

TEARFUL PLEADINGS OF CHILDREN PROVE MEANS OF SAVING LIFE OF PUP PLAYMATE

Probably you won't care to read this. Just one of those dog stories. You know? Just dog. Not an aristocrat on a leash. Nothing high-hat about him. Didn't cost much, and never had worn a ribbon at a dog show. Just dog. Just coal-black and curly, but, somehow, he had the kind of eyes you don't forget.

But, incorrectly, this story has got itself into the past tense. The black, curly hound is still alive. Of course he's hobbling about now, but—

It happened the other night. The pup, which is everything that a black, curly dog can be to five youngsters, belongs to Lloyd DeLap, clerk of the circuit court. Through the darkness of South Riverside rushed many automobiles; automobiles jammed with persons whose laughter could be heard as the machines speeded past.

The black, curly dog made a bad guess. He got too close to one of the cars.

There was a sickening thud. The pup whirled about, dizzy with agony. From the automobile came the laugh of a woman.

Two of the DeLap youngsters dis-

covered the injured animal. From him came whines, but they were scarcely audible. The black, curly dog was trying to be game.

Mr. DeLap inspected him. "Guess," he said "I'd—we'd—better shoot him."

From Buster and Junior and Paula Anna came incredible stares. "Shoot him?" they asked. "But he might get well."

"But you see—their father began."

"No, I don't," said Buster.

"And I don't," said Junior. And Paula Anna concurred.

"Well," began Mr. DeLap again, "I guess—"

A veterinarian was called. The black curly dog had suffered a dislocated hip. The pup was taken care of and the leg went into a cast.

"About a week or so," said the veterinarian.

"What'd we tell you?" asked Buster and Junior and Paula Anna.

And Mr. DeLap merely cleared his throat.

As was said in the beginning, this isn't much of a story. Just a yarn about a black, curly dog, with that kind of eyes, whose life was saved by the youngsters with whom he now hobbles about.

I WISH THE BEAUTIFUL PANTS, THE QUEER BIFURCATIONS, SAYS KURDISTAN GENTLEMAN

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—"I wish the beautiful pants," said Mr. Yussuf Mosher, who came to Chicago to find one of those theoretical uncles provided for him by an importation society that does so many strange and interesting things with the quota from Kurdistan and other remote parts of the globe.

But before quoting Mr. Mosher further it must be explained that in coming to America, he was not so much impressed by the box scores or prohibition, the statue of liberty or the American eagle. His attention was centered almost wholly on those queer bifurcations, which the natives in their quaint idiom called pants.

In his short stay among us, Mr. Mosher had learned that almost everywhere pants is pants, except in Boston, where it is trousers or high up in the mountains, of Pontine, where it isn't anything except may be a sack with two holes in the bottom for the feet.

So it came to pass that Mr. Mosher sauntered into West Madison street and in time entered the clothing shop of Isaac Marcia, partly because Mr. Marcia speaks the language of Mr. Mosher and partly because Mr. Marcia sells pants.

"I wish the beautiful pants," said Mr. Mosher. "I have the money, which I get from selling my rugs. But I see that very few people in Schikawgo wear decorations such as mine. That makes it difficult for me to sell my rugs."

"We have it," said Mr. Marcia. "The one pants suit for \$25 and the two-pants suit for \$35. Of course with the two pants suit you get more pants."

"It must fit beautifully like the waxen gentlemen in the window," explained Mr. Mosher.

"It will fit just that way," replied Mr. Marcia. "Our one pants suit fit elegant. And our two-

pants suits just twice as elegant of course."

"I shall take the suit with the many pants," decided Mr. Mosher.

So it was that Mr. Yussuf Mosher in the passing of \$35 became a prospective citizen of the United States so thoroughly Chicagoized, in fact, that he immediately joined the crime wave.

Wednesday afternoon it took two seasoned policemen to detach him from the person of Mr. Marcia, his late benefactor.

"It is the suit he sells me," Mr. Mosher explained. "Before I buy it I sell my rugs. Now people laugh and laugh. I put on even his two pants suit and you can see, does it fit twice as well as it should?"

Gazing down at Mr. Mosher's peculiar legs it occurred to the policemen that something was wrong. They appeared to have double cuffs.

"Where is the other pair of pants?" said one of the cops.

"There isn't any other pair," said Mr. Mosher. "I should not want them anyway. It is all I can do to wear two of them together now."

And the policemen who led Mr. Mosher away to the station house were willing to concede that.

KIWANIS CLUB TO HOLD NOON LUNCH AT WHITE PELICAN

Beginning this noon the Kiwanis club of Klamath Falls will hold its meetings in the White Pelican hotel grill room.

For the past three years the Kiwanis club has met in the chamber of commerce and has now announced that future meetings will be held in the White Pelican.

KLAMATH VALLEY HOSPITAL. Charges for confinement range from \$50 to \$80.—adv. 22

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CORNER STONE OF BUILDING IS LAID

Impressive Ceremonies Mark Dedication of American Legion Building

Taps sounded and the cornerstone of the new American Legion building was laid Wednesday, Armistice day at one o'clock, in commemoration of the soldier dead who fell along the line of battle, Chateau-Thierry, in the Argonne, at the famous battle of the Marne and at other minor battles that meant the loss of live, liberty and happiness.

"Smiling George" Griffith, past state commander of the American Legion of Salem, was present at the ceremony of the cornerstone and welded the trowel and mortar.

Captain O. C. Applegate was present as was Judge S. Orr, prominent old residents of Klamath and scores of others witnessed the ceremony as the stone was placed in the building.

