

Though Without a Country, All Belgians Look for Restoration

Plucky Little Nation Almost Effaced in a War Not Its Own
Is Certain the Germans Will Be Driven Away

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
United Press Staff Correspondent

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, NORTHERN FRANCE, May 3.—(By mail to New York)—I've spent parts of two days in what's



W. G. Shepherd.

left of Belgium and I find that the very dream of the Belgians is to see their King ride back into Brussels. Men and women, boys and girls, merchants and farmers talk and plan and have visions of the time when the "king is coming home."

The Belgians that I have seen live in the midst of the British troops and their confidence in General French's army is unlimited. Their confidence is so great that they seem to think that the English Tommies can even see the German shells away from their villages and they continue living in their homes, under daily shell fire, and are surprisingly satisfied that the British army will take care of them, waiting the time when King Albert rides back into Brussels.

Next to the English the Belgians adore Americans. They know that only a few miles distant from them are millions of Belgians who would be starving if it were not for the American-Belgian relief commission. The aeroplane men can fly in a minute from King Albert's Belgium to that poverty-stricken Belgium, which the Germans hold.

"You're an American? You're an American!" said an old woman to me, with smiles of delight. "You are the first American I have seen since the beginning of the war. I used to think Americans were just like other people. I have got your flag here in my room." She left her little store where I had gone to buy oranges, went into a back room and returned with an American flag.

"I've told all my grandchildren," she said, "about Americans. They know the American flag and they know Mr. Wheatlock, (Brand Whitlock). They have a flag and they have his picture. When the king comes home he will say, 'Thanks very much' to Meester Wheatlock." The old lady said the words "Thanks very much," in quaint English. It is a phrase she has learned from the English.

It is not for a nearby hill this old Belgian lady's shop would have been riddled with rifle bullets and blown up by German shells long ago. The German trenches are not half a mile from her. Heavy English guns nearby boomed many times as we talked and German shells shrieked over the sheltering hill over us and struck near the village a mile behind us.

An English soldier covered with mud, carrying a gunny sack such as entrenchments are made of, clattered into the store.

"Forty oranges, please," he said in French. The old lady went to the cupboard and slowly counted out the oranges, from a big pile, dropping them into the bag which the soldier held open.

"I just took up a collection in our trench, and we are going to have an orange feast," said the soldier. He threw the sack over his shoulder, gave the old lady eighty cents, and clattered out into the warm afternoon sunshine and up the road where the trenches began. Within fifteen minutes the soldiers in the trenches would be tearing the old lady's fruit to pieces. It's in Belgium where the civil population won't run and where it fights back that soldiers find stores running full blast so near their lines. The old lady's store was in a safe place behind the hills; but everything in it was carried from town by her grandson of twelve who made several daily trips over the two miles of road that was hit some where every day by a German shell, and by German rifle bullets.

"He works hard," she said, "but I am saving the money and I am going to take him to Brussels when the king comes home."

Across the road from the old lady's

little country store is a farm house. I went over there for a glass of milk. Four children crowded around the Belgian farm woman as she talked to me.

"I take care of the farm myself," she said. "The children help me, but they are very little, are they not? They like better to take care of Meester O'Reilly's grave out in the yard. They farm the flowers on it." "May I see Mr. O'Reilly's grave?" I asked.

"But certainly, Monsieur, come with me."

We trooped through the little house to the back door and there in the midst of the black plowed ground was a huge mound of yellow wood flowers. In the midst of them stood a shining silver glass vase and in the vase were fresh white flowers. The children ran up to the grave and the oldest boy stooped down and picked a dandelion flower out of the narrow rim of green grass, which bordered the mound.

"Private Patrick O'Reilly, Dublin Fusiliers—killed in action," read the lettering on the white wooden cross.

"The children loved him," said the woman.

"Oh, did they know him?"

