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THE EVENING HERALD

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KLAMATH FALLS, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12, 1918

SWINDLED THE WOOL MEN.

That Oregon wool men have been swindled out of about \$1,000,000 on wool sales this year, is now the belief of the leading sheepmen of the state and of the officials of the Oregon Wool Growers' Association.

While the wool clip of Umatilla county was sold at from 10 to 12 cents, early in the spring, the same quality of wool has recently sold at Miles City, Mont., for from 16 to 17 cents, thus going from 4 to 5 cents more than the sales in that county, and in other parts of Oregon.

On a total clip of 17,000,000 lbs. in Oregon this year, this loss to Oregon sheepmen would mean about \$700,000. It is believed now that a combination of buyers and commission houses was formed to keep down the Oregon prices, as Oregon sales were among the first on the coast and naturally set a pace.

HAS ENOUGH MONEY.

Thomas A. Edison has begun to gratify an ambition he has cherished many years, and the laboratory at Llewellyn, N.J., will see comparatively little of him henceforth. Mr. Edison's ambition has been to give himself a roving commission into pure science and to steer clear of commercialism. He does not want to increase his fortune. He has got \$25,000,000, which he thinks is more than enough. All of his life he has been turning out money-making inventions. He will devote his remaining years to investigating anything that strikes his fancy, without regard to its financial productiveness. It is learned that the man who has achieved so many marvels in electricity has a greater love for chemistry than electricity.

Chemistry was the first science to captivate his wonderful intellect, but he has never had a chance to dig as deep into its mysteries as he wanted to. Now he proposes to give himself the chance. He has bought himself a place in Florida, where he will spend a couple of months in the late winter and early summer next year. Towards the end of this month he is going with his wife on a month's trip to the Pacific coast.

LEMON BATHS THE LATEST.

The "lemon bath" is, so it appears, the latest summer craze—one likely to achieve much popularity with those who delight in new sensations and have the leisure to pursue them. Many virtues are claimed for it.

"It is a valuable aid to beauty," said a Bond street beauty specialist, "and the custom has, I hear, been adopted by royalty."

"Queen Wilhelmina of Holland borrowed the idea from the Dutch Indies, and attributes a great deal of the satin-like softness of her skin to the refining and cleansing influence of the lemon baths in which she has been indulging for some weeks, on the advice of the wife of one of her colonial governors."

"The proper way to prepare the lemon bath is as follows: Five lemons, cut into slices, are left to soak in a basin of water for half an hour. The water drawn into the bath must be moderately hot, but not warm enough to be enervating, and the lemon water is added to it slowly, the whole being stirred vigorously while, as is the mode when making cocoa. There is no objection to a few slices of the lemon peel being

THE SCHEMHL.

He is the Poor Fellow Who Always Misses His Chance. The schemhl is easier to understand than to define. Many years ago a gathering of the wits at the Maccabaeus endeavored to come to a decision as to the real definition of a schemhl. They could not agree as to the origin of the word, and they found it equally hard to define what exactly a schemhl is. The nearest shot, says the Jewish Chronicle of London, was that of Stuart M. Samuel, M. P., who said that he could tell a story that would illustrate exactly what was meant by the term. There was a poor man who could not find anything to do. What- ever he tried, failed, and when he sought employment he could not obtain it. Day after day he sat (schemhl-like) on a bench in the public gardens waiting for some one to offer him work, but the offer never came. For a whole year he sat thus each day until at last he attracted the attention of a merchant, who said to himself: "I want some one at my warehouse, and I think I shall offer the job to that poor man who is always sitting so patiently and wistfully as though he is looking for employment. Tomorrow I shall speak to him." The morrow came, and the poor man started for his usual walk to his usual seat. As, however, he was leaving his house he said to his wife: "My dear, I have been out like this for a whole year, and nothing has ever come of it. Today I think I shall stay at home." And he did. And he missed the merchant. That is the schemhl.

allowed in the mixture. The great inventor of the lemon cannot be improved upon," said a second specialist, "and many of my clients are going to indulge daily during the probable heat wave. The lemon juice thus introduced into the warm soapy bath has a most soothing, refreshing and softening effect."

