

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

CITY AND COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY

A. A. LOWMAN CHIROPRACTOR

CLAYTON E. WHEELER Physician and Surgeon

THE KLAMATH FALLS SHIRAZ LAUNDRY

Wood! Wood! 16-inch Body Wood

P. C. CARLSON

WOOD Black wood, lead

A Woman with a mind

IS QUICK TO GRASP A POINT

Genuine values require no "inducements."

VAN RIPER BROS. Quality Groceries

The Herald, delivered at your door, office or home, 50 cents

Blue Front Livery and Feed Stables

WELL EQUIPPED LAVERY AND FEED STABLE

The Evening Herald

W. O. SMITH, Editor

Published daily except Sunday by The Herald Publishing Company of Klamath Falls, at 115 Fourth Street

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KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1914

Weather forecast table with columns: Date, Max. Min., Weather

WHAT ADVERTISING DOES FOR THE INDIVIDUAL

Copyright, 1913, by Geo. E. Patterson. This article is the last of a series of articles on advertising designed to show the local merchant the value of newspaper advertising.

In this closing talk we might consider what advertising does for the individual. What does advertising do for the customer?

What does advertising do for the advertiser? It increases demand and satisfies existing demand; it multiplies sales, reduces cost and increases yearly profits.

Advertising keeps a-going the wheels of progress, and by producing results commensurate with the quality of the advertising makes business worth while.

GOOD AFTERNOON. Been insulted yet? Well, write to the governor anyhow. He's featuring this section now in the hope of defeating Benson.

EVERYBODY GET READY—Bonnara's big fair Thursday and Friday will be a hummer, and as many, if not more than went to Merrill, should turn out.

"MADE IN AMERICA" sounds good and is good. Push it along.

WAR HAS had its effect. Women's dresses this fall are to be distinctly military. There will be military hats, military collars, military vests, military skirts, military sleeves, military jackets, military belts, military trimmings, military buttons, military hosiery, military coats and military

Wife Saying Good-bye to Soldier



This scene is common in the Berlin railway stations. Every hour a train leaves with soldiers for the front. In this case the wife of one of the men called to the front is hanging to the narrow steps of the funny little European railway car for a last kiss, firmly believing that she will never see him again.

Of course nothing less than the regalia of a general will do for Klamath Falls women.

A FIRST OFFENSE—(No, not West's, ours.) If you're sore on this town and its people (some people imagine we're a); that this is no place for any good man, much less a good woman or child. If you're sore at our city, now hearken, for the solace for one so distressed, is to conjure one's cruelest fancies, and write a long letter to West.

Tell the truth?—that's too tame; make it stronger. Tell him vice and crime reign here supreme. Tell him kiddies get booze and drink it in school—That's it, that the ideal theme. Tell him robbers work here right in daylight; that officers will not arrest. Just make accusations as strong as you will when you're sending a letter to West.

For West doesn't like Klamath Falls now. Judge Benson is running just so—in the place on the ticket that Oswald had reserved for McNary, you know. And Oswald, he's not a game loser, that much on the people's impression, and he'll welcome mean things about Benson's home town—so, muchrakers, please write to West.

Write to West. Tell him how you were murdered, as you peacefully walked down Main street. Tell him how you're in danger of insult or curse from most every man that you meet. Tell him this—tell him worse, if you care to, for the worst is what Oswald likes best. He's trying to beat Benson by foul means or by fair, and he wants long complaints sent to West.

Advertised Letters The following unclaimed mail matter, advertised on the 19th day of September, will be sent to the dead letter office at Washington, D. C., on the 2d of October:

- Baked, Laurice Brownell, Roy Bubentock, Frank Colclough, Ralph Court, Joe Fought, C. E. Gilbert, Miss Auburn Gray, Katie Gage, Mrs. L. L. Inman, Wm. Johnson, Mrs. Lizzie Keller, J. W. Lovien, John Miller, Alfred Morrow, Wm. Roberts, Mrs. Leona Smith, Clarence (3)

A charge of 1c will be made on all letters delivered from this list. In calling for letters please say advertised.

W. A. DELANEY, P. M. Accurate information about the Klamath Falls. See Chicago, 625 Main.

What Started the Present War

A Series of Three Authoritative Articles on the Real Cause of the Conflict, Written by William G. Shepherd, one of the World's Best Known Newspapermen, for United Press

FIRST INSTALLMENT—"A Turn of the Wrist and a Twitch of a High School Boy's Finger." By WM. G. SHEPHERD (United Press Staff Correspondent)

LONDON, Sept. 21.—(By Mail to New York)—What started this war in Europe?

