

## AMERICAN WANDERLUST.

A Habit Which Strengthens the Cohesive Unity of the Nation.

Less than half the members of the United States senate and house of representatives are native born in the states which they represent. Nothing could more clearly show the alert activities of the American people and that constant intermingling of the inhabitants of the several states which adds so much to the cohesive unity of the nation. The boy who goes to a distant state often accomplishes more than the one who goes straight on in the footsteps of his father in the home village. Even Daniel Webster was not born in the old Bay State, whose influence and dignity he so well sustained and whose people mourned him so sincerely when his great life closed.

This wandering from state to state has resulted in the organizing in New York city of many state societies, which aim to gather together the natives of their respective states annually to revive the pleasant memories of the old home days, with their thousand clinging ties.

What would happen if the American people should cease to wander about the country? Is a question often asked. It is said that an eastern man never amounts to anything until he goes west and that a western man has to come east in order to attain his full stature mentally. The northern man is advised to go south to learn gentle courtesy and chivalric bearing, the southern to go north to add more iron to his blood. There can be no doubt that this constant evolution has encouraged the birth of new ideas. Just as the whirling of the kites developed a toy into our present wonderful moving pictures, which gives us glimpses of life in motion all over the world.—Joe Mitchell Chapter in National Magazine.

## THE HURRYING BARBER.

Speed Manifested More in the Motions Than in the Results.

"Barbers," remarked the man with the short hair, "are born unable to hurry. Just you go into a shop, as I did the other day, wanting a hair cut, and ask the barber how long it will take. He told me, 'Oh, about twenty minutes,' and I said to go ahead.

"That barber honestly believed he was hurrying, but he couldn't leave out those little snip-snips about the back of the neck they are all so fond of doing, and he had to cut the hair as if he were chiseling priceless marble. When it got to be about half an hour I said to him, 'You're a pretty bad judge of time, aren't you?' He came back with something about not wanting to turn out a poor job.

"I've known it to happen often in the case of shaving. When you tell a barber to hurry he dashes around on the tiled floor at imminent risk of falling, and he splashes the lather into your eyes and your mouth, but the fact remains that he takes as much time as usual to rub the lather into your face and as much time to shave you.

"I begin to believe there is some sort of rule regarding time that all barbers observe, because I have timed them. Once I asked a barber to hurry shaving me, and he had all the motions, but took up just as much time as when he went along at his usual gait.

"I imagine they believe the customer will be satisfied with the appearance of speed, and that's the reason they run around so and breathe heavily as if winded when changing from one side of the chair to the other."—New York Sun.

## Engraved Gems of the Ancients.

Engraved gems are among the most interesting objects of art inherited by us from the ancients. Though many of the cameos and intaglios were engraved on precious stones over 2,000 years ago, they are still as clear and fine as if they were cut yesterday. The designs engraved on these stones indicate that the old Greeks and Romans regarded them as charms against accident or misfortune. This superstition generally took the form of a fondness for representation of certain animals. Sailors affected the dolphin because it was believed to be the mariner's friend. Women, so far as fishes were concerned, preferred the representation of the prolific aringa of the Adriatic, which was a symbol of fruitfulness because of the great number of its eggs. The ant was worn as an emblem of industry. By the frog was indicated the idea of resurrection, because that interesting batrachian renews its youth each spring by shedding its old skin.

## Pertaining to Fish.

Blessings on thee, little man! Go a-fishing when you can. Never mind the teacher's rule not to run away from school. Take your bait and older pole and then hunt the deepest hole where the wary troutlets hide by the canyon streamlet's side. You'll get hooked at home, of course, and you'll suffer great remorse, but when daddy sees your string he'll gasp and say, "By Jingo!" And his rod and reel he'll snatch and start out to make a catch when your father be doth tan. Blessings on you, little man!—Los Angeles Express.

## Good Advice.

"Young man," said the boss, "come hither and listen." He approached. "When you've made a mistake forget it and go on to the next job. Don't potter around all day adding a lot of finishing touches."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## How many times a day do you com mend?

How many times a day do you commend? How many times during a day do you find fault?—At hison Globe.

## MOON WAS UNDER A CLOUD.

An Incident of the Theater in the Earlier Days.

Early in the season of 1856-7, said J. M. Barron, the veteran actor, we were in Petersburg, Va., at old Phoenix hall. The business was such that nightly long rows of tile green seats could be seen from the stage.

