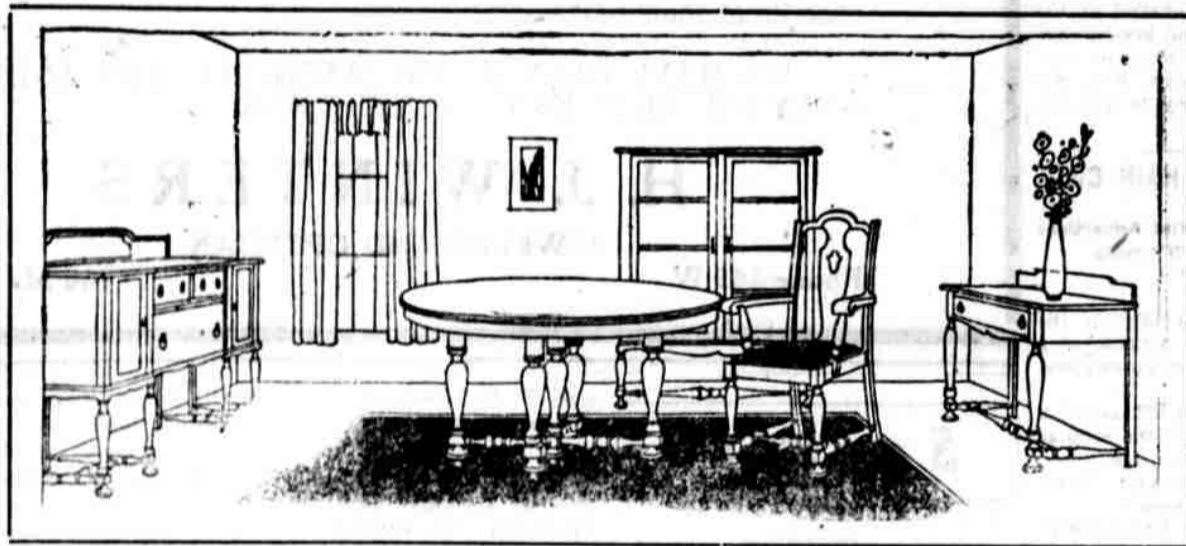


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AT THE CHURCHES

No changes will be made in this column unless the copy is at The Evening Herald office by 5 o'clock Friday morning.

First Baptist Church, corner Washington and Eighth.
Sunday school at 10 a. m., C. R. Delap, superintendent.
Preaching at 11 a. m.

Prayer service Wednesday at 8 P. M. Every second and fourth Wednesday evening will be devoted to missionary work.

E. Y. P. U. Sunday evening at 8 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services.

Sacred Heart Church, corner 8th and High streets. Rev. Hugh J. Marshall, pastor.

Children's Mass at 8.00
Adult's Mass at 10.30.
Sermon: "Why I Go To Church."
Evening Services at 7:00 p. m.

First Presbyterian Church, Corner 3rd and Pine. Rev. E. P. Lawrence, Minister—437 Third Street. Phone 429.

Sunday school as usual at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. at which four laymen will give short talks carrying out the New Era program for foreign missions. There will be no evening service, on account of the difficult approach to the Church.

The Congregation will unite with one of the other churches in the evening service.
Our Sunday school is growing rapidly—Come and help swell the numbers. We hope soon to be in our new quarters with many more conveniences.

A cordial invitation is extended to any who have no other church home to worship with us.

Lutheran services will be held at Library hall, corner Third and Main, conducted by Rev. M. C. Rossman, Pastor, Residence, 929 High St.

No Lutheran services will be held since Rev. M. C. Rossman is preaching at Gold Hill.

Services will be held again at Library Hall, corner Third and Main on Sunday December 21.

All are cordially invited to worship with us.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Tenth and High. Rev. S. J. Chaney, Pastor, 1117 East street. Phone 67W
Sunday school at 10.00 A. M.
Morning Worship at 11.00 A. M.
Junior League at 5:30 p. m.
Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.
Evening Church Service 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m.

All are cordially invited to all the services at the Methodist Church.

The young people can do no better than spend an hour with the League from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m. each Sunday.

First Christian Church, corner Ninth and Pine streets. C. F. Trimble, pastor.
Sunday School, 10 A. M.
Sermon 11 a. m.
Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30 p. m.

The Sunday evening services will be at the Methodist church.

Emanuel Baptist Church, Eleventh and High streets.
Sunday school 10 a. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society meets first Thursday of each month.
You are invited to these services.

The Christian Science Society of Klamath Falls holds services at 113 Fourth street every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and every Wednesday evening at 7:30. All are welcome.

The subject of lesson for Sunday, "God, the Preserver of Men."
The Sunday school session is from 9:45 to 10:45 every Sunday morning. The free reading room and free lending library is open from 2:30 to 4:30 on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

SOLDIERS SEE GIANT CLOCK

Massive Timepiece in House of Commons Tower, Regarded as One of World's Best Timekeepers.

Fifty disabled soldiers, many of whom had lost a leg in the war and wore an artificial one in its place, climbed the 300 steps of the House of Commons tower in London to study the mechanism of "Big Ben," the giant timepiece. The soldiers are being trained by the ministry of labor in watch and clock repairing.

A guide told the party that the clock was designed by Lord Grimthorpe, and was placed in the tower in 1895. It has been working ever since, and is still regarded as one of the best timekeepers in the world. The minute hand is 14 feet long and weighs 224 pounds, and the pendulum, which requires two seconds to complete each swing, weighs 700 pounds. The bell which sounds the hours has a diameter of nine feet, and weighs 14 tons, the weight of the striking hammer being 700 pounds. An electric motor now winds the clock in 20 minutes. Formerly it took two men working three afternoons a week to complete the task.

