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EASY TERMS

## THE EVENING HERALD

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W. O. SMITH, Editor

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KLAMATH FALLS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1909.

### THE POULTRY YARD

From DeDeceber Farm Journal  
Biddle's valuable gift on Christmas morning is fresh eggs.

The lively, busy pullet is now sending joy to the hen plant.

More quality and less quantity is a good motto to start out on.

A little heavier feed as the days grow colder. Corn fills the bill exactly.

Fowls love to thrash out a bundle of wheat or oats, and it does one good to step around to the door of the poultry house and listen to the merry chatter while the fowls are digging in the straw.

Some farmers neglect the 25 to 30 cents that the battening of cracks in the coop would cost, and each month feed a dollar's worth of extra feed in order to supply the animal heat that is needed.

The answer to the question, Does winter poultry pay? depends in a large measure upon where your hens are roosting. If on the bare branches of a tree, on the northeast corner of the barn, there can be no doubt about it.

There is a disposition to sit around and sleep in winter. Hens will drop into that habit if you do not help them to stir around and work for their living. That is why a scratching shed is good, and why plenty of litter keeps the fowls healthy.

Scatter a little grain among litter at noon, and give a full feed at night. What is meant by a full feed of grain is about a handful for each fowl in the pen. A mixture of corn, wheat, oats and barley, equal parts by measurement, makes an excellent mixture for winter.

Now when the old year is passing, our thoughts are apt to wander back reviewing the poultry work of the past season. We can all see past mistakes and how we can improve matters next season, and, seeing, we should resolve to do our best, and then keep the resolution.

You may have some old hens that look as if they might go through the winter all right. So they may; but

will they be profitable? That is the question, and it is safe to say, "No, they will not." So let the old hens go. They will bring a pretty good price now before Christmas.

Raise your chickens outdoors at all seasons of the year, give them every opportunity to get fresh air and sunshine. Keep them in small flocks until they roost regularly. Keep the roofs of all brooders and coops water tight; dampness is fatal to chickens, old or young. If coops leak cover with tar roofing or canvas painted with several coats of white lead.

See to the hen's comfort. It is much easier to keep her laying by good care than it is to get her to lay again after she has quit.

It must not be forgotten that without grit even soft foods will be slowly and poorly digested. Laying hens suffer more for the want of grit than any other kind of poultry. The hen cannot produce many eggs unless they have grit to assimilate their food.

Fowls must have green food in some form or other for egg production during the winter months. In cooked or scalded clover hay or alfalfa we have good substitutes, and it is wise to mix either one with the morning mash; but, if at all possible, some "real green stuff" should also be given each day.

Sprouted oats are fed by many poultrymen, and to good effect.

It is a noteworthy fact that fowls prefer green food in the morning. It is a relish to them. It seems to brace them up, and they are more than eager for it.

### Duplicate

Dejected Youth—I would like to return this engagement ring I purchased a few days ago.

Jeweler—Didn't it suit the young lady?

Dejected Youth—Yes; but another young man had already given her one just like it, and I would like to exchange it for a wedding present. —Tit-Bits

### A PET MONKEY.

Its Pranks With an Author's Manuscripts and Decorations.

A Paris contemporary dealing with the love of great men for animals gives an amusing account of Chateaubriand and his monkey. When he was engaged in preparing Fontanes' works for the press, on returning one day he was met by his monkey.

"Ah, you rogue," said Chateaubriand, "your shamefaced look tells of mischief." The monkey was chained up, but as things did not appear much disturbed Chateaubriand thought no more of the matter until it was time to resume work. Fontanes' manuscripts were not to be found.

At last Chateaubriand looked into the waste paper basket, and there were the manuscripts. The monkey had watched his master, and as he had seen him fold a sheet of paper and tear it into four, so he had dealt with Fontanes' writings. With much labor they were pieced together and afterwards published.

Chateaubriand thought it advisable to see what else the monkey had done. His orders had disappeared from a drawer which was always kept closed. The servants searched everywhere for them, but they were not to be found. Nearly a week elapsed before they were traced, and then a domestic noticed that the monkey had suspended them to the cornice in a quasi-symmetrical way.

The monkey was given his cage, and Chateaubriand replaced him by a cat, which was allowed a place on his master's writing table, and great was the pleasure which he derived in playing with puss.

### DIVING FOR COINS.

The Natives of Madeira Are Experts at the Business.

As we draw in and came to anchor we saw descending upon us a fleet of small, curious boats filled with half naked men. We suspected now that Madeira was a cannibal island and prepared for the worst. It was not quite as bad as that. They merely wanted us to throw coins over into the liquid azure which they call water in this country, whereupon these divers would try to intercept the said coins somewhere between the top and bottom of the sea. We didn't believe they could do it, but we tried, and, as usual, found that the other fellow knew his own game better than we did.

