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KLAMATH FALLS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1909.

The Foolish Railroad.
 The stage fare from Hinesville to Glasgow—twenty-five miles—was \$1.50. This stage carried the mail, and it had to go. When the roads were so muddy horses could not pull the stage a double yoke of oxen took their places. It was slow traveling, but they got through. The steamboat fare from Glasgow to St. Louis for the early fifties was \$7. That included stateroom and meals, and if the boat was held up a week or two on a sand bar the accommodations went on without extra charge. The steamboat owners never believed the railroads could successfully compete with them. The way they looked at it people wouldn't be willing to travel 100 or 200 miles tied down to one seat in a small car when they might be enjoying the freedom of a big and handsomely furnished boat. "Then how are they going to find room for an orchestra and a dance?" an old river captain wanted to know. "No place to eat or drink; no room to move about; just sit still all day long on a little wooden bench. Why, it's downright foolishness!"—Macon Republican.

The Eye on the Red Flag.
 There are many odd bits of bunting unfolded to the breeze in New York harbor, but the oddest of all perhaps is the ensign that flutters from the staff of a little craft that rounds the Battery see wall promptly at noon every day and then disappears up the North river. It is a triangular flag with a flaming red background, from which stands out in bold relief a great cyclone eye. Inside the porthole is a man in blue coat and brass buttons, who views the water front and passing craft through a long telescope. This is the supervisor of the harbor. His duties are to see that the regulations are observed in the East river, the upper bay and the Hudson river; that the channels are kept free of obstructions and that the city's docks and ferries are being looked after as they should be. As soon as he steps on board his vessel the unique ensign is raised. It signifies to all nautical folk: "I've got my eye on you. Watch out!"—New York Sun.

A Thrifty Wife.
 A careful, prudent wife is a blessing to a man, especially to a poor man, but some wives are a little too careful. Lord Eldon's wife was somewhat "near," as they say in England. His lordship was very fond of hunting and retired to the country for a few weeks toward the end of the season, where he was in the habit of riding a little Welsh pony, for which he gave 50 shillings. One morning his lordship, intending to enjoy a few hours sport, ordered Bob to be saddled. Lady Eldon objected, but as company was present gave no reason. In a few moments, however, the servant opened the door and announced that Bob was ready.
 "Why, bless me," exclaimed her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon! He has no shoes on."
 "Yes, my lady, he was shod this week," said the servant.
 "Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How dare any one have him shod without orders? John," she continued, addressing her husband, "you know you rode the pony only a few times last year, so I had the shoes taken off and have kept them ever since in my bureau. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again. We shall be ruined at this rate."

Economy.—A human eccentricity which will cause a woman to spend half a day and 10 cents street car fare in order to get a five cent spool of thread for 4.
Love.—A tender passion which, however, does not preclude a man's scolding his wife if the coffee is too cold.
Pride.—A persistent and potent peculiarity which will cause a man to put a silk tie on an empty head and to button a \$150 frock coat around an empty stomach.
Prejudice.—A taste or distaste for something about which you know nothing.—Judge.
Doubtless.
 Voice (in the house)—Bessie, what is keeping you out there on the porch so long? Bessie—I am looking for the comet, mamma. Voice—You'll take your death of cold. Bessie—Not at all, mamma, I'm—I'm well wrapped.—Chicago Tribune.

Uncle Paid.
 Many years ago Shuter, a popular actor, was engaged for a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It was in the coaching days, and it happened that the stage in which he traveled and in which there were only an old gentleman and himself was stopped by a single highwayman.

The old gentleman pretended to be asleep, but Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol and commanded Shuter to deliver his money instantly or he was a dead man, "Money" returned he, with an indolent shrug and a countenance impressively vacant. "Oh, for, sir! They never trust me with any, for uncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honor."
 Upon which the highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket, while Shuter who did not lose a single farthing with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey, laughing heartily at his fellow traveler.

