

KLAMATH FALLS REPUBLICAN

Issued Each Week

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

Light-weight men always think they are heavy-weight thinkers.

One way to acquire new friends quickly is to inherit a million dollars.

A man may want to be able to work, but that is no sign that he wants to work.

Nothing is so disgusting to a politician as the talk of his opponent's money.

The czar wants a navy built on an entirely new system. How would one construct of cork suit him?

Is it because adult baseball players make a business of playing a game that they act so much like boys?

Truth doesn't mind being crushed to earth, but this business of being used for a punching bag is what jars.

Witte's retirement will be felt. He was one of the few Russians who had a name that anybody could pronounce.

The gawkier of Baroda is said to have an income of \$7,500,000 a year, and he is not a capitalist of industry, either.

In Russia the ruler's troubles are likely to be mostly with the lower house. Things are different in this country.

The girl who marries a fellow to reform him seems to lose sight of the fact that there are lots who don't need reforming.

Why all this excitement over the little matter of veracity at Washington? Even the psalmist in his haste said all men were liars.

Reform our spelling. Cut out the silent letters. Then cut out the ones that make a noise. After that we can have some peace.

Maxim Gorky's real name is Alexei Maximovitch Pleschhoff, and after a second look at it, very few people will blame him for trying to forget it.

The czar says he has unlimited confidence in the Russian people. Everything would be lovely if the Russian people would return the compliment.

New Jersey is spending a lot of money to destroy the mosquitoes. The mosquitoes made the mistake of not having themselves incorporated under the New Jersey laws.

John D. Rockefeller says his father is dead. Frank Rockefeller says his father is being well cared for. It is a wise Rockefeller who knows the whereabouts of his own father.

A New York gambler who died the other day left \$1,000 for the care of one of his old enemies who had lost his luck. Let the independent old refiners hope on. They may be taken care of in good time.

A scientist at Prague has found out how to read by the light emanating from a sausage. Now let some hard write a great poem on this achievement, and there will be something new under the sun. Poetry, science and sausage would make a winning combination.

It is not to be wondered at that the Chinese in San Francisco are in a panic over the destruction in the fire of more than 25,000 certificates of legal residence. This is not only bad for those who have lost such certificates but it will be productive of endless problems for the emigration officials to solve. It is expected that every Chinaman will claim on arrest that his certificate was destroyed and the difficulties which such a chaotic condition must lead to upon both sides are obvious. Our Chinese problem is growing intricate and threatening.

It is doubtful if the average annual income of lawyers, including all members of the profession—good, bad and indifferent—exceeds \$2,000. While a few are able to command large fees and pile up comfortable fortunes, the majority are far less fortunate. And the lower strata of the profession contain an immense number who live from hand to mouth and many of whom are unscrupulous of any sort of a living in that profession, although they might be worthy of respect if engaged in an occupation for which they were fitted by nature and attainments. In all professions "there is always room on top," and by the same token there is always a crowd at or near the bottom.

"In all criminal prosecution the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed." That is a provision made in the "bill of rights" in the sixth of the ten amendments submitted by the first Congress. There never has been and probably never will be a demand for a repeal of that section of the fundamental law. But just so long as an accused person must be tried in the judicial district in which the crime with which he is charged occurred and tried by a jury of the vicinage it will be impossible to convict lynchers in communities that sympathize with their acts or are afraid to provoke their animosity.

The close of the four-year term of the first president of Cuba, which has been unmarred by a single disturbing incident and is crowned with the inauguration of President Palma for a second term, recalls the inglorious predictions made when that essay in self-government was begun. Instead of proving themselves unfit for autonomy, the Cubans have shown an example of stability that puts to shame many older nations. This happy condition in the island whose freedom was won by America is as gratifying to us as to

the Cubans themselves. We find in it, besides the reward coming from a consciousness of having faithfully kept what the official world considered to be a quixotic promise, the evidence that it has been successful beyond our most hopeful anticipations.

A Philadelphia boy arraigned before a magistrate for stealing from a store drew himself up in a theatrical pose and assailed the astounded magistrate with: "I hurl me defiance in yer teeth! I ain't afraid!" Dime novels and yellow newspapers have made a fool of him and he thinks himself a hero for defying the law when he is only a dirty little ruffian. It was suggested that the fit penalty for him would be to make him an object of ridicule by a public spanking administered by a woman, since to imprison him would only puff him up still more with "heroism." Probably it is too late for spanking. That should have been done years ago by his mother. Somebody neglected it then and his mock heroics are one consequence, with a sadder one looming dark in his future.

