

The Evening Herald

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1920.

Latest Antic Is Cause of Mirth

(Continued from page 1)

calculations. Now they find themselves in an impossible situation, and their efforts to make the public believe they are trying to carry out "the solemn mandate, expressed at polls" but plunge them from a ridiculous pitfall into an absurd morass.

It has leaked out that Herbert Fleischhacker gave Judge Bunnell but cold comfort at the recent conference in San Francisco. The head of the Klamath Development company indicated that the company was through, that when the Main street court house was occupied the K. D. company would feel itself free to make some other disposition of the Hot Springs site.

But Judge Bunnell and associates, instead of taking the people into their confidence and telling them that the war is over, try to bluff through on no pair, which any poker player knows is only infrequently successful. The unfortunate part of it is that the public money is being used to buy chips, and the public, with markets low and taxes high, has nothing to spare in such disastrous speculative ventures.

C. E. Society Elects Officers for Term

The Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church chose officers for the coming six months at their meeting Sunday night as follows: President, B. S. Tilden; vice president, Fern Hanks; secretary and treasurer, Alma Lawrence; organist, Margaret Johnson.

Chairman of committees: Prayer meeting, Alta Ralph Lookout, Fern Hanks; social and music, Dorothy Elliott; missionary, Frances Honzik.

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UNDERWOOD'S

NEW TODAY

FOR RENT—NEW, unfurnished apartments at 638 Oak St.

—ALSO—
FOR RENT—6 room furnished house.

J. T. WARD & CO.
834 Main St. 23

FOR RENT—Sleeping room. 1154 Pine. 23-27*

FOR RENT—Nice warm room at the Kellogg House. Hot and cold water with privilege of bath. 23-24*

FOUND—Wednesday, on 6th street, prism glass of headlight for Dodge car. Owner may have same at Herald office. 23-24

WANTED BY MAN AND WIFE, work cooking in logging camp. Long experience. Write Box 342. 23-28*

LOST—Yesterday a bunch of keys. Finder please leave at McDonald's pool room and receive reward. 23-24*

FOR SALE—Five lots and an eight room house close in. Price \$2500, \$300 cash balance easy. Four rooms now rented for \$20. Don't miss this buy. Box 422, Klamath Falls. 23-24*

FOUND—In front of K. K. K. store, lady's brown glove. Owner may have same by calling at Herald office. 23

FINE PERFUMES

Fine perfumes may always be found here, but at Christmas time we make a special effort to have an exceptional variety. The very best of imported and domestic odors, in beautiful packages. Prices from \$1.00 to \$20.00.

UNDERWOOD'S

Mr. Murphy On Society

It was just before noon yesterday when Dennis Murphy emerged from the Odd Fellows' block and started briskly down the street, a grin as broad as a pre-election political platform enveloping his amiable features. Head high, his brogans thumping loudly on the pavement, his arms swinging like flails, the old gentleman heeded no one. He was being entertained by his own thought-bumorous thoughts beyond a doubt.

Just as he reached Fourth street, the widow Clancy gyrated around the corner and, recognizing her old friend Mr. Murphy, she grabbed desperately for the latter's coat tails, grasped one of them firmly, and wheeled the old man right about face, halting him abruptly.

"Hould on, Mr. Murphy," exclaimed the old lady, "Shure an' it's bad cess to ye f'r passin' up the bist frind ye have in the county. It's a wonderful grin yer wearin' this mornin', an' I'll be afther askin' the reason f'r this unusual dimination."

Mr. Murphy's grin broadened as he recognized Mrs. Clancy and, reaching one hand behind him to determine whether his rusty old coat tails were still intact, he extended the other and shook the hand of the widow warmly. "Lard bless ye, Mrs. Clancy, the top av the marnin' to ye. Shure an' olve been havin' the toime av me loiffe up in Agoostin Donivan's office. Agoostin, the poor boy, has joost been afther takin' a flyer in rale sissiey, an' accordin' to the remarkable report he has joost been afther tellin' to meself and Mister Van Emon, he conserably believes that if the outfit he got mixed oop wid riprints high sissiey, he's not wan bit anxious to make anither ascension."

