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## THE EVENING HERALD

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W. O. SMITH, Editor

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KLAMATH FALLS, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1909.

**Easy Money.**  
 How the street urchin spots an "easy mark" and gets the coin was shown recently at Third and Chestnut streets. An excellently dressed young man with a setter dog which he held by a strap was standing on the corner. One of the newsboys stood beside the dog and when its master was not looking reached down and gave its tail a sharp pull. With a yelp of pain the dog turned quickly and jumped for its tormentor, but missed him by several inches.

The fact that the dog did not bite him was no obstacle to the boy, who grabbed his left arm with his right hand and began to scream furiously. "It bit me; it bit me. Take me to a hospital!"

The owner of the dog became alarmed and ran to the boy. "Here, son," he said, "take this five dollar bill and keep quiet. It'll be all right," and he hurried away.

"Easy money," said the newsboy as he joined his companions.—Philadelphia Times.

**The Steady Man.**  
 We'd like to write a little rhyme about the steady man, who keeps on pegging all the time and does the best he can; the man who early goes to work and doesn't get home late, who never tries to shirk in order to be great. There are some fellows who will try to do their business tricks and have a finger in the pie of city politics. They try to put on lots of style and play a heavy role, and in a little bit o' while you find them in a hole. I like the man of steady pace; his system I admire. He has no wild desire to place more iron in the fire.—Los Angeles Express.

**Love.**  
 Love must be cultivated and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener, and love can dwindle and die out of neglect, as choice flower seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

**He Saw Double.**  
 Stymie (who has dallied too long at the clubhouse)—Hey, old man! What chub waster tee up two balls for! Green (ditto)—That's all right, old chap. Can't you see I'm driving with two clubs?—Puck.

**Just the Thing.**  
 The poet took his silver mounted pistol from the bureau drawer. "What are you going to do with that?" asked his timid wife. "I'm going to use it to drive the wolf from the door," he answered. Ten minutes later the pawbroker had advanced \$2 on it.—Chicago News.

**Headed Him Off.**  
 He—You know, Clara, about the diamond engagement ring I want to give you, diamonds have gone up so— She—Oh, you dear boy! How sweet of you to want to make sacrifices to prove your love.—Baltimore American.

**Lost Opportunity.**  
 Wife—I remember the night you proposed to me—I bent my head and said nothing. Hub (comfortingly)—I know it worries you, dear; but never mind—you've made up for it since.—Exchange.

A man should stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius

HOUSTON'S OPERA HOUSE, ONE WEEK, COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 27TH.



JAMES KEANE & CO. Monday and Tuesday presenting his beautiful Scenic Production "HELD FOR RANSOME"

### GOOD IN SPIDERS.

They Don't Bite and Do Kill Many Injurious Insects.

I think it can be said that there never has been one absolutely authentic case of spider bite. The so called spider bites received occasionally, and generally in early summer, often in bed, are inflicted by certain blood-sucking insects of several species, large and small. The mandibles of the average sized spiders are hardly powerful enough to pierce the human skin, and all of the poison contained in an arachnid's glands injected into the flesh of a human being will not make as much fuss as a respectable bee sting. Moreover, spiders are not mammal bloodsuckers and wouldn't bite if they could. So much for the negative qualities of spiders.

If it were not for the spiders we should all promptly starve to death. Perhaps this is a little startling; it is none the less true. To enlarge upon it, certain spiders prey upon certain caterpillars, regularly inhabit their abodes and kill so many of them that often whole colonies of the insects are wiped out of existence. These caterpillars normally feed upon the leaves of trees, bushes and shrubs, frequently entirely denuding a plant. If they were plentiful enough to exhaust their common food they would turn to the weeds and grasses. Without check of any kind they would overrun the earth and destroy every green and growing thing. The spiders beautifully preserve the balance of nature.—B. F. Aaron in Collier's.

**The Moods of Musicians.**  
 Before the moods of genius the world must ever bow in awe, for is it not to the wayward wanderings from the normal that inspiration itself is due? says a writer in London Lady. The gloomy moods of Beethoven are traditional, but every time they enwrapped his spirit there flowed from his pen the most noble of scores. Turning to Schubert, we find that it was in the gay moods of the German lute that his genius worked. Under their sway the "Serenade" and many other immortal themes were penned on a tavern table, any scraps of paper being used that came to hand. Paganini was so wholly the victim of moods that it was no unusual thing for an audience to wait in vain for his contribution to a concert program. When due to appear some fantasy of the moment would impel him to remain in his poverty stricken room, grimly toying with the instrument which should have been moving his hearers to tears.

**Would Be Nice.**  
 "I tell you that the world shall yet give me what I deserve," he ranted. "That will be nice," replied his wife trying to view her back in the mirror "I look well in black."—Houston Post.

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca

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**Blooded Averted.**  
 Ope Head, the novelist, once told of his experiences as a journalist in Kentucky many years ago.

"There was a good deal of news," he said, "such as shootings and knifings, but this news was not regarded as important, and little attention was paid to it. I remember once, when a local feud broke out afresh, when members of the opposing sides met at the county seat. There were hot words, a blow was struck, and weapons were drawn, when the sheriff interfered. He loudly announced that he would not tolerate any violence, ordered the parties to separate, and when his orders were not obeyed he began shouting, 'I forget whether he killed eight or nine, but I know that in describing the incident in my paper I commended the sheriff for his prompt action and bravery and added the paragraph, 'There is no doubt but for the prompt action of the sheriff there would have been bloodshed.'"