"Knew him? Did he not used to live in this house, with us? Did he not bring the children oranges from the town and candy? Was he not always playing and laughing and making funny sounds like he thought were French words? To hear him talk through his nose, like the said Frenchman did? How the children used to laugh. And, I too. We were never afraid of the shells and bullets in our house when he was there. Only a half mile over there behind the hills are the English trenches and Mr. O'Reilly used to have to go there very often. He used to always let the children pull his long woolen mittens for him before he started out for the trenches. Then he would give them all one spank apiece and we would all laugh, and then he would start out and we would lay in our beds and think of him there in the cold and wet on the other side of the hill where the bullets can hit you."

"One morning when the soldiers came back from in front of the hill along the road that passes in front of our house, Mr. O'Reilly was not with them. Pretty soon other men came from the trenches and they were carrying men on stretchers."

"Where is Mr. O'Reilly, I ran out and asked them."

"He's on that stretcher," said a soldier.

"Bring him into the house," I said. I started to run into the house for some cognac, which is very good when a man is weak, but they stopped me and a soldier said: "No use. Mr. O'Reilly is dead."

"They were going to bury him somewhere nearby and I asked them to make his grave in our yard. And so there it is. We will always take care of it." The woman bit her thumb nail contemplatively and then said: "When does Monsieur think the war will end?"

"Madame in the little store there, says the king will come home before our crops are ripe," she added.

Across the plowed field in the next little farm, I saw a Belgian man and woman trudging across a field, drawing after them a heavy roller with which they were forcing the seed into the plowed earth. They were working like beasts.

"Their horses have gone to war," said the farmer woman beside me.

It was later in the afternoon when I climbed the hill with an English officer. From a hiding place we could look down on two sand colored streaks that ran through the green valley. They were the English and the German trenches. The rifle fire was scattered, but constant. There are few places on this long line of trenches across Western Europe where it is possible to see both of the trenches at the same time, but this was one of those rare vantage points.

With our glasses we could see the backs of the British soldiers; perhaps they were still sucking Madame's forty oranges. In the German trenches, of course, we could not see a sign of life. German artillery miles before us roared from time to time and the shells swished and whined in their flight over the trenches, over the hills, over the old lady's store at the foot of it and we could hear them break in the farm land or in the destroyed village behind us.

Before us was a battered town; the sunlight shone on its battered walls. You could have walked to it in fifteen minutes, except for the fact that the space between was a battle field, full of death.

"The Germans are in the town," said the officer.

"That town was in that other Belgium, ravished and devastated where Belgian folk as kindly and industrious as the old lady or the family that loved Mr. O'Reilly so well have been turned into hungry beggars of the world."

In the distance the aeroplanes soared and we watched one of the frequent attacks by the German anti-aircraft guns. The shrapnel broke in great white puffs about the machine, each puff centered by a flash of fire; twelve pound, three-inch shells, breaking in the sky. The aeroplane came towards us.

"We will be getting some falling rifle bullets if he flies over the German trenches," said the officer.

The aeroplane continued to come our way. An indescribable din of rifle fire arose from the German trenches. All of my curiosity as to how an infantry battle would sound was satisfied. There came the hammer, hammer, hammer of the machine guns, turned into the sky. They sounded like riveting machines on skyscrapers.

Soon the aeroplane had passed out of range and the firing ceased. No bullets, so far as we know, came near us. We climbed down the hill again as night was falling and we could no longer pick out objects at a distance.

A soldier came hurrying along the road in front of the little store.

"A German shrapnel broke in our trench and a dozen men are dead or wounded. I am going to help," he explained as he hurried on.

"But three of our shrapnel broke in their trenches along here today," explained a soldier. "We have got the best of it."

We got into our automobile and hustled out of the sea of the sheltering hill along the road in the shelled valley.

"Shells are not so bad when they break in soft farm land," explained an officer. But when they break on these stone roads they don't bury their noses in the stone, but they scatter their parts for hundreds of feet."

A ten minute ride took us out of the shell range and within another ten minutes we were out of Belgium and in France.

Suits that suit in style and price at K. K. K. Store.

