

Town Topics

Take in New Member.
The regular meeting of Sprague Post, Grand Army of the Republic, was held Friday. At this session Comrade Robertson joined the local post.

Forming a Degree Team.
Members of Klamath Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., will meet in the lodge room Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and make up a team for this winter's work. All those interested are invited.

Car of Music.
F. T. Shepherd is unloading a car load of pianos today, and claims that they came through on record time, being only seventeen days out of New York city.

A Business Trip.
J. R. Welch, the Dairy blacksmith, accompanied by his son William, was in today paying his taxes, and incidentally depositing a coyote scalp with the county clerk.

Is Recovering.
Garret Van Riper was able to resume his duties at the Monarch grocery this morning, following a short indisposition.

Here Over Sunday.
Miss Gertrude Stewart, Miss Grace Lytle and Mr. Ray P. Burk, teachers in the Bonanza schools, came in this afternoon to spend the Sabbath in the county seat.

Nine-Pound Daughter.
A nine-pound daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Murray this morning. The Murrys reside on Main street between Center and First.

By far the longest "unscientific" boundary in the world divides us from British America. It cuts across mountain chains east and west, where nature has grooved the inevitable paths of men north and south, and close neighborliness thus enforced by geography has thrived and ripened in vast trade, in common prosperity, in growing esteem.

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Society

Complimenting her sister, Mrs. Walter Gibson, Mrs. Robert M. Richardson, Mrs. Harry Benson, Miss Maud Baldwin.

The Freshman class of the Klamath county high school were tendered a reception Friday night by the three upper classes of the school, the program of which was a medley of musical numbers, athletic stunts and popular parodies. In the burlesque took part the athletes of U. of O. and O. A. C., Professor M. B. Coats broke all inter-collegiate records in the peanut race when he hopped the distance of seventeen hops. A travesty on the Oregon Agricultural College band starred Miss Faye Hooge and Miss Louise Benson, manipulators of the ivories, who were ably supported by a full quota of performers with dishes, skillet lids and stew pots. The one committee of the evening that avoided even the appearance of burlesque was the refreshment committee, as the chocolate and cake served by Miss Daisy Isenden and Miss Waive Drew ably proved. Miss Louise Benson and Miss Gertrude Beals had charge of the program, and Ralph Hurn and Edwin Cox did the decorating.

The Woman's Civic League will meet next Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. L. H. Bath. The subject for the afternoon will be "Civic Work of Modern and Ancient Rome," with Mrs. L. H. Bath as leader. It is the wish of the League that all members possible be present.

A number of the members of Local Keweenaw were most pleasantly entertained by Mrs. J. W. Tyrell at her home on Pine street Sunday afternoon. The rain prevented some of the more distant members from attending, but those who braved the heavy downpour were delightfully rewarded. The afternoon was devoted to a discussion of party tactics, late literature and recent scientific discoveries, and concluded with a dinner that could hardly have been surpassed by a French chef. Mrs. Tyrell, like all Southern hostesses, possesses an innate capacity for making all such social functions enjoyable in the highest degree, and her guests on this occasion will always hold this particular event in most pleasant remembrance.

One of the smart affairs of the week was given Wednesday, when Mrs. O. W. Robertson and Mrs. Bert E. Withrow entertained a large number of guests at the latter's home, corner Sixth and Lincoln streets. The list of guests included Mrs. Elbert B. Hall, Mrs. Thomas Hampton, Mrs. Fred Schallack, Mrs. Claude Daggett, Mrs. R. E. Smith, Mrs. Charles Meldrum, Mrs. A. R. Campbell, Mrs. Henry Newnam, Mrs. Earl Whitlock, Mrs. Carey M. Ramsby, Mrs. Fred Houston, Mrs. Will Houston, Mrs. S. Edward Martin, Mrs. Maxwell M. Long, Mrs. Robert M. Richardson, Mrs. Walter Gibson, Mrs. Charles I. Robertson, Mrs. J. F. Maguire, Mrs. Charles Maguire, Mrs. A. Whitman, Mrs. Charles Martin, Mrs. Paul Bogardus, Mrs. Sam T. Summers, Mrs. George Humphrey, Mrs. William P. Johnson, Mrs. William Crandall, Mrs. J. C. Cleghorn, Mrs. John Cleghorn, Mrs. Kay North, Mrs. J. L. Parrish, Mrs. J. J. Parker, Mrs. Nate Otterbein, Mrs. Robert Sloan, Mrs. L. L. McDonald, Miss Gladys McDonald, Mrs. Zeno C. Kimball, Mrs. John Moore, Mrs. Tom Connors, Mrs. Leslie Rogers, Mrs. Fred Stahlman, Mrs. C. E. Riley, Mrs. E. V. Hawley, Mrs. Lyle O. Mills, Mrs. Frank Vannice, Mrs. Ed Vannice, Mrs. C. H. Withrow, Mrs. George McDonald, Mrs. W. H. Robertson, Mrs. O. M. Hector, Mrs. George H. Hayden, Mrs. W. J. Clark, Mrs. J. Fred Goeller, Miss Jane Harris, Miss Ruth Cleghorn and Miss Frances Cleghorn. Cards were played during the afternoon, and the first prize was won by Mrs. Parrish. The second award went to Mrs. Whitman, and the consolation to Mrs. William Houston. A dainty luncheon was served during the afternoon by the hostesses. Sweet peas and roses were used with a tasteful effect in decorating the Withrow home for the occasion.