"In this great, whirling, pushing, competing, busy world," says Arthur Brisbane, "there is no substitute for brains." Fifty 'tis, 'tis true!

Anyway the war of the Greater New York political bosses might be referred to The Hague tribunal just to see what they would do about it.

### THE RIVER SEINE. INHERIT THE JOB.

**THE RIVER SEINE.**  
 His Contact With Paris on Its Journey to the Sea.  
 Inevitably in its passage through Paris the blue and silver of the Seine's robe are blurred by contact with the volumes of smoke which occasionally hang upon its surface and stained by the impurities which reach it from the streets. Though it quickly recovers its pristine blueness after the fortifications have been left behind, it is never again quite the unsophisticated river that it was before its Paris experience. Its waters are less limpid, its course more nervous, while at its meeting with the sea at Honfleur its color and character have changed completely. There the vast stretches of mud over which it rolls, mud of Paris, mud of Rouen, give to the waters of the wide Seine estuary reaching from Trouville to Le Havre the half dead molar tones of oxidized silver. The great Parisian river dies magnificently, and no more gorgeous spectacle can be conceived than when on a fine evening the sun sets upon the Seine at its junction with the sea, where its ultimate cliffs fade away behind the summer haze into a powder of gold, and it burns a light turquoise blue, with weird reflections of brass yellow, old gold and cadaverous green. How different from its gentler and simpler aspect as it huddles round the heart of Paris, warm purple and burnished gold when the sinking sun strikes it as it softly laps against the stone embankment of the Louvre or sparkling blue, dappled with milk white, beneath the silvery mists of the Paris morning!—Harper's Weekly.

**INHERIT THE JOB.**  
 The Postmaster of a Little Town in Kent, England.  
 Forty years before, as quite a boy, Jones had left a little town in Kent England. Now, on the first long vacation he ever had since, he was visiting his childhood scenes. He had remembered that the postmaster's name was Pengelley, and he had remembered, too, that he was a kindly old man. There wasn't the slightest probability, he thought, that the postmaster was still alive, but his acquaintance with the former incumbent might smooth things a little with the new one, so that the whereabouts of people to whom he had been directed would be made known.

"What's become of Mr. Pengelley?" he asked, interrupting for a moment his majesty's letter assorter.

"I am Mr. Pengelley."

"Yes; my father's name was Pengelley, too," drawled the Englishman.

"I mean the postmaster."

"So do I."

"Was your father postmaster forty years ago?"

"My word, no! That was my grandfather. You see, our names are all alike, and the postoffice department doesn't know but that the first one is alive. We inherit this job, don't you know. And my wife's just presented me with a son. There was no haggling over his name."—New York Press.

### TWO MEN AND A TIP.

An Incident in a Broadway Lunch Room in New York.

**MOLL CUTPURSE.**  
 Bold Highway Robber and the First English Woman Smoker.  
 Mary Frith, better known as Moll Cutpurse, was a notable figure in old time London life. She had the reputation of being the first woman to smoke tobacco in England.

The length of her days is a disputed point, but it seems certain that she attained the age of over three score years and ten. It is asserted that constant smoking prolonged her life. A portrait representing her in the act of smoking forms the frontispiece of Middleton's comedy of the "Roaring Girl." She also figures in other plays of the period.

Mary was the daughter of a shoemaker living in the Barbican, and Malone gives 1584 as the date of her birth. She early took to wicked ways and became a noted "highwayman." Among her familiar friends were the notorious Captain Hind and Richard Hannam. She was an expert swordswoman. Single handed she robbed on Hounslow heath General Fairfax of 200 gold Jacobuses, shooting him through the arm and killing two of his horses on which his servants were riding. For the offense she was committed to Newgate, but on paying the general £2,000 she obtained her liberty. At one time Mary had £3,000 of her own, but by giving money to distressed cavaliers she died comparatively poor. Her death took place in July 1660, and she was laid to rest in St. Bride's.—Millgate Monthly.

**Rivals.**  
 Kalkier—You have a boy in college and a girl cultivating her voice? Becker—Yes, and I don't know which has the better job.—Brooklyn Life.

### Helping the Town . . .

By banking your money in a bank in your own community you increase the community's power to do business. If substantial farmers want to borrow money there is more to loan them. If you bank your money away from home it is loaned to other farmers, merchants and manufacturers. Help your home people. Money hidden at home helps no one. Placed in a bank it is put to work in ways that help all.

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### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE AGAINST SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the County Court, State of Oregon, for the County of Klamath. In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of Ernest Dale Soule and Oley Soule, Minors: It appearing to this court from the petition of Rose Oley-Soule, the guardian of the persons and estates of the above-named minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said wards, that it is necessary that such real estate should be sold:

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this court on Saturday, the 15th day of January, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the courtroom of this court, at the courthouse in the town of Klamath Falls, Oregon, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real estate.

And it is further ordered that service of this order be made by publication thereof for the period of three weeks, beginning with the 20th day of December, 1909, in the Evening Herald, a daily newspaper of general circulation, published at Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Dated this 20th day of December, 1909.

J. B. GRIFFITH,  
 Judge of the County Court.

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**DR. C. F. MASON**  
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NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of John B. Hall, deceased, has