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One of the new styles the Glove-fitting Patent Kid. Expressive of the spirit and grace of youth in style.



THE BOOTERY Chas. P. Maguire 713 Main St.

POT POURRI

By LONE STAR

Mary had a little lamb, her brother stole and gave her. And when he took a butting fit, salt-petre couldn't save her.

That's starting off pretty good. If we can only keep it up to the end of the column we shall have earned our money.

Several years ago, when Lone Star's star had not yet burst upon the literary horizon, he was spending the afternoon on New York bay, with a couple of schoolmates.

Night came on and with it, a rough sea, so that the boat was in danger of being swamped.

They informed us that they could not.

"Well can you sing a hymn?" we asked.

They told us that they could not do that either.

"Then" we replied "I will pass the hat—we must do something religious."

There was a young lady from Me. Whose form was decidedly ple. To dispel her dilemma She sent for some Emma, And now she is awfully ve.

Doc Boyd's little boy went up to the Dr. the day before yesterday, and said to him "Papa—I must have another pair of pants—the seat of these is all decayed."

Fat Loomis pulled a good one on Lawrence Phelps yesterday morning. Walking into Lawrence's grocery establishment he said "Please take this order."

"All right" said Lawrence, accenting a little business, "shoot."

"10 pounds of sugar at 27 cents, 11 pounds of coffee at 45 cents, 8 pounds of tea at 45 cents, 50 pounds of spuds, at 10cents. Now add that up."

"That comes to \$16.25" said Brother Phelps.

"Thanks—that's my arithmetic lesson for tomorrow" said Fat as he made a bee-line through the door.

A fellow met Doc. Hunt up town this afternoon and said to him:—

"How did you find Mr. Walker-spoon this morning doctor?"

"I looked in the directory" replied the surgeon, as he passed by.

Bert Worden asked Lone Star not long ago if there was any other cure for a snake-bite except whiskey.

"Who cares whether there is or not" we replied.

Rev. Chaney blew into a barber shop in Idaho some time back, and was shaved by a barber who was intoxicated. He cut Chaney, who turned to him and said "Now you see what drink does for a man."

"Yes" returned the barber, "it makes the skin very tender."

Frank Upp blew into Moe's the day before yesterday, and was waited on by one of those charming females whom Moe seems to have the knack of picking out.

Upp wanted a pair of ladies stockings, and was shown every conceivable size and color on the job, but still was not satisfied.

"Have you any other shade?" questioned the diamond and ingersoll peddler?

"No sir" replied Eunice—"I've shown you every pair we have in stock."

"But are you positive that you haven't any that I have not seen" persisted Mr. Upp.

"Yes" stammered the fair damsel—"except—er—the pair I'm wearing."

That's a pretty hot one folks, but Frank is a pretty good-natured old soul—he'll never mind it. If he does the next time Lone Star needs a wedding ring, he will buy it somewhere else.

So you had better be careful Frankie dear.

Here's another one on Frank, and this is real goods too.

In 1914 Frank went to San Francisco to take in the fair. In front of "The Dawn of Creation" building the Lone Star ran into him.

We had been doing a little celebrating on our own accord, and had had our picture taken on a donkey's back.

We showed Upp the picture, and asked him what he thought of it.

"Fine" replied Upp "It's a good picture, but who's that on your back?"

That's one on me, whereas I intended it to be on Frank. Oh well—this column will be running a long time—so I'll get him yet—if Toby doesn't.

Here are a couple of epitaphs we read while taking a meander out in the cemetery this morning. Here lies the body of Mary Louder She burst while drinking a seidlitz powder.

This is the grave of Daisy Bell—I certainly hope she's gone to heaven.

Lone Star's wife was very sick the other week, and we sent for Doc. Truax.

He arrived, and, after looking her over, said "The best thing you can do is to send her to a warmer climate."

So I went out to the woodshed—got the axe—handed it to Truax and said "Here—you hit her Doc—I haven't got the nerve."

The reason we were anxious to get rid of our wife was on account of her cruelty. On arriving home for dinner one day we found her beating the eggs—whipping the cream—stoning the raisins, and pounding the steak. If that is not ground for divorce, I'd like to know what is.

If Massachusetts is noted for boots and shoes, what is Kentucky noted for? Why shoots and booze of course.

Say folks—did you ever hear this one?—No—well we will tell it to you.

If the devil lost his tail where would he go for another one? Don't know eh?—didn't think you did.

Well if the country had not gone dry, he could have gone to a liquor store where they retail spirits. As it is, he's out of luck.