In those good old times the utility people did not get more than \$200 a week. The leading people received due bills on the next good house. We had in the utility contingent a Ute named Moon, and a bright Moon he was, but he was so lazy his shadow would not follow him. He was often late. The star was Charles Couldock, and those old timers who can yet sit up on an even keel may remember that C. C. could do cuss poetry in four colors when riled, even if it were not in his contract.

We were rehearsing "The Willow Cope," and Moon's cue came, but no Moon shone up. The call boy started with a shout, "Mr. Moon!"

The prompter called, "Mr. Moon!" Three Utes away up stage joined in, "Mr. Moon, this is you; stage is waiting."

No Moon.

Couldock began to pace from tor member doors to L. 4 E. No Moon.

Finally Couldock bawled out, "Where is that Moon—that utility idiot? Always late and doesn't know his cues when he hears them."

No Moon yet. It appeared that Mistrress Moon had presented the old man with a fine daughter—a new Moon. The father Moon went out to celebrate with the boys and later on was wheelbarrowed home a full Moon.—New York Telegraph.

## PLAYING THE PIANO.

Rubinstein's Way as a Teacher With His Pupils.

"Once I played a Liszt rhapsody pretty badly. After a few moments he said, 'The way you played this piece would be all right for auntie or mamma.' Then, rising and coming toward me, he would say, 'Now let us see how we play such things.' Then I would begin all over again, but hardly had I played a few measures when he would interrupt and say:

"Did you start? I thought I hadn't heard right."

"Yes, master, I certainly did," I would reply.

"Oh, he would say vaguely, 'I did not notice.'"

"How do you mean? I would ask."

"I mean this," he would answer: 'Before your fingers touch the keys you must begin the piece mentally—that is, you must have settled in your mind the tempo, the manner of touch and, above all, the attack of the first notes before your actual playing begins.'"

"On another occasion I asked him for the fingering of a rather complex passage.

"Play it with your nose," he replied, 'but make it sound well.'"

"Once Rubinstein said:

"Do you know why piano playing is so difficult? Because it is prone to be either affected or else afflicted with mannerisms, and when these two pitfalls are luckily avoided then it is liable to be—dry! The truth lies between those three mischiefs."—Hofmann's Piano Player."

## Sweets Are Great Baby Savers.

The young, unspoiled human animal has a liking for sugar just as it has for sunlight, for fresh air, for play, for paddling in the surf and plunging in the stream or for food when it is hungry and sleep when it is tired and, subject, of course, to reasonable limitations, as wholesome as any of the others. This is precisely what our specialists in children's diseases and broad minded family physicians have been urging for decades past, and it would be safe to say that, next to the banishment of starchy foods, gruels and paps from the nursery and the substitution of pure, sweet milk, few things have done more to increase the vigor and happiness of modern children and to cut down our disgraceful infant mortality than the free and intelligent use in the nursery of sweet fruits, preserves, sugar, taffy and butterscotch.—Woods Hutchinson in Success Magazine.

## Date Cake With Coffee Icing.

One-half cup of butter creamed, one and one-third cup of brown sugar added and beat together, two eggs well beaten, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful nutmeg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half cup sweet milk, one and three-quarter cups sifted flour, three-quarter cup dates, stones removed. Cut up fine and reserve a little of the flour to shake over them.

Beat, two tablespoonfuls strong, strained coffee and the same quantity of the white of an egg stirred together. Thicken with powdered sugar until stiff enough to spread. Allow the cake to cool before it is iced.—Boston Post.

## Getting Down to Facts.

"I love you."

"I've heard that before."

"I worship you madly."

"Loose talk."

"I cannot live without your love."

"Get some new stuff."

"Will you marry me?"

"Well, now, there's some class a that!"—Indianapolis News.

## Just a Hint.

Mr. Staylate—is that clock right? Miss De Pink (wearily)—I think it must need cleaning. It's been two or three hours going that last hour.—New York Journal.

## Quite a Success.

Wife of the Professor—Charles, here is a telegram—an explosion in your laboratory and the place wrecked. Professor—Thank goodness! Then that experiment was a success, after all.—New York Journal.

## A SNAKE STORY.

The Yarn That Was Spun by a Traveler in Australia.

An Australian traveler says that he was one day walking in the thick scrub, collecting specimens, when he came upon a large light brown snake, a species of python, coiled upon the ground.

He was by far the finest one he had ever seen at large. He was probably ten or twelve feet long and as thick as a man's leg at the knee.

He looked savage enough to devour a man, and at first the collector felt half inclined to run away.

