flying, arms extended to the whole gol-darned world. Felix, you are a wonderful cat when you are right.

In the Age of Efficiency



LIVING and LOVING
BY FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

Good Neighbors

We hear a great deal about the cold-hearted indifference of the city dweller and the kindly neighborliness of his country cousin.

But 'tis said that no rule is altogether worth while unless it can boast of an exception or two to prove it.

And it may be that loving one's neighbor as oneself is not more universally in practice along Main street than on the Avenue. Anyhow, this is the little tale sworn to as true that planted in our mind the seed of our story.

In a certain section on adjoining farms lived two men. Drawn together by a force greater than mere environment—some called it generosity and some called it greed—they were professed Samaritans, the one unto the other.

When the season and the sun ripened the wheat in the first man's fields the helpful next door neighbor left his own grain standing in the ear and placed his team and his time at the other's service.

And when the first man's crops were gathered in, he, in his turn, went to the aid of his neighbor.

Outwardly there existed between them friendship of the David and Jonathan sort, but inwardly there fermented within the soul of one of them the germ of jealousy.

Farmer the First was growing rich, slowly but surely decreasing the mortgage on his lands. And Farmer the Second, whose own mortgage never grew less despite his quite as earnest effort to make it, worried and envied and wondered.

Suddenly the small town, which in prohibition days had always been dry, became very, very wet.

Farmer the Second's envy was aroused, his curiosity whetted.

"Sheriff," said he, "I've a claw for you, and five dollars besides, if you can find out who's whooping up the breaking of the Eighteenth Amendment. I'm a law-abiding citizen, I am, and I hate to see the morale of this town breaking up. Sheriff, I shouldn't wonder—Sam, now's a good fellow, but I shouldn't wonder—"

So it happened that very evening Sam entertained a guest unaware, a guest with very bright eyes and a nose that knew the meaning of a sour-sweet-smell, and fingers that already felt the

satisfying smoothness of a fresh five dollar bill. Sam, caught with a cider jug in his arms, ruefully paid a fine.

Then Sam said:

"Sheriff, you and I have lived in this town all our lives, went to school together. And I'd take it kindly if you would tell me who tipped you off to my doings. Sheriff, I'll go further—"

Reflectively Sam gazed at a five dollar bill that apparently he'd just discovered in his pocket. The sheriff, being an honest man but a poor guardian of a secret, to Sam whispered the name of his neighbor.

"Sam, 'twas Bill over yonder," said he. "But you mustn't store it up against him. As a good citizen he only did what he should to uphold the law of his country."

Sam scratched his head:

"Well! Maybe! I don't know!" said he. "Guess you're right, sheriff! I have no call to feel hard against Bill. He and I have been friends too long. He's a good fellow, is Bill, kind-hearted, good-natured, and terrible fond of dogs. Yes, sir; that man just dotes on dogs—has any number of them. By the way, ev' dog must have his license, mustn't he? That's the law, isn't it? I wonder. Come to think about it, I don't believe poor Bill has a license for 'nary a one of his hounds!"

It was the sheriff's busy night. With a twinkle in his eye and a second five dollar bill in his pocket, off he set about the furtherance of his duty. True, he found that dog Bill had in plenty, but, as Sam feared, not a license among them. And as was fitting, in the name of the law upon Bill was levied a tax of thirty pieces of silver.

It is not an unmixt blessing to have one's hours and deeds and thoughts an open book for all who run to read; not altogether a misfortune to come and go and live and breathe and have one's being unnoticed and uncriticized by too friendly neighbors.

A recent patent covers a double walled drinking glass, having a space between the walls to be filled with a heating or cooling substance to maintain an even temperature in its contents.

Dinner Stories

A negro had made several ineffectual efforts to propose to the object of his affections, but on each occasion his courage failed him at the last moment. After thinking the matter over, he finally decided to telephone, which he did.

"Is that you, Samantha?" he inquired, upon being given the proper number.

"Yes, it's me," returned the lady.

"Will you marry me, Samantha, an' marry me quick?"

"Yes, I will," was the reply. "Who's speakin'?"

A fond father who had an unexpected windfall wanted to do something for his son and heir. He went into a hardware store and inquired the price of bathtubs for babies. He was shown several, and finally selected the only one which he thought good enough for his little paragon.

"That," said the salesman, "will cost you \$3.75."

"Gee Wilkins!" exclaimed the man. "Well, if that's so I guess we'll have to go on washing the kid in the coal-scuttle."

The woman hesitated over buying the silver service.

"Of course," she said. "I take your word for it that it's solid silver, but somehow it doesn't look it."

"A great advantage, ma'am," the shopkeeper declared suavely. "That service can be left right out in plain sight, and no burglar will look at it twice."

The Dutchman still retained a strong accent, although he had been in the country 46 years, and was a churchwarden. When the rector complained that a certain parishioner had called him a perfect ass, and asked advice, the reply, though well intentioned, sounded ambiguous:

"All you should do will be yout to bray for him, as usual."

An old colored lady was relating her troubles with a worthless husband to the sympathetic minister.

"Nothin' don't seem to do him no good," she said, with a sigh. "Well, sister," said the minister, "have you ever tried heapin' coals of fire on his head?"

