

Charles Hawtrey's Twang. "Once on a time"—it is Charles Hawtrey, who tells this tale—"I tried to sink my identity in the part of a man who was my dearest friend. I had known him since he was a baby. I wanted to sink my own identity and copy him. I was not allowed to. This is how it happened:

"De Wolf Hopper had put on in London a burlesque of a play in which Mrs. Langtry and myself were acting. Some one burlesqued me, of course. He had merely a few lines to say, but he did it very well. It so happened that on the night it was produced I was not acting. So I strolled round to Hopper's theater and suggested to him that I should take the part myself that night. The idea of parodying oneself seemed to me rather original. He consented, and on I went just in dress clothes, as the character called for. It was a great success, all except the identification. I lost that, but not enough. The London Times came out the next morning with the following: "The resemblance to Mr. Hawtrey was certainly remarkable and would have been more so had it not been for the pronounced American accent." "That was the first and last time I have ever been accused of a twang."—New York Tribune.

Sixteenth Century Meals. Judging from a passage in Harrison's "Description of Britain," breakfast eating in the sixteenth century was held to denote effeminacy. "Heretofore," he writes, "there hath been more time spent in eating and drinking than commonly is in these days; for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions, after dinner, and thereto rears suppers when it was time to go to rest, now these of repeats, thanked be God, are verie well left, and each one (except here and there some young hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself with dinner and supper onlie. The nobilitie, gentle and students ordinarilie go to dinner at 11 before noon and to supper at 5 or between 5 and 6 at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before 12 at noon and 6 at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noon and sup at 7 or 8, but out of the terme, in our universities, the scholars dine at 10."

Saved by His Wit. The French author Martainville was a royalist and did not hesitate to attack the French revolution and its authorities. Presently, of course, he was summoned to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, with the terrible Fouquier at its head. The revolutionary tribunals at that time did not hesitate to send everybody to the guillotine who had ventured to attack them. Martainville expected to go with the rest of the victims. "What is your name?" asked the revolutionary judge. "Martainville," said the young author. "Martainville?" exclaimed the judge. "You are deceiving us and trying to hide your rank. You are an aristocrat, and your name is De Martainville." "Citizen president," exclaimed the young man, "I am here to be shortened, not to be lengthened! Leave me my name!" A true Frenchman loves a witticism above all things, and the tribunal was so much pleased by Martainville's grim response that it spared his life.

The Krakatoa Eruption. Perhaps the most remarkable volcanic eruption known was that which took place in August, 1883, at the island of Krakatoa, in the strait of Sunda. Streams of volcanic dust were thrown seventeen miles high, and more than a cubic mile of material was expelled from the volcanic crater. The air waves started by the eruption traveled around the earth seven times. The noise was heard at Macassar, 900 miles away; at Bornoe, 1,116 miles distant; in Western Australia, 1,700 miles away, and even at Rodrigues, distant more than 2,000 miles. The dust and powdered pumice thrown out of the crater made the entire circuit of the earth before settling down and were the cause of the strange sunsets that were observed for many months.—New York American.

A Crusher. A consequential little man entered the commercial room of a big hotel and lunged back and gave a vigorous pull at the bell. As no one answered he rang again more loudly than before. A maid-servant then came in, and the following colloquy took place: Servant—Who rang that bell? Little Man (making most of his weight)—I did. Servant (scornfully)—And who lifted you up to it?—London Telegraph.

Their Troubles. "You've got no grounds to envy me," said the millionaire to the beggar. "I've got just as many troubles as you have." "No doubt yer right, boss," said the beggar humbly, "but the difficulty with me is I ain't got nothin' else."

Didn't Pass It. A missionary in Trinidad once asked a negro sitting in idleness by the roadside how he managed to pass the time. "I sit in de sun, massa, and let de spirit pass me," was the quaint and philosophical reply.

Tommy's Choice. Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like to do? Tommy, Darling (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.—Paris Times.