Many years before the recent Unitarian conference assembled the doctrine was advanced that it is wrong to save money. It is the old decision that is to be made between laying up treasures on earth, where moth and rust corrupt and thieves break through and steal, and laying up treasures in heaven. There may be no heaven in modern theory, the joys formerly ascribed to that city of golden streets and eternal bliss coming in service to one's fellow men, but even with that modification of conditions granted, there will hardly be general acceptance of the theory once again announced that frugality and economy are dangerous tendencies in life. "The men and women who spend," one speaker declared, "are not dangerous; they are helpful; they keep the money perpetually reverting to the people in some form." "It would be far better that both rich and poor should be prodigal of their means and so keep money in circulation than for the rich and the poor to be frugal and saving," were the words of another.

The mania for saving which makes the individual miserly and hard is one thing, a misdirection of purpose which has never failed to meet condemnation. The desire for saving which puts millions into savings banks, opens the door to opportunity, makes capitalization of industry possible, gives employment to thousands in special pursuits, encourages endowments for religion, art, education, science, has been commended in every age. Such statements as those which have been quoted are one-sided and consequently of comparatively little importance. The drunkard, the gambler, the rake, spend their money freely. They keep it in circulation, but the experience of the past, which is always the safest guide, does not show that such a habit has been of benefit to humanity. The training to save has meant sobriety, industry, home ownership, integrity, respectability, good citizenship. It has made the prosperity of the nation. It is a blessing. The occasional examples of those who, having risen from the ranks and having been possessed with the miser's greed, have been overbearing and harsh toward their less prudent former companions cannot be used as arguments against the desirability of encouraging the spirit of thrift. There may be positive evils connected with the desire to save, but the resultant advantages are so much more important that no one who thinks deeply would ever advocate the theory that the savings habit is one dangerous to society on principle. The facts are all bearing testimony to the opposite conclusion.

Germany is able to feed about nine-tenths of her nearly sixty million inhabitants on the products of her own soil.

One test for distinguishing diamonds from glass and paste is to touch them with the tongue. The diamond feels much the colder.

Probably the simplest court livery in the world is that worn in the royal palace of Korea. The Emperor's servants are all dressed in garments and headgear of red calico.

A medical man declares that flute playing is highly beneficial to the lungs, and may prevent consumption. The strain on the lungs in flute playing is gentle, yet sufficient to force air into every cell without over-pressure.

When Queen Victoria made her triumphal progress through London on Jubilee Day, eighteen years ago, she was presented with a bouquet seven feet high, composed of fifty thousand rare orchids, for which a sum of \$1,200 pounds would not have been considered excessive, but to crown floral extravagance, among the enormous sums spent on the Duke of Marlborough's wedding to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt was one of \$25,000 for flowers alone.

Microscopists sell copies of the Lord's prayer written in a circle only the five hundredth part of an inch in diameter. To read the prayer it is necessary to use a lens magnifying five hundred times. Writing so incredibly small is accomplished by means of levers six feet long. These levers are so adjusted that the motion is gradually lessened as it travels along them, till when it reaches the delicate end, armed with a minute diamond pen that rests on a glass surface, it causes the pen to register on the glass, writing so small as to be invisible.

At the Ball.
He—May I have the next dance, Miss Bute?
She—I'm engaged, Mr. Gray.
He—Oh, what's the odds? Why, I'm married.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is surprising how many inviting country roads for driving over a man sees when he is on a railroad train and can't get near them.

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXI.

Rufus Dawes had been a fortnight at the settlement when a newcomer appeared on the chain gang. This was a young man of about twenty years of age, thin, fair and delicate. His name was Kirkland, and he belonged to what were known as the "educated" prisoners. He had been a clerk in a banking house, and was transported for embezzlement, though, by some, grave doubts as to his guilt were entertained. The commandant, Captain Burgess, had employed him as a burglar in his own house, and his fate was considered a "streaky" one. So, doubtless, it was, and might have been, had not an untoward accident occurred. Captain Burgess, who was a bachelor of the "old school," confessed an amiable weakness for swearing. Kirkland belonged to a Methodist family, and owned a plectrum which he used in his separate cell. The language of Burgess made him shudder, and one day he so far forgot himself and his place as to raise his hands to his ears. "I'll soon cure you of that," cried Burgess, and forthwith ordered him to the chain gang for "insubordination."

He was received with suspicion by the gang, who did not like white-handed prisoners. Troke, by way of experiment in human nature, perhaps, placed him next to Gabbett. When the muster bell rang, and the gang broke up, Rufus Dawes, on his silent way to his separate cell, observed a notable change of custom in the disposition of the new convict. Instead of placing him in a cell by himself, Troke was turning him into the yard with the others.

"I'm not to go in there," says the ex-bank clerk, drawing back in dismay from the cloud of foul faces which lowered upon him.

"But you are, then," says Troke. "The governor says a night in there'll take the starch out of yer. Come, in yer go."

"Let him out, watchman!" said North, who happened by.

