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Bert Lytell, who is playing at the Liberty Theatre in Paul Armstrong's "Alias Jimmy Valentine," tells how he obtained one of the most effective scenes in the picture along with some experience in criminology.

The young Metro star was listening to the "life story" of an anaemic looking young man who accosted him in the lobby of a Los Angeles hotel and braced him for the price of a meal.

"I'm just out of jail," confided the stranger. "Did a stretch for robbery. But I'm going straight now—"

Lytell had an inspiration. "Can you pick locks?" he asked, with eager interest.

"Sure," returned the other. "But I'm going straight, I told you."

"That's what I want you to do. And I want to help you. Suppose you run out to the Metro studios in Hollywood tomorrow morning and work in the Sing Sing scene of 'Alias Jimmy Valentine?'"

The star handed the ex-convict his card. "I'm working in Paul Armstrong's play for the screen," he explained, "and when we shoot the scenes in the warden's office in which Dick, the Rat, forces a patent lock with a hairpin, you can show us if it can be done—and how."

A faintly reminiscent smile passed over the wan features of the slim young man.

"Yes—it has been done," he acquiesced.

The upshot of it was that the young man was given a job at the studios the next day. An actor played Dick, the Rat, the sneak thief in the drama, while the "stranger's" hands were photographed in the close-ups showing the manipulation

of the lock with a hairpin. He received a generous wage for the day's work.

The next morning Finis Fox, who scenarized "Alias Jimmy Valentine," congratulated Lytell on his find.

"The stuff looks great on the screen," he said. "He worked like a professional."

"Yes," replied Bert, gloomily, "but before he left the studio he used the same hairpin to jimmy his way into my dressing room. I lost fifty dollars."

### NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT OF FINAL ACCOUNT AND HEARING OF PETITION FOR DISCHARGE AND DISTRIBUTION

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Klamath. In the Matter of the Estate of Emil Kliese, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that C. F. Stone, as administrator of the estate of Emil Kliese, deceased, has rendered and presented for settlement, his final account of the administration of said estate, and filed a petition for approval of same, distribution of said estate and for discharge of administrator, and that July 20, 1929, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in the courtroom of said Court, at the courthouse in the City of Klamath Falls, Klamath County, Oregon, has been fixed by said Court as the time and place for the settlement of said account and the hearing of said petition, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file exceptions in writing to the said final account, contest the same, and show cause, if any there be, why final distribution of said estate should not be made, and the administrator discharged.

Dated this 19th day of June, 1929.  
C. F. STONE,  
Administrator of said Estate.  
June 21-28-6-12-19

### POT POURRI

By LONE STAR

Here's something which I am having published for the Antediluvian's special benefit. It will apply also to any other gentleman or lady who may be in the same class. I shall entitle this pathetic little ditty:—

LONE STAR'S LAMENT  
When I cash in, and this poor race is run,

My chores performed, and all my errands done,  
Perhaps some folks who mock my efforts here

Will, weeping, bend above my lonely bier—(not beer)  
And bring large garlands worth three bucks a throw,

And paw the ground in ecstasy of woe  
And friends will wear crope bow-knots on their ties

While I look down (or up) a million miles,  
And wonder why those people never knew

How square I was before my spirit flew.

When I cash in, I shall not care a yen,  
For all the praise that's heaped upon me then.

Serene and silent in my narrow box,  
I shall not heed the praise or knocks:

And all the pomp and all the vain display,  
Will be just fuss and feathers thrown away.

So—tell me now—while I am on the earth,  
Your estimate of what my friendship's worth—

Oh, tell me what a loyal chap I am  
And fill me up with taffy and with jam.

Spread it on good, like honey's spread on bread,  
Don't wait to shoot the bunk till I am dead.

Doc Truax met Lawyer Renner on Main street the other morning, and Renner was up in the air for fair.

He had just lost a case and didn't like it very well, so his temper was very exident to the most casual observer.

Truax—noticing the condition of Brother Renner said to him "I see your profession does not make angels of men."

"No," replied Renner, "I should have been a doctor."

