

Selections

THE LION TAMER.

Incident That Made the Old Timers Fairly Gasp.

Trainers are born, not made," Professor McPheron, one of the foremost trainers of these days, from the jungles, while relating some of his experiences to a number of students at Jamestown recently.

"I had many professional men lay down to this saying about being born, but I have seen it clearly demonstrated in my profession.

The best example of it happened some time ago. We were traveling through the country when we ran short of help. We had the animals, sweep up and put themselves generally useful in the arena. In answer to an announcement a big, rawboned, muscular mountaineer, about twenty-five years old, presented himself and, after he wasn't skeered of getting taken on. His name was Bill. We all told him what to do and he was very cautious about the animals, especially Emerson, a big lion that was the fiercest in captivity. A regular man eating lion. "What are you do," we told him, "keep away from that brute Emerson."

"That very afternoon he went to work about the cages, sweeping and watering. While we performers were in the dining tent the proprietor, thinking he heard some funny noises, went to the arena, where the various animal cages were kept, to see if anything was wrong. He looked about for a second and then spied Bill in Emerson's cage busily engaged in sweeping up the floor. The cage door was open, and the big lion was nowhere to be seen.

"The boss rushed to the workman and excitedly cried, 'What are you doing in there?'"

"Oh, jest cleanin' up a little," the mountaineer coolly replied.

"My God, man! Where is the lion, Emerson?" asked the old time trainer.

"Oh, he's all right. I jest tied him to that pole down there at the end of the yard. He's tied tight, all right," Bill said.

"That story is absolutely true. That country bump we hired went to Emerson's cage and without any thought of fear or consequences put a rope around his neck and led him to the post he spoke of. He told me afterward that the lion never as much as tried to scratch him. Whether the lion was overrated as a man eater or whether Bill's unheard of action dazed him I don't know. But I do know that Bill is today one of the most successful and fearless lion trainers in the world."—Washington Star.

Our School For Consuls.

More green consuls are to be sent abroad to represent America if the aims of the state department which have just been put into practice realize expectations. Ever since the establishment of the consular service it has been customary to allow a newly appointed consul thirty days, with pay, before leaving America for his post. A room in the department has been equipped as a complete working American consulate, suitable to transact the business of an American consul in any part of the world, civilized or uncivilized. Appointees are no longer permitted to spend that thirty days' period in their own way, but are required to report every day at the state department for duty and to spend a certain number of hours in this model consular office, receiving instructions and acquainting themselves with every practical detail of a consul's daily work. The best of instruction is provided.—Argonaut.

The Red Caid.

Most romantic of all the figures brought into the limelight by the troubles in Morocco is the "Red Caid," a native leader who has ridden at the head of his men in many a gallant charge against the French. A correspondent says of him: "His native name is Caid el Hemerr, Hemerr meaning red. He belongs to the M'Dacara tribe, near Casablanca. He derives his name from the fact that he always dresses in red. The caid is paralyzed in both hands and cannot shoot, but he is well known for his gallantry in leading and urging his men. He is said to possess a talisman rendering him bullet proof."

Check Flowers in Theater.

In the checking room of a theater several large bouquets were standing in vases full of water.

"They belong to people in the audience," said the maid in attendance. "It seems the fashion now for women to carry huge bouquets to the theater. But I can't see what good they do anybody, for nobody sees them except myself. If they were kept in the auditorium they would wither during the performance, so in order to keep them fresh till the end of the play they are checked along with hats and wraps."—New York Press.

An Amateur Critic.

Richard Mansfield would have appreciated this criticism of his Beau Brummel. Two men employed in a downtown office were discussing the actor's death and commenting upon his ability. A third man, who had been listening, chimed in:

"Oh," he said, "I didn't think so much of Mansfield. I saw him once in Beau Brummel, and I thought he

LISTENING.

Its Importance in the Art of Acting on the Stage.

The reason why listening plays a part of such paramount value on the stage is that if an actor is not deeply interested in what is going on in the mimic world in which he has been cast he cannot look for any real interest on the part of his audience, and the only way in which he can denote that interest is by the intensity with which he listens to everything that has any bearing whatever on his life and actions and the skill with which he expresses the feelings bred of what he hears.