OREGON BREVITIES

BEND, June 25.—His face terribly gashed, and his nose broken, J. H. Helfrich, Hemstead valley rancher, rode 95 miles to Bend Wednesday, reported for medical treatment at 10 o'clock Wednesday night, and walked to St. Charles' hospital, where 17 stitches were taken to close the wound.

ROSEBURG, June 25.—E. G. Young, of Oakland, aged 92 years, died at his home Monday morning. He had been in failing health for some time, complications due to old age being the cause of death. Mr. Young came to the Oregon country when but a young man and was one of the first men to go into the mercantile business in Douglas county. He remained active in business until a few years ago when failing health forced him to retire.

ROSEBURG, June 25.—Mrs. Smith Bailey Monday morning received word of the death of her sister, Mrs. D. R. Graves, at Eugene. Mrs. Graves, who was 94 years of age, was a resident of Douglas county for many years and is one of the early pioneers of this state. For some time she had been making her home with her daughter in Eugene.

THE DALLES, June 25.—As the result of their auto plunging over a cliff about eight miles east of this city at 11:45 a. m. Monday, E. B. Sawyer, civil engineer, with residences in Pocatello, Idaho, and Portland, Ore., was instantly killed and his companion, Miss F. F. Bailey, of Portland, was badly bruised. She is in the local hospital. Her condition is not considered serious. The auto plowed into soft sand becoming unmanageable.

OREGON CITY, June 25.—Officer H. E. Meads and two revenue men of Portland raided the R. E. Thompson place near Estacada Saturday and found a large still and \$2,500 worth of liquor.

WALLOWA, June 25.—Bonnie Hinch, 6-year-old daughter of F. S. Hinch, who is employed by the local electric company, was drowned in the Wallowa river Sunday afternoon.

MEDFORD, June 25.—Mrs. Margaret Anne Matney passed away at her home in Applegate Sunday morning, June 25, 1926. She was born in St. Joe, Mo., March 24, 1845. At the age of nine she crossed the plains with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Maupin, and settled in Eugene, Ore. In 1862 she was married to Carrol Matney, and moved to the ranch in the Applegate district, where she and her husband were among the first and most beloved of the pioneers.

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WEATHER RECORD

Hereafter the Herald will publish the mean and maximum temperatures and precipitation record as taken by the U. S. Reclamation service station. Publication will cover the day previous to the paper's issue, up to 5 o'clock of that day.

Table with columns: Date, Max., Min., Precipitation. Rows for June 1 through June 25.

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind incombustible ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before breakfast each morning drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the bowels the previous day's poisons and toxins, and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

SENATOR HITCHCOCK IMPURNS NOMINATION

WASHINGTON, June 25.—Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska announced today that he would not accept the Democratic vice presidency nomination.

Jewel Cafe. Special Sunday Dinner, \$1.00. SOUP: Chicken Giblet With Rice. RELISHES: Radishes, Green Onions. SALAD: Shrimp Salad. FISH: Fried Halibut Drawn Butter. Choice of: Chicken Fricassee With Noodles, Stuffed Young Turkey With Jelly, Fried Spring Chicken Country Style. VEGETABLES: Green Peas, New Potatoes. DESSERT: Choice of Vanilla Ice Cream or Assorted Pies. DRINKS: Tea, Coffee, Milk. JEWEL CAFE 610 MAIN ST.

The Rex Cafe. Special Sunday Dinner \$1.25. Shrimp Cocktail. SOUP: Cream of Chicken with Noodles. FISH: Tenderloin of Sole, A la Orly (Pommes Parisienne). RELISHES: Pickled Beets, Ripe Olives, Sweet Pickles. SALAD: Combination Salad. ENTREES: Choice of One-half Spring Chicken, A la Maryland, Sweet Bread Patties, Toulouse, Creamed Chicken with Green Peppers. VEGETABLES: Mashed Potatoes, Green Peas. DESSERTS: Assorted Pies, Strawberry or Vanilla Ice Cream. Cafe Noir.

BOSTON, June 25.—Senator Harding and Governor Coolidge, Republican candidates for president and vice-president, respectively, will confer in Washington, June 30. The Governor received an invitation to confer on that date and immediately accepted.

MONUMENTS. Believe no man who stretches the truth—Seeing is believing. Our thousands of patrons are our best endorsement. See our splendid line now on display. Klamath Falls Marble & Granite Works. GEORGE D. GRIZZLE, Prop.

Novelty Cutlery Company. Of Canton, Ohio. Manufacturers of transparent handled knives and razors. Nothing Better For Gifts. Orders Yours Now. FRED LEONETTI. Sole Agent, Klamath Falls.