



We Wish You a Happy New Year

and that the dawn of 1914 will bring Prosperity and Happiness to every farm household in the great Klamath Country.

We thank you for your patronage in the past and hope we will merit a continuance of same in the future.

K. K. K. STORE

Leading Clothiers

Send your Mail Orders for anything in Rubber Footwear

A TRIBUTE TO H. W. KEESSE

GRIEVING FRIEND PAYS HIGH TRIBUTE TO CHARACTER OF THE DEPARTED

By HON. HENRY L. BENSON,
(Circuit Judge)

H. W. Keesse was a much better lawyer than his exceeding modesty would permit the general public to realize. He was admitted to the bar of the State of Oregon in July, 1880, and first practiced law at Corvallis, Benton county.

About twenty-five years ago, he came to Klamath County, locating first at Bonanza, where he resided for several years.

During the past twenty years I have had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with him, and it is a sad pleasure, at this time, to bear witness that he was a good lawyer, and, what is even of more importance, was in every respect honest. He never consciously violated the loftiest code of professional ethics. For more than twenty years he was my friend and in the years to come I shall miss him.

I sincerely hope that the wife and children whom he leaves to mourn his untimely end may not be neglected or forgotten by those who appreciated his worth.

Out of respect for the departed, the Circuit Court adjourned this morning immediately after the following journal entry was made:

"Whereas the sad news has just reached this court of the death of Mr. H. W. Keesse, a worthy and honored member of the bar of this court, now therefore

"It is hereby ordered that this court do stand adjourned for this day, in respect to his memory, and that upon a day to be fixed later the Bar Association of Klamath County shall be given an opportunity in open court to offer proper tribute to his worth.

"Done in open court this 31st day of December, 1913.

"HENRY L. BENSON,
"Judge."

HENRY WEED KEESSE IS CALLED BY GRAND MASTER

FUNERAL SERVICES WILL BE HELD TOMORROW AT I. O. O. F. HALL

Henry W. Keesse, for twenty-five years a resident of Klamath County, passed to the Beyond at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning.

His demise comes as a great shock to the community, for following the amputation of a finger at the Blackburn Hospital a few days ago, he was taken to his home Monday and yesterday morning seemed to be recovering rapidly.

Several days ago Mr. Keesse, in falling, injured one of the fingers on his right hand. As there was serious danger of infection, he was taken to the hospital and the injured finger was removed. Tuesday, late in the forenoon, Mr. Keesse took a sudden

turn for the worse, symptoms of pneumonia being evident, and he sank rapidly until the end.

Mrs. Keesse is prostrated by the demise of her husband and is under the care of a physician. Tuesday morning she was on Main street attending to shopping and expected her husband to be up and about in a few days.

Mr. Keesse is a native Oregonian, born at Corvallis in 1858. He was admitted to the bar when 21 years of age. He was married to the daughter of Judge Burnett of Corvallis, who died several years ago. Two children, John Keesse and Mrs. J. C. Kirkendall of this city, were born to this union.

Some years after the death of his first wife, Mr. Keesse married Miss Rose Bradburn, who survives him, in addition to the following children, Wayne, Vernon, William and Bonita.

It was about twenty-five years ago that Mr. Keesse came to Klamath County. He located at Bonanza and for fifteen years resided there, practicing law, operating a ranch, and for several years attending to the office of postmaster.

In 1899 Mr. Keesse came to Klamath Falls and he has since practiced the legal profession in a manner that is looked upon with much credit by the other attorneys. His code of ethics and honesty will long be remembered.

About two years ago the volume of his business became so large that he took as a partner Rollo C. Groesbeck. Mr. Groesbeck is now visiting relatives in the middle west.

The funeral services will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from I. O. O. F. Hall. The ceremonies will be conducted by the Odd Fellows, of which Mr. Keesse was an esteemed member.

SOME, "WITH A PAST," WOULD STAY IN MEXICO

MEXICO CITY, Dec. 25 (by mail to New York)—Here's the blank which American citizens, fleeing from Mexico, must sign, before they receive assistance from American consuls:

"I declare that I am an American citizen, a refugee on the steamer —, from my home in Mexico, and that at the present time I have with me \$— and that the American consul at this place has furnished me with \$— and with ticket transportation from — to — which costs \$— from the funds placed with him by the department of state of the United States to defray the cost of my transportation to — or as temporary relief while in Mexico. My reason for leaving Mexico is —. I am employed by —. I am unable at the present time to secure funds from relatives or friends. This statement is made to secure relief."

