

THEATRE GUIDE

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Comedy

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Ryoro Drama

"Mrs. Lacey's Legacy,"

Comedy

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FOR chapped skin, cracked lips,
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Face Cream, there's nothing
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prefer it above all others. It is sold
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Cream. We have the agency for
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The Evening Herald

W. O. SMITH, Editor

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KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1918

News of Our Neighbors

Gossip and Progress of Nearby
Communities as Chronicled
in the Press.

Good for Fruit

That the timber land of the Butte
Creek section, when cleared, makes
the finest of orchard land has been
demonstrated by Mike Hanley.

Mr. Hanley has a small family or-
chard on his Little Butte ranch,
which never fails to produce abund-
antly. As an experiment he planted
100 Bose pear trees seven years ago.
He has just shipped the crop har-
vested from these trees, 700 boxes
from the 100 trees, or an average of
seven boxes to the tree.—Medford
Mail-Tribune.

Grape Juice Factory.

The Jacksonville Conserving Com-
pany, whose articles of incorporation
were filed with the commissioner at
Salem Saturday, was organized at a
meeting of stockholders held at At-
torney Bagshaw's office Thursday af-
ternoon, one-half of the capital stock
having been subscribed.

The articles of incorporation cover
a number of different undertakings
in which the company proposes to en-
gage, chief among which are the can-
ning, evaporating and conserving of
fruits, vegetables, cereals, etc., and
the making of grape and other fruit
juices, cider and vinegar. The mak-
ing of butter, cheese and othe-
r dairy products is also included in the
powers of the company and also the
manufacture and sale of ice and dis-
tilled water. The company will also
pack and ship fruits in the natural
state during the proper season.—
Jacksonville Post.

Housekeeping rooms, near bridge.

All kinds of gun repairing at Schu-
berts, Main street. 8-11.

When Her Back Aches

A Woman Finds All Her Energy and
Ambition Slipping Away

Klamath Falls women know how
the aches and pains that often come
when the kidneys fail make life a
burden. Backache, hip pains, head-
aches, dizzy spells, distressing uri-
nary troubles, are frequent indica-
tions of weak kidneys, and should
be checked in time. Doan's Kidney
Pills are for the kidneys only. They
attack kidney diseases by striking at
the cause.

Can Klamath Falls sufferers desire
stronger proof than this Phoenix wo-
man's word?

Mrs. J. Waterman, Phoenix, Ore-
gon, says: "I have no hesitation in
recommending Doan's Kidney Pills,
as I have had ample proof of their
merit. Overwork or being on my feet
for any length of time caused my
back to ache, and sent sharp pains
through my loins. Headaches and
spells of dizziness also bothered me.
I knew that my kidneys were at fault,
and hearing Doan's Kidney Pills
highly recommended, I procured a
supply. I began using them, and they
relieved the troubles that had so long
distressed me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50
cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo,
New York, sole agents for the United
States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and
take no other.

Complete House Furnishings

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FURNITURE STORE

For Bargains. He Carries New
and Second Hand Goods
For Bargains. He carries new

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"THE DEVIL'S DOORYARD"

The Land That God Did Not Make, But Neglected

The impression that I always had
in mind of the Modoc Lava Beds
since coming to the Klamath country,
where I first heard of them, was that
it was a small area, perhaps covering
a few square miles, covered with pin-
nacles and crags, devoid of vegeta-
tion, with high towering paliades, in
which were holes, caves and passage-
ways.

Of course I had heard stories of
how the Modoc Indians had defended
this area against all the soldiers sent
to rout them out and how they had
surprised one command in a cul-de-
sac and annihilated them and this,
added to the first impression, or, per-
haps, aided and strengthened the im-
pression, that it must be an area of
canyons, hillsides, caves and gullies.
When we arrived at the point where
we left the automobiles and Mr. Mer-
rill pointed off in the distance and
with a wide sweep of the arm pointed
out the lava beds, I looked in vain to
discover the expected locality, but in-
stead I saw a large sweep of country
with but few prominent hills or land-
marks, covered with fine bunch grass
and apparently no different than
many other places in this vicinity.

