

PLAVNA LAMAS.

Those visiting the Falls from this neighborhood Saturday were: Geo. Byers, G. F. Sevits, C. B. Faulkner, J. M. Barnes, Mr. Karicow and son, Alexander, Roy Brown, Messrs. Carl, Foster, Brown, E. Thompson and son, Guy.

A. Breatner drilled in Mr. Barnes' alfalfa last week.

Lois and Blanche Thompson visited Round Lake school Thursday.

Mr. McCormick of Keno passed here Monday on his return home from the Falls.

J. H. Barnes is plowing with his four-horse outfit this week.

Chas. Sevita is working for Geo. Byers this week.

G. F. Sevits, his two sons, Charles and Clifford, and G. G. Kerns went fishing below Keno last Sunday and were very successful.

H. H. Van Valkenburg is still hauling hay.

G. W. Heavilla drove his cattle to this district Sunday.

Everyone has turned his cattle on the range. The grass is growing fine now.

Mrs. G. G. Kerns called on Mrs. G. F. Sevits Wednesday afternoon.

G. F. Sevits was preparing to sow alfalfa Tuesday and Wednesday.

G. G. Kerns made a trip to Keno Wednesday.

John Faulkner purchased hay of G. Byers last week.

Chas. Baggoose passed through Pierra on his regular rounds last Thursday.

Last Thursday G. F. Sevits and sons, Clifford and Emery, made a visit to G. W. Heavilla's.

Charley and Clifford Sevits visited Guy and Leo Thompson at Long Lake Sunday.

Joe Foster visited Long Lake last Monday.

Celestia Leam of Klamath Falls visited Maud Carl of Long Lake Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Meredith visited Gertrude Thompson Tuesday.

Roy Brown, Maud Carl and Celestia Leam went rowing on Long Lake Sunday, and when slipping from the boat on their return, Miss Leam missed her footing and fell into the water. She escaped with no damage except a ducking.

Mr. Griffith has just finished putting in his crops.

The roads are still bad in the timber. While Mr. Evans' teamster was

hauling a load of wood from Long Lake Friday, his wagon mired down and is still in the mud, although he had on only one tier of wood.

Leo and Guy Thompson hauled a load of hay from Mr. Foster's ranch Monday.

Mr. Griffith hauled a load of lumber to his place Monday.

Leo and Guy Thompson and Dudley Carl are trapping for wildcats now-a-days.

Tom Moore has his new residence ready for occupancy.

Mr. McCormack visited the Falls Monday.

Mr. Carl intends purchasing a team of horses of F. McCormack of the upper lake.

Wm. Brown of Round Lake expects to go to the "Bend" on the Deschutes river to spend next winter.

Mr. Evans has a man hauling posts from his timber claim to Klamath Falls.

Joe Foster contemplates putting up one hundred cords of wood for E. Thompson and Ernest Boyd.

Roy Brown and E. Thompson traded wagons Saturday.

A. Breatner is seeding his ranch to wheat and alfalfa.

Mr. Whitcombe will soon have his sawmill on Round Lake in operation.

Joe Foster, who has been visiting his father on Round Lake, will return to his homestead near Merrill to finish putting in his crop.

Mr. Griffith's nephew from Odessa is visiting with him at Long Lake.

Ernest Bennett moved a stove from Long Lake to Tom Moore's residence Wednesday.

Mr. Foster went to the Falls Wednesday to get seed wheat.

Mr. Stepper is making posts for Mr. Evans of Klamath Falls.

Blanche Thompson and brother, Leo, visited Mr. Heavilla's Thursday.

E. G. Boyd and E. Thompson went to Pine Grove Tuesday for a load of alfalfa hay, which they will take to Long Lake.

Arthur Sevits came out from the Falls Friday to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Sevits.

Mrs. R. A. Alford and son, Lloyd, are at their ranch for a few days.

Ernest Bennett lost one of his horses Friday, it having died on the road to the Falls.

The Klamath and Exchange Stables can furnish you with fine driving teams and saddle horses. Nice assortment of buggies and hacks. Thompson & Weedon, Props.

Ungallant, but Effective.

A former chief of police had a wide reputation because he was not afraid of women. When a mad woman called on him and said haughtily, "I called to see you about a little matter," he promptly replied, "I am glad you did. There is a good deal of complaint in your neighborhood about your temper, and I want to say that if I hear any more about it I will put a stop to it in a way you won't like." etc. In short, the secret is that the chief chewed the woman a chance to say a word. Men should remember this when approached by a mad woman. The man should attack first and keep quarreling until the woman cries.—Atchison Globe.

When Mansfield Was Hungry.

In Paul Wiltzsch's "Richard Mansfield" the actor's early struggles to gain a foothold on the stage in London are described in his own words.

"For years," said Mansfield, "I went home to my room. If fortunately I had one, and perhaps a tallow dip was stuck in the neck of a bottle, and I was fortunate if I had something to cook for myself over a fire, if I had a fire. That was my life. When sight came I wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny I invested it in a baked potato from the baked potato man on the corner. I would put these hot potatoes in my pockets, and after I had warmed my hands I would swallow the potato. That is the truth."

A Wise Child.

Professor Muirhead tells an experience of his in examining some Birmingham children in moral teaching. He asked them to write an essay on the three stages of life. One bright child returned the following: "There are three stages of life. The first is when we are very young and think of the wicked things which we shall be able to do when we are older, and this is the age of innocence. The second is when we are older and are able to do the wicked things which we thought about when we were young, and this is the prime of life. The third is when we are dotty and repeat the wicked things which we did when we were younger, and this is the dotage."—London Bellman.