"The above recipe is an excellent one to follow, with just this addition. The lemon solution, even five lemons to one basin of water, is too strong for the face and neck. It would be softening, of course, but it would be apt to render the skin yellowish if indulged in freely."

"To obviate this a tumblerful should be taken out, and to this added a few drops of rosewater. This mixture must be kept separate, and used afterward to sponge the face and neck. As little as possible of the bath water should touch the neck, and none the face."

"The benefits of the lemon for beverage purposes have long been proved. It is rapidly coming in now as a skin wash," said a chemist.

DENONCES UNIONISM.

"Unionism, as it exists in this country, originated in England, where it impoverished the working classes and put 200,000 persons in London almshouses. The system is incompatible with the declaration of independence and the laws of the United States which exist for the purpose of guaranteeing workmen the right to come and go to their employment without molestation." This denunciation of labor unions was delivered by Federal Judge S. H. Hanford, at Seattle, when he granted an injunction against the Longshoremen's Union, preventing its members from interfering in any way with the unloading of ships by nonunion men. The remarks have created an immense sensation in labor circles on the Pacific Coast.

From eight Japanese captured while attempting to cross the border from Mexico, details of a great smuggling plot were learned by the immigration agents. The Japanese declare that there are now 50,000 of their countrymen in Mexico, and that most of them are awaiting an opportunity to enter this country. They say an organized band of smugglers is working on the border, running a tug from a point about 100 miles north of Tampico to a landing place below Corpus Christi, Texas. From 25 to 50 Japanese are smuggled across the line at each trip of the tug. It is alleged.

Rare Fruit.

She—Did you see this story, George, about the Italian woman who had her speech restored after being dumb for forty-four years?

George—Married woman?

She—I don't know. It seems that when she was a child of seven an old woman who was called a witch gave her a quince to eat, and after eating it she became dumb and remained so until just the other day.

George (thoughtfully)—I wonder if anybody had the sense to save a few of those quince seeds?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Same Old Show.

The old-fashioned circus, the barnyard circus. The circus that's billed as the "greatest of shows." The dust and the din and the benches that jerk us. Each time that the peanut man stands on our toes. The clowns and the freaks and the fakirs that work us. The pink lemonade with the lemon skin rind. The roused peanuts, but hush for the circus. The old-fashioned circus that greets us each spring! —Chicago News

A LIFE OF THE ROOFS.

Gardens Flourish on the House-tops of Florence, Italy.

There still exists in Italian cities a life of the roofs that is distinct and characteristic and of which the mere foreigner and tourist is entirely unaware. Particularly is this the case in Florence. Mount to the top floor of one of these grim, big palaces standing in some gloomy, sunless street, often approached by a stern, forbidding doorway and dark, steep stairs, and you will hold your breath with wonder at the surprise that awaits you, for here before your eyes stretches an unfamiliar city, a real and green city of wide expanse and varying altitudes, a city no less architecturally beautiful than the one you have left below and envied, too, most unexpectedly by verdure.

In the very heart of the city, on its topmost apex, there is no trace of grime. The air is pure and wholesome. Indeed, its breezes are charged with no small suggestion of sea and mountain breath. As for the smoke one would expect to find hanging above the roofs of a densely populated city, it is conspicuous by its absence, and only at the hour of meals does some faint blue column rise for the briefest space into the atmosphere.—Helen Zimmern's "A Florentine Roof Garden" in Century.

Grant the Hero.

When General Grant was seized with his fatal illness in the autumn of 1884 he appeared before the world in an entirely new character. From being viewed as the stern, uncompromising and conquering military commander, the revelation of his simple resignation in the face of great suffering claimed for him new fame as a hero in another sense. His last battle with the great conqueror destined him for greater laurels than were gained on any of his many triumphant fields. It was the purely human side of his nature that then appealed to the general sympathy of mankind. Thus his last and only surrender was his greatest victory. If it had been otherwise, history would have cheated itself of an example of Christian fortitude the like of which has been seldom recorded.—Dr. G. F. Shady in Century.

