

# TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

SEPTEMBER 20, 21 AND 22, 1906

TO BE HELD AT

HIGH SCHOOL, KLAMATH FALLS

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

9 A. M. Organization  
 9:20 " The Teaching of English, Prof. B. F. Mulkey, of Astland Normal  
 10 " History in Seventh and Eighth Grades, Prof. Carback of the Merrill Schools  
 10:40 " Recess  
 11 " Arithmetic in the Grammar grades, Prof. Dunbar, Principal of Klamath Falls School  
 11:40 " Discussion  
 12 M. Intermission  
 1:30 P. M. The Teacher, President Mulkey  
 2:00 " Primary Teaching, Miss Pool, teacher, Primary department of Klamath Falls School  
 2:40 " Recess  
 3 " What the 8th Grade Graduate Should Know, Prof. Swan, Principal Klamath Falls High School  
 3:40 " General Discussion  
 4 " Dismissal  
 7:30 " Oratorical Contest. Each school in the County is invited to send one representative who has graduated from the 8th grade during the last three years, to compete in an oratorical contest on the evening of the 20th for a prize of \$10. The Judges to be the visiting educators.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Opening Exercises  
 9:10 A. M. Address, Pres. P. L. Campbell, State University  
 9:50 " Address, Pres. E. D. Rossler, State Normal School  
 10:30 " Recess  
 10:40 " Address, State School Supt. J. H. Ackerman  
 11:20 " Address, Pres. B. Mulkey  
 12 M. Intermission  
 1:30 P. M. Opening  
 1:40 " Address, Pres. P. L. Campbell  
 2:20 " Address, Pres. E. D. Rossler  
 3 " Recess  
 3:10 " Address, J. H. Ackerman  
 4 " Intermission  
 7:30 " Addresses by Pres. Campbell and State Supt. Ackerman

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Opening Exercises  
 9:10 A. M. Address, Pres. Mulkey  
 9:50 " Address, Pres. Rossler  
 10:30 " Recess  
 10:40 " Address, Supt. Ackerman  
 11:20 " Address, Pres. Campbell  
 12 M. Intermission  
 1:30 P. M. Opening Exercises  
 1:40 " Address, Pres. Mulkey  
 2:20 " Address, Pres. Rossler  
 3 " Recess  
 3:10 " Address, Supt. Ackerman  
 4 " Dismissal  
 7:30 " Addresses by Pres. Mulkey and Pres. Rossler

Each evening exercise will be provided with appropriate musical entertainment.  
 J. G. WIGHT,  
 School Superintendent of Klamath County.

## The Clairvoyant Found a Way

BY THE time Freddie Lawrence has made another million or two it would not be surprising if he had been a school for the advancement of clairvoyance. Yet six months ago you could not have found a greater scuffer at all forms of mysticism. The change came about in this way:

Six years ago Freddie was one of some 40 young men who wanted to marry a certain young woman. All of Freddie's rivals seemed to have hopeless advantages inherited or acquired over him and Freddie grew so dejected that he became even less attractive than usual. Then the young woman married him, though Freddie has been unable wholly to believe it ever since.

No one ever accused Freddie of being brilliant, but he stepped into his father's shoes and did even better at business than he had at football. In four years Freddie passed across his dining table at his wife, like a man astray in a fairytale. That she looked back at him with a certain light in her eyes was to Freddie one of earth's mysteries.

For one day something happened, or rather something didn't happen, which was the same thing. At first it was a fleeting, half-realized twinge of discomfort in one corner of Freddie's brain. Then a sense of unrest, now here, now gone, that made Freddie fear he was bilious. Then with a sort of dumb instinct he went and bought his wife a diamond and ruby necklace that was worth a maharajah's ransom. But the unrest grew and sat on his chest. Something had been changed or lost, Freddie knew, but he groped along blindly. Then all of a sudden, one day, the truth went through him like half a dozen double-edged swords. His wife wasn't looking at him the way she used to look!

