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### POT POURRI

By LONE STAR

There is a great deal of agitation these days about giving the preachers more money. Maybe we had better keep them on a low salary. To increase it might be the ruination of religion.

Jones has aspirations for congress and says he will hang on till he gets in. Go to it Jonsie. Jacob wrestled all night with an angel of the Lord before he got what he wanted, and the chances are you will have to do some tall wrestling too.

We met postmaster Delzell coming up the street the other day limping terribly, and noticing that he had on a new pair of shoes, said to him "What's the matter boss—shoes too small?" "Naw," replied he, "feet too big."

Lone Star was standing on the platform of the Townsend street depot in San Francisco the other day, and, not being sure of the time his train left, asked a native son who was also standing on the platform. The native son looked at him and replied "Twenty minutes after she pulled in." Some accommodating bunch those native sons.

The supreme court of California has decided that Roy Wolfe, a 16-year-old boy, must hang for the murder of a chauffeur in San Jose. This boy took a hammer, and, for the money the chauffeur had in his pocket, killed him. The supreme court in its decision stated that it was a brutal murder, and so it was. But we fail to see where it was any more brutal than were some of the murders that were pulled off by the Los Angeles wholesale murderer, Bluebeard.

Furthermore we fail to see why this boy, practically a child, should go to the gallows, while a deep-eyed desperate degenerate criminal like Watson is allowed to live. We have heard it said that justice sometimes miscarries, and we believe it may be so.

A sheriff was once called upon to officiate at the hanging of a murderer, and, it being his first experience, was very nervous. As he was about to adjust the black cap over the eyes of the doomed man, his hands shook so freely that he dropped the cap on the scaffold. "What's the matter, sheriff?" said the prisoner to him. "getting nervous?" "A little," replied the sheriff, "you see this is my first experience at hanging." "Mine too," replied the convict, "mine too."

We wonder who the dark horse which the Democratic party is going to spring on us is. Jack Johnson, maybe.

A preacher was dwelling upon the value of faith and works in his sermon on Sunday morning. To illustrate his theory that one is useless without the other, he used the following illustration. Said he "Suppose that I was in a boat and I have two oars. We will call the left car faith and the right oar works. If I use only the left oar I find myself going round in a circle, and if I use only the right oar, I also find myself going round in a circle." Just then he was interrupted by a little fellow at the back of the church who hollered out with considerable energy "Well, why the hell don't you scull?"

Jimmie Ryan and Doc Powell were having an argument about the Lord's prayer the other morning. The Lord only knows what those two birds were doing talking about a subject like that, but the fact remains that they were. Maybe they had had a few shots, but anyhow this is what Lone Star overheard. "Ah—go on," said Doc Powell. "I'll bet you \$10 that you don't know the first line of the Lord's prayer." "I'll take that bet," said Irish Jimmie. "I'll just take that bet." The stakes were handed over to Lone Star and Ryan started in. "Now I lay me down to sleep—" A look of sheer astonishment stole over Doc's face, and turning to Lone Star he said, "Give him the money, boy—it's his—I didn't think he knew it."

We were well acquainted with Doc Powell when he ran a saloon in San Bernardino and seeing that he does not know who Lone Star is, we do not mind telling of a little incident which happened down there. Doc went in to buy a hat one day and after picking out one which suited him, said to the clerk: "How much is this hat worth?" "Ten dollars," replied the clerk. "Ten dollars!—why, there's no holes in it," replied Doc. "Holes;

what the devil do you want with holes in a new hat?" "Oh," replied Doc, "for the jackass that pays you \$10 for that hat to put his ears through."

Incidentally we hear that Doc Powell is going to start a bakery. Harry D. Walker, publisher of Walker's Manual of California securities, has discovered a system whereby bread can be made which will produce a regular old-time Klamath Falls jag. And if that's so we do not blame Doc for starting up in the bakery business.

Say, folks, it would be funny to see a big bunch of loggers rolling out of Powell's bakery with a heat on that would make 110 in the shade feel cool, now wouldn't it? Looks like that would bring the H. C. of L. down somewhat, too.

The beautiful thing about this bread is that you can have any kind of a jab you want to by eating the bread and then following it up with some kind of fruit. For instance, if you want a manhattan cocktail jag, all you have to do is to eat some of the bread and then eat a cherry. The bread only makes the alcohol; you decide the flavor for yourself. Hirvi won't have a look in when Doc gets once started.

## DID NOT LEAVE HOME IN MONTHS

Seattle Man Takes Tanlac And Is Now Back At Work Again Feeling Like a Different Person.

"When I began taking Tanlac I had been confined to my house for four months, but I never felt better in my life than now," said William Delaney, well-known employee of the City Street Department and who lives at 427 Fairview Ave., Seattle, Wash.

"I had stomach trouble and indigestion so bad that everything I ate disagreed with me," continued Mr. Delaney. "Gas would form after meals and cause me to have the worst sort of cramping spells. I ac-

## MONUMENTS

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### SUMMER COURSES

CORVALLIS, Ore., June 14—With the exception of forestry and pharmacy every department at the Oregon Agricultural college will offer courses during the annual summer school, which opens June 21 and closes July 31. Inquiries from prospective

### AT THE THEATERS

"The Poison Pen." Starring June Elvidge, will be the feature film at the Liberty Theatre tonight. This is a wonderful mystery story that has puzzled thousands by its novel theme, so different from anything hitherto seen on the screen.

The little village of Queenstead is aroused over a series of anonymous letters received by prominent men, denouncing them in most scurrilous terms. Police and private investigators are baffled in all attempts to locate the guilty parties.

Suddenly it is discovered that the beautiful Allayne Filbert, daughter of Bishop Filbert, is the author of these scandalous letters. Unknown to anybody, even herself, Allayne is troubled by a dual personality which affects her and controls her somnambulistically, during her sleep. Awake she is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the popular divine; asleep she wanders about, her features and nature changed into those of a woman unbalanced.

Then what happens! Does the unfortunate girl sweet and loving in her waking hours, but controlled by evil when asleep, go through life like this?

Is there no power that can banish the evil influence that makes her thus?

The answer is contained in "The Poison Pen." See this great feature at the Liberty Theatre tonight with June Elvidge in the role of the unfortunate Allayne Filbert.

students indicates a record enrollment of approximately 500.

Home economics and physical education will each have 22 courses.

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