He recovered himself, however, and was on the point of shooting the serpent with a charge of dust shot in order to carry home his skin when it occurred to him that he would be worth five times as much if he were taken alive.

"I had," he says, "a leather strap with a buckle in my game bag, and with this I determined to noose the snake."

"I started toward him, but when I came near he partly uncoiled, opened his mouth very wide, thereby disclosing his sharp teeth, and, hissing spitefully, struck at me. I dodged behind a small tree and, leaning out as far as I dared, tried several times to noose him."

"After I had teased him for some time he suddenly started off at full speed. I caught my gun and by dint of hard running through the thick scrub managed to head him off. He coiled, and again I tried the noose, but he put his head under his coils in a very sulky manner. I reached out from my shelter behind a tree and caught him by the tail, but he pulled away with great force and glided off again.

"This time he took refuge under a fallen tree and before I could head him off was gliding down the hole of some wild animal."

"I reached the spot just as the last two or three feet of his body were disappearing, and, seizing his tail with both hands, I lunged on desperately. With my feet braced against a limb of the tree I pulled till the tail cracked and snapped as if it would break asunder. Sometimes he pulled me to within a few inches of the hole, and then I would brace myself against the limb and drag him halfway out.

"At last I grew so tired that I had to let go my hold, and with many regrets I saw the last few inches of the tail disappear beneath the earth."

## THE DUTCH KITCHEN.

Largest Room in the House and Has a Bed in the Corner.

Holland, of all countries, is a memorial to the unceasing labor of man's hands. It exists not because the sea, higher than its green stretches, suffers it to, but because man by the labor of his hands and of his brain has kept the water back. The Dutch people have not only earned their land—they have made it.

"When have they found time to do it all?" you ask yourself. But you are to know more of the work which in Holland never ceases. Of the work which goes on within those houses you know nothing until at Delft you make your first acquaintance with a Dutch kitchen.

The kitchen is properly a large room as compared with the other rooms in the house, for it is the gathering place at all times for the family. The table is round and stands not quite in the center of the room, but so that the mistress, sitting at one side, can reach her hand out to the stove without rising.

In one corner of the kitchen is such a bed as you have never seen before. The stiffly starched white muslin curtains make it look like a blind window, but the grandson pulls the curtains back, and in the recess formed by the closet on one side and the corner of the room on the other you see the place where your hostess sleeps. There are a high feather bed and many coverings.

The stove is a brick one, set in a deep old fireplace. The old mantel is piled with brass vessels, which the old woman uses as though they were common tin. On one side is a china statue of the Virgin. On the other side under a glass globe is a waxen statue of Queen Wilhelmina in her wedding gown.—New Idea Magazine.

## The Oldest.

Three old sports were chatting after a copious dinner, when one of them said, "I bet \$5 my name is the oldest."

The bet was immediately accepted, and he produced his card, reading "Mr. Abel."

"Oh, dear \$5!" said the second, showing his card. "I am Mr. Adam."

"Mine is the bet," replied the other, producing his card, and they could read "Mr. B. Ginning" printed on it.—Judge's Library.

## A Bright Boy.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "you may give me an example of coincidence."

"Why—er," said Tommy, with some hesitation—"why—er—why, my father and me nudder was both married on de same day."—Harper's Weekly.

## Shrewd Girl.

Ella—Bella is an economical girl. Stella—There is no doubt about that. She is engaged to a clergyman, and he says that she asked him if he couldn't perform the marriage ceremony and save the wedding fee.—New York Press.

## Confide a secret to a dumb man and it will make him speak.—Lyttonian

## THE CRUSH OF WORLDS.

What Would Happen if a Dead Sun Invaded Our Solar System.

It is possible, though it is not proved, that stars may sometimes approach one another and even "leap madly from their spheres." "What would happen were an unknown star or a dead sun to invade our solar system?" asks a writer in the London Illustrated News, who answers his query in two ways. In the first place, the star might rush straight into the sun and by the heat of the collision reduce the sun and all its planets to a nebulous mass without form or structure. But it is more mathematically probable that just as comets approach, circle and recede from the sun, so the starly invader of our system would approach our system and recede from it, having altered it beyond recognition.

But what would be its effect upon our sun? The sun as we know it today is explosively elastic. Great tongues of flame which would consume a little planet like ours at a mouthful continually leap from it with speeds of several hundred miles a second. This enormous explosive force is restrained only by the greater force of the sun's gravity. But if an approaching star as great as the sun came within striking distance of it then along the line joining the two bodies, each would begin to pull the other, as today the moon pulls up the earth's oceans.