"No, but I've tried pourin' hot water ovah him, and it didn't do no good."

France Ready to Ship Wines When U. S. Alters Law

PARIS, May 20.—(United News)—If the present anti-Volstead campaign in the United States should prove successful, France, with ten million bottles of champagne and wine in the cellars of Bordeaux and Rheims, stands ready to begin immediate shipments.

France is convinced that the day is not far distant when America will lift the bars against wines, and an extensive campaign has been mapped out to alleviate the great American thirst. Five minutes after repeal of the prohibition law France could start loading 20 vessels with the wines she has stored away for America.

Champagne Flat
The wine growers of the Champagne country were hardest hit when America went dry, and they hope that some day they may reap. Champagne, while distinctly a French product—so much so that real champagne must be produced within an area 25 miles square—is equally an American drink.

America always absorbed the greater part of the French champagnes before the war, and what America did not was sent to London or Berlin.

"Gout Americaine."—American taste—was catered to in special vintages, sweeter than the wine generally consumed by Europeans. The tourists from overseas these days drink only a small part of the "gout Americaine," and the rest is stored away for the time America lets down certain bars and opens up others. If the Volstead act should be modified America will have benefited by waiting, for the wine stored away has aged perfectly, and there are now such remarkable specimens as the 1919 vintage, which has no equal in the past half century.

SEVEN STATES ARE COMBED FOR CLARK

BUTTE, Mont., May 20.—(United News)—Judge J. J. Lynch, in local district court Thursday granted a motion by Attorney Sydney Sander to permit the taking of depositions in seven different states in behalf of the recognized heirs of the late Senator William A. Clark, whose will is being contested by three Missouri women.

Commissioners to take the depositions will be named June 1.

Attorney Sander will present a list of possibilities. Attorney John A. Shelton is representing the Missouri women. Should the opposition factions fail to agree on nominations the court will appoint the commissioners.

KILLING MOTHER

(Continued from page 1)

It was Randolph who seemed unaffected by the thought of approaching death. Jukich, who now must take the death march alone, across the prison yard to the little cell, the one room structure in which he will die, has been highly excited all week, chattering shrilly to countrymen who visited him and tossing about on his bunk at night, unable to sleep.

Foreigner Dies

It was Jukich also, who was interested in the pardon board's meeting. He expected mercy, although there was hope to put in appeal for him. In broken English Jukich asked Captain Joe Miller of the prison guard Thursday to see to it that he was assigned a more comfortable cell "after they say I don't have to die."

On the contrary, Randolph, who killed his mother in Reno last year, while intoxicated, showed little concern over his scheduled execution. He appeared pleased when told he would not die Friday, but maintained a sullen demeanor as if unwilling to show his true emotions.



O HYES! I can wear smaller, daintier shoes since I use Tiz. It is because my feet are never swollen or tender any more.
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BREAD AND SPUD RANK POISON TO OVER FED WORLD

Hearty Eating Killing Myriads is View of Physician

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 20.—(United News)—American people eat until it hurts both their stomachs and digestive tracts instead of selecting choice foods that are fuel for producing sound minds and physically fit bodies.

Not only this, but America and the world base their meals on bread and potatoes. Dr. T. Ashbridge Cameron, English dietitian and health authority said in an address here at the American health congress. He added that he "could cure every ill by prohibiting these two articles from the family table."

"They cause the spongy pulp that obstructs elimination and makes us sluggish, disagreeable, and cuts our resistance from infection and what limits our production."

Wheat Juice

Dr. Cameron would have us drink the juice of cooked whole wheat every morning, and then eat the wheat for breakfast, he told the special group of dietitians meeting Thursday with the American physicians congress here.

"This world was suffering from one common cause—over-eating," he told them, and was doing penance by suffering from stomach disorders, heart disease, rheumatism and other diseases reducing the span of life.
"I have found in my travels and researches," he said, "that 95 per cent of the people of the world are gluttons when a prescribed meal time of our universe comes around. None of them has ever known starvation, except by reading of it in a book. American people particularly, gorge themselves until their stomachs are stretched out of proportion. You Americans eat until it hurts, instead of eating just enough of the right kind of food to keep the mind and body fit."

Bread Bad

"You seem to think that a meal is incomplete unless there is a loaf of bread and a quarter peck of potatoes included in it. Just two of the worst things you could eat. You take carrots and cook all of the iron out of them, instead of eating them raw."

Dr. Cameron would have the world eat the wheat after drinking the juice, for breakfast, two oranges and a glass of milk for lunch; a medium steak, or fish and a head of lettuce for dinner, with a beverage of a cup of half milk and half water.

Nothing should be eaten between meals or before going to bed, he said, because these things overwork the system and increase the blood pressure, which eventually may bring an acute heart condition.

BOYLES TURNED

DOWN FOR JOB

WASHINGTON, May 20.—(United News)—After a bitter fight led by senators from Alabama, the senate has rejected the nomination of Aubrey Boyles to the United States attorney for the southern district of Alabama. The vote was 52 to 22.

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Leaving Time—Medford, 8, 10.35 a. m., 1.30 p. m.; Klamath Falls, 7:45 a. m., 1:00 and 2:45 p. m. We use heated Cadillac busses.