"Can't, sir, without an order from the commandant."

"Very sorry, your reverence; but your reverence knows that I daren't do such a thing."

North rushed away to the commandant, and the instant his back was turned, Kirkland, drawing back in dismay from the door and darted into the dormitory.

"Take that!" he cried, dealing Kirkland a blow on the head with his keys, that stretched him senseless. "There's more trouble with you aristocrats than enough. Lie quiet!"

The commandant roused from his slumber, told Mr. North that Kirkland might stop where he was, and that he'd thank the chaplain not to wake him up because a prisoner set up a howling.

North returned to the prison disconsolately, found the dutiful Hailes at his post, and all quiet. "What's become of Kirkland?" he asked.

Burgess—jealous, perhaps, of favorably impressing the chaplain whom the bishop delighted to honor—was urbane enough. "You'll find us rough, Mr. Meekin," he said, "but you'll find us fair and delicate. His name was Kirkland, and he belonged to what were known as the 'educated' prisoners. He had been a clerk in a banking house, and was transported for embezzlement, though, by some, grave doubts as to his guilt were entertained. The commandant, Captain Burgess, had employed him as a burglar in his own house, and his fate was considered a 'streaky' one. So, doubtless, it was, and might have been, had not an untoward accident occurred. Captain Burgess, who was a bachelor of the 'old school,' confessed an amiable weakness for swearing. Kirkland belonged to a Methodist family, and owned a plectrum which he used in his separate cell. The language of Burgess made him shudder, and one day he so far forgot himself and his place as to raise his hands to his ears. 'I'll soon cure you of that,' cried Burgess, and forthwith ordered him to the chain gang for 'insubordination.'"

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eagerly drank. Then, ashamed of what he had done, he thrust the bottle back, and made for his room. He wept, he prayed, he fought with his desires as with a madman. He told himself that another's life depended on his exertions; that to give way to his fatal passion was unworthy of an educated man and a reasoning being. In vain. In the midst of his arguments he found himself at the cupboard, with the bottle at his lips, in an attitude that was at once ludicrous and horrible.

His disease was a terrible one. The Rev. James North—gentleman, scholar and Christian priest—was what the world calls "a confirmed drunkard."

The morning sun, bright and fierce, looked down upon a curious sight. In a stonied yard was a little group of persons—Troke, Burgess, Macklewin, Kirkland and Rufus Dawes.

Three wooden staves, seven feet high, were fastened together in the form of a triangle. The man, who looked not unlike that made by grapes to hold their lilies. To this structure Kirkland was bound. His feet were fastened with thongs to the base of the triangle; his wrists, bound above his head, at the apex. His body was then extended to the fullest length, and his white back shone in the sunlight. During his tying-up he had said nothing.

"Now, prisoner," said Troke to Dawes, "do your duty."

Rufus Dawes looked from the three staves to Kirkland's white back, and his face grew purple. In all his experience he had never seen a man asked to flog before. He had been flogged often enough. He kicked up the heavy cat, and drew its knotted lashes between his fingers.

"Go on, Dawes," whispered Kirkland, without turning his head. "You are no more than a man, and a white back shone in the sunlight. During his tying-up he had said nothing.

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LABEL LAW OF AUSTRALIA.

Inhabitants Who Have Little Pride of Ancestry Are Protected.

The libel law of Australia is the queerest in the world. He who is sued for libel there must not only prove that the accusations he published were true, but also that to publish them was for the public benefit. Elsewhere the truth of the accusation alone needs to be proved.

An Australian sheep raiser explained this queer libel law at a wool sale. "Australia was practically colonized by convicts," he said. "There is no use denying this. The colonizers of Australia were convicts in the main. 'The descendants of these convicts are now Australia's leading families, the richest, the most influential, the most intelligent, the most respected. And yet these excellent people were in the past at the mercy of every editor. Let them get into the smallest squabble or dispute with some editor and the man would bring them into general ridicule and contempt by printing their ancestry, by showing that Sir John Smith's great-grandfather had been sent out for robbing an old woman of \$7, or that Judge Brown's great-uncle, while employed as a servant girl, had tried to poison her master's son, with whom she was in love."

"It is undeniably true that the best Australians have convict blood in their veins. The newspapers that they quarrel with used to taunt them with their convict blood. Hence the present queer libel law, which protects them, for of course it can never be for the public good to publish that the grand-uncle of Dr. Blank was a convict."

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

Of all the annoyances of the housekeeper, there are few, if any, more troublesome than the common house-fly. So prolifically does he breed and so quickly mature that he would be a nuisance if no more serious charges lay against him. But more serious charges do lie. Like the mosquito, he spreads disease, especially typhoid fever, and other intestinal disorders.

