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STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)



The Gasoline of Quality

T. J. MORTELL, Special Agents Standard Oil Co. Klamath Falls, Oregon

POT POURRI

By LONE STAR

Bob Ryan and the Lone Star were walking up Pine street yesterday, when one of Klamath Falls' lone maidens of more than respectable age passed us all dressed in black. "What's she doing in black?" Bobbie asked us. "Why she's in mourning for her husband," we replied. "But listen," said Brother Ryan, "she never had a husband." "No," we replied, "that's the reason she mourns."

We hear that said Bobby Ryan is in the field for a wife, and we believe we can suit Bobbie to a T. So call around Bobbie and see us once in a while. The girl we have picked out for you is not so handsome as far as looks go, but she's a good cook, she doesn't drink, neither does she use paint (at night) and the best part of it all is that she's Irish. So get busy and drop us a line Bob—we are sure we can please you. We fixed Owens of the Blue Flea up some time ago, and we can fix you up, too.

The Rev. Trimble performed a wooden marriage ceremony last night. Yes—he married two Poles.

Wonder what the children from that combination will be—clivers. I guess.

Brother Baker, who is a banker as well as a Baker, was accosted on the street tomorrow by a hobo, who asked Brother Baker if he would give him two-bits to get something to eat on. Baker is something like Brother Slough—a very religious turn of mind, so he immediately started in to lecture the stiff on the folly of his ways. "Why do you know," said Baker, "I started life as a little bare-footed boy." "Well," replied the tramp, "I'm here to tell you that I wasn't born with a pair of shoes on."

A bum was hauled before Al Leavitt one day last week and in sentencing him to two days in the can to sober him up, remarked "If I was in your place, I'd shoot myself." The bum replied—"Hic—if you in hic—my place—hic—you couldn't—hic—hit a barn—hic—door."

Don't believe we have ever handed Mr. Slough one in this column yet, and as we cannot pass so worthy a gentleman up—here goes. A hobo asked Brother Slough yesterday if he could give him something to eat. Now folks, Bro. Slough has never yet turned a hobo down—by heck, but this bird looked suspicious to him so he decided to question him a little as to the reason of his pauperism. "How do you come to be broke?" asked Old Man Slough, "there's lots of work in Klamath Falls, and there's no need of any man being on the hamper." "Well," replied to be, "I was shot in the war and can't work." "Oh," said Brother Slough, "that's different. Where were you injured?" "In the spinal column," replied the stiff. "Now you just go right on about your business," quoth Slough. There never was such a battle."

Bill Kay asked us the other day why a grasshopper was like a grass widow. We replied that they were both willing to jump at the first opportunity.

Lee Merritt has a Sunday school class, and in that class is an incorrigible youth. He's got an incorrigible teacher, but that's aside from the question. He's a pretty good-natured sort of a guy, so we don't mind rapping him a little. But anyhow—this kid of Merritt's drove him almost to distraction one Sunday morning with his pranks, etc., and finally in exasperation Lee said to the kid, "Billy—I'm afraid I'll never see you in heaven." "Why," asked the incorrigible one, "what ye been doin' now."

Doc Soule met Doc Hunt yesterday morning, and, as usual, stopped to have a chat, and talk over their different patients. "Say—Doc," said Andy Soule, "I've got a very peculiar case on my hands now—what would you do for it?" "Well, what sort of a case is it," asked Warren. "Why it's a grass widow affected with hay fever," replied Andy, as he stroked his moustache, adjusted his cowboy hat and passed on.

Lone Star asked Andy Soule shortly after the above took place, if it were injurious to eat a clove once in a while. "Well, that depends a great deal upon the spirit with which you do it," replied Andy.

Pill-roller Pope was trying to sell a customer a bottle of some sort of a tonic dope last Saturday, when Lone Star happened to wander into the

BROUGHT OUT FACTS



Hon. L. M. Foster.

As a member of the Select Committee on United States Customs Board operations, Representative Foster Republican of Ohio helped to uncover and discover things on the western trip of the committee which have resulted in prosecutions by the Department of Justice in the hearings of the committee in Washington. Representative Foster proved an able assistant on cross-examination of witnesses. He was a prosecuting attorney of his county for eight years. He is a member of the House Committee on Expenditures on Public Buildings and on Rivers and Harbors.

Naturally being interested in seeing what kind of a salesman the pill-roller is, we stuck around. The customer didn't seem to bite as well as he should have, and the pill-roller was making desperate attempts to hook him.

As a final effort the pill-roller told his prospective victim "If you once take a bottle of this tonic, and give it a trial, I feel sure that you will never use any other." "Excuse me," replied the prospective victim as he walked out, "but I prefer something less fatal." And the P. R. lost the sale.

Shortly after the episode just alluded to occurred, Joe Woods, a pill-roller from Powers & Estes in Portland, came in. "Say," said Joe, "gimme a little whisky." "Can't do it," replied Pope. "We are only allowed to sell liquor for medical purposes." "Well that's what I want it for," said Izzy. "This blooming burg gives me a pain." Guess Pope tried to sell him a bottle of Peptona or something else in the tonic line.

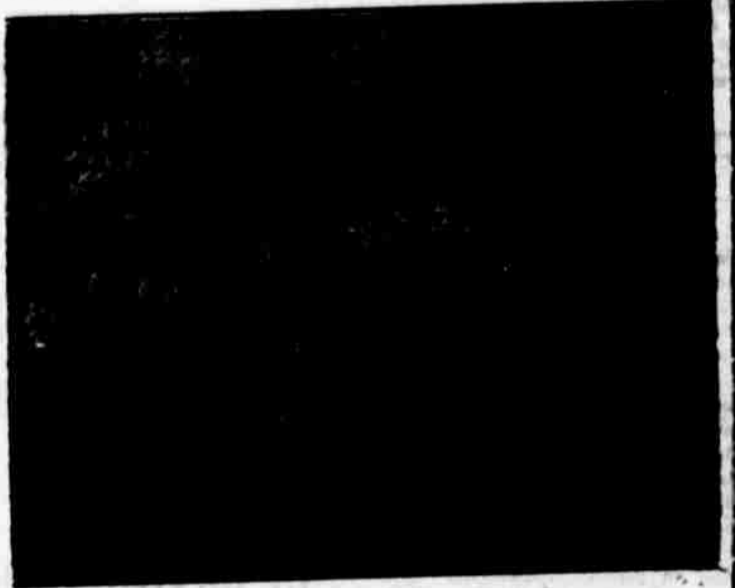
We heard a couple of women speaking the praises of our friend Andy Soule yesterday (no—we're not through with you yet, Andy) and one said to the other: "I always have Dr. Soule when I'm sick. When my mother was at death's door he pulled her through." Well, that may be all right too, but the next time I meet Andy, I'm going to ask him which way he pulled that old lady.

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