

Rex Cafe

The place where the hungry people dine. An excellent service with a good menu card before the hungry man makes him treat the world with a smile and give his passing friend a kind word.

We serve everything that this hungry person may crave, and our menu card shows that we are up to the minute in modern eats. Try our Special Sunday Dinners, which are served in courses, at \$1.00.

The Rex Cafe

Cotton in the Far North.
Flowers grow profusely in many parts of the arctic regions. One of the most frequently met with is the cotton plant. Northern miners have a saying that wherever cotton blooms, ice is not far below. One may walk for miles, between the months of June and August, through fields of cotton plants in flower, the white, silky tops swaying in the arctic breeze. At present little use is made of it, from an industrial point of view, except where the down is gathered for filling pillows. The flowers bloom luxuriantly, as is natural where the sun shines continuously during the summer months. Among others, the flower-hunter may gather purple larkspur, bluebells, monk's hood, primroses, asters, lilies-of-the-valley and even a kind of arctic geranium, pink or white in color.

Gentleness.
Gentleness is a natural element. To train, restrain or subdue the character so that it will manifest this virtue is not to give to that character the element of gentleness. The result will be to tame but not to make gentle. When one is able to control by watchfulness his actions, so that they result in gentleness, he possesses something less than gentleness. Gentleness must be natural to be truly genuine. Where love, latent and fervent, abounds, that is the sort of soul that possesses gentleness. It is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth should speak. It is from the abundance of the regenerate spirit that the soul shall unveil the grace of gentleness in myriad relations. Disposition, temper and manner are in the province of this virtue. They must possess it.—Christian Intelligencer.

Best yet. Herald Want Ads.

Want Ads bring results.

The Birds' Christmas

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER



"H-I-R-P," said one little bird, and another bird sang a song.

It was very, very cold, and the birds were having a hard time to keep warm. Somehow, too, they felt the cold more when they were hungry. They hadn't had such very good luck that day or the day before.

It had snowed a great deal during the last few days and getting enough to eat had been no easy matter.

Near by they saw a white house. There was a garden around it; a nice big garden and just the place for birds in the summer time.

But those birds were here in the winter time, too, and they were given bread crumbs and suet all winter long. When snow covered the suet it was brushed off for them.

It was all very delightful. The last few days, however, had seemed to be very busy ones in the white house. The birds could see that greens were being hung everywhere, over the pictures, book cases and mirrors, and wreaths were put in all the windows. Preparations were evidently being made for some unusual event.

There seemed to be no end to the amount of greens. Some were wound to look like long ropes and great branches were put behind large pictures. The house was gay indeed with greens, which were burning in all the fireplaces.

Much wood was carried in, and the birds thought how warm the people inside must be, and how cold it was outside. They shivered and wished they had gone South after all.

Then a little tree was carried in, and one of the birds that was near the dining room told the others that the tree was put on the dining room table. Another medium sized tree was in the big room, where most of the excitement seemed to be going on. Then they hung pretty shiny and shimmering things on the tree and packages of all sizes and description under it.

Had their friends forgotten them? It could not be possible! And yet—yet—they hadn't had any suet in the last day or so, and they had always been supplied with it before. They had stayed North because these people loved birds so.

They knew that they loved birds because they were good to the little feathered people. But the last day or so—well, it was all very surprising.

The birds were just going to sleep. Just about to tuck their heads under their wings, when they saw more peo-

ple coming to the house, people with suitcases and bags. There seemed to be great excitement and everybody seemed to be smiling.

It was very hard to be a little bird, the birds thought, and not to feel like smiling.

But at last they went to sleep. "I don't feel like chirping today," said one of them, early the next morning. "I don't feel very happy that my friends in the white house have forgotten about me."

"Oh, cheer up, something must have happened," said another little bird. "I still can't believe it possible that they have forgotten us. But we did have a bad day or so, it is true. So cold, and a little hungry."

"Well, I'll chirp," said the first bird. And all the birds began to chirp and Mr. Sun rose up in a bright red robe and said:

"It's Christmas morning, birdlings; how do you like my handsome robe? I'm all dressed up for the occasion."

But just then a lady came out of the big house, the lady who was the special friend of the birds.

"Merry, merry Christmas, birdies," she said. "I had almost forgotten about you. All the children are home for the Christmas holidays and there has been great excitement. We've been decorating and having everything look gay inside."

"Oh, I didn't mean to forget you, birdies. I feel so bad."

They were given fresh suet and nice bread crumbs, and some cake crumbs, too.

Bradley's XMAS SHOE SALE



Bradley is still giving the public the opportunity of buying shoes at a great saving. The sale is still carried on and grows more interesting as we carry it on. We now intend to move the children's and boys' shoes—so we offer you a big special.

ON EVERY PAIR OF CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' SHOES OVER \$2.50 PRICE WE WILL ALLOW \$1.00 and LESS THAN \$2.50 WE WILL ALLOW 50c.