New York Church Choirs.

"Singing in a New York choir has several advantages, one of which is the long contract," said a soprano. "I sang in churches in four different cities before coming here, and everywhere I was hired from month to month. That is the custom in most churches in other towns. The trustees are afraid to sign a year's contract on account of the hot water they will get into if the choir proves unsatisfactory. Congregations in other cities are very finicky and stubborn in the matter of music. They don't take things as easy as the people do here. The average New York congregation is the most obliging body on earth. Unless a choir is hopelessly bad nobody interferes, so the trustees feel safe in hiring the singers by the year."—New York Sun.

Scientific Sammy.

"Sammy," said Mrs. Tucker, who was showing him through the geological department of the museum, "these are called aerolites. They are supposed to be fragments of some planet that has been broken up. They come within the attraction of our planet and fall to the earth."

"Oh, I know what they are!" said Sammy. "They're the ballast the man in the moon has to throw out to keep himself up in the sky."

Works Both Ways.

"They bore one, these society calls, don't you know?" declared the young lady. "They bore one." "Sometimes they bore two," responded the young man, taking the hint and likewise his departure.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SENSE IN EXERCISE.

The Weakness That Comes With Great Muscular Exertion.

It is a curious fact that perfect health is not consistent with high muscular development. Professional athletes and all men who acquire phenomenal strength seem to lose in length of life and activity what they gain for a few years of record-breaking powers. I was privileged to see on several occasions Louis Cyr, the Canadian giant, who broke all weight lifting records. He weighed 220 pounds and was all solid bone and muscle. I saw him hold his wife out at arm's length with one hand. I saw him raise a 300 pound barrel from the floor to his shoulder, using only one hand and arm. I saw him get down on all fours under a platform bearing 4000 pounds of big men selected from the audience, and he raised the platform with his mighty back. Yet this remarkable man was muscle bound and crippled at thirty seven, when he should have been at the height of his wonderful powers.

Kennedy, the oarsman, who won a diamond belt for lifting with his hands from the floor absolutely without apparatus a thousand pound weight, was used up and crippled before he was forty. Dowd, professional strong man and teacher of athletics, wore himself out and died at forty seven.—Common Sense in Exercise, by Charles H. Cochrane, in Metropolitan Magazine.

NATURE CURES.

Medicine Helps, of Course, but Faith is a Powerful Factor.

There's a truth at the basis of all this discussion of disease and its cure which, despite the fact that it has been apparent for generations, is still too little understood by people in general. In fact, appearances would lead to the belief that it is not appreciated by all physicians. It is the truth that not the medicine, but nature, cures the ill. The most that medicine can do is to place the patient in a condition most favorable for the work of nature. Here comes in the value of this element of faith. It is the best possible help to nature—the firm belief that you'll get well. It may well take the place of many drugs. It may in instances displace the need of the physical. Even the surgeon can do no more. He simply cuts away debris, puts the body in the best trim he knows how, adjusts merely mechanical breaks or displacements and waits for nature to do the rest. The physician who pours in an inordinate amount of drugs thinks he is assisting nature. As a matter of fact, he is sometimes impeding her. The best physicians, in all except extreme cases, use few medicines, and those as mild as possible.—New Haven Register.

On Heaven.

"If I could be out of physical pain," said a lifelong invalid, "I would ask no other heaven." "If I could be in a place where I might know that my husband never could be killed on the train," cried one of the gentle "worriers" whose capacity for suffering is neither understood nor respected by the sanguine. "If I could take my children to a world where every time I hear a croupy cough my heart did not stand still with terror," urged another. "That would be heaven for me." The mulatto girl who burst into joyful tears at first sight of a marble bust of herself "because it was white" had a glimpse of her heaven before its time.

"Heaven must be like any other form of happiness, only 'more so,'" said a thoughtful man. "And the conditions of happiness are three—a clean conscience, something to do and some one to love."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Harper's Bazar.



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