After a hasty lunch we started on
foot for the point where we were to
camp for the night. We leisurely
followed a well defined wagon track
for a few miles when we were di-
verted by Mr. Merrill, who led us off
to the left to look at some craters.
Upon reaching these craters the mind
then commenced to, in a small way,
comprehend what nature, in its fury
and wrath, is capable of performing.
Climbing the first mound of lava, we
gazed, awe-struck, down into an im-
mense crater from which and through
which the upheaval had come. There
were all forms of fantastic shapes
and sizes of lava boulders, with all
the shades of browns, blues, grays
and greens. Here could be seen what
a mighty force had been behind the
upheaval and what terrific heat must
have been present to melt the lava
rock for the flowing streams of mol-
ten lava, with its currents, eddies,
and bubbles were plainly visible, just
as it had cooled and hardened. One
small hole or crater which was not
larger than a sugar barrel was called
to our attention and we spent a few
minutes in dropping rocks down into
the blackness, but no thud could be
heard of the rock ever having reached
bottom. Just to what depth this
crater goes no one alive seems to
know. We here commenced to ap-
preciate that perhaps the country did
contain wonders that we had never
seen. After climbing all over the two
immense piles of lava rock, we con-
tinued our journey toward our camp.

On the way Mr. Merrill and Mr.
Applegate, as well as Captain Rutledge
pointed out to various members of
the crowd the different points of his-
torical interest connected with the
Modoc campaign. The location of
Signal Butte, Canby's Cross, Captain
Jack's Stronghold and the battle-
ground were all pointed out, but they
were so far in the distance that
nothing could be seen except to mark
the locations. Arriving at the point
designated as our camp ground about
4 p. m., the wagons were unloaded
and we were then escorted to what
is called "Bearfoot Cave." Standing
one hundred feet away, one can dis-
cover no cave anywhere in the vi-
cinity, but on approaching closer an
immense hole in the floor of the
earth is discovered and the first
glimpse of the celebrated caves is se-
cured. Climbing down and down
over the rocks and along the side
walls for about 100 or 150 feet one
comes to a pool which contains gal-
lons and gallons of clear water so
cold that ice water seemed warm in
comparison. After our afternoon's
tramp all were eager to partake of the
cooling liquid, but a few sips was suf-
ficient, and as one remarked, "Take
some out and warm it so we can get
a drink." Seated on the boulders
that cover the floor of the cave and
glancing upward toward the dome
and backward into the dark recesses,
one begins to appreciate the size and
extent of the mighty cavern gouged
out of the bowels of the earth, as it
were. As I sat and pondered over
the wonder of it the thought that en-
tered my mind was that it was not
the work of God, for somehow one
associates with His work that which
is beautiful and sublime and it
seemed that this was the work of
some fiend incarnate who was bent
on mischief and destruction. In at-
tempting to contrast and compare it
with the work of man one is simply
forced to give up the attempt with
the acknowledgment that man's ef-
forts are but trifles and one gives up

with the expression, "Puny, puny
man."

A short rest in the immense cave,
and the work of the evening was
taken up. Water we must have for
camp and for the horses and so a
water line was established, com-
mencing at the water hole and lead-
ing up the sides of the cavern to the
top, and buckets, cans, water bags
and pans of water were rapidly
passed from one man to the other
until the necessary amount was se-
cured. Climbing out of the cave the
command, "Every man gather wood!"
was heard and immediately all hands
commenced to gather the wood that
was to furnish us with a camp fire
and the evening meal. To one who
stood aside and observed for a mo-
ment the ease with which each
member of the crowd adapted him-
self to the changes and orders that
came from no acknowledged leader
or captain, but from someone
who observed what was necessary,
the adaptability of the American for
his surroundings was evident. Here
were gathered men from all walks of
life, professional men, business men,
artisans, mechanics and laborers, and
yet all working side by side on the
task of the moment and worldly po-
sition forgotten in the job to be done.

