

"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.

Youth Fares Forth
 And May They Fare Well

It is now only a matter of a few days until the usual army of boys and girls, eyes but recently freed from the strain of examinations and hands clutching diplomas or degrees, will "stand on the threshold of life," as the baccalaureate speakers are so fond of saying.

The older folks are inclined to sit back in their comfortable chairs and smile at the youngsters as the latter confidently step forth to meet the new problems so suddenly thrust upon them. "Poor fledgelings," one can hear them say, "here they are again, thinking they can reform the world—and the world will not be reformed."

But the older folks' smiles and criticisms contain more of envy than of pity. How often have they wished they had more of the idealism, nay, dauntless courage, of youth. But they have lost it through the companionship of those wary elders, Age and Experience; and their precious little ambitions have been obscured amid the growing responsibilities of taking care of the sick, educating the children and performing the other duties of maturity.

What a pity the youngsters cannot profit by the experience of the older folks and thereby avoid countless pitfalls which drag down so many promising youths. And an equal pity that the oldsters cannot retain their former enthusiasm. Probably the world would see fewer failures then, fewer misfits. But the law of life demands otherwise. After all, each age has its compensations: Age its past, and youth its future. And when all is said the present crop of youngsters will produce tomorrow's great men as well as its failures. May the latter be scarce.

The biggest automobile in the world, which is expected to buzz more than 200 miles an hour, is under construction. It will have one thousand horsepower. It is for racing, not for joy riding.

It is predicted that haircuts soon will be 75 cents, and the trouble is you can't lay in a supply before the price goes up.—Bristol Herald Courier.

You can't blame Egypt much. Her neck shows where many another outsider gave her something.

A few years ago it was hard to get one broadcasting station; now you get a dozen at a time.

Middle age has you at last if you had rather forego a thrill than take something for it afterward.

There is a destiny that shapes our ends. Chance shapes our fenders.

The proper study of man is the way he acts when you ask him for a match.

Sittin' On Top of the World



LIVING and LOVING
 BY FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

Mother

"Please, Judge, I ain't never had no mother!"

A room in court! The prisoner before the bar—a lad in years but old in knowledge of the world! The magistrate, a typical stern and staunch upholder of the law! The charge, petty theft.

To one familiar with the courts there was nothing unusual either in setting or in scene. The prisoner's appeal—that alone was out of the ordinary. Its simple pathos struck through the magisterial armor, where a more studied plea for clemency must have failed.

Mental pictures are painted in a surprisingly short space of time. A lifetime's panorama oft passes in a moment. And we rather believe that imagination displayed two sides of a canvas to His Honor.

The first and pleasant picture was that of his own carefree boyhood, a boyhood as protected as only parental love can protect from misery and vice.

The other picture, a little lad "knocking around on his own," when he should have been safe in home's harbor; a little lad the helpless target for rebuffs, even cruelty, from a world that is none too kind to its unfortunates; a little lad aching with wistful longing for that unrealized but dreamed-of blitheness of boyhood—the tender shelter of a mother's arms.

There was silence in the court room as His Honor rose.

"Placed on parole!" came the sentence. Justice that morning was tempered with understanding. Mercy was meted out when it was deserved. To the lad was given another chance for self-reclamation because the wise eyes of that Humane High Servant of the Law saw not the young man only as he was, but as he might have been; visioned for a fleeting second the Mother that lad had never known.

Recently some one, in speaking of a proposed memorial to motherhood, declared: "Motherhood needs no monument. A mother immortalizes herself through her children."

True, she does! How often mother sacrifices her ambitions, her desires to the welfare, even the mere wishes, of her children. And how often that which has been greatest in her is brought to its greatest development in the flesh of her flesh.

And how about the man who never knew a mother? Are his opportunities for attainment limited?

Not necessarily! Many a man lacking family ties has climbed to the topmost rungs of fortune's ladder.

But sometimes! Mother, the right sort of mother, has agelessly aided and abetted man to success, has been the bulwark for his happiness. Man has never been the better off without her.

There is nothing of the fair weather friend about Mother. Perhaps she is most wonderful when suffering overtakes her children.

