

Children Give Her Pennies to Send Her to France



When the children of the art class of Mrs. Julia B. Buxton at Hartford, Conn., learned she wanted to go to France for the Y. M. C. A. they began to collect pennies they saved from candy. In a short while they had \$91, which they gave her to help her on her way.

GOOD REPORTS PLEASE KLAMATH FALLS

There has never been anything with the QUICK results of pure Lavoptik eye wash. One man's eyes were so badly strained he could not read without pain. TWO applications of Lavoptik relieved him. A lady had tried three different glasses for weak, inflamed eyes. ONE Lavoptik wash surprised her. We guarantee a small bottle to benefit EVERY CASE weak, strained or inflamed eyes.—Whitman Drug Co.—Adv.

OWN A HOME

When rents are so high it surely pays to own a low priced home. Here are some real bargains: Three room cottage near S. P. depot for \$750.00 Very easy terms. Four room house and barn on Klamath avenue, close in, for \$1050 on easy terms. Four room house, well furnished, two big lots, chicken house, wood house and other improvements, for \$1250, on easy terms. Four room house in Mills addition large rooms, screened porch, cabinet work, outbuildings, two large lots, for only \$1250. Liberty bonds taken on Mills addition lots for all of purchase price. Very easy terms on other lots. It will cost you nothing to stop in to the car and see this property. CHILCOTE, 633 Main St. 5-4

BUY A THRIFT STAMP TODAY

Advertisement for W.S.S. featuring an illustration of a man and the text 'HELP STOP THIS' and 'BUY W.S.S. & KEEP HIM OUT OF AMERICA'.

Home Boy Tells of Training Camp Life

Ernest Nail Writes Interesting Letter About the Daily Life at the Big Georgia Training Camp Near Augusta. Boosts Y. M. C. A. and Other Things

Camp Hancock, Ga., July 29, 1918. The Evening Herald: I have been asked a number of times in letters from some of my good friends in the old home town whether I would write a letter for publication, and I, being naturally a very modest self-effacing, yes, even bashful young person, always and invariably decline the honor and privilege. But now recently I have been confronted with a threat that unless I do consent to share the front page with the court house and Thad McHattan for just once, some of the stuff I write home in letters not for publication will be given over for your linotype to chew over anyhow, overhauled, and all objections and pleas to the contrary notwithstanding. So now, after due coaxing and threatening, I come forward and make a little bow and shall endeavor to chirp a few little chirps about what I am doing way down here in Dixie among the cotton fields, hook-worms, darkey folks, and Georgia pine trees. Yep, I'm in the army all right, my correct name being Private J. E. Nail, Esq., O. C. N. A., which is quite some name when you come to figure out what all the extra letters mean. Translated into the vernacular it means "Enlisted Ordinance Corps National Army."

I've been at Camp Hancock for the last three months and have been transformed by this smiling southern sun into a human specimen about two shades darker than a Chinaman, and a shade and a half lighter than a Negro. The color matches my olive drab shirt very nicely, in fact if I didn't wear an army shirt, I think that at a hundred yards distant I'd be passed by the board of censorship as being neatly dressed in the correct army costume, if they didn't use a telescope. It really does get pretty warm now and then, I assure you, and put a strong accent on the "warm" for it is almost hot. Every week or so we have a rain, a regular typhoon of a storm with a high wind, a million flashes of green blue lightning, and a regular all round hullabaloo and war dance of the elements. The rain comes along in long splashes, wind-driven, which come so thick and close together one can hardly see. At these times we always execute a disorderly retreat to our tents for shelter. There is one nice thing about these tents—they break up the sheets of water and separate them into a fine spray, which falls equally and without favoritism over and around our persons and belongings, wetting everything equally and impartially. Then the rain ceases and the ground begins to steam and everything is lovely again. The electrical display is wonderful. First will come a big

diffused flash which seems to center nowhere in particular, but which lights up the whole place brighter than day. It no sooner gets dark again than there will come a long tree-like blaze over near the horizon with the trunk part as red as blood and the branches fading out to a reddish lavender. Then, bingo! right in your face comes a dazzling, bluish white flash so close you can hear it sizzle. Oh yes, the thunder god does things up brown here in this part of the world all right, a quite dark, crisp sort of brown, very thoroughly done, indeed. In regard to Camp Hancock, I may say it is located on a series of low sand hills five miles west of Augusta. The location is a very satisfactory one from the sanitary point of view, but when a "rookie" arrives from the green, gramy folks of his home country up in New England, or New York, or most anywhere else, he sort of feels that he has left the United States behind him when he first sets eyes on the rows and rows and rows of brown and gray tents, stretched out over the hot sand with here and there a pine tree to break the monotony. The pines are rather slim and underfed looking and don't cast a great deal of shade. But if the trees are underfed the "rookies" is not, for our mess has been very good, indeed—good, wholesome, tasty food, and abundance of it. And that helps a lot. This is a most wonderful place for watermelons I've ever seen, and the soldiers become experts at gubbling the big juicy slices, too. For both speed and form the Negroes don't have a look-in with us, for a good, thirsty soldier can down two melons to a darkey's one. This is rather a large camp. It will take care of some forty thousand men when the camp is full. It was first occupied about a year ago when the 28th division composed of National guard regiments from Pennsylvania was sent here for training. The hillsides are scarred and crisscrossed with practice trenches and all day long one can hear the rattle and clatter of machine gun fire. Right here and now let me put in the biggest boast I can for the Y. M. C. A. It is the most wonderfully effective agency for the soldiers' comfort, convenience and mental and moral good which is in existence. So I wish to publicly request that this great organization be supported to the very limit by every person who has a spark of patriotism and a nickel in his pocket. Its great and true service can be appreciated only by those whom it serves and the unanimous testimony of the men in uniform proves its magnificent worth. There are six Y. M. C. A. buildings