If those amphibians did not always get the coins they generally did. They could see them perfectly in that amazing water, and they could dive like seals. Some of the divers were mere children—poor, lean creatures who stood up in their boats and shouted and implored and swung their arms in a wild invitation to us to fling our money overboard. But they did not want small money—at least not very small money. They declined to dive for pennies. Perhaps they could only distinguish the gleam of the white metal. Let a nickel or a dime be tossed over and two or three were after it in a flash, while a vehement outbreak of Portuguese from all the rest entreated still further largess. It was really a good show, and, being the first of its kind, we enjoyed it.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Outing Magazine.

### Meaning of the Green Bough.

The custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French Canadians, who brought it with them from Brittany. The custom originated from the superstition prevalent centuries ago that every tree is inhabited by a spirit; consequently it was believed that every time a tree was felled another spirit was dispossessed, and this was supposed to cause some bitterness on his part against society. Rather than risk having these homeless and disgruntled spirits vent their ill feeling upon the houses under construction or upon the builders a branch was planted on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be mollified, and if they remained so until the roof was put on any evil design contemplated would prove harmless, for the spell would be broken.—Van Norden's Magazine.

### Savona.

The history of Savona is that of a long struggle with the Genoese, ended in the sixteenth century, when they seized the town and rendered its harbor useless by sinking vessels filled with stones at the entrance. In 1740 it was captured by Sardinia, but was soon back again under the control of Genoa. The ancient Savo where Mago stored his booty in the second Punic war, Savona was the birthplace of the popes Sixtus IV. and Julius II. and the home of the ancestors of Columbus, who bestowed his name on one of the first islands he discovered in the West Indies.—London Standard.

### His Preference.

Five-year-old Bobbie went visiting with his mother and, unexpectedly remaining overnight, was obliged to wear his cousin Kate's nightgown. The next morning he said tearfully, "Mamma, before I'll wear a girl's nightgown I'll sleep raw."—Harper's Weekly.

### Youth and Old Age.

"Before a man is thirty he falls in love with every pretty girl he looks at." "Yes, and after he is thirty he falls in love with every pretty girl who looks at him."—Stray Stories.

### MADE MATTERS WORSE.

Her Effort to Correct Her Error About Charles and Mary Lamb.

Charles Lamb, the beloved Ella of the essays, wrote both tragedies and comedies, but was not a successful playwright. When his farce "Mr. H." was produced at the Drury Lane theater it failed conspicuously, and the genial author, who was in the audience, himself joined with companionable vigor in hissing it.

It is, indeed, an airy trifle, too slight in texture for the professional stage, but it has proved a charming play for amateurs. At a recent performance by a college dramatic society a little dialogue took place between two ladies in the audience which would certainly have delighted Lamb himself could he have heard it.

"Mr. H., a farce in two acts by Charles Lamb," read one of them for her program. "Do you know, I had quite forgotten that Lamb was a dramatic author."

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed her neighbor, with a superior smile, "of course he was! Surely you must remember that he and his sister collaborated with Shakespeare."

"Collaborated with Shakespeare?" exclaimed the first speaker, startled out of her politeness. "Ridiculous! What could have put such an idea—Oh, you must be thinking of the 'Tales From Shakespeare,' by Charles and Mary Lamb."

There was mirth in her voice, and the superior person, flushing, perceived that overhasty "collaborating" for the occasion had led her into error. She tried to retrieve herself.

"I did not mean collaborated with him, of course," she explained loftily. "That was merely a slip of the tongue. I meant translated him."—Youth's Companion.

### AN ESKIMO CHURCH.

The Sealskin Sweetbox Finally Went to the Dogs.

The missionary sent to the States for a magic lantern and the necessary slides. Thirteen months later they reached him.

Everything in Baffin Land dates from that ever memorable magic lantern exhibition. From 300 miles around the expectant Eskimos came in behind their dog teams to participate in the wonderful event. The sealskin church was filled to overflowing. The spectators were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The scent of sperm oil and blubber and sweat soaked furs mingled in the air. Although the thermometer outside registered 40 degrees below zero, the perspiration poured in streams down the faces of the enthusiastic audience. And when the straggling list of arctic explorers who have touched at Cumberland sound have long since been forgotten the recollection of that magic lantern show will linger in the minds of the Eskimo from Meta Incognita to Cockburn Land.

But a few nights later a sad fate befell the sealskin church. It was eaten up by a pack of hungry Eskimo dogs. These savage creatures, starved almost to death, made a raid on the edifice during a blinding snowstorm. Managing to get on top of the roof, they soon tore holes in the sealskin covering, and, in spite of the exertions of the missionary and his entire congregation, they actually ran away with the greater portion of the frozen skin, which, at a safe distance, they proceeded to devour.—Everybody's Magazine.