The mother who watches the toddler's fall agonizes over, prays for, tenderly loves that child, man-grown, who has fallen. No sorrow too trifling, no tragedy too terrible but finds Mother standing by.

PRUNE SOUFFLE PUDDING

Soak and stew a pound of medium-sized prunes. When cooked, remove the stones and chop very fine enough of the prunes to make a cupful and a half of pulp. Sprinkle lightly with a tablespoon of powdered sugar. Beat the whites of four eggs very stiff, fold them into the prune pulp, turn into a very lightly buttered, shallow pudding dish and bake long enough to puff and lightly brown the pudding. Serve with flavored whipped cream, a hard sauce or a good pudding sauce.

If you know of any game violations, call phone 584. All information will be strictly confidential.

Dinner Stories

The young man had been suspected of cheating at cards, and members of the club to which he belonged executed swift justice by heaving him out of the window.

The victim of their wrath pulled himself together, dusted his clothes, and re-entered the club. He sought out the secretary and complained of the treatment he had received.

"They threw me out of the second-story window and nearly killed me," he said aggrievedly.

"What ought I to do about it?"

"Well," said the secretary, "I would suggest that you join another club where the card room is on the ground floor."

Return to Klamath—Mrs. Stella Mang and Mrs. L. L. Jacobs returned to Klamath Falls Saturday evening after spending the past week-end at Diamond Lake.

Anything you wish to sell? Or to buy? Tell all Klamath Falls about it in the economical, efficient way—through a little News Classified Ad.

Calls Charleston A "Vulgar" Dance



Denouncing the Charleston as "vulgar and a purely acrobatic performance," Mrs. Wilfred Ashley, wife of the English Minister of Transport, and one of London's leading hostesses, is heartily in favor of the ban which has been placed on the dance by hotels and dance halls there.

Camp Grounds Can Be Secured by All States

WASHINGTON, June 5.—(United Press)—Representative Sinoit has secured passage through the house of the bill authorizing states, counties and municipalities to acquire small tracts of public lands for camp sites and recreational purposes, with the senate amendment providing that it be done through authorized channels.

This sends the measure to the president for approval.

Wisemen People In Want of Food Reports Aviator

FAIRBANKS, Alaska, June 5.—(United Press)—The people of Wiseman in the Koyukuk district are without food and their lives are in possible peril, A. A. Bennett, Fairbanks aviator, reported tonight.

Bennett took off for Wiseman with a load of supplies, on the morning of June 3. Forty miles from his objective he was forced down by engine trouble. Walking to Wiseman he wired for a relief plane which returned him to Fairbanks tonight.

Until the steamship General Jacobs, of the Alaska railroad, can make its way through the ice floes Wiseman will be without any food except that which can be freighted in over air route. The General Jacobs is not scheduled to reach the town for two weeks or more.

Train Hits Auto and Four Killed; Bodies Mangled

CLEVELAND, June 5.—(United Press)—Four persons, two men and two women were instantly killed here tonight when the automobile in which they were riding was struck by a Pennsylvania train.

The automobile was carried more than a quarter mile on the pilot of the locomotive. The bodies of all the victims were mangled.

HARMONY PREVAILS G. O. P. GATHERING

SPOKANE, June 5.—(United Press)—Harmony gripped the republican county convention here today as Walter Hubbell, temporary chairman, sounded the keynote for "peace within the republican party," before an audience of delegates from all parts of the county.

Injection of factionalism into the convention was threatened just prior to adjournment when A. L. Strong, a delegate from Advance precinct, offered a resolution "heartily commending our governor for his courageous effort to reduce the cost of state government and to obtain full value for state land and timber."

His attempt was futile as Charles Hebbard, former republican state chairman, pleaded for harmony and the delegates heeded him.

The convention adjourned without instructing its 96 delegates to the state convention at Longview and without adopting any resolutions in support of either the national, state or county republican administrations.

Masons Attention

Special Communications
 Monday, June 7, at 7:30 p. m.
 Work in M. M. Degree

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Klamath News

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Fares Klamath Falls to:

Ashland	\$ 4.75
Redding	8.50
Sacramento	13.70
San Francisco	17.00
Los Angeles	26.75
San Diego	30.05
San Jose	16.85
El Centro	34.85

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.

WOOD
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