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffling, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed up and miserable. Relief is sure. (Paid Advertisement)

Chautauqua Tickets

ARE ON SALE AT
The Bonbonniere, Hall Hotel, White Pelican Hotel, Golden Rule Store, Wells Fargo Express Office, First State and Savings Bank, J. F. Maguire & Co. Store, Big Basin Lumber Co. Office, Savage Bros' Office.

Our contract with the Ellison-White Chautauqua System requires us to advance the price of Adult Season Tickets to \$3.00 at NOON, JUNE 9th. W. S. SLOUGH, Secretary Klamath Chautauqua Ass'n

TODAY'S ODDEST STORY

United Press Service

FORT COLLINS, Colo., June 1.—Old King Solomon and his famous decision where a baby was claimed by two women as their child didn't have anything on the local police.

A chicken thief had visited nearly every roost in the city and his collection of fowls sorely puzzled the authorities to determine the rightful owners. Chickens look surprisingly alike and several victims of the thief claimed the birds.

Some of the hens were taken to a point about a hundred yards from their supposed habitation. They were released.

After sizing up the landscapes every hen made a straight dash for her own yard and fuzed around the fence in an effort to get inside. This method was followed in a number of instances and proved satisfactory.

YESTERDAY'S COAST LEAGUE SCORES

MORNING GAMES

At Oakland

Oakland 2 5 1
Venice 0 2 0
Ables and Elliott; Piercey and Spencer.

At Los Angeles

Los Angeles 4 5 2
Salt Lake 3 5 2
Love Scoggins and Boles; J. Williams, Gregory and Hannah.

No game at Portland on account of rain.

AFTERNOON GAMES

At Los Angeles

Los Angeles 6 12 3
Salt Lake 4 6 2
Hughes and Brooks; C. Williams, Gregory and Hannah.

At San Francisco

Venice 10 12 0
Oakland 6 11 0
Decannier, Johnson and Mitze; Boyd, Martini and Elliott.

No game in Portland, wet grounds.

Pay less, dress better. Get that Royal Tailored Look—K. K. K. Store for Royal Tailored Clothes.

LEGAL NOTICES

Bankruptcy Notice

(No. 3337)

In the District Court of the United States, for the District of Oregon. In the Matter of the Bankruptcy of Ralph Tice.

To the Creditors of Ralph Tice, Bankrupt, Klamath County, District of Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that on the 29th day of May, 1915, Ralph Tice was adjudged a bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at my office in the First National Bank building at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 14th day of June, at 2 p. m.

At this time creditors may attend, examine the bankrupt, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, and transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

J. C. RUTENIC,
Referee in Bankruptcy for Klamath county.

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NOTICE

To the Stockholders of the Klamath Water Users Association

You are hereby notified that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Klamath Water Users Association, pursuant to Section 1 of Article 2 of the By-Laws of said association, will be held in the Houston opera house, Klamath Falls, Oregon, Friday, the 4th day of June, A. D. 1915, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. You are notified that such meeting is held for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may regularly be brought before such meeting.

The following amendments to the By-Laws of said association will be submitted to the stockholders in said annual meeting for your acceptance or rejection, to-wit:

That Section one (1) of Article

three (3) of the By-Laws of the Klamath Water Users Association be amended to read as follows:

Section 1. That the exercise of the corporate powers of this association and the management of its affairs shall be vested in a board of three directors.

That Section five (5) of Article three (3) of said By-Laws be amended to read as follows:

Section 5. Regular meetings of the board of directors shall be held on the first Saturday of each month. Special meetings of the board of directors may be called by the president, or by any two members of the board. Such call shall be in writing and signed by either the president or any two directors, and shall state the time of such proposed meeting and the nature of business to be transacted thereat.

Such written call shall be filed with the secretary, who shall thereupon immediately and at least five days before the time fixed for such meeting, mail, postpaid, to the president and each member of the board a copy of such call. If the secretary fail or refuse to mail copies thereof, as above provided, then either the president, if he issue the call, or any one of the members who issued the call, may make and mail copies of the call with like effect as if done by the secretary.

