

Hall Hotel

A good hotel next to Johnson's and Houston's office.

A good annex a block away if guests object to that.

No Objections To Elks
Am One Myself

E. B. HALL, Proprietor

Merely A Suggestion

When you "Bills" wish to do something "on the quiet"

Get a silent Willys-Night

They are good cars for naughty Elks.

Overland-Knight Sales Co.
4th & Klamath Ave. Phone 899

POTTERY

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get a poor Elk a drink.

When she got there, the cupboard was bare
Her husband was wise to that gink.

He should have come to us to get
"LIT-UP"

Link River Electric Co.

Broadcasting Radio Station "B. P. O. E."

BALDWIN, ANNOUNCING

Come in and we will sell you the "Radio Bug," which is far superior to the well known "Cootie."

Atwater-Kent



BALDWIN HARDWARE

P. S.—We also sell a few other trifles like hardware, paints, tools, etc.

"BILL"—

We are purveyors of drugs and flea powder
Cyanide for the Elk Show Actors
AND REMEMBER—

No matter how times are, our business always
"STATIONERY"
Pens To Write — Books To Read
UNDERWOOD'S PHARMACY
PHONE 37 FOR BETTER SERVICE

Oh Boy!

You'll get a "kick" out of the
Service of

A. F. GRAHAM
BUILDER

Boosting Elksdom

"BILL"—

The Blue Bird

Is Open and You Can Commence
Eating Regularly Again

We hope Francis Olds' new decorations
won't spoil your appetite.

Just a few doors away from where we
used to be.

"Sweets and Eats"

Jiminey Crickets

The Question Is—

When are you going to send that old suit
or dress over so we can make it look like
new.

KLAMATH CLEANING
& DYE WORKS

"Paul"

Held Up!

For this space is right.

When we heard the price

We thought those two Elks

Were the uncaught De'Autremont
Brothers.

But We Will Make It Up

Selling high-class automobile repairing

THE MOTOR SHOP

Fred Nelson

"BILL"—

We are furnishing quality bread to hun-
dreds of satisfied Elks every day.

"We Make The Dough"

There are bigger and better Holes in
Hirvi's Doughnuts

HIRVI BAKING CO.

1015 Main.



Some Show!

—PURPLE FLASHES—
Judges Barnes—"What is the charge against the lady?"
Bill Duncan—"Running about the street costumed as September Morn, your honor."
Barnes—"Thirty days hath September!"



—PURPLE FLASHES—
Lindsey Sisemore from up Fort Klamath way, said he'd be down for the show and invited the gang up his way fishing.
—PURPLE FLASHES—
Lee Craft—"Did you get that fellow's number?"
"Shorty" Foster—"No, he was going too fast."
Shorty—"Say, that was a fine looking dame he had in the car."
Lee Craft—"Wasn't she?"

—PURPLE FLASHES—
Everett Geary—"Did you have a good time last night?"
Paul Foster—"I spent seventeen dollars and when I said good night she called me Mister."

—PURPLE FLASHES—
Mrs. S. P. Miller—"We must get a nurse for the baby."
S. P.—"A nurse? What we need is a night watchman!"



Some prominent people will attend Purple Flashes

THE REMORSE OF RAMONA.

A Tale of Two Women in Three Parts.

By William Tins.

SCENE I.

The old girl lay in a dilapidated bunk on the third floor of the A-1 lodging house. She was near Death's door! In fact she was next door. Her breathing was a wheeze—She was thus near gone. One could see by her chisel-like visage that she had been educated. ONT a wrinkle creased her dissipated features; only by her glassy stare could one tell that she had shimmied jelly-like over the floor of time.

The room was as bare as the old girl's life had been dark. A crumb of bread leaned lazily against an empty glass streaked with the remnants of a month-old contents of cream. On the floor there was nothing but acrunched cigarette snipes, making the carpet a rich Turkish mixture. Outside all was quiet but for the occasional passing of the patrol wagon.

SCENE II.

Suddenly whistling "When the Sun Sets in the Old Town," the daughter pounded into the death chamber. She would have slammed the door, but there was none. The sufferer wheezed a sigh of relief. She had evidently expected the newcomer. Propping herself up on a sharp elbow, she spoke in a hard elder voice:

"Kate, I gotta tell you all—the secret of my life. I'm about to make my eight o'clock." With a seraway hand she pointed to the left hand corner of the room. "Lift the board up, Kate, and bring the stocking."
This done, she took it tenderly in her hand and stroked its sheeny texture. Tears of salt fell upon it. She seemed to be living that moment in the past.

