

Don't ask for Crackers—say SNOW FLAKES



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A Teasing Dash of Salt

—a crispy just-out-of-the-oven daintiness—the most delicious soup is enhanced when Snow Flakes are served!

POT POURRI

By LONE STAR

Well folks, we'll start the evening with one on that famous fisherman, Dr. Fred Westerfield.

Whenever we hear Fred Westerfield's tales if we listen to what he say we find its the fish with the biggest scales That always gets a weigh.

He kissed her on the cheek They say it's harmless frolic, He's been laid up a week They say its Painter's Colic (This one does not apply to Fred).

Some time ago, the Lone Star is informed, Dr. Truax accidentally killed Fred Westerfield's dog Dick.

Here's what Fred had put on the tombstone: Old Dick was like his dog In every particular And upright were the lives they lead Their ways were pup-and-Dick-ular. (Quick Watson—the needle).

There was an old man of Summit Who broke his teeth and said "Dummit" When asked what he'd do He said "I can't chew" "So I guess for a while I must gummit."

There was an old lady named Fitch Who heard a loud snoring, at which She took off her hat And found that a rat Had fallen asleep at the switch.

And still one more. It is not very often that the Lone Star waxes po-

etical, but it seems that this is one of those days.

"You're the light of my life," she whispered. As he kissed her once more good-night. And then from the top of the star-way Came a voice "Well, put out the light."

Frank B. Robinson and Pill Roller Pope went to Portland to take the state board of pharmacy exam, last week. Robinson was the head of the class, passing with the highest general average, and the pill-roller, from the Star Drug company, was second on the list. About 30 men took the exam. No matter what Klamath Falls has not, it certainly has some capable pharmacists, when the two high men both hail from here.

Here's another funny thing that happened last week. The Lone Star was accused of being Frank B. Robinson. Don't know whether Mr. Robinson would like that or not. He's pretty particular about some things.

Incidentally the engagement is announced of Dr. John Mills of the Warren Hunt hospital pharmacy, and Miss Davis, of the same institution. We wish the happy couple every success, and may they live forever, if possible.

Not long ago Lone Star was coming up from San Francisco on the train. A bear, which was on the track, was instantly killed when the train hit it. The Lone Star was telling an old lady sat opposite to him about the incident, and the old lady remarked "My—how terrible. Was the bear on the track?" "No madam," we replied, "the train had to go up into the woods after it."

Talking about train trips reminds us of an experience we had some time ago. We had made a trip across the continent, and were met at the depot, on arriving home, by our friends. After telling how pleased they were to see us one of them remarked, "Well, what kind of a trip did you have." "Oh, pretty good," I replied, "but I lost half my baggage on the way." "How was that—did you check it wrong?" the friend asked.

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The Hotel is now open for business. The restaurant and barber shop will be ready early in June.

The purpose back of this hotel is to furnish to the workman of Klamath Falls a place where he can live decently and cleanly and at a price that will be within his reach. The owners of this hotel feel that they have done this.

J. J. KELLER, Manager

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"No," we replied, "the cork came out."

We see by this paper that there is a new development company formed here, which has for its object the development of Klamath Falls. Gee but it feels good to have a bunch of good samaritans with us to look after the interests of the community.

The articles of incorporation are said to be of the "blanket" variety, and Ed Vannice is supposed to supply the blankets.

We wonder how they ever came to rope Andy Collier into a deal like that. Andy's philanthropic properties are well known and we are very much surprised to see that Brother Collier has accepted the billet of treasurer for this new concern. We would think that Andy would rather see someone else handle the money.

This company is seriously considering attacking the housing question here. Well, if they do, Lone Star will never live in one of their houses, the rent would be too high.

Then they also propose building a milk factory, too. Well, that's not bad. Doc Hunt says his hospital will provide the babies if this new company will provide the milk.

If Lone Star were in that company, he might suggest that they build a brewery, too.

Then we read that all the stockholders are young business men. All right. Let's see about that. There's Ed Vannice who is 93 if he is a day. Charlie Ferguson was an old man when Lone Star was a boy, so he must be over 80. Then there's Maguire, and if he is not long past the 70 mark we'll eat our hat, and besides its been a long time since Hector was a pup.

Andy Collier is the youngest one in the bunch, and we hate to see such a nice young boy wasting his time with philanthropy. Shame on you old naughty men, roping a young man like that in with your old-fashioned philanthropic schemes.

One good thing about having Andy

Collier tied up with them is that Andy has lots of ice on tap, which might come in handy some time this summer; especially if they build that brewery.

Incidentally we notice that the state of New York has legalized two-six-bit beer which means just this: That New York state will HAVE two-six-bit beer.

Wonder how long it will be before Oregon will pass a like bill.

And now let us watch out for an Exodus from Oregon to New York.

We went into Bobbie Ward's hash house the other day for lunch. We ordered a regular dinner. The waiter brought us some soup to begin with and as he placed the dish on the table, we noticed that the cloth was getting wet. We called Bobbie's attention to it, and told him that the dish must be cracked. "Oh, no," said Bobbie, "there's a leak in the soup."

A fellow went into Swanson's barber shop the other day, and sat in Jesse Turner's chair. "Have I seen you before somewhere," asked Jesse. "Yes, once; you shaved me." "Well, I don't remember the face," said Jesse. "No, it's all healed up now."

Doc Truax was treating an old Irish lady not long since, and prescribed a box of pills for her, telling her to call the day after next. On calling the Doc said to her, "Well, Mrs. Brady, and how do you feel now?" "Not very good, doctor—not very good." "Well, did you take

the box of pills I gave you?" he asked. "Yis sorr, Oi did, and Oi don't be feeling anny better; I guess the lid haven't come aff yet."

An Irishman once got a job at a powder works, and the foreman was up in the air one day when he saw Pat rolling a keg of powder and smoking his pipe at the same time. "For God's sake, Pat," yelled the foreman. "Put out that pipe. Do you know what happened the last time a man smoked a pipe in here?" "No—what happened?" said Pat. "Well, a keg of powder exploded and killed 12 men." "Ah, but that couldn't happen now," said Pat. "Why?" asked the foreman. "Because there's only you and me here," said Pat.

Mike and his friend Pat were out seeing the sights. They came to a Chinese laundry.

"Come in," said Mike, "and I'll introduce you to a countryman of ours." They walked into the laundry and found a Chinaman who was busy counting collars.

"Do you mean to tell me that this haythen came from Ireland?" said Pat.

"I do," says Mike.

"Look here, my man," said Pat to the Chink, "what part of Ireland did you come from?"

The Chink said: "Me got no time foolee; me countee collar—me countee collar."

"You're a dom liar," said Pat. "There's no county in Oireland be that name."

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