The highest manhood resides in dissimulation, not in more intellect.—Reese.

His Bad Handwriting. Dean Farrer in his "Reminiscences" says that the first proofs of Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Kinal was visible "the horn of the burning bush." This was a fearfully apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the burning bush." The original proof sheets also stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of—Jones!" In this startling sentence "Jones" was a transmutation of "Jesus," the dean's abbreviated way of writing "Jerusalem." When the dean answered an invitation to dinner his hostess has been known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal, and when he most kindly replied to the question of some workman the recipient of his letter thanked him, but ventured to request that the tenor of the answer might be written out by some one else, as he was "not familiar with the handwriting of the aristocracy."

Was Cleopatra Beautiful? Archaeologists have discovered on coins portraits of Cleopatra, and critics have confronted these portraits with the poetic descriptions of Cleopatra given by Roman historians and have found that in these descriptions there was at least much fancy. In the portraits we do not see the countenance of a Venus, delicate, gracious, smiling, nor even the fine and sensuous beauty of a Marquise de Pompadour, but a face fleshy and, as the French would say, "bouffie," with a powerful aquiline nose—the face of a woman on in years, ambitious, imperious, which recalls the face of Maria Theresa. It will be said that judgments on beauty are personal; that Antony, who saw her alive, could judge better than we who see her portraits half faded out by the centuries; that the attractive power of a woman emanates not only from corporeal beauty, but also, and yet more, from her spirit. The taste of Cleopatra, her vivacity, her cleverness, her exquisite art in conversation, are acclaimed by all.—Guglielmo Ferrero in Putnam's.

A Modest Fee Appreciated. Shortly before Dr. W. T. Hull, New York's famous surgeon, was stricken with his fatal illness a young east side physician called at his office and said that he was attending a poor girl over in his neighborhood who would surely die unless operated on. The family was too poor to pay and the doctor did not feel that he was equal to the operation. Would Dr. Hull give him a little advice as to how to proceed? "Well, I guess we had better go and take a look at the patient," said Dr. Hull, putting on his coat. They found the patient in an east side tenement, and in less time than it takes to tell it Dr. Hull had the room cleared and began the operation. When he was leaving the father of the girl met him in the hall and forced a quarter into his hand. Dr. Hull thanked him and went off feeling happier than if he had received a \$1,000 fee. The girl got well.

The Third Way. The Midland express was slowing up in Derby station. An American traveler, his finger keeping the place in his handkerchief, addressed the carriage: "Can you tell me whether this place is 'Derby' or 'Darby'? I have heard both."

"The original and therefore the correct pronunciation," replied a precise-looking passenger. "It's 'Darby.' I have seen it spelled 'Darbie' on old maps. It is also the form used in common speech."

You'll find 'Derby' is right," rejoined a passenger, less precise. "It's spelled like that, and the people up in the north of the county say 'Derby.'"

At this point the train stopped, and a porter bawled loudly into the carriage, "Dawby!"—Manchester Guardian.

Even Hedin's Experience. Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous traveler and explorer, had some terrible experiences during a journey through Tibet. He told how, owing to the high altitude at which he and his party traveled, that to unbutton one's coat meant acute pain and tension to an overwrought heart, which literally was at the point of breaking. His only safety lay in the fact that he never left the saddle for a single moment from morning till evening. Had he done so his heart would have given way. At one time they were nine days without water, and when at last he saw a small pool Dr. Hedin drank five pints without stopping.

The Gift. "Accused of begging!" exclaimed the magistrate. "Why, you are the very man who was begging at my door yesterday!" "Yes," assented the vagrant, with a sneer, "and you didn't give me anything."

"Well, I'll give you something now—fourteen days!"

And He Did. "I believe we are all ready," said the young man who was about to officiate as the bridegroom. "All right. I will join you in a moment," replied the clergyman, rising.—Chicago Tribune.