Listening is an art that is not properly taught in the schools in which modern actors are trained, for while voice culture has the place of high honor that it deserves in the curriculum of every academy on Broadway, if you ask either teacher or pupil about the still more important business of listening the chances are that you will receive no reply save a wondering shake of the head.

So much has been said about "temperament," "mentality," "facial expression" and "personality" that it is a very easy matter for a schoolgirl to persuade herself that she has in her the makings of a great actress. All she needs is what she calls a "few lessons."

One young woman, indeed, told me that she had been studying the art of expressing various emotions by means of a series of contortions of visage, all more or less hideous to behold, but that she had not been taught anything about listening. In short, although she had learned how to make her various emotional grimaces it had never occurred to her that unless she could show cause for these curious expressions of joy or grief or rage or whatever they were called in her "Complete Handbook of Acting" her audience would not understand what she was driving at. But if she had been taught to listen with a natural interest and attention the emotions called forth by what she heard would be certain to betray themselves convincingly on her face. Like many another unfortunate, this deluded young woman had begun to learn at the wrong end and had been taught the effect, not the cause, of emotion.—Scribner's Magazine.

EVILS OF ALCOHOL.

Gems From an English Primary School Examination.

A paper published in Yorkshire, England, reports that some 6,000 children of Gateshead were recently required to do essays on "Physical Deterioration and Alcohol," as totals in the primary schools of this part of the world may now toss off brochures on "Variations in the Epithelium Cells in Invertebrates, Mammals and Plantigrades." These Gateshead children had valuable thoughts to contribute to the temperance movement. The Yorkshire paper goes the length of publishing some of the gems brought out in this outpouring of infantile sapience. Here are a few of same:

"Alcohol is useful," says one of them, being most exquisitely pithy, "but not in the body. It is useful for polishing furniture."

"I hope I shall never touch it until I am dead," says another, and we wish him luck.

"A man who takes alcoholic drinks can see two things at once."

"The children of drunkards are often weak and are sometimes troubled with being bowlegged"—truly an irritating affliction.

"Those who take drink are not so broad chested as they were 100 years ago." How true!

"When a man is ill the doctor will say, 'Are you a drinker of alcohol?' and if he says 'yes,' the doctor will say, 'That is what has made you ill; you have a fatty liver.'"

"The more temporary we live the better it will be for body and mind."

"Some people say that if you want to speak at a concert you should take a glass of beer before. You should not. It is certain that it makes you speak, but you speak a heap of rubbish."

"When a man gets drunk his brains will not telegraph properly."

"I will finish up with a piece of poetry I have made up myself:

"Never be a drunkard;
Never touch the gin;
Always be teetotal,
And you're sure to win."

—Boston Transcript.

Livingstone's Vanity.

The Victoria falls of the Zambezi river, in southeastern Africa, form the largest cataract in the world. They were discovered in 1855 by Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary and explorer, and were found to be twice as high and three times as broad as Niagara. Carved upon a tree near by the initials "D. L." are still discernible, and in his book the missionary confesses that this was the one occasion in his life when he was guilty of this form of vanity. These initials are carefully preserved by the officials of the British South Africa company, to whom they were pointed out by the native who saw them carved.

His Present.

"What do you think? My wife's father told me before we got married that he would give me a handsome present on our wedding day."

"And didn't he?"

"Well, I waited over a week, and as he didn't mention the subject I asked him for it, and all he said was, 'Why, didn't I give you my daughter?'"

Ready For Anything.

"She used to say she would never marry until the ideal man proposed."

"Yes?"

"Yes. But she's dropped the idea."

Hanging as a Sport.

We would not deny the gravity of death. It is a quite serious matter even to those of us who, while conscious of, or at least admitting, no really sinful performances in the past, would nevertheless, if pressed, confess to certain minor indiscretions which we would be only too willing to join with the Lord in forgetting. Nevertheless, if form or ceremony or general interest be considered the criterion, dying is one of the most popular things one can do. Nobody goes to see a man born, but the entire community turns out to see him buried. In deed it is well known that many people, perhaps a majority, derive actual enjoyment from beholding with their own eyes life flicker out of a person's body. The almost universal satisfaction found from time immemorial in witnessing a hanging we can understand. The event is more spectacular and less expensive than a circus, possesses grisly human interest to a distinct degree, is presumably grimly just and, in any case, is unpreventable. If the hanging is to take place anyway, why shouldn't we see it? That is the reasoning, and it seems good enough if one cares for that variety of sport.—George Harvey in North American Review.