But there are two sides to this refugeeing business. There was a time, it will be remembered, when the United States had no extradition laws with Mexico and the American, fleeing from justice in his home land, rushed into Mexico. There are some

of him here yet. It may prove warm for him here, he knows; but it will probably prove warmer for him back home. So he remains. You can't tell this sort of a "stayer," as Americans who won't go home are called, from the "stayer" who is sticking by his business simply because it is a rule of his life that he won't run from anything. Some of these stayers are successful business men; others of them are hangers-on in the various sporting establishments in Mexican cities. The "stayers" of this latter type took instant and insistent advantage of the offer of Uncle Sam to give them money and tickets home. They were the first to rush to the consular offices. Then mobs of them sold their free tickets and spent Uncle Sam's money in the cantinas and gambling houses of Mexico. Some of them had the nerve to go back to certain consuls a second time, explaining that they had been taken ill and been forced to dispose of their tickets and money. It's safe to say that no American has been able to "graft" a second ticket home.

Up in Chihuahua, in the very heart of the rebel district, where federal rule one day and the rebels the next and where every change means a corpse-strewn street, there lives an American who hasn't moved and won't move. His consort is a Mexican girl and they have three children that are famous throughout the mining district for their beauty. "I can't go back," he explained to the last little knot of Americans to leave. "But we'll stand all the expenses of moving your family," they offered. "Thank you, very much," he said. "I'm afraid I'll have to stay here and see it out."

He is a Harvard man, the refugee miners say; more than that, and the fact that he's a fine, strong man, with some mistake in his past, they know nothing. In Mexico in these days you don't ask about a man's past. Why a man is a "stayer" is his own business.

Another American who won't flee from Mexico, no matter what happens, is a little doctor who had made himself very rich up along the northern border. The story the refugees Americans tell about him is thirty years old, and he's a grey-haired old man who'd probably like to go back to the United States and spend his days in peace, if he could.

The story is that he lived in a certain large American city and that one day, while he was traveling in a trans-continental train along the boundary between the United States and Mexico, the train was wrecked, and then took fire. The little doctor was missing. His wife put in a claim for his life insurance, \$25,000. The insurance company could not prove that his body was not among the charred and unidentified corpses, and the wife got the money. A few weeks later she went to a certain Mexican town, near the border, only a short distance from the scene of the wreck, and met her husband, whole and sound. They started their life anew and built up a small fortune, but it

is one they cannot enjoy in the United States.

The rebels had cleaned him out over night and left him only money enough to get to Mexico City. He had been used to having plenty of money and one of his practices was to buy a ticket in each monthly government lottery. One of these tickets was in a pocket of his only suit when he entered Mrs. Porter's hotel in Mexico City. "Let me put up here, will you?" he asked that good dame. "I'll get some refugee money from the American consul to pay you. All I've got is a lottery ticket." "Let me see the ticket," said Mrs. Porter, who knows a good deal about the lotteries. He flashed out the crumpled bit of tissue paper. "You can stay in this hotel—\$10,000 worth," said Mrs. Porter calmly. He didn't know how to draw the money, so Mrs. Porter went with him to the headquarters of the national lottery and saw a clerk hand ten packets of \$1,000 each (Mexican money) to the penniless man. "Me for Chicago," he declared. He's on his way there now. He said his name was Albert Dwiningham and that Chicago was his home.

O. A. C. WINTER COURSE WILL START JANUARY 5

CORVALLIS, Dec. 29.—The four principal objects of the Winter Short Course offered by the Oregon Agricultural college are as follows:

To provide in the most compact and practical way the largest amount of information and training in scientific agriculture that can be afforded by a well equipped agricultural college.

To offer this information at the season of the year in which the farmer can best spare the time to attend.

To give the young men a broader and more intense knowledge of scientific agriculture and increase their pride and efficiency in farming; to offer the experienced farmers the opportunity to push abreast of the times and become acquainted with the latest phases of research work and become still more expert in the art of agriculture; and to furnish the homemakers of our country both instruction and inspiration in the noble art of upbuilding and beautifying the home.