Answering a Foolish Question. Lecturer—Mr. Committeeman, I want a glass of water placed on a small table on the stage tonight. Committeeman—To drink? Lecturer—No; I make a high dive in the second paragraph.—Chicago News.

All is holy where devotion kneels.—Holmes.



A VIEW OF THE COURT OF HONOR, A-Y-P. EXPOSITION, SEATTLE.

All of the principal buildings of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition are grouped in close compass around the Cascades and Geyser Basin and the flower beds which line each.

The picture shows a view from the lower side of Geyser Basin, directly up the Court of Honor. On the right are seen the Palace of Manufacturers, the Oriental and Hawaiian Buildings. On the left are the European Exhibits and Alaskan Buildings. In the far center is the Central Government, which shows its incomplete front as it looked on April 15. On that date this was the heaviest piece of construction to be finished before the opening day of the Exposition and the contractors estimated that it would take them ten days to do the work.

Geyser Basin is in the foreground, and just beyond it show the steps in the Cascades.

Chloroform. The vapor of chloroform was first applied as an anesthetic agent by Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh in 1847.

The Baldwin Apple. A chance seedling that grew up on a farm near Lowell, Mass., about 1740 became the first Baldwin apple tree, but it was not until 1784 that Colonel Baldwin became interested in the apple, developed it and gave it his name.

The Bronx River. Bronx river, New York, derives its name from Jonts Bronx, who settled in that region in 1620.

A Town of Meerschmum. The town of Valdeces, in Spain, is almost entirely built of meerschmum. Valdeces has on its outskirts great quarries of a meerschmum too coarse for pipemaking, and a meerschmum built town is the result—an ivory white town that shines in the Spanish sun.

Sea Animals. To a certain extent all animals that live in the sea, such as whales, dolphins and porpoises, have the power to store up air, as they breathe only at intervals, when they come to the surface for that purpose.

Hot Water Peddlers. In northern China hot water peddlers go about with a whistling kettle, the whistle announcing that the water is at a boiling point. When they hear the whistle the people run with their teapots and buy enough hot water for their day's tea.

An Old Fountain. In the center of the plaza in Lima is a pretty bronze fountain that was erected in 1578, a gift from some noble Spaniard, and is probably the oldest fountain in America.

Rival Stock Exchanges. In 1825 there were two stock exchanges in New York. One was the competitor of the old board. They occupied the same building in William street. The panic of 1837 disorganized the competitive board, and in 1848 it had entirely disappeared, and most of those who had been in the rival board became members of the old board.

Red Geraniums. Charles Dickens was extremely fond of red geraniums. It gave him the greatest pleasure to see them in the windows, for he said that it made even the poorest home look cheerful.

The Thermometer. Sir Isaac Newton experimented with the thermometer, but his scale was not accepted. He also proposed to use "linseed" oil instead of alcohol, melting snow and the heat of the human body to be the extremes of heat and cold.



A SUNNY DAY ON YUKON AVENUE, A-Y-P. EXPOSITION, SEATTLE.

Yukon Avenue is one of the many ways leading to the Court of Honor of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. It leads from the Cascades down to one of the many entrances to the Pay Break and directly to the "cafeteria" of the Fair Grounds.

On the left of the picture a facade of the European Exhibits Building shows. On the right is a corner of the Palace of Agriculture. In the distance, and across the Cascades, is to be seen the Oriental Building.

All of these structures were completed before December 1, 1908. They are of the conventional exposition type of construction—plaster over heavy wooden framework.

A King's Bank. The practice of hiding money in all manner of out of the way corners is by no means modern. In the old days, according to "Glennings After Time," secret receptacles were often made in the bedsteads and contributed both to safety and romance. On Aug. 21, 1485, Richard III arrived at Leicester. His servants had preceded him with the running wardrobe, and in the best chamber of the Blue Boar a ponderous four post bedstead was set up. It was richly carved, gilded and decorated and had a double bottom of boards. Richard slept in it that night. After his defeat and death on Bosworth field it was stripped of its rich hangings, but the heavy and cumbersome bedstead was left at the Blue Boar. In the reign of Elizabeth, when the hostess was shaking the bed, she observed a piece of gold of ancient coinage fall on the floor. This led to a careful examination, when the double bottom was discovered, upon lifting a portion of which the interior was found to be filled with gold, part coined in the reign of Richard III, and the rest of earlier times.

