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MONUMENTS

MADE BY AN EXPERT

KLAMATH FALLS

S. F. LABOR HAS A FINE TEMPLE

FORMAL OPENING WILL TAKE PLACE THIS EVENING, WITH PARADE AND OTHER ELABORATE CEREMONIES

United Press Service

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—The formal opening of the new Labor Temple, the home of the San Francisco Labor Council, took place last night when the Council assembled in the building for the first time.

The building has been open for inspection for the past week, and some of the unions transferred their headquarters there during the present week, but the opening did not come until last night.

The building is one of the most complete labor assembly structures in the country. Its cost was more than \$150,000.

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We want from 100 to 500 head of horses for French artillery service. We want horses of the blocky type, like a half breed Percheron or shire, weighing 1200 to 1300 pounds, from 5 to 9 years old, any color but light gray or white, from 15-1 to 16 hands high. Anyone having this kind of horses notify us at the Adams ranch, Merrill, or Hotel Hall, Klamath Falls, and we will be glad to look at them. French inspection, March 23d at Adams ranch. We pay for the horses when we accept them, regardless of action of the French government.

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The Turkish empire is composed of many mixed races. It includes Greeks, Slavs, Albanians, Armenians, Jews and Circassians.

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Electric Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent the victims signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, his insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. Kennedy frustrates a daring attempt to rob a jewelry store and rescues Elaine from a boiler where she had been imprisoned by the thugs.

FOURTH EPISODE

The Frozen Safe. Kennedy swung open the door of our taxicab as we pulled up, safe at last, before the Dodge mansion, after the rescue of Elaine from the brutal machinations of the Clutching Hand. Bennett was on the step of the cab in a moment, and together, one on each side of Elaine, they assisted her out of the car and up the steps to the house.

Elaine's Aunt Josephine was waiting for us in the drawing-room, very much worried. The dear old lady was quite scandalized at Elaine's excitedly told of the thrilling events that had just taken place.

"And to think they actually carried you!" she exclaimed, horrified, adding, "And I not!"

"But Mr. Kennedy came along and saved me just in time," interrupted Elaine with a smile. "I was well chaperoned!"

Aunt Josephine turned to Craig, gratefully. "How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Kennedy," she said fervently.

Kennedy was quite embarrassed. With a smile, Elaine perceived his discomfort, not at all displeased by it. "Come into the library!" she cried gayly, taking his arm. "I've something to show you."

Where the old safe, which had been burnt through, had stood, was now a brand-new safe of the very latest construction and design—one of those globular safes that look and are so formidable.

"Here is the new safe," she pointed out brightly. "It is not only proof against explosives, but between the plates is a lining that is proof against the heat and even that oxyacetylene blowpipe by which you rescued me from the old boiler. It has a time clock, too, that will prevent its being opened at night, even if any one should learn the combination."

They stood before the safe a moment, and Kennedy examined it closely with much interest.

"Wonderful!" he admired.

"I knew you'd approve of it," cried Elaine, much pleased. "Now I have something else to show you."

She paused at the desk, and from a drawer took out a portfolio of large photographs. They were very handsome photographs of herself.

"Much more wonderful than the safe," she remarked. "I've just then, hesitating and a trifle embarrassed, he added, 'May I—may I have one?'"

"If you care for it," she said, dropping her eyes, then glancing up at him quickly.

"Care for it?" he repeated. "It will be one of the greatest treasures—"

She slipped the picture quickly into an envelope. "Come," she interrupted. "Aunt Josephine will be wondering where we are. She—she's a demon chaperon."

Bennett, Aunt Josephine and myself were talking earnestly as Elaine and Craig returned.

That morning I had noticed Kennedy fussing some time at the door of our apartment before we went over to the laboratory. As nearly as I could make out he had placed something under the rug at the door out into the hallway.

"Well," said Bennett, glancing at his watch and rising as he turned to Elaine. "I'm afraid I must go now."

He crossed over to where she stood and shook hands. There was no doubt that Bennett was very much smitten by his fair client.

"Good-by, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

But there was something lifeless about the words. She turned quickly to Craig, who had remained standing. "Must you go too, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked, noticing his position.

"I'm afraid Mr. Jameson and I must get back on the job before this Clutching Hand gets busy again," he replied reluctantly.

ated by clockwork. Across the blank white paper ran an ink line traced by a stylographic pen, used as I had seen in mechanical pencils used in offices, hotels, banks and such places. Kennedy examined the thing with interest.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A new kinograph," he replied, still gazing carefully at the rolled-up part of the paper. "I have installed it because it registers every footstep on the floor of our apartment. We can't be too careful with this Clutching Hand. I want to know whether we have had any visitors or not in our absence. This straight line indicates that we have not. Wait a moment."

Craig hastily unlocked the door and entered. Inside I could see him pacing up and down our modest quarters.

"Do you see anything, Walter?" he called.

