

Upholds Garfield's Policy



Hon. Joseph Sherman Frelinghuysen.

As chairman of the coal investigation committee of the United States Senate, Senator Frelinghuysen, Republican, of New Jersey, has announced his intention of supporting the plan of Dr. Harry S. Garfield, former national fuel administrator, of allowing the coal miners an increase of 14 per cent without additional cost to the public in the price of coal. The senator believes that the failure of the president to uphold Dr. Garfield, who resigned, will result in increased cost to coal consumers unless public opinion is aroused in support of the Garfield plan.

D'ANNUNZIO IS DREAMER SAYS NEWSPAPERMAN

ROME, January 15.—Foreigners who visit Fiume and enjoy the hospitality of Gabrielle d'Annunzio, the "poet-warrior," who rules there, are by no means agreed as to whether his adventure in Fiume should be supported.

Two American women who recently returned from that city are enthusiastic about the poet. One of them said that he seemed to her only the "embodiment of a spiritual movement," and that "his enthusiasm carries one away from all thought of him other than as the herald of his great idea. He seems to be a voice from another world."

A hard-headed American journalist said on returning to Rome: "It is all bunk. Its the worst pipe dream I ever ran into. Some dreamers and idealists may sympathize with d'Annunzio's adventure; but I cannot see anything but harm in it for Italy. It is a blow to the discipline of the army and navy and a menace to the Italian government. At first it was rather amusing, but one gets tired of farce."

Apparently there is a wide divergence of views among Italians as among foreigners as to the value of the d'Annunzio expedition. Many Italians who are enthusiastic about it at first have chilled on second thought. This especially is true among members of the conservative parties who attribute the great gains of the Socialists in the recent general elections to the extreme nationalist movement as typified by d'Annunzio.

Try 'em. Herald Want Ads.

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AT THE THEATERS

That delightful original piece, "My Honolulu Girl," with its Hawaiian setting, its beautiful costumes, its remarkable scenic effects, its native dancers, singers and instrumentalists and its hosts of pretty girls, comes to the Houston Opera House, Sunday, January 18, and Manager Houston firmly believes the house record for attendance will be broken.

"My Honolulu Girl," with its company of thirty-five artists is this season's big musical success. It is a melange of smart dancing, weird, haunting, Hawaiian melodies, clean comedy, and pretty girls. It has frequently been called a "singy-song show in a class by itself."

The Hawaiian atmosphere which pervades the entire show; the real live natives playing ukeleles and steel strung guitars, the dances of the flower blessed islands and the scenes from the land of enchantment, all serve to place "My Honolulu Girl" in the front rank of musical comedy successes. Norman Friedenwald who produced "My Honolulu Girl," believes it is the best piece of stage craft he has conceived.

In "When Fate Decides," a William Fox production, announced to run at the Liberty Theatre tonight, the famous star, Madeline Travers, is said to do the best work of her career. Reports from towns where the play has been presented indicate that it is exceptionally strong in dramatic interest and also that the gowns worn by Miss Travers continue to prove she is "the best dressed woman of the screen." Apparently these gowns alone will make a visit to the Liberty Theatre worth while for many a woman; yet they are merely incidental to the star's emotional ability as an actress.

He travelled the hill country gunless.

He suffered his cattle—those few he possessed—to be stolen, his sweetheart to be wooed.

Cheyenne Harry endured these things—and many more—without recourse to the West's method of retaliation and protection—the six-shooter.

Why?

Why didn't Cheyenne, who was known thruout the ranch country as equal to a dozen professional badmen, use the weapon that had made him feared and respected among men?

Why bow beneath insult and worse when all that he needed was but to show the world that Cheyenne Harry had lost neither the quick wrist nor the lightning eye of the expert shot?

But there was a reason. A reason why Cheyenne Harry would never more "pull a gun" in any cause whatsoever.

The reason?

The reason and the inevitable "extenuating circumstance" that made of Cheyenne once again a "man among men" are contained in the story of "Bare Fists," showing at the Liberty Theatre Friday.

It tells, too, how at last, provoked beyond endurance, he found a way to fight as man to man, to win again the respect he had lost.

See this human story. You will put it away among your lasting memories of the theatre.

