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PREACHER INDORSED

Aunt Nancy Thinks Well of the Lectures by Rev. Cantrell

BUT FEELS A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS

At the Risk of Aggrevating the "Rheumatiz" She and "Pa" Venture Out to Hear the Lectures on Social Science by Edward Adams Cantrell

Dear Mr. Editor:—I see you was at Preachers Cantrell's lectures. Pa and me went too. I wasn't a goin, it bein so damp and me bein troubled a little with rheumatiz, but Pa got an interduction to the preacher down town and kind of took a notion to him, and nothin to do but I must go and hear him. And I'm free to say I'd risk the rheumatiz to get to hear him again.

He appears to be a mighty nice young feller. Still, you never know a man till you live with him. I've had so many optical illusions about folks in my days that I'm kind of leery of getting too friendly with people I don't know nothin about.

This here Mr. Cantrell see he ain't never done nothin wors than stealin watermelons, maybe he ain't. He might have told the truth about it, even if he is a preacher; but you see, durin my travels in this "vale of tears" I've met up with a number of preachers that had a curious habit of makin such statements—with mental reservations, like that old heathen Galileo, and the truth is I've got kind of stalleded on preachers.

He's a good talker, alright. When I heard him giving it to old Morgan and Rockefeller and tellin about them poor little children workin in the cotten mills down south, and his eyes was shootin sparks at me one minute and makin me laugh in spite of myself, the next, I felt like pattin him on the back and hollerin: "Stay with 'em, my boy!"

But la me! After it was over I just went up and shook hands like the rest and told him he'd made us a nice little talk and so forth. Curious how hard it is for people to say what they feel, ain't it? We're all of us so all fired scared we'll do somethin some of our neighbors won't think is exactly proper.

Folks is so queer! I ain't a doubt that if Jesus himself was to come to Klamath Falls today, ridin on a burro as he did in Jerusalem, or packin his blankets as he'd most likely do here, and I was to invite him up to the house and get him a square meal, and bathe his poor, tired feet, old sister Stickernosen across the way would run straight over to Miss Didyever's and screech out: "Land of livin! If there ain't old Aunt Nancy Woods a settin down and washin the feet of a crazy old hobo, and him a pattin her on the head! I never see such doins in all my born days!"

One thing about that preacher, he does more cussin openly then any preacher I ever heard. Reckon that's one reason the men cheered him so.

I used to know a preacher back East. He just naturally loved to smoke. Birth marked, I reckon. But some of his flock was dead set again it and he dassent do it openly.

He was over to our house one day and he and Si was a settin on the back porch, their corn-cobs full of Dixie Queen or some other brand, and both of 'em just a wallering in clouds of smoky bliss when I see old Miss Wellinever come in at the side gate. I never said nothin till she got up close; then I see, see I "Come right on out here, Miss Wellinever."

The preacher clapped that corncob in his pocket before you could say "scat." Miss Wellinever didn't have no use for tobacco nor anybody that used it and she was a member of his congregation.

It was summer time and the preacher had on a linen coat. By and by Miss Wellinever begun to sniff. "Pears to me I smell somethin burnin," ses she. Just then the preacher jumped up with a cry of pain and that cornbob fell out of his pocket onto the floor! As the novelist says: "I leave what follers, to your imagination."

Mr. Cantrell come down pretty hard on bankers.

Pears to me he kind of forgot some of the main points in his lecture on "The Human Call of the Wild."

Bankers is human beins, the same as you and me. Circumstances made them what they are same as they made young Cantrell a preacher. Some of the women didn't seem to like what he said about workingmen's wives bein poor cooks. It didn't rile me none. I know a woman can't do no French cooking unless she's got the grub to cook; and a man can't keep the pantry supplied with the market affords, on an income of four or five hundred dollars a year.

I liked his views on the liquor question, real well. Some of the best men I ever knowed has gone into the saloon business. I don't say tho that the business improved 'em any, or vicey versy. You remember the Bible says you can't handle Limbeurger cheese without folks a findin it out.

Most saloon men would rather do somethin else if they could make money as easy some other way.