Cooking on the Trail.
 Our guide allowed me to assist him in preparing the breakfast, though I fancy my assistance might have been easily dispensed with. He sadly remarked that if I was going to rough it I might as well begin learning now as any time. It was astonishing how appetizing a meal he prepared with the very fewest conveniences. For instance, he made bread in the sack of flour without using a bread pan. He poured in water, added salt and baking powder in proper quantities, then proceeded to mix the dough. He did another thing in his cooking that amused me very much. To prevent the coffee boiling over he placed a small willow stick across the open top of the pot. The lesson in physics soon followed. The coffee bubbled and then rushed up to the top of the pot as though it was going to boil over the sides and extinguish the fire, but as soon as it touched the willow it subsided like some sentient thing.—Forest and Stream.

Maud in the Garden.
 Some into the garden, dear. There is a sweet unrest.
 Love dreamed last night of violets, and now they're on his breast.
 —Atlanta Constitution.
 Aye, come into the garden while spring's got on her rig.
 Indulge not in poetic gush, but get a spade and dig.
 —Scranton Tribune.
 Yes, come into the garden. Spring wears her greenest gown.
 But when you plant the tender seeds don't get 'em upside down.
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Immediate Publicity.
 "I'd like to get this information into all the papers today," says the public man, "but it is too late for them."
 "Leave it to me," suggests the friend. "I'll get my wife to telephone it to one of her acquaintances and pledge her to secrecy. That's quicker than having it printed."—Chicago Post.

Literary.
 May says that she reads a great many books.
 As knowledge she needs.
 May says she reads, but the little witch feeds upon novels—the cook's!
 May says that she reads a great many books.
 —New York Times.

An Old Saying.
 "A penny for your thoughts," said the postman.
 "What do you mean?" inquired the poet.
 "There's a cent due on this returned manuscript."—Kansas City Journal.

An Old Truth.
 Shiggs ran away with Skeegs' wife.
 Left no address behind.
 But very soon Skeegs envied Shiggs.
 And had a change of mind.
 Skeegs advertised. Shiggs sent her back.
 Herein the moral lies:
 Shiggs now believes—not so with Skeegs—
 It pays to advertise.
 —Boston Herald.

Caustic.
 "I have adopted a new motto for my life," sighed the man who resided with his mother-in-law.
 "What is it?" they inquired.
 "Everything is relative."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fruits of a Rival.
 "I wouldn't give a fig for you!"
 Said the maiden at the gate.
 And the young man found her words were true.
 She had another date.
 —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Singular Effect.
 "Hain't that inspire got a peach of a voice?"
 "Yes; a ball once hit him on his Adam's apple, and it has never been the same since."—Town Topics.

A Withering Glance.
 I once had a doggie named Spark,
 Who met with an auto at dark.
 It gave him a glance
 That pressed out his pants
 And tore off a part of his bark.
 —Judge's Library.

What He Married For.
 "They tell me you are married," they said to the poet. "How did that happen? Did you marry for money?"
 "No," said he, "for better or worse."
 —New York Press.

Every Price Should Have a Reason.
 It must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the reason for the price.

The bankrupt stock, the fire sale, the manufacturer's remnants, the annual clearance, the removal sale, the dissolution of partnership sale—what are these and many more but arguments for the price? And note this one point—that without the argument the price is powerless. Reduce your lined overcoats from \$100 to \$50 and your liberal discount attracts little attention. Why? Because there is no reasonable explanation for the reduction. Why should you present overcoats to the public? But announce that owing to an expiration of your lease and the imperative command that you vacate your present store within two weeks you will reduce the price of your fur lined overcoats from \$100 to \$50 and you may sell easily all you have to offer. Instantly the public sees the whole picture—the proprietor's anxiety, the inevitable removal, the lessening days of the final sacrifice and the store full of eager buyers, quick to seize such an opportunity. This is only half the reduction previously considered. But one is business without imagination, and the other is business with it.—Laurin F. Deland in Atlantic.

