

MAJORITY OF CHICAGO TEAM ARE VETERANS

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—The Chicago White Sox will have a decided edge on the Cincinnati Reds in the world series in the matter of experience, for while every regular on the Sox with the exception of Dick Kerr has been through the fire of a championship series, only three members of the Reds—Danbert, Sallee and Hariden—have faced the strain of battling for the baseball championship of the world.

Manager "Kid" Gleason will send virtually the same line-up against the Reds which brought the world's championship to Chicago in 1917. About the only change will be that Risberg will play short and Weaver third. In 1917, McMullin played the far corner and Weaver short, Risberg being benched for the titular games. About the only other change will be in the pitching staff and here the veteran, Eddie Cicotte, probably will bear the brunt of the work with Claude Williams, also a veteran of the 1917 staff, running second to him. Kerr, the diminutive left-hander, may prove the dark horse pitcher of the series. He has not had a taste of a world series game, but those close to the doings of the combative aggregation expect to see the youngster hold up his end in the big event. To fill in with the pitching, Manager Gleason has Faber, who pitched three of the titular games in 1917, but has not been going so well this season. However, this famous pitcher may prove a surprise to those who have watched his work this season, by going in against the Red aggregation. He has been slow in rounding into shape, but wise ones say that Faber will be in there against the Moran clan.

Manager Pat Moran of the Reds, though he has been through a world series himself, as has Kid Gleason, must rely largely on men who have never faced the test of a short series on which everything depended. Jake Daubert played on the Brooklyn pennant winners in 1916, but the big first baseman's record is not very impressive. In the 1916 series Daubert batted only .300. Sallee and Hariden played with the Giants against the White Sox in 1917. Hariden hit .334 in thirteen games at bat while Sallee in six times up hit .187. With the White Sox regulars, the batting averages were: J. Collins, .286; Liebold, .400; McMullin, .325; E. Collins, .409; Jackson, .284; Felsch, .273; Gandil, .261; Weaver, .333; Cicotte, .143; Risberg, .506; Faber, .143.

The White Sox also boast two players who have been through more than one series. Eddie Collins, generally considered the greatest second baseman in the game, will face the world series hurling for the sixth time when he steps to the plate against Moran's twirlers. Collins was a member of the famous Philadelphia Athletics during four of their pennant-winning seasons and played on the Sox in 1917. Eddie Murphy, Gleason's ace in pinch hitting, will go into his fourth series this fall. Murphy played with the Athletics during two of their championship years and also was with the Sox two years ago when they won the championship. Murphy did not get into the series in 1917 against the Giants. He is not a regular now, but has settled batted between .400 this season as a pinch hitter.

BEELIAN RULERS COMING

SALEM, Sept. 29.—King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium will be in Portland, October 12, instead of October 16, Governor Olcott has announced. The change of program is due to President Wilson's illness, the governor was advised, as the Belgian rulers will start across the continent at once instead of spending several days at the national capital.

JOHNSON WINS

MEXICO CITY, Sept. 29.—Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, scored a knockout in the sixth round in his fight with Kid Cutler here.

In making champagne the grapes are squeezed six times, each pressure making win of a different quality. The long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for six inches at their tips. This is a jealously-guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

WOMEN PREY OF LONELINESS

London Writer Says That Is the Cause of Their Tireless and Ceaseless Toil.

Men are amazingly and amusingly ignorant with respect to the mysterious life led by their mothers, wives, daughters and aunts. For years at a time a man may go on blindly with his work and his play and remain in total ignorance about the activities of these inexplicable beings. He is dimly and dubiously aware that they are not idle. In his paroxysms of intuition he guesses that his comfort and even his happiness in some fashion may depend upon their labors. But the greater part of his existence is passed in a sublime ignoring of all the mysterious activities wrought by women every day of his life.

I have come to the conclusion that women are the loneliest of God's creatures, and that their loneliness is the great first cause of their tireless and ceaseless toil. James Douglas writes in London Opinion. Nearly every woman goes about with a lonely look on her face and the older she grows the lonelier she looks. There are very few lonely men, for men are gregarious. They are also, upon the whole, less imaginative than women. They live more on the surface. They do not possess that quality of power of living a secret inner life of contemplation and broodingly retrospective passion. Men live in and for the hour; women live in and for the past and the future. They are at war with their environment. Like Sarah in "The Doll's House," they are always waiting for the miracle to happen. One seldom sees the print of tragic intensity on a man's face. One seldom sees anything else on a woman's. It is this veiled tumult of the soul that drives women into frantic and feverish labors.

MUCH LIKE LIFE'S PATHWAY

Effective Parable in Edward Everett Hale's Description of Doings of a Picnic Party.