To enrich the entire field of rural life by pointing out resources not yet utilized and enjoyed, by relieving farm work of its drudgery, and by inspiring the people with the possibilities of more bountiful production.

The course begins on January 5th and ends January 31st. Reduced fares have been granted over all the leading roads of the state.

GRAND JURY WILL INVESTIGATE THE ATTACK ON MOYER

CALUMET, Dec. 30.—A special session of the grand jury for Houghton county has been called by Prosecutor Attorney Lucas.

Lucas will make a thorough investigation of the attack and deportation of President Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners.

Judge Hilton, attorney for the

Federation, has promised to furnish the grand jury with evidence to support the strikers' charges that the Citizen's Alliance is responsible for the attack upon Moyer.

Hilton has also promised to produce evidence at the inquest to show that a member of the alliance was the fatal cry of "fire" at the Moyer house that resulted in several deaths.

MAKE MONEY

by saving it with foresight—look ahead—anticipate your needs for some time to come. Winter is on and soon prices on groceries will be going up, as the supplies become limited before another crop is made.

Our store is loaded with good things bought right ahead of the advances that are bound to come. If you haven't laid in a goodly supply, why shouldn't you do it now? Study the following and note the good investment you'll be making to place your order now.

These prices will hold good all through January, but come in early while our stock is full. Look over the following and give us your order for what you will need:

500 lbs. Anchor Flour		\$12.50
500 lbs. Crater Lake Flour		\$12.50
500 lbs. Boquet Flour		\$12.50
Sugar, best granulated, per cwt.		1.50
Bacon, good medium weight, per lb.		.25
Ham, "Diamond Brand," per lb.		.35
Lard, "Klamath Brand," 10 lb. pail		1.50
Coffee, fair quality, 10 lbs.		2.50
Coffee, good quality, 10 lbs.		3.00
Coffee, our "Morning Glory" (you pay 40c and 45c a lb. for no better) 10 lbs.		3.50
Soap, 24 bars "Swift's Pride"		1.50
Soap, 100 bars "Swift's Pride"		4.00
Soap, 21 bars Swift's white		1.50
Soap, 100 bars Swift's white		3.50
Beans, white, pink or bayo, 50 lbs.		2.50
Rice, good Jap, 50 lbs.		2.50
Rice, good head, 50 lbs.		2.50
Rice, best head quality, 50 lbs.		3.00
Oats, fancy flake, 45 lb. sk.		2.50
Corn Meal, 50 lb. sk.		2.50
Buckwheat, pure, 10 lb. sk.		1.50
Oat or Wheat, 5 lb. "Columbia"		1.50
Syrup, "Log Cabin" maple, per gal.		1.50
Syrup, good table quality, per gal.		1.50
Sorghum "Farmer Jones," per gal.		1.50
Peaches, Dry, 25-pound box, Choice		4.00
Apricots, Dry, 25-pound box, Fancy		4.00
Figs, Dry, 25-pound box, Fancy		4.00
Prunes, Choice, 50-pound box		4.00
Apples, Dry, 50-pound box, Choice		4.00
Raisins, Seedless, 50-pound box		4.00
Tomatoes, Solid Pack, per dozen		2.50
Peaches, Best Brand, per dozen		2.50
Blackberries, Good Brand, per dozen		2.50
String Beans, Good Quality, per dozen		2.50
Corn, Good Standard, per dozen		2.50
Milk, "Marigold," none better, per case		2.50
Macaroni, per 20 lb. box		2.50
Cocoa, 1/2 lb. size, 6 cans		2.50
Chocolate, ground, 6 cans		2.50
Catsup, "Synder's," 6 pt. bottles		2.50
Tea, 60c grade, Gunpowder, 5 lbs.		2.50
Tea, 5 lb. box, any kind		2.50
Olive Oil, pure Italian, per gal.		2.50
Olive Oil, pure Italian, per qt.		2.50
Baking Powder, 5 lb. can "Economy"		2.50
Polly Prim, same as Old Dutch Cleanser, 3 cans		2.50
Toilet Soap, 4 for 25c kind, 6		2.50
Grapes, 6 gal. cans		2.50

WHEN IN TOWN DON'T PASS BY—COME IN—THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF RACKS BACK OF OUR STORE.

Sunset Grocery

10th & Main

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