The White Line.

The late David Christie Murray on one occasion told the story of the champion printer's error of his experience to this effect:

"I wrote at the close of the story of 'Grace Forbeck': 'Are there no troubles now?' the lover asks. 'Not one, dear Frank, not one.' And then, in brackets, thus [] I set the words [White line]. This was a technical instruction to the printer and meant that one line of space should be left clear. The genius who had the copy in hand put the lover's speech in type correctly and then, setting it out as if it were a line of verse, he gave me:

"Not one, dear Frank, not one white line!"

"It was a custom in the printing office to suspend a leather medal by a leather boot lace round the neck of the man who had achieved the prize betise of the year. It was somewhere about midsummer at this time, but it was instantly unanimously resolved that nothing better than this would or could be done by anybody, and the medal was presented at once."—Westminster Gazette.

The Quicker Way.

"There goes a man," observed a steamship agent as he directed attention to a surly looking individual who had just engaged passage for Europe, "whose efforts are devoted to constructing short cuts in business methods and in eliminating all time consuming men and their propositions from his busy existence. He is a man of very few words.

"Some years ago this gentleman crossed the ocean and had a very unpleasant trip. One morning a sympathetic passenger offered him a lemon, expressing a sincere wish that it would give relief.

"The pale traveler seized the lemon, hurled it viciously into the ocean and growled:

"This is a quicker way than the other."

The country which is cultivated with difficulty produces great men.—Mansfield.

A Curious Tree.

In the village of Clynnog, Wales, there is an old cottage, formerly a country tavern; upon the roof of which there is a full grown sycamore tree. About fifty years ago a seedling from a neighboring churchyard, where other sycamores are growing, found a resting place in the corner of the wall above a slab of stone over the entrance to the building. The young tree thrived for a time on the small quantity of soil collected in the corner of the walls and finally forced its roots downward through the walls into the earth below. From the outside no trace of the roots can be seen.

Cutting Big Diamonds.

Big diamonds lose a great deal in the cutting. The Kohinoor was reduced by an unskillful stonecutter from 793 1/2 carats to 280 carats, a second cutting brought it down to 180 1/2 carats and a third to 106 1/2 carats, or less than a seventh of its original size. The original weight of the Pitt or Regent diamond was 410 carats, but in the hands of the cutter two-thirds disappeared, while the Star of the South, which was picked up in a river by a negress, lost a little over half its weight by cutting.

The Art of Pickling Nuts.

"The Chinese are the only people in the world who know the art of pickling all kinds of nuts," said a San Francisco man. "You take, for instance, the pickled Chinese walnut. This is the most delightful of all the relish family. The big nut is pickled and has the finest kind of flavor. It is rich, and an order of them costs \$1. Then there is the Chinese walnut. This, too, is pickled and is palatable. The Chinese are the only folk who can really make fine nut butter. In fact, the Chinese have more accomplishments than the average American ever dreamed of."—Nashville Tennessean.

Home.

"Home! How deep a spell that little word contains! It is the circle in which our purest, best affections move and consecrate themselves, the hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon! It is childhood's temple and manhood's shrine—the ark of the past and the future."—Uhland.

White and Black Lies.

"What," queried the young man, "is the difference between white lies and black lies?"

"White lies," answered the home grown philosopher, "are the kind we tell. Black lies are the kind we hear."—Chicago News.

The Obligate.

"I went to the opera last night."

"What did you hear?"

"That Mr. Browning is going to get a divorce, Mrs. Biggs has the dearest dog and a new baby, and the Huttons are going to live in India."—Harpers Bazar.

Gravity.

The most distant planet in our solar system, Neptune, is 2,750,000,000 miles from the sun, and yet the arm of the sun reaches out and controls the remote planet without the least difficulty. In a word, gravity is universal, every atom in the universe exerting its influence upon every other atom.—New York American.

Petition for Liquor License

TO THE HONORABLE COUNTY COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF KLAMATH.

GREETING: We the undersigned petitioners, residents, citizens and legal voters of Plevens Precinct, County and State aforesaid, very respectfully petition and request, that a retail liquor license be granted J. W. Dyar to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in less quantities than one gallon, in the town of Keno, Plevens Precinct in the County of Klamath, State of Oregon, for a period of 6 months commencing on the 8th day of January A. D. 1908, and that the application for the granting of said license will be made to the Hon. Court aforesaid, at their regular January 8th, 1907, term, and that the same be granted will ever pray, etc.