You all go out to a picnic, and meet together in some pleasant place in the woods, and you put down the baskets there, and leave the pail with the ice in the handiest place you can find, and cover it with the blanket. Then you all set out in the great forest. But it is only a few of the party who choose to start hand in hand along a gravel path which leads straight to the well, and probably those few enjoy less and gain less from the day's excursion than any of the rest. The rest break up into indifferent knots, and go some here, some there, as their occasion and their genius call them. Some go after flowers, some after berries, some after butterflies; some knock the rocks to pieces; some climb up to where there is a fine view, some sit down and enjoy the stumps, some go into the water, some make a fire, some find a camp of Indians and learn to make baskets. These all come back to the picnic camp in good order each eager to tell what he has seen and heard, each having satisfied his taste and genius and each and all having made vastly more of their day than if they had held to the gravel path and walked in column to the well and back again.—Edward Everett Hale.

The Greeks.

It is impossible to contemplate the annals of Greek literature and art without being struck with them, as by far the most extraordinary and brilliant phenomena in the history of the human mind. The very language, even in its primitive simplicity, as it came down from the rhapsodists who celebrated the exploits of Hercules and Theseus, was as great a wonder as any it records. All the other tongues that civilized man has spoken are poor and feeble, and barbarous, in comparison with it. Its compass and flexibility, its riches and its powers are altogether unlimited. It not only expresses with precision all that is thought or known at any given period, but it enlarges itself naturally, with the progress of science, and affords, as if without an effort, a new phrase, or a systematic nomenclature whenever one is called for.—Thomas Keightly.

Eats a Thousand Insects a Day.

"A cliff swallow will eat a thousand flies, mosquitoes, wheat midges or beetles that injure fruit trees in a day and therefore is to be encouraged," says the American Forestry association of Washington.

"This bird is also known as the cave swallow, because it plasters its nest on the outside of a barn or other building up under the eaves. Colonies of several thousand will build their nests together on the side of a cliff. These nests shaped like a flattened gourd or water bottle are made of bits of clay rolled into pellets and lined with straw or feathers. This bird winters in the tropics."

African Witch Doctors.

Africa is a sick country—one of the sickest in the world. Malaria, tuberculosis and pneumonia fill the swamps and forests with death. The fear of death is so constant a companion of the black people that they have come to consider their native witch doctor as more important than the ruling foreign government or the chief of their own tribe. But once the white man sets foot on the fever trail the witch doctor might just as well throw away his crazy medicine. In his heart he knows he is a humbug.—Christian Herald.

SIMPLY COULD NOT FORGET

Macaulay's Memory Could Only Be Described as Marvelous—John Bright a Close Second.

Talking of quickness in reported a story of Sydney Smith was cited I had not yet heard. "Do tell me, Mr. Smith," exclaimed a rather gushing young lady, "what is dogmatism?" "My dear young lady," he replied, "dogmatism is only puppyism grown older."

I remember at breakfast one day at my father's, Lord Macaulay began to repeat some trashy old historical ballad, and so went on verse after verse until my father exclaimed, "Why, Macaulay, how can you have committed all that rubbish to memory? What utter waste of time!" "Committed to memory," cried Macaulay, "I only wish I could forget it. I simply glanced over those verses when standing at a bookstall one day." If I remember rightly, he said at the same time that if the first four books of Milton's "Paradise Lost" were destroyed, he could reproduce them word for word.

Mr. Bright and Mr. Longfellow met each other for the first time at our breakfast table and were mightily delighted with each other. Again the conversation turned upon memory, and John Bright asked Mr. Longfellow whether he could identify and claim every line of poetry he had ever written. Mr. Longfellow thought he could not. Then he in turn put the question—would Mr. Bright be able to identify every one of the speeches he had made? "Yes," said Mr. Bright, "not every passage, perhaps, taken by itself, but given a certain amount of the context I undoubtedly could."—From "The Notebook of a Splinter Lady."

LITTLE CHANGED BY TIME

Dwellers in Mountains of Tyrol Live in Much the Same Way as Did Their Ancestors.

The mountains of Tyrol shelter one of the few remaining unspoiled peasant people of Europe—a people that wears a native costume, remembers its folk legends and follows customs centuries old.

The mountain Tyrolese are robust, hard-working folk. Life in the mountains demands work from every member of the household from daybreak until after dark. Then, on winter nights, the Tyrolese peasants play.

Dancing is a favorite amusement after the day's work, and this is all the more surprising because the dances of Tyrol are more strenuous than those of Russia or Poland. To swing your partner up to the ceiling, and to fall down and spring up again without using the hands for support are among the "steps" of a good dancer's repertoire.

While the dancing couple excitedly swing and spin, the others sing and play the zither, the favorite Tyrolese musical instrument. Original songs are in high favor, and also the old folk songs of princess and peasants, shepherdesses and huntsmen. The peasants sing lustily and well. Only a realization of tomorrow's work puts an end to the affair, and sends guests trooping home still whistling or humming the last song.

A Stranger in the Woods.