Mrs. Davis is here from San Francisco, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Evan R. Reames.

Members of the Kwauna Literary Club met at the home of Mrs. J. F. Maguire on Melrose street Wednesday, and an interesting afternoon was spent in going into the work taken up by this organization. Following the business session, social chat was enjoyed, and refreshments were served. In attendance were Mrs. Kip Van Riper, Mrs. L. L. Truax, Mrs. George Chamberlain, Mrs. George J. Walton, Mrs. Henry Rabbes, Mrs. John McLean, Mrs. Paul Bogardus, Mrs. John Maehl, Mrs. Fred Peterson.

Following the summer vacation, the Lily Bridge Club will resume its regular meetings. The first will be held today at the beautiful home of Mrs. Robert A. Johnson in Hot Springs addition.

Mike Ryan Is "Reconstructed"



Here's an athlete that the doctors have made over. Mike Ryan, the premier Marathon runner of the Irish-American Athletic Club of New York and the winner of the 1912 Boston Marathon race, is out on the runners again after a long siege in a hospital, during which he underwent a most serious operation and took as much ether as was ever given to a human being before.

Ryan (formerly had a habit of collapsing in his hard races and a close examination by the doctors revealed the fact that he had a most serious intestinal defect. That, aggravated by the strain of a long, hard race-made athletic competition a most dangerous pastime for the red-headed Marathoner. The doctors advised Mike that the only cure for his trouble was an operation, so the runner submitted to the knife without delay.

A Visit To Captain Jack's Stronghold

To view the formations of cinder cone and chimney, shaped in Nature's crucible, to examine the great ice-forming caverns, or to speculate upon the picture writings left on rock and cliff by a vanished and an unknown tribe—these are privileges within the reach of all who dwell in the Klamath country. But interest centers no less about that stretch of broken lava jutting out into the south side of Tule Lake, upon which forty years ago the representatives of civilization and savagery met in deadly combat. After a visit to the ice caves, a party of nine men, with Captain Ivan Applegate as leader and guide, started to tramp to the scene of the battle with the Modocs. Viewed from afar the whole region appears as a comparatively level, though rocky plain, which upon nearer view resolves itself into a mass of rough, jagged lava, with cellar-like depressions, low hills and blind lanes, over which one may struggle to exhaustion without making much headway. With a competent guide, however, rapid progress was made till some prominent cones were reached, which were not only interesting to examine, but afforded a resting place from which to examine surrounding scenes. Far to the north and east lay the blue waters of Tule Lake, whose placid surface reflected the changing hues of the sky, while extending far out from its eastern border and bending southward like the toe of a giant boot, lay the peninsula famed for its strange Indian legends, and the stranger picture writings found upon its cliffs. To the southeast lay miles upon miles of broken lava, rimmed in by the timber covered or snow-crowned mountains. Added to the weirdness of the scene was the knowledge that among and under these rocks and hills were numberless caves and caverns, each of which is a natural and perpetual refrigerating plant, whose scintillating frost and sparkling icicles are among the most mysterious of Nature's secrets.

After a short rest we were again on our way. Once or twice a halt was made to kill a vicious rattler or to examine an unusual formation.

Soon our guide began to call attention to the marks of conflict. We were on the battle ground made sacred by the blood of heroes. Here, over those rocks, a charge was made, yonder is where a soldier fell. Everywhere are small stone enclosures built, we are told, by the Modoc and Pitt Indians as they and the soldiers advanced. These enclosures have found an old shell, yonder an arrow head is picked up, while a little further on a man's thigh bone gives mute tribute to the stern struggle here enacted. In that little gully whose outlet is blocked by a rough stone wall, the Indians confined the cattle they drove in from the range, while the bleaching bones and horns bespeak their fate. In those caves where we pick up a stray bead or arrow head from the dirt, the women and children were huddled, secure from the bursting shells of the U. S. howitzer. There on that point is still the old signal station from which a call for help brought a band of soldiers to the rescue and to their death between the rocks and the waters of the lake. On that little flat near the shore, marked by a pile of stones and a wooden cross, stood the peace tent, and there with cunning treachery Captain Jack and his redskins murdered General Canby and the other peace officers. Over near the bluff stood the headquarters from which the foul deed was witnessed, and for which the leaders were afterward hanged. There also is the old stone wall surrounding the spot where the honored dead were brought from the field and buried.

It was not a great battle fought either the standpoint of numbers engaged or from the number killed; on looking over the field, one may only wonder at the bravery of the men who could dialogue and capture so numerous a foe, armed with better rifles than they themselves possessed, and protected by such strong natural fortifications.

With regret we turned from this historic spot and began the ascent of the trail which wound along the side of the bluff toward camp.

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One of the interesting exercises through which the Harvard football team is now being put is to throw the ball at a target in order to learn how to pass it on the field. This exercise has gone on for some weeks under the new coach.

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HERT E. WITHROW, Secretary

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NOTICE TO VOTERS

There will be a special election held throughout the state on the 4th day of November, 1913, and ALL PERSONS desiring to vote at said election must register before the 29th day of October, 1913.

C. R. DE LAP, County Clerk.
9-29-13-29 h&r

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