Music of a patriotic nature was enjoyed by the audience and a group of songs were offered by several prominent singers in the city.

Following the laying of the cornerstone the guests of the high school when Klamath Falls played Alturas, were equally divided at the Pine Tree theatre where "As No Man Has Loved" a specially introduced picture in Klamath Falls was offered by the American Legion.

Armistice activities ended last night at midnight when the dances at Altamont and Scandinavian hall brought hundreds out.

A quintette of attractive young Klamath Falls girls including Miss Ruth Lindsey, Miss Evelyn Francis, Miss Addie Jenkins, Miss Ruth Cofer and Miss Marguerite Lindsey, were presented in several acts of vaudeville at Altamont. They were assisted in one number by Frank Confer.

MILTON WINS RACE

SPEEDWAY, CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 11.—Tommy Milton, of Duesenberg, won the Armistice day automobile race here today, averaging 124.3 miles per hour over the 250 mile course. His time was 2 hours, 41 minutes and 57 seconds.

Harry Hartz, was second and Jerry Wunderlich third.

ROSENBERG-LYNCH SIGN

OAKLAND, Nov. 11.—Charley Rosenberg, bantamweight champion, Wednesday signed articles to meet California Joe Lynch in a 10-round bout on November 25. Tommy Simpson is promoting the fight.

Eat Klamath County meat. The best beef country in the world, at the Shasta Cafe. N10-14 inc.

KAPSO FOR COLDS —at— FORBES PURE DRUGS

Local Briefs

Four Geese Bagged—Four geese were brought back to Klamath Falls yesterday by E. L. Cramblitt, of Klamath Falls, and Albert Kirkwood of Honana. They hunted in the vicinity of Keno.

Portland Man Visits—John Talbot, a representative of M. Sellers & Co., Portland dealers, was a business visitor in Klamath Falls yesterday.

AUTHOR OF "BAR" POEM DIES AT 82

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—(United News)—There died in New York Wednesday a man who will be known to posterity as the author of one poem—a poem he wrote 40 years ago.

The man was Hugh Antoine d'Arcy, and the poem was "The Face on the Barroom Floor."

The poem is herewith called "The Face on the Barroom Floor," because thus it will always be known. Only one man ever referred to it by the name with which it was christened, and that was d'Arcy, who had entitled it "The Face Upon the Floor." A few years ago d'Arcy said he would devote the rest of his life—he was so proud of his poem that it was for him the most precious thing life held—to correct this error of title.

"I am tormented by this incredibly silly error," he explained.

But it was as a barroom ballad that the "face" gained its fame, and was translated into several other languages. It is the one recitation which rum hounds have had dinned in their ears by other rum hounds since puppyhood; more than two rounds of drinks were never required at the outside to inspire some one present to rise amid an impressive silence to re-dramatize it in all its dramatic accents. In saloons, cafes, vaudeville houses and homes, walls have shaken over and over

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DANCING

again by the howling of it. And as long as men drink, there probably will be men to recite it. Surely, everyone remembers it.

Two a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there.

Which well nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square.

And as songs and witty stories came through the open door.

A vagabond crept slowly in, and posed upon the floor.

That was how it started, said Hugh d'Antone d'Arcy himself used to love to recite it almost right up to the time he died, Wednesday in a hospital at the age of 82, from heart disease and chronic bronchitis.

D'Arcy wrote other poems and songs and sketches and a few plays, but none ever caught the popular fancy like "The Face." He spent many years as an advance man for big shows, but in the latter part of his life he became a gentleman of leisure, bothered only by the fact that every one insisted on calling it "The Face on the Barroom Floor."

Of course, too, it used to make d'Arcy very angry when you told him how the prohibitionists were using his masterpiece, under its wrong name, as their battle song. With it they painted vivid pictures of the horror of the saloon.

"If I thought that my poem had done anything to help prohibition I would jump into the Hudson!" he would exclaim. "I have never been intoxicated, but I believe a man has a right to drink like a gentleman."

D'Arcy really wrote the poem so that barroom crowds would have more sympathy for battered bums and it was inspired by an incident

at Joe Schmidt's place at Fourth avenue and 14th street, where an old derelict had begged a drink, been ordered out, and collapsed on the sidewalk. D'Arcy learned that the fellow had once been an artist.

The fellow in the poem was an artist, too, whose darling Madeline had been stolen by a friend, driving him to drink.



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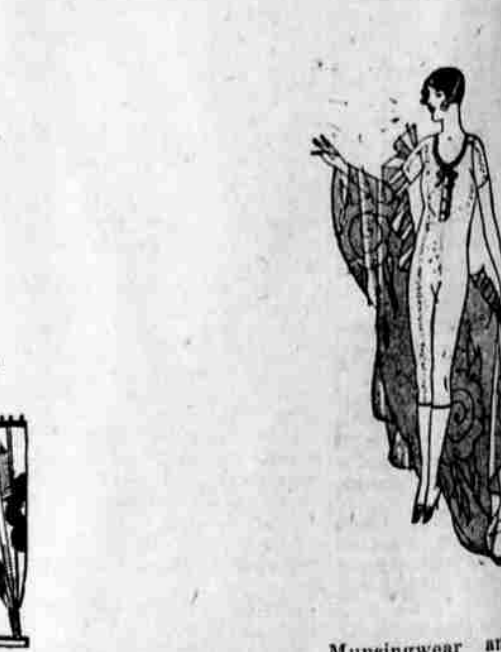
Nearly one-hundred persons a week are receiving musical instruction at the Academy and a number of pianos have been purchased to time it has been difficult for the Sisters to pace with the growth of the Music Department.

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