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Advertisements in the Classified columns are printed at the rate of Five cents a line, invariable in advance. Hereafter no advertisements will be accepted unless accompanied by the cash.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE CHEAP—Camera. Sinnott at Herald office.

PAINT—Not at war prices, but below cost, at Big Basin Lumber company. Phone 107. 24-42

FOR SALE—Royal Blooded Poland China spring pigs, either sex. L. A. West, City. 24-51

FOR SALE—Ten Holstein cows with young calves; also three yearling heifers. Apply Wood River Creamery, Fort Klamath, Ore. 24-51

FOR SALE—Five passenger automobile cheap for cash. See Chilcote. 27-41

FOR SALE—Household furniture. Inquire at 717 Oak street. 24-51

HELP WANTED

COOK—Lady cook wanted. Apply to C. D. Wilson, Klamath Falls, Oregon. 27-31

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply at 353 Tenth st. 27-31

WANTED—Man to care for lawn. Call 219 Oak street. 21-31

MISCELLANEOUS

MONEY TO LOAN—At 8 per cent. Arthur R. Wilson, 517 Main. 22-41

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Constipation is a very simple, natural trouble, but unless properly treated, it may develop into a most serious and complicated disease. We advise that Carl's Little Liver Lifter be kept in every home. We cannot recommend these pills too highly. We caution our patrons against the free and indiscriminate use of laxatives and purgatives. 35c. Star Drug Co.

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10c packages of Cookies and Crackers in the following varieties:

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The Evening Herald

W. O. SMITH Editor

Published daily except Sunday at The Herald Publishing Company of Klamath Falls, at 118 Fourth street.

Entered at the postoffice at Klamath Falls, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

Subscription terms by mail to any address in the United States:
One year \$5.00
One month50

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1916

U. S. AUTOS RUN CHEAPLY

IN FARM AND FIRESIDE we read: "The office of public roads, which is a part of the United States Department of Agriculture, has used three low priced cars in supervising maintenance of the Washington-Atlanta highway. These machines have furnished an excellent opportunity for securing accurate figures on the cost of operation. The cars were in use all of the year 1915.

"The total mileage of the three machines was over 62,000 miles. Two of the cars ran over 22,000 miles each during the year, and the cost per mile in one case was 3.97 cents and in the other 4.07 cents. The other car ran 16,328 miles, and cost 4.75 cents per mile. Roughly speaking, the cost of running a light car may be said to be between 4 and 5 cents a mile."

"These figures include the cost of overhauling all the cars, also storage charges, which aggregated \$170.

"The greatest item in all cases was that of miscellaneous expense. After that came gasoline, which cost about a cent a mile, and was about a quarter of the total cost. Tire casings, lubricating oil, and miscellaneous tire costs were next in importance. Grease was the most insignificant figure of all, costing but one-thirtieth of a cent per mile. The automobiles were found to be considerably cheaper than livery service."

COMMERCIAL EFFICIENCY IN JAPAN

IT WOULDN'T be surprising to see Japan subsidizing the democratic party in the coming campaign. Japan has subsidized about everything connected with her industries, and the best asset she has at present is our free trade democracy. The democrats have presented our home market to Japan, and then scuttled American ships, so Japan is having a little onerous circus all her own.

Japan unloaded \$102,000,000 worth of goods on our market during the nine months period ended March, 1916, an increase of 38 per cent over the similar period ended March, 1915, which was bad enough under the democratic law. During the nine months ended March, 1916, six months under the democratic tariff law, Japan sent us \$58,000,000 worth of her goods.

There came into our ports in Japanese vessels \$42,000,000 worth, or about 50 per cent. But our Pacific Coast ship owners were doing too good a business to escape the democratic blunderbuss, so they passed a shipping law which sent our west coast ships to foreign countries to fly foreign flags, and Japan proceeded to fatten her battling average on cargo carrying.

During the period ended March, 1916, practically every dollar's worth of goods sent to us by Japan was brought to our shores in Japanese bottoms, plus many millions of dollars worth picked up on lanes of travel no longer covered by American vessels.

Japan is dictating the terms on which we shall ship; she has raised the freight rates on American wares to scandalous figures, and she is playing the "Japan first" game to the mink's taste.

Meanwhile, a bewildered, fatally inefficient democracy holds in its palsied hands the destiny of this nation. But not for long, thank heaven! Our four years of travail are almost over.