The Characteristic National Meal.
 It is not only in Scotland that breakfast is the characteristic national meal. Travel where you may, the first meal of the day is the one that strikes the foreign note, luncheon and dinner having gradually absorbed cosmopolitan qualities that are not even confined to hotels. But you never feel so much of an Englishman as when Switzerland gives you rolls and butter and honey and nothing more with your coffee or when France makes this into one exquisite crumbling "croissant," with an inch or two from a yard long loaf, or when Denmark adds cream instead of milk to the coffee and a dangerous piece of pastry to the black bread and round white roll. Yet our English breakfast became an institution only in the eighteenth century. Before that only royalty breakfasted off meat, bread and cheese and ale. The commoner, such as Pepps, took merely a morning draft of buttered ale.—London Chronicle.

Parliamentary Procedure.
 "How about my letter of proposal?" demanded the young congressman.
 "It has been advanced to a second reading," answered the haughty Washington belle.—Kansas City Journal.

To draw a caricature of our contemporaries is not difficult. It requires only a small portion of talent and a great want of courtesy.—Disraeli.

Look Out and Up.
 If your enemy is an airship man
 You'd best keep out of view.
 For there's no denying
 That when he's flying
 He's got the drop on you.
 —Boston Herald.

When It Happened.
 Green Goufer—Why, did I knock it in the hole, caddy?
 Caddy—Yes; that last stroke when yer shut yer eyes on account of the dust.—Puck.

Likes the Tamed Ones.
 This talk of woman's rights she scorns.
 It's nonsense, she avers.
 But she goes in for woman's lefts.
 What are these? Why, widowers!
 —Boston Transcript.

Different.
 "You have a talking acquaintance with Mrs. Gableton, haven't you?"
 "Well, no, I have a listening acquaintance."—Cleveland Leader.

The Summer Girl.
 Now soon the lovely summer maid
 Will come again to see.
 Departing for the rural shade
 To gable on the green.
 —Kansas City Times.

After the Auto Accident.
 Alfie Soffie—And is my skull fractured, doctor?
 Dr. Perry—No, not fractured—dent-ed.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Attraction.
 They wondered how he could bewitch
 One beautiful and young.
 Until they heard that he was rich
 And only had one lung.
 —New York Telegram.

Amateur Gardening.
 "Have you borrowed your vegetable plot, Jones?"
 "No, but I have my feelings."—Baltimore American.

The Trouble.
 Upon life's matrimonial sea
 So many gaily float,
 And all goes on right merrily
 Till some one rocks the boat.
 —Detroit Free Press.

Not Suitable.
 She—Try this delightful cough candy.
 He (coughing)—It wouldn't do me any good. I haven't a delightful cough.
 —Chicago News.

By a Victim.
 You may talk about women
 Of brains and all that,
 But the smaller the brain
 The bigger the hat.
 —Yonkers Statesman.

Under Consideration.
 "And is she engaged to the count?"
 "Only tentatively. Nothing but an option has been paid yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Kaffeeklatsch.
 The difference between a 5 o'clock tea and a German Kaffeeklatsch is enormous. The tea is a pleasant gathering, where we balance our teacups in hand perfunctorily handclapped by our multitudinous possessions, augmented by the frail suzer on which a top heavy piece of cake finds an insecure resting place. We may enjoy a variety of creature comforts augmented by ices and cups on festive occasions.
 Not so the German Kaffeeklatsch. That is a ponderous affair, which you take sitting at tables. Coffee and saucers mark the beginning of the meal, followed by numberless cakes, which the Germans know so well how to make. This is followed by some creamy preparation or a beautiful device made in ice. This again is succeeded by the choicest fruits.
 The Kaffeeklatsch is unassailable and busily plying its trade. There is a well known German song which ends with the refrain, freely translated: "Thank you, thank you, to-stay mine I never drink more cups than mine."—London Queen.