The mighty pull of the invading star would neutralize the sun's gravity in one direction, and the sun would, in a sense, explode. Out from our ancestral sun and from opposite sides of it would fly two great lengthening arms of matter, reaching far beyond the farthest planet. As the star passed, its moving mass would give a further twist to the sun and would pull the arms of matter into the shape of a great double spiral. Form and motion would thus be imparted to the nebula thus created, and from the solar system thus extinguished in catastrophe a new sun, with planets condensing from the lumps and inequalities in the projecting arms, would arise.

## CAPE HATTERAS.

The Shifting Sands and Point of This Isolated Place.

There are few names more widely known in the United States or localities about which a greater ignorance prevails than Cape Hatteras. Situated as it is at the angle where the long strip of sand beach from Cape Henry south turns at a right angle to the westward, with the widest part of Pamlico sound between it and the mainland and with the beach both west and north cut into several islands by inlets from sound to ocean, its position is isolated. No means of transportation exist along the beach, and with the nearest railway station from which a regular transportation route is operated nearly a hundred miles away it is an easier place to talk about than to visit.

Like all sand promontories, the point of the cape is always moving. An old wreck imbedded deep in the sand and showing only the stumps of her masts and bowsprit and the rusty skeletons of what were once her chain plates and dead eyes is now a quarter of a mile or more inland. Twenty years ago she is said to have lain in the water, where she struck or drifted ashore, the land now outside of her having been built up since by the action of the wind and the waves.

Two features connected with the sailing of the fishing skiffs used hereabouts are new to me. One is that of using a member of the crew as shifting ballast. A plank is run out over the lee washboards, while on the outer end, with legs dangling over the water, sits the man acting as ballast, and this is not in racing, mind you, but in every day sailing. The other is the practice of "nodding," as I heard it called. In moderate weather, when the skill is only lightly gliding along, one man will stand up alongside the centerboard on the weather side and, facing outward, will steadily rock side-wise from one foot to the other with faster. And perhaps it does.—Charlotte Observer.

## The Red Sea.

In the Red sea reefs of bright pink coral are clearly to be seen. Much of the rocky bed of this sea is the work of the coral insect. But probably the true reason for the name of the Red sea is because along its eastern shores lies ancient Edom. This word signifies "red." It was given to the region not from the color of its sandstone hills, but from its people. These are the descendants of him who came in faint and weary from hunting and said to his brother, "Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red potage, for I am faint," therefore was his name called Edom.

## Only a Man.

Little Muriel flew into the house flushed and breathless.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "don't scold me for being late to tea, for I've had such a disappointment! A horse fell down, and they said that they were going to send for a horse doctor, so of course I had to stay. And after I'd waited and waited he came, and, oh, mother, what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor at all. It was only a man!"—Everybody's Magazine.

It is the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.

## HE WAS NOT A FLIRT.

Therefore He Wasted the Woman's Attempts at Familiarity.

He was riding homeward, comfortably seated and reading his paper. Being a trifle nearsighted, he was applying himself even more closely to his paper than other homegoing passengers. Thus intent in the day's news, he was startled when a woman came up beside him and touched him lightly on the shoulder, at the same time casting a longing eye on his seat.

"He is a polite man, and he got up," "A woman with that much nerve is entitled to a seat," he muttered to himself. "The idea of a woman deliberately nudging a man out of his seat!" Other women standing near by laughed unreservedly. He hid his embarrassment behind his paper, for he felt that his good nature had been imposed upon and that the laugh was on him.

By and by there was a vacant seat next to the one he had given up to the woman, and he sat down once more. The woman turned and looked at him amusedly. He could feel her gaze, even though he made a bluff at being intensely interested in his paper. Pretty raw, it seemed to him, for a woman deliberately to take the seat of a total stranger and then sit there and laugh at him because he was such a mark.

Then the woman spoke to him. "Aren't you going to talk to me?" she asked.

He could stand her familiarity no longer. "Well, of all the"—He stopped right there when he looked around and recognized her. It was his wife!—Cleveland Leader.

## COOKS' SHOPS.

They Were the Beginnings of the Modern Restaurant.