DEMONSTRATION PROVES WONDERFUL EDISON GENIUS

George A. Wirtz of the Klamath Music house, has just returned from San Francisco, where he went to hear a demonstration given by Madame Marie Rappold, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company, assisted by Arthur Walsh, violinist, and the new Edison Diamond disc, for which Madame Rappold recently made a number of records. These were played at the demonstration, and the soprano sang. It was only possible to distinguish between the human voice and the Edison reproduction by carefully watching the singer's lips. It was the same with Mr. Walsh, who played some of the selections made into records by Albert Spalding. Only by watching Walsh's bow could the large audience tell whether he or the talking machine was rendering the number, proving that Edison's latest creation goes far beyond being a "talking machine," and actually re-creates music.

Gullotta Trio to Appear In Concert

Trio of Soloists to Present Strong Musical Program at Chautauque



THE Gullotta Trio, concert ensemble, presenting a repertoire of instrumental and vocal numbers, sound the quality keynote of the musical portion of the Chautauque. This is their second western Chautauque tour, the ovations accorded them last year rendering a return engagement imperative. Each member of this trio alone has been considered by Chautauque patrons a star attraction. The combination is immense.

It was of Vincenzo Gullotta, the violinist, that the famous Mary Anderson wrote: "I shall never forget your most wonderful playing. With the Ionian sea before us and the roses of Taormina around us, your playing was a dream of beauty."

Memorial Day Address

"As parents and citizens of this great republic," said E. L. Elliott in his Memorial address yesterday, "we should take it upon ourselves to not only observe the day in a fitting manner, but we should teach our children the significance of this day. This teaching should be supplemented by instruction in the public schools of our lands, and the children should then observe from every man and woman, and every person who has arrived at the age of discretion, the real significance and the meaning of Memorial day."

"It is my hope and my prayer that each and every citizen of this great republic may soon learn the real significance of Memorial Day, and to not deprecate the sacredness for which this day is set apart. We should not meet on this day in the spirit of riotous joyousness as we do on the 4th day of July to celebrate the birthday of the nation. Neither should we meet in the same happy mood that we observe the Christmas holiday; nor even in the manner of thankfulness that we observe the day set apart for universal thanksgiving, but this day should be approached with solemn recognition of its meaning, with bowed heads, with reverent hearts for the deeds of the men whose memory we today should honor."

"It should be observed as a day of thankful remembrance that we have had men who have dared to bare their breasts to the bullets and bayonets of an enemy who sought to tear down that flag and to read asunder the Union that it represents. If, then, this is the spirit in which we should observe this day, it is only right and fitting that we should know something of its origin and why it is set apart."

"We have left here with us a few living examples of why this day should be memorialized. There is no class of men on the face of God's green footstool who deserve more honor than the men who wear a small bronze button on the lapel of their coat. There are many people who have never stopped to realize or consider what that button means. The emblem of that button and the significance that it should convey to every person should be one of reverence and of devotion, because no man has the right to wear one of these buttons except he has borne the brunt of battle and has stood for what he believed to be the right in the controversy that is unequalled in the history of civilization."

"And why the observance of this day? Let us refer to the men to whom this honor is given, of the setting apart of this day for the purpose for which it is designated. Forty-seven years ago, the illustrious John A. Logan, he of glorious memory—a man who had he never done anything but originate and set apart Memorial day for the purpose for which it was designated, would live in the sacred memory of his countrymen, and upon the pages of history so long as history is written. Logan understood why the day should be commemorated. He had been with the boys by the campfire; he had led them into the bloody charge; he understood and knew every impulse and every desire of the volunteers. Not

as they are mustered for the strife. The shouts of the men, the commands of the officers, the rattle of the muskets and the roar of the cannon drowns out all else, finally the grand charge, and we see them as men. They reap the victory of a bloody battle, but at what a cost. Thousands and thousands of men are stretched upon the bloody field of death, or if they have not been mercilessly killed, they are upon that bloody field, their life blood slowly ebbing away until the ground runs red with their blood."

"We see them again in the hospitals, racked with pain; instead of the sturdy forms and bright faces that we saw leave under the old flag, we now see an emaciated form, the face drawn with suffering and pain."