The grab boxes were broken open,
some busied themselves with cutting
the bacon, others the bread, others
frying the meat, and so each one
without orders or command taking
up the work that he could see was
necessary. About this time the wind
and rain arrived as if to add a touch
of realism to the surroundings and to
impress upon the explorers that the
city life was left behind and man
was again to combat the elements for
his comforts. Beds were hastily
snatched up and a rush was made for
the nearest juniper trees which af-
forded but slight protection from the
downpouring rain and the aggressive
wind. The air cooled very rapidly
and in half an hour most of the crowd
were shivering around the camp fire,
each trying to get in edgewise where
the heat would penetrate the marrow
of his shivering bones. Supper was
soon served and with beds made down
under the various trees, weighted
with rocks to guarantee that they
would remain in their places, wood
was gathered for the big fire in the
cave. Some few decided that the
cave would be the best place to spend
the night and many of them regretted
their decision, for the wind howled
through the cavern with far greater
fury than it did outside. After a fire
was started the order was given to
explore the ice cave, which was but
a few feet away. One by one we
crawled through the narrow aperture
which led into the passage way. Here
we were handicapped by each man
not having his own torch, for the
blackness was as midnight and the
boulders ranged in size from a foot-
ball to a piano box. After sliding,
slipping and crawling for perhaps
fifty yards we came to a deep hole
through which protruded a rough
ladder, and down this ladder each
man had to go. Upon stepping on the
ladder one discovered that it was cov-
ered with ice and the cold air plainly
told him he was entering a region
where overcoats would be necessary.
Climbing down this ladder and dou-
bling back in almost the same direc-
tion as the first passageway, we went
through another tunnel and soon
emerged into the famous ice cave.
One could scarcely believe that it was
smooth, slick ice we were treading
upon and the wonder of the place
grew the further we advanced.

Theories and opinions and reasons
of the why and wherefore flew thick
and fast and discussions and debates
were held, but with no satisfactory
verdict. It was too much to com-
prehend in a moment and the wonder
of it all grew on you the longer you
contemplated it. Here we gathered
in a group and Mr. Miller took two
flash light pictures of the cave and
the crowd.

After a short "business meeting"
we retraced our way through the
tortuous passages and emerged at the
entrance to the large cave where the
evening camp fire was already mer-
rily crackling. All hands appreci-
ated the warm fire and hastily gath-
ered around. In a few moments the
strains of an old song were heard and
merrily all joined in with a vim. "The
Old Oaken Bucket," "My Old Ken-
tucky Home," "Good Night, Ladies,"
"Good Bye, My Lover, Good Bye" and
at last "America" followed.

It was a weird scene, viewed from
above and gazing down into this
cavern about 100 feet. The camp
fire in the center throwing fantastic

shadows and lights upon the walls
and roof of the cave; the light
shining upon the faces and spectral
forms of the audience, reminded one
of a scene from some bandit story.
Here again a picture was taken of
the camp fire scene. To close the
evening's entertainment the history
of the Modoc Campaign was given by
Captain Rutledge and was enjoyed im-
mensely, especially when one con-
sidered that he was then on the
ground itself where the stirring
events had occurred.

One by one the tired and sleepy
explorers sought each his own tree
in the darkness and proceeded to
make himself as comfortable as pos-
sible. Little did they dream at that
time that their slumbers were so
shortly to be disturbed. At precisely
2 o'clock in the morning Guy Merrill,
who had failed to provide himself
with a comfortable bed and had not
rested during the night, decided that
he would proceed to make the rest
as uncomfortable as he apparently
was, for it was a lousy yell that
greeted the sleepers, "All hands on
deck!" To those who were disin-
clined to obey the order came this
selfsame Guy Merrill with a husky
companion and canvass and blankets
were snatched off and thrown to one
side and the sleeper started in the
direction of the camp fire pulled by
the off-hand leg. Sleep was impos-
sible under these circumstances, so
by 3 a. m. the hastily built camp fire
revealed the shaking and shivering
forms of fifty of Klamath Falls' "best
citizens." Dire revenge commenced
to be the chief topic of conversation,
which finally culminated in a con-
certed movement on the part of about
a half dozen and soon Mr. Merrill was
hog tied and taken to one side and
not permitted to enjoy the warmth
of the fire. Regrets were expressed
on all sides that this thought had not
occurred to some of us the evening
before and it was the unanimous
opinion that the next time Guy Mer-
rill was along the hog-tieing would
occur the night before and then ev-
eryone would be assured of a few
hours rest.

Breakfast was soon prepared in the
light of the camp fire and then all
hands rolled up bedding and packed
the camp equipment.

Daylight arriving, we started out
across country again to view some of
the wonders not seen the day before.
Arriving at an immense cinder cone
about 8:30 a. m., we were able to get
a magnificent view of the country ly-
ing between us and Tule Lake, the
scene of the Modoc activities. As the
rest of the trip was one that was con-
cerned entirely with the history of
the war someone decided that they
would prefer to make another trip
and come around by way of Tule
Lake to view the battle scenes.