In primitive times the only places in London where the public could be entertained with food had been the cooks' shops. The famous East Cheap was a great thoroughfare, down which the stalls of the butchers alternated with those of the cooks. You chose a joint at the flesh market, and you carried it next door to be cooked for you by a certain hour. If you wished for wine, you must bring that with you, for the cooks sold no liquor, although they seem to have provided, as nature went on, more and more of the natural accompaniments of meat, such as bread, vegetables and pastry.

This habit continued until well into the reign of Elizabeth, and so long as such an inconvenient custom prevailed there could have been no real comfort for any citizen who chose to dine abroad. He must have had as much trouble with portage and baskets as a country party has today at a picnic. But about the time that Shakespeare came up to London a remarkable change took place in the customs of the town, and the practice of public hospitality and entertainment was singularly facilitated.

The nature of this change lay in the sudden development of the tavern and the consequent withdrawal of the cookshop. The worshipful company of pastels, as the cooks were called, ceased to enjoy the monopoly of providing hot meals.—Edmund Gosse in Harper's Magazine.

## Railroads Are Never Finished.

In one respect a railroad is unlike any other project undertaken by man—it is never finished. Like a cucumber vine, says a writer in Popular Mechanics, the instant it ceases to grow it begins to wither. There must be continuous expansion and enlargement. Larger cars require more powerful locomotives, and both in turn call for heavier rails, bigger roundhouses, stronger bridges, longer platforms and sidings, increased safety devices, while the straightening of curves and the leveling of grades come in for their share of attention on even the oldest roads. Little wonder, then, with our railroads consuming nearly one-half of all our manufactured steel and iron and fully one-half of all the lumber made each year, that they are the un-failing barometer of the business activity of the nation.

## The Wonders of Science.

It was left for the exhibitor of a photograph in the streets of Utrecht, according to an American traveler, to put the finishing touch to the wonderful invention. There was the sound of a military band in full blast, and then suddenly the tune stopped and "Halt!" rang hoarsely out upon the air.

"Who's that interrupting the concert?" flippantly inquired the American, edging close to the operator.

"That," said the man, surveying him blandly, "was the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte giving the order at the battle of Waterloo."

## What Was the Trouble.

A Wichita man was fussing because of his aching teeth. "Why don't you go to a dentist?" asked one of his friends.

"Oh, I haven't got the nerve," was the reply.

"Never mind that," replied the friend. "The dentist will find the nerve all right."—Kansas City Journal.

## Literary Analysis.

"Shakespeare's works are marvelous revelations of poetry."

"Poetry" echoed the Raconian scornfully. "They are merely a collection of clichés, with some figures of speech thrown in to make them harder."—Washington Star.

## His Wise Plan.

"I never have any luck."

"Neither do I," responded the other citizen. "Therefore I keep out of enterprises requiring jobs of luck to be a success."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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Klamath Falls, Oregon

## NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that F. P. Cronemiller, administrator of the estate of Daniel Cronemiller, deceased, has filed his final account of the administration of said estate with the clerk of the county court of Klamath county, Oregon, and that said court has appointed 10 o'clock, a. m. of Friday, September 30, 1909, as the time for hearing of objections to such final account and the settlement thereof. This notice is published by order of said county court entered August 2d, 1909.

F. P. CRONEMILLER, Administrator.

J. C. Rutenic, attorney for Administrator.

8-5-4t

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Klamath.

American Bank and Trust Company, a corporation, plaintiff, vs. E. B. Burwell, defendant.

Suit in Equity to Foreclose a Mortgage.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued out of the above named court and cause on the 12th day of July, 1909, upon a decree made and entered for record in said court in said suit on the 10th day of July, 1909, in favor of the above named plaintiff, directing the sale of the premises herein described, to satisfy the sum of \$2,190.70, and \$33.50 costs and disbursements, and the further sum of \$200 attorney's fees, making a total of \$2,424.20, with interest on said sum from the day of the rendition of said decree, and accruing costs.

Now, therefore, in view of said execution and in compliance with same, I have duly levied on said premises and will, on Saturday, the 14th day of August, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. on said day, at the front door of the county court house at Klamath Falls, Klamath county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant in and to the following described real property situated in Klamath county, Oregon, to-wit:

SW 1/4 of Section 30, Township 39 South, Range 10 East, Willamette meridian.

Together with all tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

The proceeds of said sale will be applied in satisfaction of said execution, order and decree, interest and costs and all accruing costs and overplus, if any there be, to be paid unto said court to be further applied as by law directed.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, this 12th day of July, 1909.

7-12, 8-12 W. B. BARNES,

Sheriff of Klamath County, Oregon.

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