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HER FIRST MOVIE IS DAD'S FAMOUS STORY



Her daddy a great novelist and dramatist, her mother a famous actress, this little miss, Hope Davis, will see her first movie and footlight entertainment on her sixth birthday. She is the daughter of the late Richard Harding Davis; her mother being Boscoe McCoy on the stage. Neither of Hope's parents believed in the movie for kiddies. She will see "Soldiers of Fortune," her father's last and greatest picture.

BIG MEN AT POKER TABLE

Correspondent of Saturday Evening Post Writes of Games in Which Statesmen Figured.

Mr. Cleveland was fond—not overfond—of cards. He liked to play the noble game at, say, a dollar limit—even once and a while for a little more—but not much more. And, as Dr. Norvin Green was wont to observe of Commodore Vanderbilt, "He held them exceeding close to his bosom."

Mr. Whitney, secretary of the navy in his first administration, equally rich and hospitable, had often "the road gang," as a certain group, mainly senators, was called, to dine, with the inevitable after-dinner solace or sennce. I was, when in Washington, invited to these parties. At one of them I chanced to sit between the president and Senator Don Cameron. Mr. Carlisle, at the time speaker of the house—who handled his cards like a child and, as we all knew, couldn't play a little—was seated on the opposite side of the table.

After a while Mr. Cameron and I began bulling the game—I recall that the limit was \$5—that is, raising and back-raising each other, and whoever else happened to be in, without much or any regard to the cards we held.

It chanced on a deal that I picked up a pat flush; Mr. Cleveland a pat full. The Pennsylvania senator and I went to the extreme, the president, of course, willing enough for us to play his hand for him. But the speaker of the house persistently stayed with us and kept on.

We could not drive him out.

When it came to a draw Senator Cameron drew one card. Mr. Cleveland and I stood pat. But Mr. Carlisle drew four cards. At length, after much banter and betting, it reached a showdown and, mirabile dictu, the speaker held four kings!

"Take the money, Carlisle; take the money," exclaimed the president. "If ever I am president again you shall be secretary of the treasury. But don't you make that four-card draw too often."

He was president again, and Mr. Carlisle was secretary of the treasury.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Art of Reading.

The printing press has helped liberalize and free the people from tyranny. Books and magazines and newspapers have done much to disseminate knowledge and bring information into the homes of the people. They have promoted the art of reading and stimulated the desire to read more.

At the same time the very multitude of books and periodicals has cultivated a desultory method of reading, a desire to skim over everything and digest little or nothing. Classic writings, the great books of history, biography and fiction have in a measure gone out of fashion. "Solid reading," as it is called, is not often indulged in, and the names of great writers, whose productions will live always, are unfamiliar to many of the present generation.

The excuse is that we live in a very rapid age, and there is no time to read heavy literature. The reason is that most persons have lost their taste for history, for biography, for good reading. They have partaken of the froth for so long they have lost the taste for the substantial.—New York Herald.

Dundee Honors Beatty.

The Lockit Book of the burgesses of the city and royal burgh of Dundee, Scotland, was opened the other day, and to the names of high distinction already inscribed therein the name of Earl Beatty was added, "in recognition of his great services to the empire and in testimony of the high esteem entertained by the citizens of Dundee for his distinguished achievements in the service of the state." Dundee received the distinguished Admiral and Countess Beatty with all the exuberant enthusiasm of a city on the borders of the North sea, which was the theater of operations, as it was the battle ground of the great fleet. Earl Beatty spoke of the rapidity and efficiency with which the ship-repairing resources of Scotland had been converted to the services of the fleet, and paid a tribute to the bravery of Scottish fishermen when acting as minesweepers.

Music to Quell Mob.

There is an authentic story of a dangerous sedition in Lacedemonia having been quelled by music; and Boetius tells us of bands of rioters being dispersed on more than one occasion by the playing of the musician Damon when the troops and civic authorities had proven powerless.

Imagine today in case of a mob outbreak sending for a cellist or jazz outfit instead of calling out the national guard; placing a battery of trombones at strategic points instead of a battery of machine guns. Yet, after all, it might not be such a bad idea.—Chicago American.

Seems Like Extravagance.

Mrs. Styles—Is that a new silk hat you've got, Nicholas?
Mr. Styles—Yes, my dear.
"How much did it cost?"
"Why, it was eight dollars, dear."
"What! Eight dollars, and not a bird or a ribbon or a feather on it?"