I looked at the kinograph. The pen had started to trace its line, no longer even and straight, but zigzag, at different heights across the paper. He came to the door. "What do you think of it?" he inquired.

"Some idea," I answered enthusiastically.

We entered and I fell to work on a special Sunday story that I had been forced to neglect. I was not so busy, however, that I did not notice out of the corner of my eye that Kennedy had taken from his cover Elaine Dodge's picture and was gazing at it ravenously.

I had finished as much of the article as I could do then and was smoking and reading it over. Kennedy was still gazing at the picture Miss Dodge had given him, then moving from place to place about the room, evidently wondering where it would look best. I doubt whether he had done another blessed thing since we returned.

He tried it on the mantel. That wouldn't do. At last he held it up beside a picture of Galton, I think, of finger print and eugenics fame, who hung on the wall directly opposite the fireplace. Hastily he compared the two. Elaine's picture was precisely the same size.

Next he tore out the picture of the scientist and threw it carelessly into the fireplace. Then he placed Elaine's picture in its place and hung it up again, standing off to admire it.

I watched him gleefully. Was this Craig? Purposely I moved my elbow suddenly and pushed a book with a bang on the floor. Kennedy actually jumped. I picked up the book with a muttered apology. No, this was not the same old Craig.

Perhaps half an hour later I was still reading. Kennedy was now pacing up and down the room, apparently unable to concentrate his mind on any but one subject.

He stopped a moment before the photograph, looked at it fixedly. Then he started his methodical walk again, hesitated, and went over to the telephone, calling a number which I recognized.

"She must have been pretty well done up by her experience," he said apologetically, catching my eye. "I was wondering if—hello!—oh, Miss Dodge—I—er—I—er—just called up to see if you were all right."

Craig was very much embarrassed, but also very much in earnest.

A musical laugh rippled over the telephone. "Yes, I'm all right, thank you, Mr. Kennedy—and I put the package you sent me into the safe, but—"

"Package?" frowned Craig. "Why, I sent you no package, Miss Dodge. In the safe?"

"Why, yes, and the safe is all covered with moisture—and so cold."

"Moisture—cold?" he repeated hastily.

"Yes, I have been wondering if it is all right. In fact, I was going to call you up, only I was afraid you'd think I was foolish."

"I shall be right over," he answered hastily, clapping the receiver back on its hook. "Walter," he added, seizing his hat and coat, "come on—hurry!"

A few minutes later we drove up in a taxi before the Dodge house and rang the bell.

Jennings admitted us sleepily.

It could not have been long after we left Miss Dodge, late in the afternoon, that Susie Martin, who had been quite worried over our long absence after the attempt to rob her father, dropped in on Elaine. Wide-eyed, she had listened to Elaine's story of what had happened.

"And you think this Clutching Hand has never recovered the incriminating papers that caused him to murder your father?" asked Susie.

Elaine shook her head. "No. Let me show you the new safe I've bought. Mr. Kennedy thinks it wonderful."

"I should think you'd be proud of it," admired Susie. "I must tell father to get one, too."

Susie rose to go and Elaine followed her to the door. No sooner had she gone than the Clutching Hand came out from behind the curtains. He gazed about a moment, then, moving over to the safe about which the two girls had been talking, stealthily examined it.

He must have heard someone coming, for with a gesture of hate at the safe itself, as though he personified it, he slipped back of the curtains again.

Elaine had returned, and as she sat down at the desk to go over some papers which Bennett had left relative to settling up the estate the masked intruder stealthily and silently withdrew.

"A package for you, Miss Dodge," announced Michael later in the evening, as Elaine, in her dainty evening gown, was still engaged in going over the papers. He carried it in his hands rather gingerly.

"Mr. Kennedy sent it, ma'am. He says it contains clues, and will you please put it in the new safe for him." Elaine took the package eagerly and examined it. Then she pulled open the little round door of the globular safe.

"It must be getting cold out, Michael," she remarked. "This package is as cold as ice."

"It is, ma'am," answered Michael. She closed the safe, and, with a glance at her watch, set the time lock and went upstairs to her room.

No sooner had Elaine disappeared than Michael appeared again, catlike, through the curtains from the drawing-room, and, after a glance about the dimly lighted library, discovering that the coast was clear, motioned to a figure hiding behind the portieres.

A moment and Clutching Hand himself came out.

He moved over to the safe and looked it over. Then he put out his hand and touched it.

"Listen!" cautioned Michael. Someone was coming, and they hastily slunk behind the protecting portieres. It was Marie, Elaine's maid.

She turned up the lights and went over to the desk for a book for which Elaine had evidently sent her. She paused and appeared to be listening. Then she went to the door.

"Jennings!" she beckoned.

"What is it, Marie?" he replied.

She said nothing, but as he came up the hall led him to the center of the room.

"Listen! I heard sighs and groans!" Jennings looked at her a moment, puzzled, then laughed. "You girls!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you'll always think the library haunted now."