At all meetings of the board of directors two directors shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

All meetings of the board of directors shall be held at the office of the association.

That Section eleven (11) of Article three (3) of said By-Laws be amended to read as follows:

Section 11. Each member of the board of directors shall receive as compensation seven (7) dollars per day for each day in attendance at the meetings of the board of directors, and the actual expense incurred in attendance at such meetings.

Each member of the board of directors shall receive as compensation five (5) dollars per day for each day's performance of duties devolving upon him by order of the board of directors and the actual expense incurred by him in the performance of such duties.

That Section one (1) of Article four (4) of the By-laws of the Klamath Water Users Association be amended to read as follows:

Section 1. Revenues necessary for the accomplishment of the purposes of this association shall be raised by an assessment made against the shares of stock of the association by order of the Board of Directors.

No assessment shall become delinquent within less than thirty (30) days after the time of levying the same.

All delinquent assessments due the Klamath Water Users Association shall bear a penalty of one (1) per centum per month until paid.

That the following amendment be added to Article three (3) of the By-Laws of the Klamath Water Users Association to be designated as Section twelve (12) thereof:

Section 12. That where the owner or owners of land subscribed to this association shall cause or suffer to permit others to cause any injury or damage to any canal, ditch or drain ditch used in connection with the operation of the Klamath Project by any manner or means whatsoever, so that the flow of water is obstructed, or the necessary and accustomed head cannot be maintained, such land owner or owners shall immediately, upon written notice given by the ditch rider or other person having control of the operation of such canal, ditch or drain ditch, repair or cause to be repaired such injury or damage in a manner satisfactory to the person or persons whose duty it is to deliver water through or in any manner use such canal, ditch or drain ditch in connection with said project.

Should any such land owner or owners fail or refuse to repair or cause to be made such repair of such injury or damage as above provided, then in that event the board of directors may make or cause to be made such repair as is necessary, and assess the costs thereof to the land or lands of such owner or owners.

Such assessment shall be made by the board of directors at any regular meeting of said board by resolution duly made and entered on the minutes of said board declaring the necessity of such assessment, the amount thereof, the description of the land against which such assessment is to be levied, and their intention to assess such amount against the particular lands described, and the date of final action thereon; and thereafter at any regular meeting of said board and upon the date fixed in the foregoing resolution, twenty (20) days notice of such proposed action having been first given to such land owner or owners, as the case may be, by mailing a copy of the aforesaid resolution by registered mail to his or their last postoffice address, the board of directors may levy such assessment against

the land of such land owner or the lands of such land owners.

That the assessment levied on above provided shall be and is hereby declared a lien against and upon the land or lands of such land owner or owners and upon and against the shares of stock held by them in this association, and the payment of such lien shall be made by foreclosure of the lien upon their shares of stock and the lands represented thereby.

Done and dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, this 23rd day of April, 1915.

KLAMATH WATER USERS ASSOCIATION

(Seal)

By Albert E. Elder, Secretary.

Date of first publication, April 27, 1915.

27-4-11-18-25-1

Summons

(Equity No. 874)

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Klamath County

State Land Board of the State of Oregon, Plaintiff,

vs.

James J. Cunningham and Luke E. Walker, Defendants.

To James J. Cunningham, one of the Defendants above named:

In the name of the state of Oregon, You are hereby summoned to appear and answer the complaint filed in the above entitled suit, within six weeks after the first publication of this summons in the Evening Herald newspaper.

And you will take notice that if you fail to appear and answer or plead within the said time, the plaintiff, for want thereof, will apply to the above entitled court for the relief demanded in its complaint filed in said suit, to-wit:

For judgment against the said defendant, James J. Cunningham, for the sum of \$400.00, with interest thereon, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 18th day of October, 1912, and for the sum of \$100.00 as attorney's fees herein, and for its costs and disbursements herein.

And also for a decree foreclosing the mortgage described in the complaint filed herein, to-wit:

Mortgage made by the defendant, James J. Cunningham, which said mortgage is dated the 18th day of September, A. D. 1911, upon the following real property, situated in Klamath county, state of Oregon, to-wit:

Upon the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section four (4), and the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section nine (9), in township thirty-eight (38) south, range thirteen (13) E. W. M.