Everybody knows that millions of men are lined up to kill each other; that the civilization which Europe has been slowly building since the dark ages has been thrown to the winds, and that the situation is too big to either write about or talk about, intelligently.

It will take a hundred years for history books to give the news. As General Fred Funston told me, just as I was hurrying away from Vera Cruz for London: "There's only one bigger newspaper story that could happen on this earth, and that would be another planet approaching ours with an inevitable collision two weeks distant."

What started the biggest event the world has ever known?

The answer is: One little lead bullet from a revolver in the hands of a Serbian high school boy. And this bullet probably would never have been fired if an ordinary chauffeur had not lost his way in a little town in Bosnia.

One little twist of a chauffeur's wrist, as he turned an automobile into a side street, when he should have remained on the main road; one little twitch of the right index finger on the trigger of a revolver in the hands of a high school boy—they started this war in Europe.

It's hard to find enough to say about this one lead bullet. It went into the head of an archduke, as he rode in his automobile. It sped through the chancelleries of Europe. It circled about thrones. It entered the bed chambers of the world's kings, emperors or czars and drove sleep from the eyes of statesmen.

It sped into millions of homes and brought sorrow and death. Oceans of tears of women and little children it created. It flew into the bourses and money markets of the world, and cut their nerves.

To understand the situation in Europe before this bullet was fired, imagine, if you can, that every item of civilization—everything that is good—homes, science, art, music, surgery, education, culture, peace—had all been done up in one huge package and hung, by a slender thread, over a deep precipice.

For years this package has hung this way. The winds of war have often threatened it, but the statesmen of Europe have steadied it, and have strengthened the hold until the storm has passed, time after time.

And then along sped this one lead bullet, fired by a high school boy named Gabriel Princip.

It cuts the rope. The crash will be heard throughout centuries.

Where Princip is now is a secret. Most probably he is dead. From the day he was seized by the crowds in the streets of the little town of Sarajevo and dragged off to jail he has been out of sight. Austrian

ensorship kept back the news; his punishment is a mystery to the courts of Europe.

It all happened on Sunday morning, June 28. King George of England was living in Buckingham palace, in London, enjoying the social season. In far away St. Petersburg the czar of Russia was entertaining Poincare, the president of France. The emperor of Austria had gone to his summer home for his vacation. Emperor William of Germany was playing on his yacht at Kiel.

It was playtime for the lords of Europe, and they were making the most of it. But lords as they were, of various sections of mankind, their sight did not reach to that little far away town in Bosnia.

Chauffeurs and high school boys don't often topple thrones, and there are so many of them and they are so common that they cannot all be watched. But it would have well paid these lords of creation, and it would have well paid all humanity this bright Sunday morning to have kept their eyes on Sarajevo.

What's happening there seems small enough at first. A little crowd of citizens go down to the depot to see a special train come in; it bears the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who if he lives, will some day be emperor of Austria and king of Hungary. He won't live three hours longer, but the crowds don't know that, neither do the kings and czars and emperors of the world.

With the archduke is his wife. They have left their four little children at home in Vienna, and have come to Sarajevo, a little town in Bosnia, to pay a royal visit.

Europe and all humanity might well have kept their eyes glued to the automobile which is to pass through the badly paved streets of Sarajevo at 10 o'clock in the morning.

First there is a bomb explosion. A typographer has thrown it. It doesn't hit the automobile; instead, it hits the elbow of the arch duke. It goes off a second later in the street, some yards behind the royal car.

The chauffeur, whose wrong twist of the wrist half an hour later is going to help plunge into the greatest war mankind has ever known, has put on speed and saved the royal pair.

Destiny has decided that it is not a 10:10 in the morning that the archduke shall die, but at 10:40, and that not a typographer's bomb, but a high school boy's hand shall cut the rope from which hangs over the precipice of war the world's civilization and peace.

The car speeds on. The archduke is annoyed. When he reaches the town hall he says to the mayor, who has made a speech of welcome: "These speeches are all right, but what about bombs? You say I'm welcome in Sarajevo, but they threw bombs at me here."

The mayor looks worried, but the job is too small for a mayor. Even kings, working all together and all the statesmen in the world behind them, won't be able to handle the job that the little mayor of Sarajevo is pucker-ing his brows about. He telephones to the police to renew their vigilance.

What can the little police force of Sarajevo do in this affair? It's a matter for the greatest armies the world has ever seen to decide. "I'll return to the depot by an out-of-the-way route," says the archduke, smiling. He's accustomed to attempts at assassination; members of his own

family have been killed in that way, and he thinks a change in his route will out-trick any other attempt.

