

The Evening Herald

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THE STRAIGHT NOMINEES

THERE are two things about these so-called independent candidates for county offices—they have either been beaten in the primaries when they came before the voters of their own parties, or they are self-selected democratic stalking horses put up on one pretext or another to create a split in the republican party. Under our laws a candidate must run twice for the same office. He first meets the field of his fellow republicans in the race for the republican nomination. There he makes the fight of his life, frequently at much expense to himself and always with great expenditure of time and energy. Having won before his own party men, it seems no more than right that he should get his own full party vote at the regular election.

The primary was intended to create a fixed responsibility. It did away with the convention and the possibility of machine manipulation. Every candidate for public office is obliged to stand out in the open. His record, his claims and his fitness are all supposed to receive due consideration. He makes a fight in every way as strenuous as, under the old method, he had to make to secure his election. If all this work amounts to nothing, then the direct primary is a farce and a fraud. It simply travels in a circle and is a source of annoyance and worry which are in no respect justified or compensated.

The right and the proper way for republicans to do is to cast their votes for the men whom their own primaries selected. This is particularly true in a presidential year. The republican nominees have earned the support of the republican voters, and they should get it without any quibble. "Vote 'er straight" should be the slogan this year.—Portland Telegram.

RESULTS OF SINGLE TAX

THE people of Oregon next Tuesday will be called upon to vote on the question of single tax. The measure is entitled "The People's Land and Loan Bill" and appears on the ballot as number 306 ys and 307 no. The people of Oregon at three previous elections have voted down by overwhelming majorities similar measures. Here are some of the things the Pacific Coast Manufacturer says will result from the operation of the U'ren Full Rental Value Land Tax bill:

That our taxes be known hereafter as rent, and may be collected monthly.

Failure to pay this rent for twenty-four months confiscates your property.

The state can sell no land to settlers or anyone else.

Present owner of land will only have a five-year lease—he will not be an owner.

All taxes must at once be increased 50 per cent in order to furnish a loan fund.

That the money from this fund is to be loaned to financially irresponsible people without interest.

That the most of the taxes now paid by the railroads and public service corporations will have to be paid by the individual property owner.

Confiscation by the state of the property of all those unable to meet this increased obligation, thus decreasing the amount of land subject to taxation and proportionately increasing the tax upon the land left, resulting finally in entire confiscation by the state.

No capital will dare make investments in Oregon.

Mortgages secured by land will be worthless, thus robbing the common school fund of \$6,200,000.

The annihilation of the selling or credit value of the land.

The destruction of the foundation on which a very large proportion of our business rests.

Incentive to work because it is "your own home" would be lost.

False Teeth Captured

LONDON, Oct. 30.—(By Mail)—Twelve hundred dozen sets of false teeth were part of a recent German "catch" by British blockaders watching American shipments to Germany.



Cartoon by DREYMAN in The Washington Star.

Germans Dig Wonderful Tunnel to Escape Fire

By HENRY WOOD

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

With the French Armies Before Chaumes, Oct. 14.—(By Mail)—The present encircling movement of the French armies about Chaumes is similar to the ones so successfully employed in the capture of Comblès, Thiepval and other important centers at the northern extremity of the offensive.

The capture of Chilly brought to light one of the most striking examples that has yet been found of the extremes of organization and effort to which the German general staff has gone in its effort to cling to the occupied soil of France.

Following the capture of Chilly the French troops found at the depth of forty to sixty feet below the surface a tunnel more than half a mile in length constructed from the headquarters of the commanding officer in Chilly to the front line German trenches then well in advance of the village.

For the construction of this tunnel, expert miners had been brought from Germany and it represented not less than six months of their work. By its use the Germans were able to send not only their men into the front line trenches, but also all munitions and supplies, without exposing a single man to the constant French bombardment.

Although the Germans are now driven considerably beyond Chilly they are still near enough to keep up daily a terrible bombardment and struggle in a last desperate effort to win back the tunnel, which is now serving the French fully as well as it formerly served the Germans.

I was enabled to enter the tunnel from one of the exits it had in the German first line positions and traverse its entire half-mile length to the village of Chilly in the rear, conscious of utter security from the German bombardment, which never ceased.

The descent into the tunnel was by three successive flights of stairs, for the Germans naturally figuring that their first line positions would suffer the heaviest bombardment, had sunk the tunnel at that point to a depth of sixty feet. Here at the bottom of the stairway and at the end of the tunnel was grouped off half a dozen chambers with sleeping and eating facilities for the soldiers when off duty, when the trenches were being too violently bombarded to remain above, and for the troops who might be called upon to defend the tunnel in case the trenches above should be taken.

These rooms were now occupied by the French "poilus" who had con-

verted all of the arrangements both for the comfort and defense of the original German owners to their own use.

Entering the tunnel proper, I found it entirely walled up with heavy timber, the ceiling high enough to permit the troops to pass without stooping down, and with a narrow gauge railway running the entire length for the hurrying of munitions to the front line trenches.

Pipes for mechanical ventilation as well as electric light wires ran the full length of the tunnel. The plants at forty feet below the surface earth had been destroyed by the Germans at the moment of capture.

Groping on through the tunnel, through the foul air, and lighted only by candles and pocket flash lights, I found the floor was strewn with half eaten loaves of black bread which the Germans had evidently sung frantically down when the word was passed that the French had taken the position above.

Potatoes were strewn over the floor of the tunnel, as were also innumerable empty mineral water, wine and beer bottles with which the tunnel appeared to have been lavishly stocked.