in this camp, and every one of them is doing a daily land office business in human kindness and faithful service to thousands of fellows who are up against a tough proposition of readjusting their whole manner of existence to comply with the order made necessary by the needs of a great nation at war. Another fine organization is the Community War Service, which operates the Liberty theaters in all the large camps. These theaters run shows every night exclusively for uniformed men, and charge only enough admission to pay expenses. It seems to me that I have said enough now. Perhaps I'll take my pen in hand again some time in the future. I don't know how long I shall be here. Most of the men in my old company have gone over seas already, and I may be sent before long. I am at present assigned to a special training company, a sort of officers' training camp for ordnance men. So now I'll have to make another little bow, blow a kiss to the audience and exit. J. Ernest Nail, Special Training Company, 2nd Regt. Ordnance Training Company, Camp Hancock, Ga.

London "Rehearses" For Hun Air Raids

London, August 5.—"The moth and the flame" is a little game of hide and seek which is played over London at night now and then, the moth being an aviator of the city's defense forces and the flame a searchlight designed to dazzle the German Gothas when they come in droves to bombard the metropolis. These "rehearsals" take place at intervals, the director of searchlights being notified in advance that an allied machine is to ascend, but neither the time nor the locality are given. Then the game of the flame is to find the moth, and keep the rays of the searchlight fastened upon the flying machine. To Londoners, the airplane appears like a great moth, or a white speck

in the sky, and the searchlight's ray reminds one of a great white ribbon extending from the earth to the airplane and beyond. And the moth dives and darts and flutters about and sometimes manages to dodge the flame, but not for long. Down below Londoners are craning their necks and enjoying the game to the fullest extent.

Hot Water for Sick Headaches

Tells why everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it before breakfast.

Headache of any kind is caused by auto-intoxication—which means self-poisoning. Liver and bowel poisons called toxins, sucked into the blood through the lymph ducts, excite the heart which pumps the blood so fast that it congests in the smaller arteries and veins of the head, producing violent, throbbing pain and distress, called headaches. You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish and miserable, your meals sour and almost nauseate you. Then you resort to aspirin, aspirin or the bromides which temporarily relieve but do not rid the blood of these irritating toxins. A glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, drunk before breakfast for awhile, will not only wash these poisons from your system and cure you of headache, but will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary canal. Ask your pharmacist for a quarter pound of limestone phosphate. It is inexpensive, harmless as sugar, and almost tasteless, except for a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant. If you aren't feeling your best, if your tongue is coated or you wake up with bad taste, foul breath or have colds, indigestion, biliousness, constipation or sour, acid stomach, begin the phosphate hot water cure to rid your system of toxins and poisons. Results are quick and it is claimed that those who continue to flush out the stomach, liver and bowels every morning, never have any headache or know a miserable moment.—Adv.

IT PAYS TO INVESTIGATE

Before buying life insurance it will cost you nothing to find out what A Leading American Co. has to offer. See Geo. C. Ulrich, District Manager The Mutual Life of N. Y. 16-1f

RECREATION MAKES FOR WARTIME EFFICIENCY



Play House at Point au Baril, Ont.



Big Hall Cedar in Stanley Park, B.C. On Bon-P-Vandemere Motor Road

Are you registering 100% efficiency? Nothing less should satisfy you. Your nation—yes, the world, expects that of each and every one these days. If you are falling short of what you know you are capable of doing, stop and take stock of yourself. Do you find yourself crowded by the day's duties and too fatigued at evening time to enter enthusiastically into one of the many games that call you? If so, it's time to call a halt, better still, halt where you reach this stage. Get away from your daily routine—the farther away, the better. Get away, if possible, that no one's business attractions can reach you. You will come back re-energized, and with fresh strength to go to work in a manner that will more than make up for your absence. In normal years you have deemed it imperative to take a vacation. How much more necessary is a breathing spell in these days that bear so heavily on the strength of every citizen and especially of men of affairs. Heretofore you have tried to get as far away as your vacation period would allow—often crossing the ocean. That is now out of the question, but our friendly neighbor, Canada, is maintaining all her recreation pleasure resorts, and these are available to Americans because of a wide open border. One of New York's successful doctors attributes his success, in large measure, to the fact that for many years he has vacationed in the wilds of Ontario. Putting away all thought of work, he takes his wife, a canoe, a map, a camera and a frying

To Lift Chinese to Woman's Rights by Movies



Alice Lee, a pretty Chinese girl, with the World Film corporation, has gone into the movies largely because she is a reformer and an educator. She wants to learn every detail of the business so she can put on pictures for a woman's rights propaganda in China.

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