After that the descent into Hades was easy. Freddie's wife not only didn't look at him the way she used to look, but she didn't laugh at his stories the way she used to laugh. In the midst of one she tried to conceal a yawn.

When she took his arm her hand rested on it like a bird—but formerly it was a bird about to build a nest; now the bird was restless for flight. One night she asked him if he was going to the club, and when he replied that he would rather stay at home if he might sit and look at her, she looked bored.

Freddie's wife came to dance and talk and laugh with other men and accept Freddie with resignation. These other men were clever, most of them, or otherwise favored of fortune, like the 39 rivals who had once

driven Freddie to the brink of despair. Freddie would have thought a number of yawns than of finding fault with her. The only wonder he had was that she hadn't found him out before. He went from 190 pounds to 174, smoked black cigars to excess, spent 12 hours a day at his desk and had protracted fits of abstraction when time was worth a thousand dollars a minute to him.

As he struggled for awhile against fate. The constancy and delicacy of his attentions might have won a princess.

Then he complained to her remissly and she did not understand and was annoyed. Then he tried simple dignity. Then mute pathos. At the end he was seeing her about twice a week at dinner.

One afternoon Freddie slammed his desk to and left his office in the middle of the afternoon because he felt if he didn't go out and walk around he would have apoplexy. He tramped about the streets for ten miles or so, hearing nothing and seeing nothing and nobody until he ran into or over them.

For a man whom nobody had ever accused of being sentimental or imaginative, Freddie was thinking queer thoughts. He was wondering if he should do some heroic deed—save a little child or an old man or half a dozen people—and was mangled or crushed (fatally perhaps) in the operation, whether when he was brought home by an admiring policeman and ambulance surgeon, his wife would brush back his hair from his forehead as she used to do. The picture was so pathetic that Freddie almost wept.

He might have wept, had his eye not been arrested at that moment by a gorgeous black and gold sign on the ground floor of a flat house which he was passing. This was the sign:

The Only Greatest  
**VEILED LADY ISIS.**  
 Psychic, Palmist, Clairvoyant.  
 Past and Future Fully Revealed. The Separated United. Lost Affections Restored. Valuable Advice on Love, Marriage, Health, Success, Divorce, Law suits, Speculation, Business.  
 Nothing Too Difficult.

Freddie read the sign over two or three times. Then he picked out the clauses about the "separated" and the "lost affections," and dwelt on them. Then he looked up and down the street hastily, plunged into the flat house, and knocked at the Veiled Lady's door.

A young woman with her hair in curl papers ushered him into a half-darkened front room hung with Oriental-looking and very dirty draperies.

Freddie started. There seemed to be something in psychics. His funeral face relaxed a trifle.

The Veiled Lady was a jovial, fat little prophetess, and she seemed to like Freddie's looks. She took off her veil after the first formal moment, and even offered to send out for beer, if

Freddie was dry. But Freddie didn't want any beer. He wanted clairvoyance.

"Well, then, you tell me the whole story, dear," said the Veiled Lady. "And I'll go into a psychic state and fix y' up in a minute. You're a married man, ain't you?"

Freddie started again. The Veiled Lady certainly was a wonder. He told her his story, omitting names and points of identification, of course, and the most harrowing details.

It seemed more tragic and hopeless to him as he told it. But the prophetess surveyed Freddie's personable figure and her black eyes flashed like lightning.

"I don't have to go into a psychic state for such an easy case," she said. "You've just got to tell me one thing—the lady's first name."

The lady's first name was Mildred. "Mildred," said the Veiled Lady, "just as I supposed. The whole trouble comes from your not calling your lady by her psychic name. She was named Mildred, you know by mortals. Now, her psychic name is—er—Flossie, and when you call her anything else you let the astral influences—disarrange the wonderful combinations, you know, isn't that plain?"

Freddie regarded the prophetess with a sterner and sorer eye.

"Now, when you go home," she went on, "you watch your chance and call her Flossie. Not often, say once every day or two. And be sure to do it kind of absent-minded like—as if you was thinking of something else, you know—because that gives the influences—well you do it and see."