"Go down the Appel quay, along the water front," is the order given to the chauffeur. He's a good chauffeur; only a little while before he has helped save the archduke's life by speeding up at just the right one-millionth of a second.

"We want to go to the hospital to see those who were injured in the bomb explosion," says the duke suddenly. The chauffeur doesn't take the town well. He should have continued along the water front. But he makes a mistake. One little turn of his steering wheel and the car is in a side street.

"Look, Europe! Look, all humanity!" Turn your eyes from the altars of the churches where you are worshipping this Sunday morning or stop your Sunday holiday playing set watch and listen!

That's the way an orator or a historian might describe this moment a hundred years from now. Just an ordinary chauffeur has made an ordinary mistake.

The side street is roughly paved, the car must go slowly. The street is narrow. Gabriel Princip stands there.

Just as if destiny itself had its hand on the wrist of the auto driver, the car slows up as it nears Princip, there they are a few feet apart, the revolver and the target. An instant's fate has brought them together in this side street.

The target seems to be only a man, an archduke. But it isn't. The REAL target is that slender thread from which hangs over the precipice of war—all that civilization has gained through centuries of upward struggle.

The Sinner of the high school boy assassin moves less than half an inch. The bullet flies. It enters the archduke's head and kills him. It abolished the peace of Europe, but the kings and czars and emperors of Europe don't know it—yet.

All of them feel sorry for the little children who are left orphans in the palace at Vienna. Emperor William of Germany and his wife telegraph to the little children: "We can scarcely find words to express to you children how our hearts bleed. To have spent such happy hours with you and your parents only two weeks ago, and now to think that you are plunged into this immeasurable sorrow."

The emperor didn't know then that a million times four children would be plunged into immeasurable grief before the effect of the flight of that one lead bullet had died away.

Hotel Arrivals

White Pelican H. W. Matchen and wife, Mt. Dome; B. H. Hickox, Mark Paulin, Portland; Abner Weed, Dunsmuir; J. W. Stevens and wife, Los Angeles; A. Gregg, Redlands; E. J. Grant, Algoma; J. Goodman, New York; M. L. Johnson and wife, Piedmont.

Hotel Hall Saturday—Geo. Swanston, Sacramento; W. T. Norris, E. A. Brewer, Fort Klamath; Charles Horton, Fred Stukel, Hildebrand; H. G. Wilson, Roseburg; A. C. A. Bottels, Susanville; L. M. Holt, North Yakima; W. M. Reed, W. H. Frankland, Washington, D. C.; H. W. Hinckle, Chiloquin; A. C. Taylor, San Francisco.

Sunday—A. L. Springstein, W. S. Easley, San Francisco; Chas. C. Huff, Oakland; O. W. Engle, Walter Dixon, Fort Klamath; R. W. Smith, Roseburg; G. H. Connaught, Los Angeles; H. W. Johnson, Boston; Chas. H. Cramer, Lakeview; A. F. Brown and wife, Elgin, Ore.; R. R. Hamilton, Marshfield; J. Dodenhamer, city.

There are two kinds of insurance. Chicago writes the kind that pays. 625 Main.

SHOT AT

Your attention—do we have it? LISTEN! Many a square meal is spoiled in the making by unwise grocers who think of profits rather than quality.

State butter, bad eggs, cheap coffee, poor potatoes, inferior oil—brand canned goods, any one of which, to say the least, will spoil an otherwise perfect meal.

Some grocers make it a point of honor never to sell an article that is "OK." They build up a reputation from which they are inseparable. Their WORD, as it were, is a trade mark, and becomes a force and power in their business.

WE KNOW IT. Our customers know it—others know it. And still there are others who should know it for their own sake.

Sunset Grocery

Herald's Classified Ads.

FOR RENT OFFICE ROOMS—Choice suites in the Odd Fellows and Willits buildings; best location in the city. See W. O. Smith, Herald office. 20-4f

FOR RENT—My cottage of 4 large rooms. J. S. Peck, 741 Walnut ave. 19-6f

FOR SALE FOR SALE—One-horse express wagon, cheap. Enquire at Klamath Dye Works. 17-3f

FOR SALE—Handsome team matched mares, weighing 2250; sound, fat and perfectly gentle for a woman to handle; drive single or double, and good saddlers; not afraid of anything. Also offer for sale fine two-seated carriage and double harness. Will take \$250 for outfit. W. A. DeLoest. 17-4d

SAFETY IS THE RULE

Advertisement for First State and Savings Bank, Klamath Falls, Oregon. Includes an illustration of a person climbing a ladder and text describing the bank's safety and services.