The Reason.

"You don't seem inclined to embark on the sea of life in a matrimonial craft."
"Not I; it is too much of a revenue cutter."

NOT VASTLY RICH

Ancient Men of Wealth Just Comfortably Off.

Compared With the Stupendous Fortunes of Today Those Old Fellows Would Have Been Considered Merely as "Pikers."

For a long time the names of Croesus, Crassus and Monte Cristo were used in comparison to express great wealth. The two first historical figures represented riches in Greece and Rome and the fictitious figure of the latter did the same for recent times. How rich Croesus was there is no way of judging. The value of the treasure which he displayed to Solon cannot be estimated. A saying ascribed to Crassus gives at least some idea of what he considered affluence. He declared that no one could be considered rich who could not maintain an army. This, of course, would be a great undertaking even at that period, though an army then was not in size anything like an army of today, nor was the equipment or sustenance nearly as costly. At Pharsall, Caesar had 22,000 legionaries, 1,000 cavalry; Pompey 45,000 legionaries, 7,000 cavalry. Also history records that at the time of his election to the consulate with Pompey he feasted the Roman populace at 10,000 tables and gave each family corn for three months.

The question which came up, however, was in regard to the financial resources of Monte Cristo. Nowhere in the novel are figures given from which a complete answer can be derived. The prices which the count paid for his possessions and for producing his spectacular effects are frequently mentioned, but not so often that the sum total can be known. However in the very last chapter, just before Monte Cristo disappears in the East, a hint is dropped as to the wealth which Dumas had in mind as originally belonging to the count and what accordingly he believed constituted almost fabulous riches at that time. In almost his very last words in the book, Monte Cristo says: "You do not know all the joy which life affords with a great fortune. I possess nearly 100,000,000." By this, of course, he would mean francs and therefore at the end of his career of reward and vengeance the count had \$20,000,000. When Monte Cristo arrived in Paris he had his first interview with the banker, Danglars, which threw the latter into such consternation that the count had an unlimited credit. He declares definitely that he will need for the year during which he expects to remain in France 6,000,000 francs, perhaps more, though he says that he scarcely thinks that he will exceed that amount. The interest on 100,000,000 francs would have been about 6,000,000 so that really Monte Cristo appears to have been living nearly within his income. There is little or nothing to indicate that he considered or rather that Dumas considered that his famous character had in any degree impaired his fortune. Therefore, the inference is that the figures set by Dumas in his mind as the wealth of Monte Cristo at the beginning cannot have been very much more comparatively than \$20,000,000. That, of course, is a goodly fortune even in these days, but nothing very remarkable and certainly not fabulous. Of course, the purchasing power of money was considerably greater in Dumas' lifetime and his hero might be supposed to do much more with his riches.

New York's Beginnings.

The first street railway in the world was the New York and Harlem road, built on the Bowery in New York city and opened for travel from Prince street to the present site of Union square, in November, 1822. Two horse-drawn vehicles fashioned somewhat like a stage coach of the period were run over the line on the day of the opening, carrying as passengers Mayor Walter Bowne, the city councilmen and other invited guests. The affair attracted many spectators and convinced the most skeptical that the new horse cars were certain to be a great convenience. The road was extended to Murray Hill in 1838 and reached the Harlem river in 1839. Fares were paid in silver sixpences of the old Spanish currency then in circulation, and one of the road's original features still in existence is the old Park avenue tunnel under Murray Hill. Horse cars were discontinued in New York city on July 26, 1917, when a few officials of the New York Railway company and the public service commission boarded an old car of the Bleeker street line, and took turns in driving the antiquated vehicle on its final trip.

Baby "Unalept."

Billy was left alone with the baby, who was asleep, while mother went to the store. When she returned she found Billy trying to pacify the baby by getting him every plaything in sight and drumming a tin pan.

"What are you doing, Billy?" she cried. "No wonder baby is crying! Why didn't you keep still and let him sleep?"

"I did," replied Billy in an injured tone. "But, mother, he unslept the minute you left the house."

Safety and Sanity.

"Anyhow," said the optimist, "we have made the Fourth of July safe and sane."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "but there are 304 other days in the year still to be looked after."

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