Naming a Kansas River. Practically all the streams in Kansas were named by Indians and carry those names to this day, though in an Anglicized form.

The Neosho, the largest stream in southeast Kansas, has its own little story. The Osage Indians at one time lived in Missouri, and when they began talking of trading their lands in that state and moving to southern Kansas a party was sent out to look the country over and make a report on it. It was in the summer time and very hot and dry. Coming over the prairie northeast of Humboldt, they had a long way to travel without water.

"When they arrived at the river," said an Osage man, "an Indian rode down the sloping bank into the water. But, to his surprise, the horse stepped right off into deep water, and the horse and Indian went in all over. As the aborigine clambered back on the bank he muttered, 'Wugh Neosho.' This in plain English means water pocket, or water hole, and the name clung to the stream ever afterward."—Hutchinson News.

Living the Simple Life. A number of men gathered in the smoking car of a train from Little Rock to another point in Arkansas were talking of the food best calculated to sustain health.

One Arkansan, a stout, solid man, with short gray hair and a self-satisfied air, was holding forth in great style.

"Look at me," he exclaimed—"never a day's sickness in my life, and all due to simple food! Why, gents, from the time I was twenty to when I reached forty years I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me, no late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at 9; got up at 5; lived principally on corned beef and corn bread; worked hard, gents, worked hard, from 8 to 1; then dinner, plain dinner, then an hour's exercise and then—"

"Excuse me, Bill," interrupted a stranger who had up to this refrained from entering the discussion, "but what was you in for?"—Minneapolis Journal.

Very Nicely English. This curious Bengali English was used to advertise a circus in India: "Some horse will make very good tricks. The clown will come and talk with that horses therefore audience will laugh itself very much. The lady will walk on horses back and horse is jumping very much also. The clown will make a joking words and lady will become to angry therefore clown will make some tricks of trapeze audience will find himself very much. One lady will make himself so bend, then everybody he will think, he is the rubber lady. This is the very grand display. This is the very better gymnastics. One man will walk on wire tight, he is doing very nicely because he is professor of that."

The Secret. "I say," said Berkeley to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you the night before last, did you? That's a secret."

"A secret? Why, I didn't know it was a secret," she replied regretfully. "Well, did you tell it? I want to know."

"Why, no; I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."—Boston Globe.

A Lunatic's Repartee. Some visitors were being shown through the Lunatic asylum, Victoria, one day, and, coming opposite the clock in the corridor, one of them, looking quickly at his watch, said, "Is that clock right?"

"No, you idiot," said a patient standing by. "It wouldn't be in here if it were right."

A Querer Eye. An orator stated that "the worst enemy any cause can have is a double lie in the shape of half a truth," and the newspaper reported it "a double eye in the shape of half a tooth."

An Exception. She—Do you suppose a man ever spoke the truth when he told a woman she was the only one he ever kissed? He—Well, I don't believe Adam lied about it to Eve.—Boston Transcript.

Hopeless. "He ought to turn over a new leaf." "Oce, that wouldn't do much good. He could turn over a whole library and not have a good start toward being decent."—Exchange.

