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Osteopathic Physician
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CHIROPRACTOR
Rooms 11 and 12
First National Bank Building
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Optician
Office, Room 215,
Odd Fellows Building

Office and Residence, Phone 115
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Osteopath
Spondylotherapist
(Spinal Treatment)

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THE KLAMATH FALLS

STEAM LAUNDRY

Guarantees first class work as
well as first class service.
If you have occasion to make
complaint and do not get im-
mediate attention, phone
D. B. CAMPBELL

Good Living

Nothing is quite as necessary as
the buying of what one eats.
Everyone is interested in good
things for the family table. The
kind of groceries one buys
make the greater part of the
meal. The meals one eats are
the greater part of Good Living.

If you believe in Good Living
you'll patronize

VAN RIPER BROS.

Phone 85

You Have
Been
Looking

For a Fountain Pen that will
always give satisfaction—one
that doesn't leak—one that has
a pen just adapted to your hand

WHY NOT TRY

Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen

FRANK M. UPP

Watchmaker and Jeweler
H. P. Watch Inspector
423 Main Street

Subscribe for the Herald, 50 cents
a month.

The Evening Herald

W. O. SMITH, Editor

Published daily except Sunday by
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Klamath Falls, at 115 Fourth Street

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KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1914



AND STOP AT
KLAMATH FALLS

News of Our Neighbors

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

Progress Is Made
Engineers from Smith, Emery &
Co. finished the preliminary surveys
of the new mineral springs project
Saturday night. They returned to
San Francisco yesterday. This data
will be compiled within the next 30
days and the estimates of cost ascer-
tained. In the meantime the metal
tsets, which are under way to ascer-
tain the kind of pipes required to suc-
cessfully carry the water, will be fin-
ished—Ashland Tidings.

They're After 'Em
Medford's anti-fly campaign was
started yesterday when the directors
of the Commercial Club appropriated
\$31 in cash to be distributed among
the school children during the re-
mainder of the school year as prizes
for killing flies.—Medford Sun.

Want Weather Bureau
Believing that it is necessary for
the protection of the fruit business
in the Rogue River Valley to have the
government weather bureau main-
tained especially in March and April,
during the frost period, the directors
of the Commercial Club decided yester-
day to petition officials at Wash-
ington for a continuance of the bu-
reau conducted for many years by
Professor P. J. O'Gara, recently re-
tired.—Medford Sun.

Executrix' Notice of Filing of Final

Account.
In the county court of the state of
Oregon, for Klamath county.

In the matter of the estate of Charles
Woodard, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that I have
filed my final account and report as
executrix of the last will and testa-
ment of Charles Woodard, deceased,
and the above entitled court has fixed
upon 10 o'clock in the forenoon of
April 4, 1914, as the time and the
county court room in the court house
of Klamath county, Oregon, in the
city of Klamath Falls in said county
as the place when and where any per-
son may present any objection or ex-
ception to anything therein contained,
or to anything done by me as execu-
trix, and at the said time and place
the court will finally settle the said
account.

This notice is published pursuant
to order of the above entitled court
made February 25, 1914, and the
first publication hereof is made on
March 5, 1914.

MARTHA WOODARD,
Executrix of the Estate of Charles
Woodard, Deceased.

2-5-4-2 r

MRS. A. PETERSTEINER'S

Not much silver,
But plenty to eat.
For a two bit meal
It can't be beat.