From both sides of the tunnel sleeping rooms branched off, and the bunks in these contained still the shoes, coats, caps and other articles of clothing just as the Germans had left them at the moment of surprise.

A little farther on was a widened portion that had been the dressing room and surgical station for the wounded. Germans wounded in the French bombardment that preceded the infantry assault and even when the French had swept over the position, had apparently been hastily taken down into the tunnel and given first attention at this station. Blood stained bandages still lay scattered about the dressing tables and bunks as did also various surgical instruments and appliances.

In several places along the sides of the tunnel wells had been sunk so that in case of siege a supply of fresh water would be available.

The approach to the other end of the tunnel that comes out in Chilly was marked as at the end where I had entered by the groups of chambers.

The "piece de resistance" came at the end of the tunnel where it opened into the underground apartment of the German officer who had commanded the position. Although his apartment was forty feet below the surface of the earth, all of the rooms were plastered in white, and perfect in all appointments even to a bath room and a well stocked wine cellar. Of the latter, only the empty bottles remained, but they were almost countless.

ARMY VS. NOTRE DAME TOMORROW

ONE OF BEST BACKFIELD MEN IN EASTERN FOOTBALL WILL HAVE BIG CHANCE AGAINST SOUTH BEND SCHOOL.

By HAMILTON

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Elmer Oliphant, that enterprising young man who is learning how to be a United States army officer as a side line to his football studies, will be swathed in the calcium again tomorrow afternoon when the Army "tank" is turned loose against the roaring froth westerners from Indiana, Notre Dame. The South Bend school is going all the way to West Point to try to batter out another victory over the Army and the majority of critics expect they will do it, Oliphant or no Oliphant.

That is the east's only big game. All the rest of the important schools of this section will be taking on opponents who should prove comparatively easy. Dartmouth alone has a hard job on her hands, and there is everything to indicate another dent will be put in the "Green's" chances when it is attempted against the heavy

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

By MARGARET MASON

(Written for the United Press)

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When we go to Vigo
To purchase we're fain
Of onions and mack'rel
And castles in Spain,
Should she go and he go
And you go its plain
You'll have ever Vigo
So quaint on the Main.

weird little infant octopi that are said to be delicious, but I'd have to set mine with my eyes shut. Huge fishy monsters as big as a six-year-old child overshadow baskets of Union sardines. Truly a visit to the Vigo fish market is a liberal education in the edible denizens of the deep. But this is no fish story!

VIGO, Spain, Oct. 11.—(By Mail). Perhaps you labor under the delusion that the principal vocation in life of a handkerchief is to attend at discreet intervals the nose, when that necessary feature indulges in a little Marathon. Not so in Vigo. Indeed, on the face of things, I have reason to doubt whether handkerchiefs and noses have ever effected a too frequent meeting. Yet handkerchiefs are much more in evidence in this quaint Spanish seaport than in our nasal Yankee midst.

Here, however, they are raised to an exalted position far ahead of their plain usage of the western world. In Vigo they cover the head of every peasant woman and even the infants in arms. What matter if the child lacks shoes. If even a scanty slip is its sole sartorial effect? Always it's head is carefully muffled from any advances of the sun by a bright hued handkerchief carefully knotted under its tender infantile chin.

A Paisley shawl and a pair of elaborate filigree gold earrings are the two other necessary adjuncts of a typical Vigoesque toilette. In the earrings fashion, as well as the handkerchief one, the infants of Vigo invariably share. The toddlers not only have big ears but they are also gold trimmed.

Even pauper women in filthy rags begging by the roadside have ornate with golden baubles flaunted in the face of poverty.

The tatters of these few beggars are the surprisingly few evidences of dirt you detect in this picturesque little fishing village, with its steep, straggling, cobble streets climbing up characteristic Spanish steps to the top of its fortress topped mount it seems almost a pitiless town after the unseparable sights and smells of Bahla.

Its market especially is a feast for the five senses—heavy with the scent of lovely lilies, heliotrope and roses, colorful with their vivid hues and the luscious Spanish melons, oranges and green and purple grapes, musical with the twittering of birds and the hum of soft Latin voices bargaining for the Sunday feast. The lower floor of the market is given over entirely to the many varieties of fish, the catching of which is the chief industry of Vigo. Never have I seen fish so fascinating. The sapphire and river of real Spanish mackerel mingles with the coral of shrimp and the scarlet of boiled lobsters. Flounders, sole and rayfish crowd

During the morning the market is lively with the crowding of chattering housewives, the splendors of their handkerchiefs eclipsed beneath a huge round oster basket which they proceed to fill with their choice of fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables and fruit. Some of the heads vary the baskets with huge metal coffee pots either filled with that scalding beverage or with drinking water which they get at the picturesque fountains in the public squares.

I saw only two private automobiles in Vigo and in lieu of taxis you are jolted in a species of springless two-seated barouches drawn bumping over the cobbles by a pair of scraggy steeds.

You can't be too hypercritical of the means however, no matter how mean, when the end is a panorama of low, whitewashed stucco houses, red-tiled topped, delicious gardens within low white walls roofed with grapevines dropping maroon, purple and green pendants temptingly within reach, a crumbling old fort given over to the browsing goat and sheep, distant purple mountains and the sapphire sea vivacious with the sail of fishing craft, easy launches and the rusty dormant bulls of interned German chips.

And all for the price of sixty cents an hour for a stout quartette. Oh, shades of a busy little taxi on Broadway!

With such material and artistic joy and such prices to boot is it any wonder that I reluctantly let myself be dragged away from Vigo with a shawl, a pair of earrings, a Spanish mackerel, a Spanish melon and regret.

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