"Anyway, Agoostin packed his little invitation to the scene av the festivities wid all the iverdences av a youngster batin' it to his first kissin' paarty, an' arrived there joost as the guists were gettin' comfortably sated at the banquet board. A fussy lookin' oold doock wid a split tail coat an' a foony face escorted Agoostin to a sate betwan wan av them sissiey bells, wan that hadn't yit been rung, be the way, an' a gintlemin frind. Agoostin was all fussed oop an' they do say he made more nise wid his soup than the whole tin piece orchestra made parked oop in the corner. Foinaaly, whin Agoostin's strinuous efforts to dhrown out the orchestra had been declared successful by silent consent, he recovered his composure far enough to give the guists the wanse over and foind out the sart av company he was mixed oop wid.

Eventually, the gintlemin atin' nixt to Agoostin favored him wid a gintle poke in the ribs, an' 'pintin' to a female jist across the board says he to him.

"Is she dressed?"

"Is who dressed," says Agoostin.

"The lady beyant," says the gintlemin.

"O! can't rally make oop me moind by lookin' at the female, from the top av her," says Agoostin, "but if ye insist or knowin' oill take a squint under the table and foind out."

Wid that, Agoostin, wid commendable strategy, drops his chin-wiper on the flure, and immejitly ploomp down under the table, prettindin' to pleg it up, but rally to foind out if the lady had remembered to put on any clothes befoor comin' to the foontion.

"Yis, an' what thin," questioned Mrs. Clancy.

"Well, Agoostin's shins had haardly bumped the flure, whin his head walloped the table a thunderin' big thump, an' in about tin scinds he was back i nhis sate joost as he was befoor he made the discent.

"An' is she dressed onder the table," says the gintlemin to Agoostin.

"Divil a bit do oi know about it," says Agoostin, "oi joost cum oop in a hurry to make sure that the female nixt to me has anythin' on

above the table.

All this toime Agoostin's napkin was layin' on the flure, and it wasn't more than forty-foive scinds befoor a lady two sates beyant joumped from the table, scooped the napkin from off the flure, an' made wan woid roosh for the dure, exclaimin' "Gimme me dress, sure a pin shilliped." Wid that about sivin av the swally-tailed gints, bates it afther the female, foinally overtakin' an' persuadin' her that she was still in the raspitable class of dacinly dressed wimin. Ladin' the poor gairl back to her place be the table, she prints the napkin to Agoostin, an' Agoostin, who was sittin' starin' at the commotion wandtherin' what in the wuruld was goin' to happen nixt, afther givh' the gairl's attiore the wanse over, returned the napkin politely, remarkin':

"Shure an' if ye think this bit av linen will serve per purpise for a coverin' bether, ye can have it an' will come."

Joost thin, some wan hit Agoostin a divil av a lick in the back av the ear, an' he slid back in his sate, ivirithin' goin' on as peacefully as a dimmycratic conviction. Manewhile, Agoostin waited for developments.

"An' what thin," perwisted Mrs. Clancy.

"Well, they warn't lon a coomin'. Wan jaded oold female wid a face loike a pickarel waddled over be the planny an' begins to sing:

"Oive bared my heart to you,

"Yer right," yells Agoostin, "ye have, but go on wid the rist av yer confission."

"We, women ain't a bad as we are painted," squalled anither oold gairl in Agoostin's ear.

"We hope not," coomse back Agoostin, "f'r I'm here t infarm ye that most av ye are moightly well smeared oop."

"Yer a boom," yells on oold lady, fergittin' her dignity, an' I want ye to onderstand that the dress oim wearin' is wan av the kolnd worn by all dacin' pable."

"Oh, shure an' oi can see through it," says Agoostin, an' joost thin a coople av the swally tailed gints took poor Agoostin be the scruff av the neck an' rooshed him out into the hallway, an' the poor boy wint home swearin' that if he joost had a flyer in high sissiey, the devil a bit more did he want av it."