120 Sixth Street

WOOD

ALL DRY WOOD

4 ft. slab wood . . . \$3.50 cord
16-in. slab wood . . . \$3.00 cord
12-in. slab wood . . . \$2.50 cord
4-ft. limb wood . . . \$4.50 cord
16-in. limb wood . . . \$3.25 cord
Block wood, load . . . \$5.00
Block wood, double load . . . \$4.25

KLAMATH FUEL CO.,
Office 505 Main. O. Poyton, Mgr.
Phone 187. Phone 9455

"Funny Bunny" Insures His
Face Against Danger of Beauty

John Bunny, than whose face no
physiognomy is known to more peo-
ple all over the world, has insured
himself against beauty. Bunny's face
is his fortune, all right, but not in
the usual sense of that phrase.
Bunny is as ugly as the proverbial
mud fence, and he is proud of it. He
jealously safeguards his homeliness,
because he knows it is the thing that
makes him the highest priced moving
picture actor in the business.
His insurance against beauty fol-
lowed a casual conversation with a
friend in one of the Broadway res-
taurants.
"Howdy, John. You are looking
handsomer every time I see you," said

If your house is vacant—Tell Tin-
dall, 622 Main

Housekeeping rooms, near bridge.

Summons

In the Justice Court, Linkville Dis-
trict, Klamath county, Oregon.
J. R. Herabberger, Plaintiff,

vs.
A. J. White, Defendant.

To A. J. White, the above named de-
fendant:

In the name of the State of Ore-
gon; You are hereby required to ap-
pear and answer the complaint filed
against you in the above entitled ac-
tion on or before the 7th day of May,
1914, that being the last day of the
publication of this summons, and if
you fail so to appear and answer, for

OPENS UP NOSTRILS, CLEARS HEAD,
ENDS COLDS OR CATARRH AT ONCE

Instantly Relieves Swollen, Inflamed
Nose, Head, Throat—You Breathe
Freely—Dull Headache Gone—
Nasty Discharge Stops.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."
Get a small bottle anyway, just to
try it—Apply a little in the Nostrils
and instantly your clogged nose and
stopped-up air passages of the head
will open; you will breathe freely;
dullness and headache disappear. By
morning, the catarrh, cold-in-head or
catarrhal sore throat will disappear.
End such misery now! Get the
small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm"
at any drug store. This sweet, fra-

grant balm dissolves by the heat of
the nostrils; penetrates and heals the
inflamed, swollen membrane which
lines the nose, head and throat;
clears air passages; stops nasty dis-
charges and a feeling of cleansing
soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight strug-
gling for breath, with head stuffed;
nostrils closed, hawking and blowing.
Catarrh or a cold, with its running
nose, foul mucous dropping into the
throat, and raw dryness is distressing
but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in
"Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold
or catarrh will surely disappear.
(Paid Advertisement)

A Farmer Told Us

That he could buy FORMALDEHYDE
for a dollar less, per gallon, than we charged.
Investigation proved that the product he
referred to had been diluted with water and
was only HALF STRENGTH. So in re-
ality he was paying a dollar MORE per gal-
lon than our figure.

Besides—if he used the weak Formalde-
hyde—he was taking a chance of a field of
ruined wheat.

Our FORMALDEHYDE is full 40 per
cent in strength, and the price is a dollar per
quart, \$3.00 per gallon.

It is a good plan to buy your drugs at a
dependable store.

Underwood's Pharmacy

Corner Main and 7th Streets, Klamath Falls, Oregon

No Money for Americans in
Mexican Battling, He Says

Professional Machine Gun Man Says the Crowd Who Are
Out for Glory Have Cut Down the High Wages
Old Timers Were Gladly Paid

United Press Service

MEXICO CITY, April 2.—The bot-
tom has fallen out of business for
American adventurers along the bor-
der. Tracy Richardson, one of the
star machine gun men in the Mexican
revolution, developed this fact with
great care and regret in a conversa-
tion with the staff correspondent of
the United Press.

"The game's played out along the
border," said Richardson, who has
fought under Villa, Salazar and Orozco,
at different times. "In the early
days of the Orozco revolution against
Madero I got \$1,000 a week.

"It was when Orozco looked like a
winner, and some big American con-
cerns were putting a lot of money to
his cause, hoping that he would make
so much trouble that the United
States would have to wave the Stars
and Stripes over Mexico. But, at the
end of three weeks, Orozco had been
licked three times by Madero's sol-
diers, and my fine wages stopped. I
have run machine guns in more South
American revolutions than I care to
tell about, but that was the highest
salary I ever got.