SIXTY INDIANS ARE CONFIRMED AT NEW CHURCH

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Dec. 13.—Reminiscent of the days of Father Junipero Serra, pioneer missionary of the Order of St. Francis, who first administered the sacrament of the confirmation to California Indian neophytes 150 years ago, were the ceremonies attendant upon the dedication of a new Catholic church recently at El Cajon, 15 miles east of here.

Sixty Indian children and adults from a reservation at El Capitan, Mesa Grande, Connecho, Campo, Laguna and Santa Isabella were confirmed by Rt. Rev. John F. Cantwell, bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, and Padre La Point, pastor of the new parish.

Saturday afternoon Indians began arriving at El Cajon and that night the valley sky was aglow with the reflected light of many camp fires.

Long before the hour of services the following morning, members and their friends gathered at the church. Preceding the solemn high mass, the

bishop with miter and crozier opened the dedicatory exercises. The day was typically Californian and the glitter of the sun's rays upon the golden strands of the vestments, the flutter of white surplices in the light breeze and the stately movements of the clergymen with their deep-toned chant of the age-old ritual, made an impressive ceremonial.

Children and adults filed along the altar rail while the bishop and his assisting priests anointed them with sacred oil and administered a light blow on the cheek that marked them as soldiers of the cross.

One confirmant, Yellow Sky, said to be 120 years old, an Indian whose tribal antecedents have faded from the memory of every man who knows quest Bishop Cantwell bestowed him attracted attention. At his request upon him the name of "Pabla," the Spanish-Indian equivalent of "Paul."

Only one Indian, Ambrosio, member of the camp reservation, can converse with Yellow Sky.

Of the 39 Indian languages spoken in America, 24, it is said, are spoken in the El Cajon valley and vicinity.

After the ceremonies residents of the valley gave the Indians a barbecue.

A subscription to The Evening Herald for a prospective locator this year, might mean a Christmas present for all of us next year.

A Quietude Romance

By T. B. ALDERSON

POVERTY and pathos, gentility and blighted hopes, aspirations and hidden emotions — all these played a part in the dull experience of the odd ten people who had lived year in and year out at Mrs. Rhoda Markham's city boarding house. Its proprietress was a good-hearted woman, but the constant grind had worn her out. As Christmas approached, however, the faded, but faithful old eyes brightened, for, though poor and humble, her little coterie were generous souls and a special purse was her reward when the Christmas tree gave up its treasure.

Miss Myrtle Deane had occupied the best room in the house for over three years. She lived on an annuity of limited volume, and although twenty-eight, retained much of the freshness and charm of girlhood.

Reuben Willis, thirty, and a bachelor, a silent, retiring man, filled a subordinate position in a bank, and, it was said, came of a once wealthy family and his actions showed his good breeding.

"It's bound to be a match," prophesied Mrs. Mayhew, a widow boarder.

"If they only weren't too poor to think of it," suggested Mr. Bascom, who was coarse and practical.

Everybody in the boarding house took part in the preparations for and the celebration of Christmas. The tree was trimmed and the packages of mutual presents piled about its base. Then Bascom started a vigorous propaganda in favor of each person hanging their stockings in front of the fireplace. Miss Deane grew rosy at the suggestion and Willis tried to escape to his room, but it was of no avail.

There was vast chattering and jollity as after breakfast next morning there was an adjournment to the sitting room. The master of ceremonies, Bascom's eyes twinkled as one after another the stockings were apportioned, for he was a practical joker. Willis noted that his stocking was bulging and heavy. He peered within it, then showed a lump of coal and a raw potato.

Somehow his heart was chilled. Trivial as was the incident, it came like a direct blow in the face. Was the erratic donation a stirring reminder of his poverty? All at once the barrenness of his lonely life overcame him in full force. He went up to his room gloomily.

A servant knocked at the door and handed him a letter. Mechanically he opened it and then sprang to his feet, white to the lips and quivering all over. He stood like one in a maze. There was a second timid summons at the door. Willis opened it to face Miss Deane, a parcel in her hand.

"Will you please step into the hall," she fluttered, and he thought how lovely she looked in her fresh, dainty morning dress.

"Mr. Willis, I hope the practical jokes of Mr. Bascom have not been taken by you as an affront. He did the same thoughtless thing with all of us. And you ran away before we could give out the presents. Here is yours, a trilling gift, but I hope it will please you, because I made it myself."

Willis parted the tissue paper to disclose a pair of knit house slippers.

His heart warmed toward this modest, lonely gentlewoman, who had devoted so many hours to show her friendly esteem.

"I cannot express how I appreciate them," he said, and then a quick impulse swayed him. The letter in his pocket reminded him of a vast change in circumstances and fortune. "They make me think of home," he added in a tone of pathetic reminiscence. "Miss Deane, we would know how to appreciate a home, you and I, wouldn't we now?"

The fair lady sighed. A dim blur of tears crossed her eyes.

"If I had one," continued Willis, coming closer to her, "would you share it with me?"

There was a sob and Miss Deane wavered. Willis tenderly clasped her waist. He knew she had given assent in her shrinking way.

"I have just received a letter from the lawyer of a near relative apprising me of the fact that I have been made his legatee," announced Willis. "It is a fine present, isn't it? But the best gift Christmas can give me is your own dear self!"

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