It was here that the party divided
into squads, each with a different
purpose, some going to the battle
ground, some to Captain Jack's
Stronghold, others to explore the
country between the point where we
separated and where we left the auto-
mobiles the day before. The party
the writer was with made its way
leisurely back across the lava beds,
on the way exploring another im-
mense cave and passing through a
rough area covered with immense
slabs and hummocks of the lava beds.
Here we proceeded to eat the sand-
wiches we had prepared in the morn-
ing and after a half hour's rest came
slowly into camp, where we were soon
joined by the party that had pro-
ceeded to the battle ground. As the
party that had decided to visit the
stronghold could not possibly get
back before several hours, we de-
cided to come on to town, which we
did, tired, contented to cease our
wanderings over the rough lava
formation, content with our trip,
thoroughly satisfied with and well
repaid for our strenuous efforts and
loud in our appreciation of the won-
ders of it all.

To those who contemplate a trip
into this country I would say: Pro-
vide yourself with a good stout pair
of shoes, heavy gloves, and each one
have his or her own light, for the
caves are as black as midnight and
a stumble might mean a broken arm
or leg or possibly a fractured skull.
It is a wonderful country to visit, well
worth the trip, and has to be seen to
be appreciated.

"ESCRIBIENTE."

Public Auction Sale

The Jackson Store and Restaurant,
281 Main street, will sell their entire
stock at public outcry to the highest
and best bidder for cash, beginning
October 1st.

27-21*

Youngsters May Grab World's Series Glory

BY HAL SHERIDAN
(Written for the United Press)

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—If you have
any hero medals to pin, prepare to
pin them now. In a short few days
there will be candidates for the hero
prizes bobbing up at Polo Grounds
in New York and at Shibe Park, Phil-
adelphia, during the lightning to
1913 world's series. A series of bat-
tles for the world's championship
honors in baseball without a hero
would be like a melodrama without a
villain. Everybody demands one, so
let 'em have what they want.

Everybody probably remembers
how Christy Mathewson was the
"hero in defeat" of last year's battles
between the Giants and the Boston
Red Sox. This year New York fan-
dom looks to Matty to be just as
much of a hero, although they de-
mand "what dy's mean in defeat?"

Frank Baker has a record that
keeps him hanging around right on
the edge of the likely hero circle for
the Athletics. One slip on the part
of a Giant pitcher at any time, and
crash will come Baker's bat on the
ball and a collection may have to be
made in Philadelphia to erect a mon-
ument.

As the season is slowly wobbling
out of existence so far as the regular
league races are concerned, it now
appears that two youngsters who
have never before appeared in the

grand flings wind'ng up baseball for
the season, may jump suddenly into
the lime-light and grab off some of
the glory the old heads have been
pulling down. The reference is to
Al Demaree of the Giants and Shaw-
key of the Athletics.

When the final averages were
looked up Demaree found himself
leading the National league pitchers,
and this is his first year with the Gi-
ants. Shawkey was picked out of the
international league by Connie Mack
along in August and has been as re-
liable as the next one on the Athletic
pitching staff.

Demaree is more of a seasoned
pitcher than Shawkey, despite the
fact that this is his first year with
the Giants. He is older, has had the
benefit of a full season with McGraw,
and the Giant followers believe he is
more of a finished product.

Somewhat Bracing
A correspondent asks, "Is Modoc
county healthy?" Healthy! Why,
here is Grandpa Henderson, Dennis
O'Brien and lots of others that will
have to be shot on the day of judg-
ment. Healthy?—Alturas Plain-
dealer.

Subscribe for the Herald, 50 cents
a month.

THE BIG LARD SALE IS NOW GOING ON

OUR ABSOLUTELY PURE, FRESH LARD AT THE FOLLOWING
REDUCED PRICES:

10-pound pail	 \$1.45
5-pound pail	75
1-pound pail	50
50-pound cans	 6.75

K. F. Meat Company

Packer's Diamond Brand Sugar Cured Meats and Pure Lard
PHONES, 157, 68.

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instead of counting out the
money, and then not be able to
tell where her cash has gone.
The First Trust and Savings
Bank has a special department
for women's accounts, and will
be glad to show any one how
much better a check is than
ready money.

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AUTO TRIPS TO ALL POINTS OF INTEREST

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ignate the Opening of

the Duck Season,

BUT WE FURNISH

THE GUNS AND THE

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Cartridges Get the Limit

BALDWIN HARDWARE CO.