"Today there are 2,000 young fel-
lows along the Rio Grande who are
crazy to handle machine guns for
either side of the revolution. They
don't want any wages. All they seek
is glory, adventure and plenty to eat.
It's the money we professional revolu-
tionists are after.

"It's the moving pictures and two
or three magazines of adventure that
have killed our game. They make
young fellows want to do desperate
things.

"Of course, way down in the inter-
ior of Mexico, where there's hard
fighting and where the American
newspaper men can't see the young
heroes at work, these young fellows
could get plenty of jobs. But they
want to stay near the Rio Grande,
where they're not too far from home,
and where they're under the eyes of
the war correspondents.

"And what's more," continued
Richardson, with regret, "these Mex-
icans have been fighting for about
three years, and they've developed
some fine machine gun men among
themselves. They were bound to learn,
when they had us American machine
gun men among them so long."

I asked Richardson about the Mex-
icans as fighters.

"Can't beat 'em," he said, "when
they get started. They're the fiercest
fighters in the world. Salazar, for
instance, made a charge at Ojinaga,
and the American officers on the other
side of the river who saw it, said it
was one of the best planned and
bravest charges they had ever seen."

"If you stop to think," said Rich-
ardson, "there are few men like
Villa, Orozco, Salazar and Campa,
who have been fighting continually
for the past three years. Their ex-
perience has turned them into first
class military men. You can't show
me a country in the world whose gen-
erals have had as much actual ex-
perience in actual warfare as these
Mexican revolutionists have had. They
are the real goods, when it comes to
military leadership. They haven't
learned in school, but they have pick-
ed up some wonderful lessons in the
field."

The talk turned to the gruesome-
ness of the war.

"You get over that," said the gun
man. "When you get into a fight you
don't stop to think that the other fel-
lows are human beings with mothers
and sisters, fathers and brothers, just
like you have. You feel as if they
were only man-killing animals, who'll
kill you if you don't kill them first."

"How many men have you killed?"
was a question I slipped in, hurriedly.

"I've never killed a man in my
life," he answered. "That's the an-
swer these professional machine gun
men always give."

More than one American war cor-
respondent has seen Richardson sit-
ting at his machine gun "breaking up
the formation" of the enemy with a
rain of 300 bullets a minute. But
"breaking up the formation" is what
Richardson calls it. You couldn't
get him to admit that one of the men
who fell under his death rain had
been killed by him.

"How does it feel to be shot?" I
asked him.

"I've been shot eight times, mostly
around the edges, and it felt different
every time. The most pain I have
ever had came from a little wound in
my wrist. The bullet went under the
skin, and I squeezed it out myself,
with my thumb, but it hurt a nerve,
and I suffered to beat the band.

"The worst wound I ever had hurt
me the least. I was sitting at my ma-

chine gun. They were eighteen of us
in a tight corner. I at one gun and
Sam Drebbin at another, pumping
away for our lives, when suddenly I
felt as if someone touched me with
a warm iron on my chest. I fired
ahead for three or four minutes, and
then I saw blood dripping on the
ground below my seat. I tore open
my shirt and found a hole on the
right side of my chest. A Mexican
came to help me, and he found a hole
in my back. That made me feel bet-
ter, because I knew the bullet had
come clean through me, and wouldn't
have to be cut out by any surgeon.

"I didn't go to bed, even one day,
though the bullet had gone through
the center of my right lung. That
was two years ago, and I'm just as
sound in the lungs as ever.

"Folks are wrong," concluded
Richardson, "when they say that
South American adventures are in
the game because they love to kill.
We're in it for the money alone. Some
times we get lots; some times we get
none, and have to bum our way back
home. But there isn't one of us who
wouldn't be ashamed to say that he
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