Picturesque Japanese Peasants. The most characteristic scenery in Japan is not the mountain, on which few Japanese dwell, but the rice field, which is to be found wherever there is a patch of level ground for the field and sufficient water for irrigation. Gentle slopes are made useful by terracing, and the cool, preparing the ground or cutting his crop, is the true Japanese peasant. He is a picturesque peasant in his blue cotton suit, his broad, conical straw hat and straw overcoat. He is a good natured peasant, absurdly contented with his earnings, though the agricultural laborer earns as little as 8 or 10 cents gold a day. His house is a light wooden frame surmounted by a heavy thatch, and he loves to plant a tiny garden along his rooftop. But he always has one thing which separates him from the Chinese and the East Indian—he lives on a platform raised above the ground. No hardened soil for him, no chilly pavement or brick or stone. A wooden floor, a piece of clean matting, a broom and a bathtub the poorest Japanese will always have.—Tokyo Letter to Boston Transcript.

A Deceptive Air. The Bushby storekeeper surveyed Mr. Leonard with a contemplative eye and then turned his gaze toward Jimmy Sloane, who was putting packages into the delivery wagon. Jimmy had the leisurely air of one with plenty of time at his disposal.

"You want to know how he'd be for your business down below?" said Mr. Gregg slowly.

"Yes," said the visitor. "I noticed him yesterday, when that crowd of young fellows were getting the piano into the hall; he seemed to work harder than any of the others. It occurred to me he might like a bigger chance than he has here."

"M-m," said the storekeeper. "Well, now, I can't say as to that, of course, but as to his working harder than any of the other boys, I'll tell you what they say, and you can believe it or not, jest as you choose."

"They all like Jimmy, for he's first rate company, but the truth is that when it comes to lifting, or such work, Jimmy's all take hold and mighty little 'list."—Youth's Companion.

Dark Walls Best For Illumination. Some scientists who have been making investigations into the part played in the matter of illumination by light and dark walls have come to the conclusion that the dark walls are better fitted for good illumination than the light. In a room where the walls are dark and where the source of light is entirely behind the reader's field of vision a person who reads is impressed with the idea that the room is excellently well illuminated, but if now another light is brought into the room and placed within the field of his vision, though not shining on the paper he is reading, the pupils of his eyes will contract, less light will enter them from the paper he reads, and the reader will be impressed with the idea that the illumination has been reduced and the paper is becoming darker. These scientists say that the experiments show that if the walls are light colored the efficiency of the illumination may actually be diminished.—Pathfinder.

The Picture in Disguise. Of the strange vicissitudes through which many of the world's famous pictures have passed perhaps none was older than that of "The Picture in Disguise," a magnificent painting that now adorns the residence of Lord Leigh in Warwickshire, England. This remarkable picture for many years appeared to be merely a painting of flowers. The floral study was, however, finally pronounced by an astute art dealer to be in reality a mask for another painting. With the permission of the owner he caused the painting of flowers gradually to be removed, whereupon there was discovered underneath a very fine portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck. While no authentic record of this masterpiece has been found, it is supposed that the portrait was disguised by some royalist in order to guard against its destruction by Roundheads during the revolution.—Boston Post.

Bonheur's Humor. Mile. Rosa Bonheur (Rosa steed for Rosalie) was not without a sense of humor, so it is told of her that when presiding over a school of design in Paris, the pupils being girls, the artist was disgusted with the class because, imitative of their teacher, the young women had cut their hair short. "Goodness," cried Rosa Bonheur, "how horrid you all look! This is not a class of boys. You silly creatures, let your hair alone and do your best so as to retain all the advantages of your sex."

Easy Cure. "There is a man who is always looking for trouble." "Well, it's easy enough to cure him of that habit." "How?" "No, you idiot," said a patient standing by. "It wouldn't be in here if it were right."

Sarcastic. "Do you sleep with your mouth open?" inquired a doctor. "I've never noticed," was the sarcastic reply, "but I'll look tonight when I'm asleep."

The Professor Remembers. Professor (as the company is breaking up, missing one of his rubbers)—Has any of you gentlemen put on three rubbers by mistake?—Flingende Blatter.

The Slippery Top. Sillicus—We are told there is plenty of room at the top. I wonder why it is. Cynicus—I suppose most of the people who get there fall off.—Philadelphia Record.

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