Fur as liquor goes, I don't mind sayin I can enjoy a toddy myself, or a glass of beer, once in awhile. Many's the time when Pa's come in after bein out in the the cold all day, feelin as if he was takin cold we've spent a mighty pleasant half hour, Pa and me, a-settin before the fire, Pa in his nightshirt, his feet in a footub, a-sippin a toddy and me drinkin one just to keep him company.

Most women drink too much tea, just as preacher Cantrell ses. I know I do, myself. I could quit if I wanted to, but I don't know as I'll ever want to bad enough. A feller named Huxley said one time: "Women have poisoned themselves by drinkin too much green tea, and people have died from eating too much beefstake."

But if an Anti-Tea Party was to try to take the tea away from us women, there'd be a Tea Party that would put that Boston affair in the shade.

If I was a man and come home, say Monday night after a hard day's work and the air full of steam and smellin of soapsuds, the beefstake burned an much soda in the biscuits, my wife cross and the kids a-squallin, I might grab my hat and hike for a nice warm, comfortable place where there was lights and music and object of art, the clinkin of glasses and chink of money and laughter and good feelin. It would be a mean trick, but if I was a man, I might do it. I don't deny that I've often had a longin to take a peek in, myself. Some women can't bear that saloony smell you get as you go by, but I don't mind it and I'm afraid if I was a man I might like it.

I don't mind sayin, if I had a chance to vote, I'd vote for a dry town. It's the best thing Under the circumstances but it ain't a-goin to stop the trouble.

You'll think its stopped, and first thing you know you'll be horrified when someone discovers one of these here "blind hogs" as they call 'em.

If I was runnin things, I'd sell liquor at cost. There'd be no sparklin glass, no graphy-phones or pianolies, or pictures of pretty ladies in the kind of clothes they wear in tropical regions, no place to set down, nothin but the plain dope sold in some old barn of a place, out on the edge of town; no treatin and no gamblin. I reckon you'd all be surprised to find out how many men don't like whiskey well enough to go to such a place to get it.

Now, none of you need accuse me of bein in the pay of any whiskey trust. Folks that know me knows that there ain't nobody got no strings on your Aunt Nancy. When you get as old as I be, and go through what I have, what folks ses about you don't cut much ice, nohow.

A long time ago, I set out to find out the truth about certain things.

I ain't satisfied yet, but I've learned one thing: The path of the politicins is marked by terrapin shells and the feathers of canvas backs and old champagne bottles; but the trail of the lover of mankind shows mostly the remains of lemons that have been handed him, and cold shoulders.

Yours respectfully,
AUNT NANCY.

SUPPORT H. M. CAKE FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR FOR OREGON

C. W. Fulton Urges All Republicans to Be Loyal

He Says: "No person who questions my fidelity to the Republican party or to its nominee is a friend of mine. I have several times publicly stated, and stated for publication that I am supporting Mr. Cake, as I am supporting the entire ticket, and so far as I can exercise any influence it will be for the entire ticket."

Senator C. W. Fulton.

The Senatorial Candidates

H. M. Cake

Governor Chamberlain

The Harriman Horse

The thoroughbred running horse, the gift of E. H. Harriman to the people of Fort Klamath and vicinity, passed through this city yesterday en route to the Wood river valley. When Mr. Harriman was in this section last year he promised Ed Hoyt, of Fort Klamath, that he would send in a thoroughbred horse for the people of that section if he would agree to take care of it. Mr. Hoyt agreed, and now the horse has arrived. The horse is a thoroughbred and at one time was one of the fastest on the track in the United States. The introduction of this stock will result in a better class of driving horses for Klamath county.