Men's Dress Shoes still continue to be very popular and loggers will find it to their advantage to visit our store when they are in need of Boots or Shoes.

Bradley Shoe Store

UNION STORE
727 MAIN ST.

UNION MADE
KLAMATH FALLS, ORE



Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

Why Not A "BELBER"

Trunk, Suit Case or Bag for Xmas?
Something that you need every day of the year. See the new styles we have just received.

K K K Store

Exclusive on Belber Luggage

"Merry Christmas, Birdies," she said.

pie coming to the house, people with suitcases and bags. There seemed to be great excitement and everybody seemed to be smiling.

It was very hard to be a little bird, the birds thought, and not to feel like smiling.

But at last they went to sleep. "I don't feel like chirping today," said one of them, early the next morning. "I don't feel very happy that my friends in the white house have forgotten about me."

"Oh, cheer up, something must have happened," said another little bird. "I still can't believe it possible that they have forgotten us. But we did have a bad day or so, it is true. So cold, and a little hungry."

"Well, I'll chirp," said the first bird. And all the birds began to chirp and Mr. Sun rose up in a bright red robe and said:

"It's Christmas morning, birdlings; how do you like my handsome robe? I'm all dressed up for the occasion."

But just then a lady came out of the big house, the lady who was the special friend of the birds.

"Merry, merry Christmas, birdies," she said. "I had almost forgotten about you. All the children are home for the Christmas holidays and there has been great excitement. We've been decorating and having everything look gay inside."

"Oh, I didn't mean to forget you, birdies. I feel so bad."

They were given fresh suet and nice bread crumbs, and some cake crumbs, too.

"Merry, merry Christmas," said the lady.
"Merry, merry Christmas," chirped the birdies, so the lady said, but they were really thanking her, and in their little hearts felt so glad that the one they had trusted and loved, had not failed them!

Lure of the Stage.

"Will I ever be an actress?" is a query theater managers often receive from young women. Mothers with prodigious appeal for an appearance of their sons, "who can recite all of Shakespeare." Now comes a letter from an apparently versatile young Kansas woman to Lawrence Lehman, manager of the Orpheum theater:

"Am writing you today asking if you are in need of an actress. Would love to join one of the troops that come to your show house. Have traveled with many cheap troops, so would rather get into a better class. I can play the piano and do a lot of comic tricks. The last troop I left at Joplin, Mo., and now am staying with my married sister here until I hear from you. I hope you can help me out with one thing or the other. If possible, I would like to stick in your theater all the time for I'm tired of traveling. Of course, if you can get me into some good troop I'd like very well to travel. I have some pictures of myself taken in many different ways, so, if you'd like I'll send some. Now will close, hoping to hear from you and hope you can get me something to do. Excuse writing."—Kansas City Star.

Scientific Research.

The supervisor of schools was visiting and had stopped in one of the rooms to explain the wonders of the solar system. Every little face glowed with the radiance of understanding, every little mind was absorbed with interest as the supervisor demonstrated with familiar objects the movements of the earth and moon about the sun.

The supervisor shook mental hands with himself as he experienced that satisfaction coming only to orators who are swaying their audiences. With a sense of his success he turned to the class and said:

"Now, does any little boy or girl wish to ask a question?"

"Yes, ma'am, I mean sir," said Tommie. "What made ya so baldheaded?"

GREENWICH NOW BUT A MEMORY

NEW YORK, Nov. 28. (By Mail) — Add Greenwich Village to the spots of "atmosphere" that are no more. Like the Bowery and the old gay town residence district the Bohemia of the metropolis is about extinct.

Unconventional people still reside in the vicinity of Washington Square but those who knew it in the old days call the present residents posers.

Struggling young geniuses, living in poverty in cheerless attics or stable studios no more evade insistent landlords by the back stairway. They don't because the same attics and stables now lease for any-

where from \$1,500 to \$3,600 a year, security demanded. The Bohemian restaurants are commercialized. There is no credit and prices range with eating places in the White Light district.

In MacDougal Alley and Washington News where men and women once sacrificed all bodily comforts for art, limousines and town cars now stand without. Nurses care for children, fresh paint and modern conveniences are everywhere. Only geniuses who have arrived can now afford a residence in New York's Bohemia.

It is rumored that some of the champion Reds are likely to be nicked for a fine, as there is a rule prohibiting exhibition playing by members of the pennant winning fits.

SHEEPMEN! ATTENTION!

We have stocks of
COTTONSEED CAKE
SOYA BEAN CAKE
Both NUT SIZE and MEAL for immediate and future delivery. We purchased early.

GET OUR PRICES BUYING
Write or Wire

Swift & Company

Animal Food Dept. NORTH PORTLAND, OREGON

GRIT, BONE, MEAT SCRAPS, EGG MASH FOR CHICKENS

Murphey's Feed & Seed Store
126 South Sixth St. Phone 87