Doubted the Bishop.

A certain bishop, staying at a country house during an episcopal visit to the neighborhood, noticed that he was closely observed by a little maiden of the household, who kept a severely attentive eye upon him, apron and gaiters and all, until she found a quiet opportunity to inquire of him:

"Are you really a bishop?"

"Yes, of course I am—really," answered the amused prelate.

"Well, I don't believe it," returned the candid and critical eight-year-old

daughter of his chess playing host, "for I've watched you ever since you came, and your head isn't split down the middle and you don't walk corner ways."—Fry's Magazine.

Dangers of No Breakfast.

The no breakfast habit is harmless enough provided a hearty meal is taken, not before going to bed, but early in the evening. Late diners have no need of "breakfast" until noon-time. The French and other continental people discovered this ages ago and have thrived under it. Barring the cup of coffee or chocolate, the late dining Frenchman wants nothing to eat until luncheon. But the habit of avoiding early food and drink in a stimulating climate when the physical energies must be taxed during the morning hours is one of those silly notions which bear envenomed results, visible in the complexion, the color and eventually the constitution of those devoted to it.—Boston Herald.

Gravery and Cowardice.

Cowardice is often ignorance. Are any men brave, more ready to take their lives in their hands, to reckon death as one of the daily encounters, than the deep-sea fishermen? Yet a group of these men brought to London by one of their missionaries have been seen, too timid to cross the street. The police had to stop the traffic to allow them to cross. The quick, quarrelsome, fearless cockneys who laughed at them—how would they feel in a freezing ocean in the North sea? A splicer may terrify the most courageous of women and a V. C. shrink from a cat. Every hero has his weakness, and we may believe every coward has a point where he turns and will fight the world.—London Outlook.

Men and Houses.

In all our modern industrial development there is the note of a dehumanized monotony. Our millionaires and our mendicants are like the stunted dwarfs and towering giants in a fair. We are a museum of freaks with no spectators and this unnatural spirit breaks out even in our architecture. Our houses are either giant houses like the Bats of New York or dwarf houses like the villas of Britain. That there is a normal human size for a family home has been entirely forgotten. But these little houses beyond Clapham common carried yet a step farther the parallel of Barnum freaks, for they were semidetached villas. They were built in the revolting image of the Siamese twins.

The man who lived in such a modern house, or rather half house, was not isolated, like a brave man, in his family fortress, nor was he welded into a unity and military community like a man in a monastery or a barracks. He was linked by a link of brick as leathensome as the Siamese link of flesh to one other accident, man, generally to a man, whom he disliked.

NOVEL REFORMING SCHEME.

How an Indiana Town Got Rid of Its Professional Loafers.

If Owensville, Ind., ever had professional loafers, it has none now—at least in sight—according to advices from that progressive little Indiana town. A newspaper of the place offered a prize for the best essay on the subject "The Loafers." The terms provided that submitted articles should be required to give the characteristics of the professional loafer. High school students became interested in the contest and planned "observing tours" through the business district of the town which would afford opportunities to study the characteristics of the fellow who roasts his shins behind the stove at the corner grocery from morning until night, and who obtains his noonday lunch from the nearby cracker box and pickle barrel. The proposed tours caused much talk and led to a modified reform. Now when the bell rings for the close of school those who are in the habit of meeting in the corner grocery make a bee line for home or some other hiding place.

"What's the matter, Sam? Goin' home pretty early, ain't you?" asked a grocer as one of the idlers hurried out of the store.

"Don't want none of them literary fellows writin' me down as a loafer. Goin' home before they come."

He went—and so have gone all the other corner grocery statesmen since the students began this practical quest for specimens.

Painfully Shy.

"Mr. Hubbard, is a very, very, very young man."

"Right! I should say so. He's a field for high a letter 'Dear Miss Smith' because it's long year."—Washington Star.

To Fool Them.

"Women should be made to enter getting off the cars back ward."

"Still, I know an easier way."

"What's that?"

"Turn the cars inside out."

See the Owner.

"They have found the missing link."

"Whereabouts?"

"In a cave."

"Any reward out for it?"

No Objections.

"I shall go right home to my mother."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do."

"Here is car fare."

Making a Choice.

"Would you prefer to be a live dog or a dead lion?"

"Depends whose dog and how dead I

GALE HAPPENINGS

Charley Whitlatch with a date Thursday with a date which he was taking to litch's.

E. M. Hannon and Da took their colts to the Thursday.

Vesta Todd was a date to Merrill Thursday.

We are pleased to learn Johnson is improving and be up again.

Miss Blanche Robinson town which would afford opportunities to study the characteristics of the fellow who roasts his shins behind the stove at the corner grocery from morning until night, and who obtains his noonday lunch from the nearby cracker box and pickle barrel. The proposed tours caused much talk and led to a modified reform. Now when the bell rings for the close of school those who are in the habit of meeting in the corner grocery make a bee line for home or some other hiding place.

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CAISEANDEFFERY

Hight's sandwich and some other Apicemriwoopie, Andgalscupofocofedows Whilleyoucanbatyoureye.

Then, later on, there comes a very common question. He wonders how it was the Contracted indignation.

—Coburn Giant

REAL VALUES =

NOT ARTIFICIAL ONES

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Buy a LOT IN the BEST Section of That TOWN

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Lots Half Block from High School \$200. Good Terms
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