"We see the loved ones at home as they hear the dreadful news, and that awful fear comes to them: What of my loved one? They pray God that their loved ones may be saved. They watch every bit of news that brings the tidings of their loved ones—are they slain or among the wounded that have been sent to the hospital? Let us imagine the maidens in their sorrow as the news of the dead comes to them, or the wife as she bends over the cradle and in her anxiety and despair, telling the little one that the father will never come home again. Or the gray-haired father and mother as they sit by the bedside wondering where their boy has gone, and the news comes that he is at the hospital; that his recovery is doubtful. Then we hear their fervent prayer to the Almighty that his life will be saved."

"In the place of the four million slaves, we look again and we see men with their wives and children that they can call their own. The blood of the martyrs had washed away that strain from American soil forever, and the wand of progress touched the auction block, and converted it into homes and fireplaces, where each man may dwell with his family in security and in the place of the slave pen we have the school house, and where all was want, strife, cruelty and fear, we see the happy faces of the free and the glad shouts of the children gathered at the knees of the parents."

"Those heroes died, but they died not in vain. They died for truth and for liberty; they died for their country and their flag, and for you and for me; they died that America might be in truth free, free not only to the white man, but to every man regardless of his race color, or previous condition of servitude."

"This day is to commemorate their memory, the land they died to make free. They answer no more the bugle call, life or the drum, and cannon no longer arouses them. The earth may run red with the blood of other wars as it is doing today across the waters, yet those heroes' sleep is unbroken. They have earned their rest, they are entitled to their sleep in peace. In the midst of the battle and the carnage they found their rest in the sweet sleep of death."

"Let us therefore have but one sentiment for the soldier, either the blue or the gray, living or dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead."

Hopkins is to have a large ice storage plant.

"Let us, if we can, picture to ourselves the enlistment of these men as they join the great army for freedom. We see them part from their loved ones. Some are walking in the quiet moonlight with the maiden they adore; others are bending over the cradle and for the last time kissing the babe which love has brought to them; some are receiving the blessing of parents who are giving them for their country and for liberty. Yet others are talking to and saying good-bye to the wives, and endeavoring with brave words to drive away that awful tear. We see them part; we see the wife standing at the door holding the babe in her arms; she watches the husband and the father as he wends his way up the hill, and at the last turn he pauses and a hand waves; she holds high in her loving arms the babe and the awful dread comes to her: Will she ever see the loved one again?

"We see them again as they are enlisted, as they are mustered in, as they are formed in columns and march away to the sound of the drum. Many are high in hope, joy and determination shining from their faces as they turn and salute the flag that they have sworn to defend. They are coming from cities, towns, from villages, from the fire-side and farmhouse, from mountain and from vale, creating the prairie, going down to the fields of corn, strife and glory. To do or to die for what they believed to be right."

"Then picture them on the morrow

Italian Soldiers Fear Castor Oil, Not Cannon

By JOHN M. HEARLEY (United Press Staff Correspondent)

FLORENCE, Italy, May 13.—(By mail)—Castor oil—not the great cannon of the Austrians—is the terror of the Italian army today.

Even amid the tremendous business of battle Italy's brave warrior sons shrink from this sickeningly malodorous remedy. Mrs. Edith Southwell, an English nurse in a local hospital for the wounded, has discovered.

Nurse Southwell was told by the attending physician to dose her patients with castor oil. Anticipating no difficulties, she said:

"Yes, doctor, I will do so tonight at their bed time."

"At the 'sand man' hour she therefore appeared in her ward among her twenty-five crippled soldiers. In her hands she bore a tray, holding twenty-five individual portions of castor oil. Aroused by the sight, the battle-scarred heroes shouted, 'What is it?'

"Why, castor oil!" innocently replied the nurse.

"Oh!" came a chorus of disgusted voices, "No! no! no!"

"And it was 'no!' for the men in mild language and strong, persisted in their refusal."

"See here, boys," she cried, "you don't understand. This isn't castor oil. This is an Austrian trench. Come, let's us take it, 'Avanti Savoia!'

The men took up the battle cry of the reigning house of Italy. "Avanti

Savoia! Savoia! Savoia!" they cheered.

Meanwhile, Nurse Southwell heroically swallowed a dose of the castor oil and every single man of them followed her lead.

They took the trench, but for an instant celebrated their victory with wry faces. But even these changed when Nurse Southwell disappeared for an instant and reappeared with twenty-six golden oranges.

"These are the medals of honor," she explained.

"Upon each of you and upon myself I bestow one for conspicuous bravery."

Shall Klamath Falls Continue to Be a Chautauque Town?

It will require the sale of 500 season tickets to give an affirmative answer to the above question. Will you be one of the 500? 24-51

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