And Truax moved on then without a word to say.

### STARLIGHTS

He who keeps silence is soon forgotten—(if that's the case they never will forget me.)

He who does not advance will soon fall back.

He who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller.

It costs more to live now than it ever did in the world before, but then it's worth more, don't you know.

'Twould make your hair stand on end if you knew how many of our prominent citizens consult Old Mr. Ouija.

Isn't it a funny thing how human beings, supposedly in full possession of their normal senses, will sit for hours with two pieces of wood across their knees, waiting for some unseen power to tell them a little dope from "the other side?"

And we call ourselves civilized human beings.

Then we have some others amongst us who consult the stars—others call themselves students of the "occult." Any old thing except common sense. That, they will not show.

There is nothing of the mythical, mysterious or supernatural about this old globe—it's not necessary. All that is necessary is for a fellow to live as straight as a man could be expected to live. Make money if you can, but don't make it by gouging the other fellow, and making him suffer. It will rebound on you if you do.

Provide for those you leave behind you in reason, but don't try to amass all the money in the world—it will spoil your life if you do—the pleasure will go out of it—and with that gone, there's not much more left. So use a little discretion and common sense. You don't know a darned thing about tomorrow—the only time you know anything about is today. So the logical thing to do is to have as much fun today as you reasonably can.

Never mind tomorrow. That will

come and go just like today did, and you can't stop it either. Why take the pleasure off today by fooling around with tomorrow? You never starved to death yet, and you never will. Let the other fellow do the worrying and the money grabbing, and then, when they carry his old carcass out and plant it—why you will have the laugh on him.

Lone Star has no money, and the chances are that he never will have any more than the law allows. But there isn't a man or woman in Klamath Falls that gets more real enjoyment out of life than does this same Star.

He eats three times a day—four if he wants to—and he sleeps well every night. He owes no one, and no one owes him very much. So you see he has the world by the tail, so to speak. And when things don't go right, he smiles and says that the day is coming when they will, and he takes pleasure out of looking forward to that day—SEE THE POINT.

As far as money goes, look where English coin is going to. Look where Old Kaiser Willie's money has gone to. You can't get one cent on the dollar for it. So what's the use?

A certain party in Klamath Falls borrowed a dollar from Lone Star last year, and has never yet made an attempt to pay it back. We racked our brains to find some scheme to make this bird kick through, and finally hit upon the following scheme which worked. Meeting this gent in the Star drug store yesterday morning, we went up to him and said, "Gee Bill—but I wish you would borrow a dollar from me this morning?" "Why?" asked Bill. "So that I could remind you of the one you borrowed last year," we diplomatically replied.

A story is told on O. D. Burke which is worth while repeating, so here goes. When Brother Burke was quite a little fellow, his parents used to make him say his prayers every evening.

Bro. Burke's pa used to have him say every night, "Please, God, keep a watch over my papa." One night, however, Brother Burke was feeling a little better than usual, and after he had said the prescribed prayer for his dad, added this, "And maybe you'd better keep an eye on mamma too, God."

Lone Star has a parrot. And this is some parrot too, folks, believe me. He's something like the Lone Star—very outspoken, and at times we are sorely tempted to get rid of him. For instance the other evening the pastor of the church we attend called on us, and as usual this parrot began to swear. I immediately got a bucket of water and soused it all over him. This method had proved effective before, and I had no reason to think it would fail now. But it did. Listen what happened. After I had poured the water over that bird it shook itself, and, seeing the preacher standing there perfectly dry, looked him in the eye and said, "Well—where the H—L were you when the cyclone struck us?"

Arbor Day is now regularly observed in the United States, Canada and New Zealand.

Compared with his bulk when grown up, the kangaroo is the smallest when born. A baby kangaroo is only the size of a man's thumb.

In the reign of Queen Anne a man was sentenced to imprisonment for life for writing a pamphlet to prove that communication with the dead was possible.

In the far Arctic, summer brings a spell of continued sunshine, heat and myriads of insects, and there, for a matter of ten or twelve weeks, bird life is more plentiful than anywhere else on earth.