That the court also decree that any parties to this suit may become a purchaser of said real property, and that the sheriff shall place the purchaser in possession of the property purchased, and that the defendants and each of them, and all persons claiming, or to claim, by, through or under them be forever barred and foreclosed of all right, title, estate and lien at law and in equity and all equity of redemption in, to and upon said real property and every part thereof, excepting the right of redemption allowed by the statutes of the state of Oregon.

This summons is published pursuant to an order of the above entitled court, made on the 17th day of May, 1915, and the first publication thereof is made in the Evening Herald on the 18th day of May, A. D. 1915.

D. V. KUYKENDALL,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

18-25-1-8-15-22-29

Proposal

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, County Court of Klamath County, Oregon, will receive bids for the erection of a steel bridge across Lost River up to and including June 20th, 1915, at 5 p. m. of said date.

The bids will include the hauling of the bridge from Bonanza, Oregon; the construction of abutments and the making of fills for the approaches, and tearing down old bridge.

The bids will be in the following form:

Hauling bridge from Bonanza to site \$
Placing approximately 285 yards concrete or masonry, per yard \$
Placing approximately 8,500 yards embankment, per yard \$
Tearing down old bridge \$
Erection of bridge \$

The above to be done according to the plans and specifications on file with the county clerk.

All bids must be accompanied with a certified check for 5 per cent of the amount of bid.

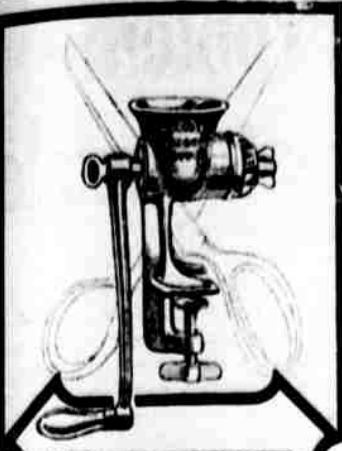
The County Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids, waive informalities in the bids, and to accept any bid or bids separately or collectively, which it deems most favorable to Klamath county.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, May 28, 1915.

C. R. DE LAP, County Clerk.

By CHAR. F. DE LAP, Deputy Clerk.

5-28-6-30



UNIVERSAL

Food Chopper
Cuts Like a
Pair of Shears

Many so-called choppers crush and tear the meat or vegetables, wasting the juices and destroying the flavor.

The UNIVERSAL—the original Food Chopper—cuts like a pair of shears, with two sharp, beveled edges. These edges are so adjusted that they keep sharp automatically by acting one upon the other.

The UNIVERSAL Food Chopper cleanly chops all kinds of meats—raw or cooked—and fruits and vegetables—coarse or fine as desired—without mashing or tearing.

Each UNIVERSAL Food Chopper is equipped with coarse, medium and fine cutters.

Extremely simple. Nothing to get out of order. Parts interchangeable—easily cleaned.

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WOOD!

Block Wood, load \$2.50
Double load \$3.75
Dry Slab, 16-inch \$3.25
Dry Slab, 4-foot \$3.00

Body and Limb Wood

Coal and Fuel Oil

KLAMATH FUEL CO.

575 Main Street

A REAL CREOLE DINNER BY THE CAN

Mrs. Horer says: "This can contains more palatable nourishment than any other canned vegetable of twice its size."

Can be served in a dozen styles. Try a can.

VAN RIPER BROS.

"Quality Grocers"

Phone 85 8th and Main

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Harrison & Matt

Our store is on Klamath Ave. and Sixth street

WOOD—WOOD

Block, Single load \$2.50
Block, double load \$4.00
Dry Slabs \$3.25

I also handle Body and Limb wood

Better buy your fuel now, while the price is so low.

Leave orders at Klamath Department Store, Third and Main.

PHONE 288

P. C. CARLSON

HOUSTON HOTEL