Years ago, when quite a youth, I was rambling in the woods one Sunday with my brothers, gathering black birch, wintergreens, etc., when, as we reclined upon the ground, gazing vaguely up into the trees, I caught sight of a bird that paused a moment on a branch above me, the like of which I had never before seen or heard of. It was probably the blue yellow-backed warbler, as I have since found this to be a common bird in those woods; but to my young fancy it seemed like some fairy bird, so curiously marked was it, and so new and unexpected. It seemed like an integral part of the green beech woods. I saw it a moment as the flickering leaves parted, noted the white spot in its wing, and it was gone. How the thought of it clung to me afterward! It was a revelation. It was the first intimation I had had that the woods we knew so well held birds that we knew not at all.—John Burroughs.

Two Hundred Years Ago.

"And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women; for I cannot think that God Almighty made them . . . with so glorious creatures . . . with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves." This advanced doctrine, which in its climax sounds somewhat as if it were uttered in a present day convention, was written, as is noted in a recent book on English literature, some two hundred years ago, by Daniel Defoe.—Outlook.

Coconut Palm the Tropical Cow.

Copra consists of the dried meats of coconuts. It contains from 50 to 63 per cent of oil. In India, Cochinchina, the South Sea Islands and elsewhere the oil has been used as food since the dawn of history, for the fats contained in it are singularly like the milk fats of mammals in most respects. It is already in wide use in this country as "nut margarine," which is coconut oil into which some butter has been melted and the whole churned with skim milk—that is, milk with the fats removed—and worked as ordinary butter.



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LIVE IN STRANGE ABODES

Danes and Hollanders Would Seem to Take Big Chances in the North Sea.

The world's strangest dwelling places are to be found in the North sea, not far from Helgoland.

Centuries ago there was a large and prosperous island province, called Nordstrand, off the coast of Schleswig-Holstein. Storm and earthquake destroyed it one Sunday night, and nearly 8,000 people were drowned.

In course of time, however, high mounds emerged from the waters, and ultimately venturesome Hollanders built their cottages on the summits of these mounds. By snaring fowl and wild duck, collecting eggs, oysters, and seals, they managed to eke out a living.

The sea-girt mounds are known as "halligen." Except on Oland, the largest, there are no trees or fuel, except that obtained from submerged beds of peat, and no fresh water except rain-water collected in butts.

Nevertheless, adventurous Danes and Hollanders, attracted by the thousands of wild fowl and fish, continue to live on the "halligen," in spite of the fact that four months in the year the coarse grass pastures, on which cattle just manage to live, lie under water. Sometimes all is swept away.

Storied Old City.

Danzig is one of the most strongly fortified cities in the world, and has been so through its history. It was a free city through centuries for the same reason that most free cities of the marauding ages were free—because its people had seized upon the naturally powerful defensive topography of the country surrounding, and made its defenses almost impregnable. It was too tough a nut for the kings of the middle ages to crack with their armies, so they graciously allowed it to be free. Under the former German emperor, its militaristic aspect was even more accentuated than it was in the days when it was one of the "Big Four" of the Hanseatic league. With Königsberg, Thorn and Posen, it formed a mighty chain of fortresses.

First "Dust" Explosion.

Until the summer of 1878 such a thing as a "dust explosion" was unknown. No doubt many such explosions had occurred, but they were of small account and no investigation followed to disclose the true nature of the case.

In that summer the Washburn flouring mills at Minneapolis, then the largest in the world, exploded with terrific violence.

Several massive buildings, with granite walls two feet thick and of particularly strong mill construction, were demolished as if by an immense charge of dynamite.

The flame of the first explosion was communicated to two other mills, which were destroyed in the conflagration which followed.

The Japanese never sleep with their heads to the north, but their dead are buried in that position.

RAILROAD MAN GAINS 19 POUNDS

ENGLIMANN WAS IN FAIRING HEALTH FOR A YEAR—IS WELL AND STRONG NOW.

"Yes, sir, I certainly can recommend Tanlac, for it set me right several months ago and I've enjoyed the best of health ever since," said Dominick Englemann, a car repairer for the Salt Lake Railroad, living at 3815 South Woodlawn Street, Los Angeles, Cal., in a statement at the Owl Drug store, recently.

"About a year ago," he continued, "I began suffering from indigestion and going down hill rapidly. I could not eat anything but what would bloat me all up with gas and there was the worst kind of a pain in my stomach all the time. I finally got to where about all I dared to eat was malted milk and crackers and even this caused me pain. I was badly constipated, lost weight all the time and got so weak that I could hardly keep up with my work.

"You may know there was some-

thing radically wrong with me when I tell you I had dropped down in weight from one hundred and fifty-eight pounds to one hundred and thirty-nine. I just tried everything I could hear of but got no relief until one day I read a Tanlac testimonial that described my case to a T. So I at once got a bottle of this medicine and the third day there was a remarkable change in my feelings. Then, of course, I kept on taking it and after using five bottles I had picked up nineteen pounds and balanced the scales at my old weight, one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. That was four months ago and I have never had the least trouble with my stomach. In fact, I never have an ache or a pain of any kind and am feeling as strong and well as I ever did. I believe Tanlac is the best medicine ever sold in a drug store for any sort of stomach trouble."

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