### Lingering Superstitions.

"Will a lucky gentleman give an unlucky one a tiny mascot to bring luck?" runs an advertisement in an English paper. Here was a poor soul—for if there is a creature on the face of the earth whose fate calls for pity it is a gentleman who is down-keeping in her poverty some of that superstition or faith, whatever it may be called, which is the only thing that keeps misfortune from crushing the sufferer. If only she could get the right charm she might induce fate to look kindly on her! People call this a practical age, but evidences of superstition continue to appear. A lawsuit not long ago revealed the fact that an astrologer kept a motorcar and had a fine house, etc., all of which came out of the proceeds of a zodiacal magazine.

### As Exemplified.

Having given his order twenty minutes before and seeing no indications that his dinner was ready, the man with the sparse whiskers beckoned to a waiter.

"My friend," he said, "perhaps I have made a mistake. Is this a pay as you enter restaurant?"

"No, sir," responded the young man in the white apron, yawning. "This is a dinner cooked while you wait restaurant."

Thereupon he resumed his dreamy, contemplative attitude, and the man with the sparse whiskers waited some more.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Reply to Gladstone.

"Gladstone had no great scientific knowledge," said an English writer, "and at a dinner, when Faraday described an important new scientific discovery, the premier showed indifference."

"After all," he said, hiding a yawn behind his hand, "what use will it ever be?"

"Why," said Faraday, "there's every probability, sir, that some day you'll be able to tax it!"

### AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Castle and Montgomery will appear tonight in a new comedy sketch entitled, "Twenty Minutes Before Train Time." The pictures will be "The Marble Heart," "Elastic Transformation," "The French Battleship of Justice," "Pro. Puddenpatents," and "The Two Lovers."

### Reminded Him

"I wish I could remember," said Rivers, "what it was that my wife told me to do today."

"Perhaps," suggested Brooks, "she told you to bring my razor back. You borrowed it about a month ago."

"Razor back? Razor back? I know now—I was to be sure to take home some pork chops."—Chicago Tribune.

### No Quarrel on That Score

"Nora, there are too many young men coming here to see you."

"You're right, ma'am. I've made up my mind to shake all of 'em exceptin' Mike." He wants me to marry 'im, an' I think I will. After next week, ma'am, ye'll be needin' another gurr!—Chicago Tribune.

### Up to Date

Jason—This old sofa hasn't changed much since we have been courting on it for the last six years.

Cynthia—Well, Jason, in one way it is more modern.

Jason—Modern? How so?

Cynthia—Why, it is wireless.—Chicago News.

### His Preference

"Are you fond of looking at the stars?" asked Miss Boston, turning to her companion between the acts at a Broadway theater.

"Well, yes," answered the engaging young man, "but as a rule the chorus is good enough for me."—Lippincott's.

### The Usual Custom

Contributor—I should like to leave these poems with your editor. What is the usual procedure? I haven't done any magazine work before.

Office boy—Well, the usual custom is to leave 'em, 'nd call back in a day or so—and git 'em.—Human Life.

### Explaining to Jones

"I say, Jones, dine with me at the house tonight, will you?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. Will your wife expect me?"

"No; that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning, and I want to make her mad."—Peekskill Faladum.

The Klamath Shoe store has a sale on for December 18th, for one day only.

### HOME REALTY CO.

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"REAL SNAPS"

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\$1,000—Two lots, corner; fine residence section; half cash, balance on time.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—A girl at the Klamath Falls Steam Laundry.

For Rent—Suite of rooms in Biltmore block; can be used for light house-keeping. Biltmore Dry Goods Co.

WANTED—Hand ironers at the Klamath Falls Steam Laundry.

FOR RENT—Store room at corner 7th and Main sts. Inquire of C. W. Harlow on premises.

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### NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of John B. Hall, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Klamath County, Oregon, his Final Account of the administration of said estate, and that the court has fixed Monday, the 27th day of December, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time and the County Courthouse in Klamath County, Oregon, as the place for the hearing of objections, if any, to said account, and the settlement thereof.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, this 26th day of November, 1909.

L. J. BAUMAN,  
As Administrator of the Estate of John B. Hall, Deceased.

11-26 12-24

### WANTED—

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## The First National Bank of Klamath Falls

Is a good bank to put your money in—safe and reliable.

## An Added Joy to Xmas

Belongs to those whose thrift and care have given them a Bank Account. Not only does it provide them with funds for Christmas expenses, but it gives a sense of personal safety and protection which adds additional joy to the comforts and pleasures of the season.

The First Trust and Savings Bank is an ideal family financial headquarters and YOU are cordially invited to join the happy throng of satisfied depositors.

First Trust and Savings Bank

KLAMATH FALLS, ORE.