The Fairy Hounds.
 In some years stoats appear to be more numerous than in others, and they are seen not in ones and twos, but in dozens, hunting together in small packs. The late E. T. Booth of Brighton, when shooting in East Lothian one autumn, met a pack of stoats which attacked a terrier he had with him and would not be driven off until he and the dog between them had killed more than a dozen. Stoats will hunt together from scent and in all cry like a pack of hounds, and always keeping the line and followed closely by the others. This sight has been recorded by different observers, who have also seen wensels hunting in the same way. There is a popular notion in the west of England that hares are hunted at night by packs of little fairy hounds, locally called "dandy dogs," and these are said to be wensels, which the west country folks call "fairies," pronouncing the word "vairy" and "vair." Some of them declare that they have seen and watched the chase with awe.—London Graphic.

WANT AD. RATES

SITUATIONS WANTED.
 WANTED—By experienced sawyer, millwright and fitter, position as foreman in sawmill or planing mill. Address J. R. Bristow, Baldwin bldg., Klamath Falls, Ore.

FOR SALE—Real Estate.
 FOR SALE—A new bungalow, with 8 rooms and bath; fine location on hillside near High School. Inquire at Herald office.

FOR SALE—89 acres. 60 acres in crop; 3 horses, wagon, set of harness, 2 cows, 225 chickens; 6-room bungalow, furnished, 4 miles from town; \$100 per acre; easy terms. H. E. Pointner, Klamath Falls.

HELP WANTED.
 AGENTS wanted in every town for the Steel Adjustable Hamesless Horse Collars. No pads, hames, straps; can be used with any kind of top attachments. Will not gall horse or wear out. Will not corrode or rust. Price \$5.00 each. Ask your dealer. Write for literature. Address Nelson Wiver Company, exclusive distributors Pacific Coast States, Albany, Ore.

THE Oregon Nursery Company of Salem, Oregon, the largest and best known nursery company in the Northwest, has openings for two or three steady and reliable salesmen for Southern Oregon and Northern California territories. Full information upon request. Address Oregon Nursery Co., Salem, Oregon.

WANTED—Girl for telephone operator; one with experience in the work preferred. Apply at Klamath Falls office.

AGENTS—Lady or gentleman, \$50 a week to handle our goods from manufacturers. For territory see H. A. Kemp, Hotel Livermore.

FOR SALE—Miscellaneous.
 FOR SALE—Freight outfit, complete, consisting of 8 horses and harness, stretchers and chains, 2 No. 1 wagons; capacity of wagons, 20,000; all in No. 1 condition. Merrill & Son, Park stable, Merrill, Ore.

MISCELLANEOUS.
 ORDER your ice from O. K. Transfer company.

FURNISHED rooms and apartments at the Baldwin.

CEMENT—Imported cement just received; carload Alisen cement in iron barrels. Baldwin Hardware Co.

BON TON GROCERY—A little store with the best in the grocery line; clean, new, fresh, and prices reasonable. One trial will convince you that it is the place to trade.

THE Southern Pacific has now on sale round trip tickets to Seattle, good for sixty days, with privilege of stopover at any point en route for \$28.75. The final limit on these tickets expires October 31st.

TO EXCHANGE.
 TO EXCHANGE—California for Oregon; 160 acres deeded land, title perfect, no mortgage; fruit, grain and grapes. For acreage at or near Klamath Falls, H. D. Bibley, P. O. box 647, San Bernardino, Cal.

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Cold Storage White Enamel Food Chamber \$21 to \$24.50

Reliable galvanized Food Chamber \$17 to \$21

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By banking your money in a bank in your own community you increase the community's power to do business. If substantial farmers want to borrow money there is more to loan them. If you bank your money away from home it is loaned to other farmers, merchants and manufacturers. Help your home people. Money hidden at home helps no one. Placed in a bank it is put to work in ways that help all.

The First National Bank of Klamath Falls

Is a good bank to put your money in—safe and reliable.

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Is a rainy day fund, a life insurance policy, a sick benefit, a funeral benefit, and an old age pension. There is no forfeiture clause in the passbook, and it is under the owner's control at all times. It will tide him over sickness; it will care for his family when he must go; it will see him through old age, and bury him when he dies. It is a simple business proposition. Begin early, and keep it up, and, like manna in the desert, it will supply him as he journeys.

Now is the time to open an account with the

The First National and Savings Bank