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| NAMES | NAMES |
| J. E. Newbanks | D. J. Jones |
| Robert Atcheson | L. N. Sanderson |
| N. W. Diehl | D. L. Gordon |
| G. G. Kerns | F. H. Downing |
| Leon Anderson | Sam Diehl |
| M. R. Frain | S. J. Poole |
| Rod M. Frain | Eugene Spencer |
| Chas. Marsore | J. Hughes |
| J. P. Hitchcock | Roy Stonebraker |
| J. Brannan | A. L. Forness |
| G. H. Orr | C. A. Barneburg |
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| A. Wise | J. Connolly, Jr. |
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| B. W. McCormick | D. Heavilin |
| Eld M. Morgan | E. H. Cooper |
| Chas. Hitchcock | J. E. Zevo |
| George E. Chase | E. H. Gifford |
| Geo. Heavilin | W. H. Wall |
| D. R. Doten | C. J. McCollum |
| Ira K. Hanson | A. D. Gillman |
| G. W. Kegg | G. F. Sevits |
| G. W. Sorrels | J. W. Adkins |
| John G. Driskell | C. M. Wilson |
| Chas. Gordon | Omer M. Sly |
| W. H. Weeden | Salon Allen |
| Tom Wilson | John Connelly |
| Geo. L. Chase | H. R. Fox |

Notice for Publication

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 25, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Hayden J. Lockwood, of Klamath Falls county of Klamath, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 201, for the purchase of the eighth and ninth sections of Township No. 29, in Township No. 36 S., Range No. 10 E. W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Clerk of Klamath County, Oregon, at his office at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on Friday, the 10th day of January 1908.

He names as witnesses:

B. S. Griggley, Geo. Weber, W. H. Webb and W. O. Webb, all of Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of January, 1908.

J. N. WATSON, Register.

19-1-12

SOCIETIES OF KLAMATH FALLS

- A. O. U. W.—Linkville Lodge No. 110 meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every Tuesday evening. Visiting Brothers always welcome. Walter Lennox, M. W., J. W. Siemens, Recorder.
- Evangeline Lodge No. 88 Degree of Honor Lodge meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Maud E. Baldwin, Chief of Honor Elsie Stout, Recorder.
- W. O. W. Ewauna Camp, No. 799, W. O. W., meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Sanderson's hall. All neighbors cordially invited. C. K. Brandenburg, Clerk.
- I. O. O. F.—Klamath Lodge No. 137 meets every Saturday evening in the A. O. U. W. hall. C. B. Clendenning, N. G. Geo. L. Humphrey, Secretary.
- O. E. S.—Aloha Chapter No. 41, meets in the Masonic hall every second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month. Christine Marlock, W. M. Jessie E. Reames, Secretary.
- Ewauna Encampment No. 46, I. O. O. F. Encampment meets first and third Fridays of each month in the A. O. U. W. hall. C. C. Brewer, C. P. Geo. L. Humphrey, Scribe.
- A. F. & A. M.—Klamath Lodge No. 77. Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month in the Masonic Hall, W. T. Shive, W. M. W. Bowdoin, Secretary.
- K. of P.—Klamath Lodge No. 4 meets in Sanderson's hall every Monday evening. Bert Bamler, C. C. John Y. Tipton, C. of R. and S.
- M. W. of A.—Lodge meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every first and third Wednesday in the month. W. B. McLaughlin, Consul W. A. Phelps, Clerk.
- Prosperity Rebekah Lodge No. 14 I. O. O. F. meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every first and third Wednesdays in the month. Mary E. Fish, S. G. Lorinda M. Sauber, Secretary.
- Foresters of America—Ewauna Camp, No. 61, meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every second and fourth Fridays in the month. C. D. Wilson, C. R. E. E. Jamison, Rec. Sec.
- Women of Woodcraft, Ewauna Circle No. 647, meets every second and fourth Friday in Sanderson's hall. Mrs. Dollie Virgil, G. S.
- Fraternal Order of Eagles meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in A. O. U. W. Hall. Henry Bolvin, W. F. Otto Heldrich, Sec.

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