"But, Jennings, listen," she persisted.

Jennings did listen. Sure enough, there were sounds, weird, uncanny. He gazed about the room. It was eerie. Then he took a few steps toward the safe. Marie put out her hand to it and started back.

"Why, that safe is all covered with cold sweat!" she cried with bated breath.

Sure enough, the face of the safe was beaded with dampness. Jennings put his hand on it and quickly drew it away, leaving a mark on the dampness.

"What do you think of that?" he gasped.

"I'm going to tell Miss Dodge," cried Marie, genuinely frightened.

A moment later she burst into Elaine's room.

"What is the matter, Marie?" asked Elaine, laying down her book. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Ah, but mademoiselle—it sees just like that. The safe—if mademoiselle



"A Package for You, Miss Dodge."

will come down stairs, I will show it to you."

Puzzled, but interested, Elaine followed her. In the library Jennings pointed mutely at the new safe. Elaine approached it. As they stood about, new beads of perspiration, as it were, formed on it. Elaine touched it and also quickly withdrew her hand.

"I can't imagine what's the matter," she said. "But—well—Jennings, you may go—and Marie, also."

When the servants had gone she still regarded the safe with the same wondering look, then turning out the light, she followed.

She had scarcely disappeared when, from the portiere doorway came, with the Clutching Hand appeared, and after gazing at it, took a quick look at the safe.

"Good!" he muttered.

Notably Michael of the sinister

face moved in and took a position in the center of the room, as if on guard, while Clutching Hand sat before the safe watching it intently.

"Someone at the door—Jennings is answering the bell," Michael whispered hoarsely.

"Confound it!" muttered Clutching Hand, as both moved again behind the heavy velvet curtains.

(Continued Monday)

Insurance that pays, as pays on time. See Chilcote, 685 Main St.

LEGAL NOTICES

ORDER

In the District Court of the United States, for the District of Oregon. In the Matter of the Bankruptcy of Woods & Lents, Inc., a co-partnership consisting of H. N. Woods and J. R. Lents, individually.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court in the above entitled case now pending before J. C. Rutenic, referee in bankruptcy for the County of Klamath and State of Oregon, that it is the purpose in the above entitled proceedings to adjudge the firm of Woods & Lents, Inc., a co-partnership consisting of H. N. Woods and J. R. Lents, individually, bankrupts;

And it further appearing to the court that H. N. Woods, a member of said firm, or co-partnership, has not joined in the petition of his co-partner, J. R. Lents, herein filed in bankruptcy;

It is therefore hereby ordered that this cause be set down for hearing before J. C. Rutenic, referee in bankruptcy, at his office in Klamath Falls, Klamath County, State of Oregon on the 19th day of March, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and said H. N. Woods is hereby ordered to appear at that time and place before said referee, and then and there to plead to or answer the petition now on file in the above entitled case, if he desires to contest same. In default of such appearance and pleading, the prayer of the petition will be granted.

It is further ordered by the court that a copy of this order be personally served on said Woods at least ten days before the time set for hearing, if personal service can be had, but if such personal service cannot be made, upon filing an affidavit showing that fact with the referee, this order may be served by publication of the same once each week for two successive and consecutive weeks in The Evening Herald, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Klamath Falls and the County of Klamath, State of Oregon.

Dated this 26th day of February, 1915.

R. S. BEAN, Judge, United States District Court for the District of Oregon. 2-9

Notice Inviting Proposals to Purchase City of Klamath Falls Improvement Bonds

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned until Monday, the 8th day of March, 1915, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the city hall, in the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, (and at such time and place all proposals received will be opened), for the purchase of \$19,040.75 city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, coupon improvement bonds, payable ten years from date of issue, bearing a rate of interest not to exceed 6 per cent per annum, interest payable semi-annually, principal and interest payable at the office of the city treasurer or at the Fiscal Agency of the state of Oregon, in New York, principal and interest payable in gold coin of the United States of America. Said bonds will be issued in denominations not exceeding \$500.00 each, and numbered from 1 to —, inclusive. Said bonds are authorized by Ordinance No. 349, of the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, for the purpose of providing funds to pay the cost of improving Third street, from Main street to California avenue, including intersections. Said bonds will be sold to the highest bidder, for cash, and for no less than their par value and accrued interest.

Each proposal to purchase said bonds must be accompanied by a check for 5 per cent of the amount of the proposal, certified by some responsible bank, payable to the order of the undersigned.

Proposals must be indorsed "Proposals to Purchase Third Street Improvement Bonds."

The council of said city reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Said bonds will contain a provision to the effect that the city reserves the right to take up and cancel such bonds, upon payment at any time of the face value, with accrued interest to date of payment, at any semi-annual coupon period, at or after one year from the date of such bond or bonds.

A. L. LEAVITT, Police Judge of the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, February 5th, 1915. 2-5-2

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