"It's a thing of years ago, Kate. See the roll at the top. That's the way queens wore 'em then."
Kate gasped with surprise but came back. From the toe of the hose the old girl brought forth a frayed and much-faded blue hooch. Slowly she smoothed it out and handed it to Kate.
"Read," she purpled. "The end is near." Kate stopped chewing and read in a shrill voice:

"My own sweet tooth: I have no time to bid you goodbye. Our little love affair must decrease. Give me back my pin. I love another."

Yours Has Been,
SQUIRT.

SCENE III.

The old girl was now barely breathing. The end was in sight "K-K-K-Kate, I was a charming co-ed years ago," she murmured. "I loved him. He did me dirt. I have nothing but my education left. Go back to him and give him back his pin."

She handed Kate a Star chewing tobacco tag, and with a final gangle passed into a land forever as fresh as dew on a thistle.

—PURPLE FLASHES—

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Dear Editor: Should a fellow propose to a girl on his knees?—Tom Malarky.
If he doesn't the girl should get off.—Editor.

—PURPLE FLASHES—

Dear Mr. Editor: A certain girl has been following me from place to place for the past two weeks. This is very perplexing to me and I wish you would tell me what to do to stop her from following me.—Pete Driscoll.
Let her catch up to you.—Editor.

—PURPLE FLASHES—

Art Leavitt—"Well, dear if anything goes wrong I will always be able to keep the wolf away from the door by singing."
Minnie—"There isn't the slightest doubt of that, dear."

—PURPLE FLASHES—

(By E. E. Duffy)

When I first saw her in a crowded street car, I was attracted by her beauty which caught my eye, for she only had on a thin kimono which she held daintily above her beautifully formed limbs attired in the most alluring silk stockings. I will remember her in that trolley car, and she didn't even blush, nor did she hide her face in humiliation. She was only a homely ad.

—PURPLE FLASHES—

"POETRY"—AND VIOLENT AT THAT

Herb Berry's girl is tall and slender.
My girl is fat and slow;
Herb's girl wears silks and gaiters.
My girl wears calico.

Herb's girl is swift and speedy.
My girl's demure and good.
Do you think I would swap for Herb's girl?

You damn well know I would.—J. J. Miller

—PURPLE FLASHES—

CUTTING HIGH PRICES

Jim Lytle—"How much are your eggs per dozen?"
H. H. Jenkins—"Fifty cents a dozen for the cracked ones and eighty cents a dozen for the good ones."
Jim Lytle—"Well, crack me a dozen of the eighty-cent kind."

—PURPLE FLASHES—

Mr. Editor: If I invite a girl to the theater, send her flowers take her down in a taxi, and treat her to supper after the play, should I kiss her goodnight?

—Harry Messner
No, you chump. You've done enough for her.—Editor.

—PURPLE FLASHES—

Judge Leavitt—"Well, here's HOW, old man!"

Auntie Hayden—"Yes, here's HOW, but the great problem is WHERE."
—PURPLE FLASHES—

C. C. Kelley, "My wife told me to get a cansole or a cansole, I don't know which!"

H. N. Moe, "Well, what kind of a chicken do you want to put into it?"



J. F. Messire and son, Charles. This rare photograph was taken 20 years ago and especially reproduced for this paper. Extra copies available at 13.63.

—PURPLE FLASHES—

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

One day while Herb Hauger was out in the suburbs in his automobile he discovered that he needed some lubricating oil for his engine. He drove up to a farm house where a small boy was playing.

"Son," he called, "run in and ask your mother if she has any lubricating oil—or castor oil will do, if she has that."

The boy returned.
"Ma hasn't got no castor oil or nothin' but she said if you would wait a few minutes she would fix up a done of salts."

—PURPLE FLASHES—

Bill Dezell was out walking one day with his little granddaughter when they happened to pass a colored woman and the following conversation took place:

Granddaughter—"Say, grand dad, why did that colored woman black her face?"

Bill—"Why, that's her natural color, she isn't blacked at all."
Granddaughter—"Is she black like that all over?"

Bill—"Why, yes."
Granddaughter—"Gosh grand dad, you know everything, don't you?"

—PURPLE FLASHES—

Judge Leavitt—"Why does a divorce suit remind you of a ruined hgerie?"

Stone—"I" bite."
Judge Leavitt—"It's the ripping of a combination."

—PURPLE FLASHES—

Dear Editor: Some time ago I became engaged to a beautiful young lady. I have just learned that she has a wooden leg. Should I break it off?—Ott Lorenz.

How did you find out about the wooden leg? It is a knotty problem.—Editor.

—PURPLE FLASHES—

FASHION FOUND WANTING
Charley Miller—"Lost yer mammy 'ave yer? Why didn't you keep hold of her skirt?"

Little Boy—"I cou-cou-couldn't reach it."