TO ARRIVE MIDNIGHT

Postmaster in Receipt of Official Notification of Change

E. T. ABBOTT HAS HIS OWN WAY

Department Seems in no Hurry to Transport Mails by Way of Dorris and as a Result They Will Arrive in This City at Most Unseasonable Hours

Orders received by Postmaster R. A. Emmitt indicate that the change of mail routes may not be made at once. A few days since Manager Abbott, of the Klamath Lake Railroad, issued a new schedule for his road and the postmaster of this city has now received official notification that the mails would arrive and depart according to the new schedule. There will be no change in the time of departure from this city, but the time of arrival is another question. After Sunday the mail will arrive at Pokegama at 5:30 in the evening and if is brought through to this city it will arrive here after midnight. But it may remain at Pokegama until the next morning and will then arrive about noon. The arrival of the mails will depend upon the orders of the Department. If it arrives at midnight there should be a night service in the postoffice so as to get the mail distributed in time to send it out to the various post offices of this and Lake counties. If it is left at Pokegama until morning and arrives here at noon the following day, it will make the mails twenty-four hours later in reaching the towns of this county. In arranging the mail schedule for this city it should be taken into consideration that the Klamath Falls office is a distributing office and that the mails for every town in the county and for a large portion of Lake county must pass through the local office. The department can put on a night service, but if this is done it will also be necessary to put on a night service in the office, for with the present force it will be impossible to handle the mails and get them off on the morning stages to the different postoffices of the county.

There have been no orders whatever in regard to a change of routes and judging from the instructions sent the postmaster it may be several days and probably weeks before the service via Dorris will be started. It would be to the interest of this city to have the mails come over the California Northeastern, and doubtless the department will soon comply with the requests of the people of this section and order the service established.

Chamber Directors Meet

With the exception of Frank I. White who is absent from the city, all of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce were present at the regular semi-monthly meeting held last night at the rooms of the Chamber. Several new members were elected and a number of matters of considerable importance were taken up. The erection of the exhibit building at Weed was referred to the advertising committee with full power to act. The understanding is that the building will be put up at once.

Several communications were read in regard to the establishment of industries in this city, and especially in regard to power for manufacturing institutions.

The directors of the Chamber are getting the work well in hand and the Board is working in perfect harmony on all matters. The organization is now in a position where it can do much good for the city and where it merits the support of every businessman and property owner of this section.

A. W. Lafferty, the Portland land lawyer, was the victim of quite a joke at the Lakeside Inn this morning. He was sitting in the lobby in the company of a number of others when a man carrying a valise approached him and asked where he might leave his baggage. Mr. Lafferty was game and filled the position of porter almost as well as he argues land law.

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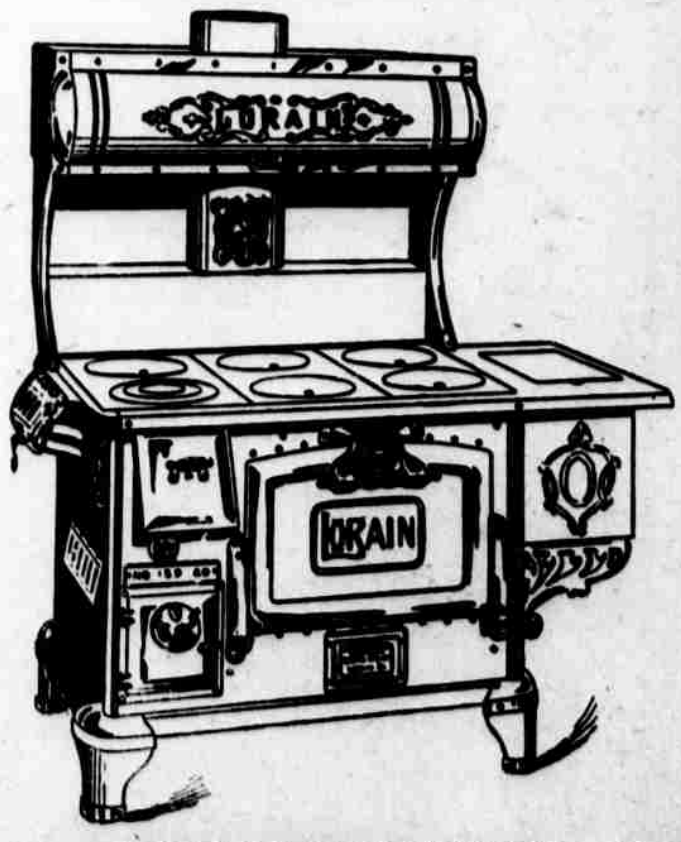

ROBERTS & HANKS

Hardware Dealers