### JAPANESE FLOUTS EMPEROR'S ORDERS

HONOLULU, T. H., May 26. (By Mail.)—A young, Hawaiian-born Japanese, has received notice from the Japanese government to report for military service, has announced his intention to ignore the order and will receive the backing of the United States in his action, according to general.

The Japanese, whose name Mr. Irwin withheld, is, according to the attorney general, an American citizen born of Japanese parents on the island of Kauai, T. H., has voted as an American citizen, served in the national guard of Hawaii when it was mobilized for war, now is employed by the quartermaster's department of the United States army at Fort Schofield on this island and is a member of Schofield post of the American Legion.

Mr. Irwin stated that the Japanese in question, after receiving several

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general notices to report for military duty in Japan, finally received one giving him until eight o'clock in the morning of July 20 next to put in an appearance in the prefecture of Yamaguchi in the province of Oshima, Japan, from which place his parents came.

### PROTEST AGAINST GAME PRESERVE

ALTURAS, Cal., June 24.—The movement to establish a great game preserve of 100 square miles where the states of California, Oregon and Nevada join is not meeting with favor locally and protests have been forwarded to Washington. It is declared that such preserve would deprive thousands of head of stock of summer grazing and seriously cripple the industry of this region.

The protestants urge that smaller and more numerous preserves would give better protection to wild life and would not withdraw large domains from private use.

### PIKES PEAK IS STILL SNOW BOUND

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., June 24.—Early visitors to the Rocky Mountains this summer are finding a motor road to the summit of Pike's Peak banked on either side with snow above their heads.

In clearing the cog road to the summit, a flat car with an inclined plane of heavy iron was backed into

the snow by an engine. When the car was filled, the engine pulled away and the snow was shoveled from the car to the side of the road.

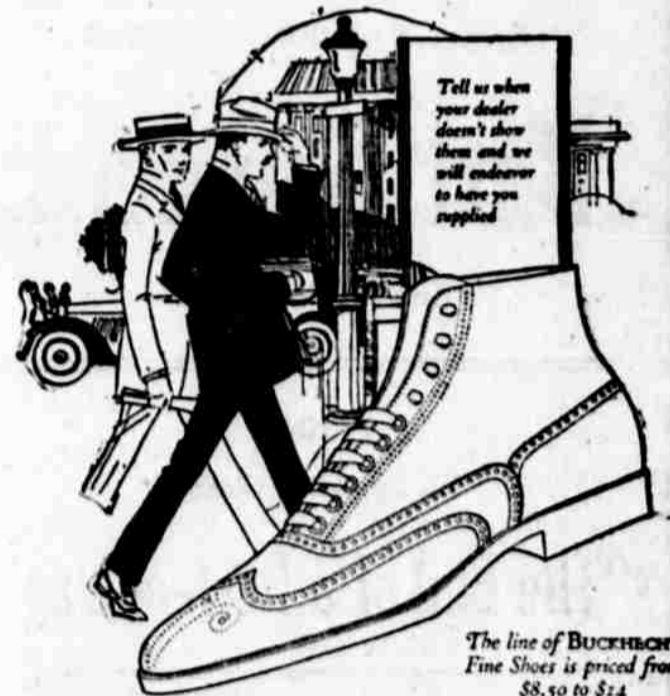
For the motor highway, however, laborers and shovels had to do the heavy work. It took several weeks. The work was started early in May. Some of the drifts were fifteen feet deep.

### LEGION WOULD BLOT OUT DUAL CITIZENSHIP

HONOLULU, T. H., May 26. (By Mail.)—Hawaiian department of the American Legion has aimed a blow at dual citizenship among the Japanese of the islands by launching a campaign for the organization of a Society of American Citizens of Japanese Ancestry, the keystone of whose pledge will be disavowal of Japanese dual citizenship law.

The proposed constitution provides that any American citizen of Japanese parentage over the age of sixteen years may join the society after he has signed the pledge declaring his wholehearted allegiance to the United States and disavowing any control by the laws of Japan which seek to hold foreign born Japanese for military duties.

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