By this time the widow was beginnin' to draw herself up in resentful dignity, and Mr. Murphy, scentin' trouble, sidled over toward the curb, extended one foot in the right direction for a clean get-away, and remarked mischievously:

"Well, oi sartinly enjied yer conversation Mrs. Clancy, an' now oill be afther biddin ye an illigent good marnin'. Mrs. Clancy favored Mr. Murphy with a wicked slant from her left eye, looked him fully in the face with the other one, and replied:

"Shure an' if yer racint monylog has the last bit av similarity to the marnin', oi'll be afther reversin' yer decision regardin' the quality av it. Good marnin' 'ne eye!"

POLICEMAN'S SLAYERS ARE BOTH CONVICTED

PORTLAND, Dec. 24.—Housed Walters was yesterday convicted of murder in the first degree for killing Patrolman Jerome Palmer on the night of November 17, when the officer attempted to arrest Walters and John Tillman for holdups. Tillman was sentenced to the reformatory because he was only a boy of 17. Both had deserted from Camp Lewis.

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UNDERWOOD'S

BETTER MOUSETRAPS—AND FARMERS

If you make a better mousetrap than your neighbors,
'Tis said that though the forest hides your hut,
Other men will so appreciate your labors
That they'll break a path to find you, and bejabbers,
After that they'll work with fountain pens and Fabers
To bring both wealth and fame upon you. But—

If you raise a better breed of hogs or cattle,
Instead of paths they'll build up to your door
A railroad track, on which will daily rattle
Trains bringing men from Boston and Seattle
And half the towns which lie between, to battle
For all the stock you have for sale and more.

Now can you hope to dwell on any byway,
If you produce a truly better breed
Of any good farm product. A great highway
Will come to you the most direct and nigh way
And you'll live easy in the soft-as-pie way,
Because you've got the stuff folks really need.
—L. S., in the Reclamation Record.



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He knows the kind of people who buy DEL MONTE Catsup in preference to any other relish—and why!



At The Liberty Friday

A Picture that Plucks at the Heart Strings

ELMO LINCOLN

THE MIGHTY

'Under Crimson Skies'

A Red Blooded Drama of Strong Men's Passions and One Woman's Pure Love

A woman on board a ship packed with arms for southern revolutionists—a mutinous crew—only one strong, silent man to hold them at bay. Thus starts the biggest romance you ever saw and—

A story that carries you out of your humdrum life to the volcanic passions of the tropics and the mighty struggle of a man and a woman for life and happiness. See it sure. Now Playing.

At The Liberty Friday

One Dessert Free

For your Christmas dinner. Present the coupon to your grocer and get it. He will charge the price to us.



Real Fruit and a wealth of it

We want every home to serve, as our treat, a Jiffy-Jell dessert on Christmas. Go now to your grocer and get it. Simply present the coupon. He will charge the dessert to us.

Then you will realize what Jiffy-Jell means to you. You will find in the package a bottle of condensed fruit juice. It will make your dessert a real fruit dainty, rich in fruit.

Compare Jiffy-Jell with the old-time quick



10 Flavors

In Glass Vials

Orange Lemon Cherry
Lime Mint Coffee
Raspberry Loganberry
Pineapple Strawberry
A Bottle in Each Package

Be sure you get this package
We buy only one package per family

desserts. There the flavors were in dry form and unsealed. Compare the real fruit essence with a mere fruit taste.

You will be delighted

Simply add boiling water, then the essence from the vial, as directed on package, and let cool. The sugar, fruit acid, etc., are in the mixture.

Thus you make a rich fruity dessert, and at less cost than any other kind. And at this season usually it costs you less than the fruit alone would cost.

Get this free package. It will serve six people in mold form, or 12 if you whip the jell. Then we know you will join the millions who serve Jiffy-Jell desserts.

Don't get the wrong dessert. Look at the package. Jiffy-Jell is the only dessert with the real-fruit flavors in vials.

We also supply dessert molds to Jiffy-Jell users. Write us for catalog.



A bottle in each package

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Simply insert your full name and address and present this to your grocer.

To Any Grocer: Please deliver to the above person one package of Jiffy-Jell, any flavor. Send to us the coupon you redeem with your bill at retail price, not exceeding 15c per package. We will promptly send you check.
Jiffy Dessert Co., Waukegan, Wis.