In the temperate zone the Musca domestica, or common house-fly, matures from the egg in from ten to fourteen days. As the female lays about 120 eggs, and as from twelve to fourteen generations develop in a single season, to penetrate every room of every house, the danger from this insignificant pest is no small matter.

The favorite breeding place of the house-fly is stable manure, particularly the manure from horses; but open houses, such as are common in the country, are also favorite places for depositing the eggs. It is here that the most serious danger arises, for flies which have alighted upon the excreta from typhoid fever or cholera patients may afterward convey the disease germs to food.

From knowing the source of a danger, the next step is to prevent the evil. In the case of flies, certain simple measures ought everywhere to be taken, not merely to avoid a personal annoyance, but for the protection of life itself.

First, every door and every window should be carefully screened, and sticky fly-paper should be generously distributed.

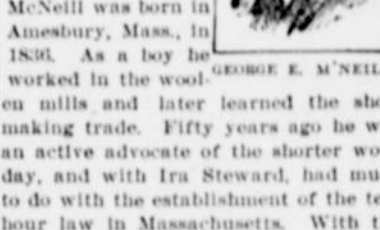
THE REPUBLICAN

Dr. Hunter Corbett, of Chefoo, China, who was elected moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Des Moines, is one of the greatest preachers and strongest missionaries in China. He was born in Leatherwood, Pa., in 1835, and settled as a missionary in Chefoo in 1863. His constantly growing influence in gospel successes in Hunter Corbethtas spread throughout the whole of the great province of Shantung. He is the most indefatigable traveler and the greatest evangelist preacher among the Presbyterian missionaries in the Middle Kingdom. The prominent feature of his long career is his great faith in the usefulness of native preachers, of whom there are now between forty and fifty attached to the Chefoo station. When Dr. Bratt persuaded his Wichita church that it should have a foreign pastor, the board assigned Dr. Corbett to the church's support, and the appeal which the personality of the man made to the Wichita people helped greatly in increasing the gifts of the congregation, which now maintains not only Dr. Corbett but many of his native helpers. Though now well past the age of 70, the stalwart missionary speaks, as he works, with a young man's intensity.



George E. McNeill, who died in Boston after undergoing an operation, was widely known as a lecturer and writer on economic subjects. He was popularly known as the "father of the eight-hour work day movement" from the part he took in advocating the eight-hour work day. Mr. McNeill was born in Amesbury, Mass., in 1836. As a boy he worked in the wool mills and later learned the shoe-making trade. Fifty years ago he was an active advocate of the shorter work day, and with Ira Steward, had much to do with the establishment of the ten-hour law in Massachusetts. With the support and co-operation of Wendell Phillips and Governor Claflin he was instrumental in founding the Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics, the first board of its kind to be created in this country. In 1883 he joined the Knights of Labor, but later severed his connection with that organization because he did not approve of its policy of mixed assemblies. In 1890 he was elected federal delegate from the American Federation of Labor to the British Trades Union Congress.

Friyri Comellor Goremynkin, who succeeds Count Witte as Russian premier, for some years has taken a conspicuous part in Russian political affairs. He was minister of the interior from 1905 until 1909, and a year ago was made head of a commission to counteract the agrarian movement in the Caucasus. In a general way he is considered to be a reactionary and incompetent to deal with the present crisis, but his administration has not been marked with any undue harshness. Count Witte has won a name in history for his negotiation last year of the peace treaty with Japan at Portsmouth, N. H. He is 57 years old, and has had official connection with the Russian government since 1877. He has been at the head of the railway and finance departments, and from August, 1903, until the establishment of a "responsible ministry," was president of the committee of ministers. He was born in 1849, of German origin.



M. Lepine, prefect of the Paris police, and on whom fell the biggest portion of the burden of maintaining order during the recent disturbance has been in the police service of the French republic since 1888 and has been prefect since 1891. His fitness for the office, with its multitudinous duties, is shown by his reappointment to the office by the various presidents elected since he first became prefect. He has 15,000 men under him, reinforced by foot and mounted troops of the republican guard.



A monument is being designed in Richmond, Va., to be dedicated to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe.

Carolan Duran, the famous portrait painter, is about to paint a portrait of Pope Pius X, taking his inspiration from Titian's portrait of Pope Paul III.

A London paper is responsible for the statement that Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, when they visit London in June, will make a stay at Buckingham palace as the guests of King Edward.

Theodore A. Cook, brother of Dr. Frederick A. Cook of Brooklyn, is building three motor cars at his home in Callison, N. Y., for the use of the south pole expedition, which is to start in 1907.

Didn't Feel Sure of Himself. The Flirt—Congratulations me. The Bachelor—Really? "Yes, I'm going to be married." "Are you glad?" "Yes, really! You know I was always a little afraid of you?"—Yonkers Statesman.