Freddie felt only a strong desire to get out in the fresh air and kick himself.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"That'll be \$50," said the Veiled Lady, smiling.

"Fifty dollars?" asked Freddie. "For the foolishness you've been talking? Your card says 'one dollar a sitting'?"

"That's all right about my card, dear," said the Veiled Lady. "This is different."

She stopped and regarded Freddie searchingly.

"You don't think my reading is worth \$50?" she asked.

"I don't think it's worth two cents," replied Freddie.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do, then," said the prophetess. "I won't pay me a cent now. You go home and try my scheme. Then come around next week and pay me just what you think it's worth. Is that fair?"

Freddie didn't like the plan. He wanted to be rid of the Veiled Lady. He offered to compromise for five dol-

lars, then for ten. He would have paid the \$50, finally, but the Veiled Lady pushed him gently to the door and out. She seemed to have a compulsion the more she thought of it.

"That's all right," she said. "You come around next week. But be sure and do it absent-minded, darling."

Then she shut her door and Freddie made for the open air.

His wife died at home the next night. Freddie had the remotest intention of making a fool of himself on the Veiled Lady's account, but Mrs. Freddie was so wholly unresponsive and bored that in a few days more he had said before he knew it:

"What have you been doing to-day, Flossie dear?"

Mrs. Freddie looked on with a suddenness that startled Freddie.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I merely asked you what you had been doing to-day," said Freddie.

"Well, what?" asked Mrs. Freddie, "did you eat?"

She hadn't looked at Freddie with such interest for six months. Freddie couldn't answer his own question.

"Why, 'course?' I course, what else?" asked Freddie, with a quiver. This is two days more she told him of her domestic life.

Two other times Freddie was sitting in the library when his wife came in from a dinner. She passed by him and he put out his hand and touched her sleeve.

"Hello Flossie, dear," said Freddie, sleepily.

Freddie weighs at least 200 pounds when he is asleep, but she, sitting by the chimney sitting upright in less than 10 minutes to fall it.

"Freddie Lawrence," she demanded, "see your wife's hair and look her more closely than you had ever seen her. What do you see?"

"The next afternoon Freddie was ushered into the Veiled Lady's sanctum.

"Well, hello," asked that genial prophetess. "Is that you, dear?"

"You do," said Freddie, handing her a bill. "I might have sent it to you, but I wanted to come." Freddie showed emotion, "and tell you that you're all right."

The Veiled Lady looked at the bill as a matter of business. It was a stop gold certificate.

"You're all right, too," said the prophetess. "But say, dear, don't you ever try that psychic name again. It wouldn't work."—N. Y. Sun.

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## Buena Vista Addition

TO KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

THE FLAT OF THIS BEAUTIFUL ADDITION WILL BE ready soon, and lots therein will be placed on the market. The tract comprises 530 acres, adjoins Klamath Falls on the north and west and borders on Link River and Upper Klamath Lake for two miles. From this addition can be seen the grandest panorama on the Pacific Coast, comprising Lake, River, Valley, Hill, Mountain and Snow-capped Peaks, blended into an harmonious picture of unequalled beauty and magnificence.

Boulevards and Streets are now being graded, and these will be lined with Shade Trees. Grading work on the Electric Street Railway is now under way.

A complete sewerage system will be put in. The entire cut of the Odessa sawmill has been purchased, and those building in the Buena Vista Addition this summer will have first call on the output of this mill.

Plans for a magnificent hotel are now being prepared, and construction will begin this summer. This hostelry will be located on one of the most picturesque spots in the addition and will be surrounded by a park.

If you want a home in the most beautiful section of Klamath County, buy a lot in the Buena Vista Addition.

If you want to live where you will be surrounded with beautiful homes, buy a lot in the Buena Vista Addition.

If you want to live on the street car line then have your home in the Buena Vista Addition.

If you are looking for an investment that will yield returns, purchase property in the Buena Vista Addition.

Office: Murdoch Build'g, next door Postoffice

**Klamath Canal Co.**