

KLAMATH REPUBLICAN

W. O. SMITH, Editor.

LEADING NEWSPAPER OF INTERIOR OREGON

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

All communications submitted for publication in the columns of this paper will be inserted only over the name of the writer. No non de plume articles will be published.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

The following realty transfers, contracts, deeds, mortgages, etc., recently filed with the county clerk, are furnished by the City and County Abstract company:

United States to Hunter E. Crane, patent, W 1/2 SW 1/4, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 32-37-13.

United States to David H. Curl, patent, NE 1/4, Sec. 10-24-11.

United States to Walter S. Hyde, patent, NE 1/4, Sec. 18-25-10.

Caroline Liske to Chas. Liske, warranty deed, \$10, NE 1/4, Sec. 25-38-10.

E. L. and E. H. Moore to United States, warranty deed, \$40, right of way over lots 15, 17 and 18, Sec. 3-40-11.

H. H. Roberts to United States, warranty deed, \$55, right of way over E 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 33-39-11 1/2.

United States to Benj. F. Bridges, patent, NE 1/4, Sec. 13-24-8.

United States to Wm. Marks, patent, NE 1/4 SE 1/4, E 1/2 NE 1/4, Sec. 14; NW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 13-24-9.

The Klamath Development company to C. S. Montellus, warranty deed, \$70, lot 1, block 56, Second Hot Springs addition.

Mary A. Willin to Archie C. Henline, warranty deed, \$10, lot 10, block 28, First addition.

Archie C. Henline to Guy E. Gano, warranty deed, \$10, lot 10, block 38, First addition.

Guy E. Gano to Oscar O. Bunch, warranty deed, \$10, lot 10, block 38, First addition.

REBEL SOLDIERS

ARE DISARMED

EL JASO, Texas, July 8.—One thousand rebel soldiers have been disarmed in Jaurez because of drunken riots. The rebels are angry at their failure to get their pay, and hundreds have deserted and went to the American side. The main body of federals are resting at Chihuahua.

Under General Huerta, two brigades of federal cavalry are rushing northward in an attempt to engage the forces of General Orozco.

On his retreat Orozco destroyed all the bridges.

THREE BREAK A

WORLD'S RECORD

STOCKHOLM, July 8.—The 800-meter race was won by James E. Meredith of Mercerburg (Penn.) academy, with Mel Shepard of the Irish-American Athletic Club second, and Ira N. Davenport of the Chicago Athletic Club third.

Time—One minute 51 9-10 seconds.

The men finished one stride apart, all three breaking the world's record.

COMPANY OPENS THURSDAY

FOR FOUR-NIGHT STAND

Manager Houston of the opera house has booked Leota Howard and her company for four nights, beginning Thursday evening. Leota Howard has appeared in Klamath Falls before, and is well known here. Joe Thompson, who is remembered as one of the popular members of the Margaret Isles company, is also in the cast. The Lakeview and Alturas papers speak highly of the show.

GRAND LODGE OF

ELKS IS OPENED

PORTLAND, July 8.—The forty-sixth annual Grand Lodge reunion of the Elks opened today, to end at midnight Saturday.

The day was spent in sight-seeing, and the formal opening will occur tonight. The city is magnificently decorated.

The election of officers will be held tomorrow. Thomas B. Hills of Superior, Wis., is the only candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler.

Rochester, N. Y., and Cincinnati

are formidable contenders for the 1913 convention. Rochester has a slight lead.

LOG ROLLING TO

BE BIG EVENT

The committee which was appointed by the local Woodmen of the World lodge are busy perfecting their plans for the big "Log Rolling," which is to be held here September 26, 27 and 28, during the fall agricultural fair, which they have been assured by the association will be held during that week.

C. T. Oliver is chairman of the committee, and J. W. Ross, secretary. Mr. Oliver stated today that a plan had been arranged to enable the committee to raise about \$1,500, which will be sufficient to pull off the show. It will not be necessary to receive subscriptions from the business men and citizens, as is usual, and it is not the intention of the W. O. W. to make any charge, as everything will be free.

The W. O. W. has some of the best drill teams in the United States, and there are several hundred teams throughout California and on the coast. It is expected to bring about 5,000 people here from outside points for the "Log Rolling." Liberal prizes are to be given for the best drill team, and to create an interest among the business men a \$50 prize will be awarded to the best decorated building in the city.

The doings of the Woodmen will be held during the forenoon and evening, so as to permit everyone to attend the county fair. In the forenoon of the first day there is to be a magnificent parade, which will outdistance anything ever given in the city. Each evening fancy drills will be put on in the contest for the prize for the best team. These drills will take place on the pavement on Main street.

RESULT DEPENDS WHETHER

STEAM ROLLER IS USED

CHICAGO, July 9.—The board of National Education directors are to decide the progressive-conservative fight by the decision whether 500 members who joined the association last month may vote.

The nomination for offices will be made tomorrow.

Fairchild and Miss Strachan are the progressive candidates for the presidency and the conservative candidates are not named as yet.

If the new members are allowed to vote it is believed the progressives will elect their nominees and oust Secretary Shepard.

HILLIS CHOSEN

FOR CHAIRMAN

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9.—Charles Dewey Hillis, private secretary to President Taft, was chosen by the national committee as national chairman, and will manage Taft's re-election campaign.

James B. Reynolds, former assistant secretary of the treasury, was selected for secretary of the national committee.

The sub-committee adjourned to meet at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, July 19th.

At this meeting the sub-committee will choose a national treasurer and a committee of five to assist Hillis at the national headquarters will also be selected.

NOTED FRENCH AVIATOR

STRIKES HILL IN OFG

ST. CYR, France., July 9.—Bedel, one of the most noted French aviators, collided with a hill in a fog while flying eighty miles an hour in a monoplane, and was killed today.

A bunch of fourteen head of heavy work horses was received here from San Francisco Monday. This morning they were sent to a logging camp on Pelican Bay.

Mix Ing=Up

By Joe Bush

Commercial Agent Bailey of the Southern Pacific is watching carefully the reports from Sweden, where the Olympic games are being conducted. He has established a low mark from the freight shed to the passenger depot, and wants to see what the other long distance runners are doing.

Anyway, the mayor should have ample police protection on his way home these nights. He speaks right out in meetin'.

It has got so that a person hesitates to contradict anyone not personally known to him. There are said to be four genuine prizefighters in town.

Although it was never intended to involve this column in any sort of a political controversy, and, in spite of the fact that the distinct instructions of the writer are to refrain from engaging in any sort of political discussion, it has become necessary to answer some of the letters which have reached this desk. These communications have come from people of all shades of political belief. They demand answers; therefore, two of the most important queries are hereby solved:

The election will occur during the forthcoming November.

Whoever is elected president will take office the following March.

He will live in the White House while on Uncle Sam's payroll.

The man who figures out the round trip excursions of Halley's comet has nothing on the man who can go to sleep in the downtown district while the moving picture alleged musical brigade is working.

Yes, Clarissa, it was very warm last night. But you might have been worse off. You might have been in Yuma, Arizona, or in the county jail, where 'tis reported, federal offenders are vying with each other for breathing space.

"Ugh!"

The speaker was a great, big man. He had long hair and wore a suit of clothes all ragged around the edges. He also had feathers on his head, leather things on his feet instead of shoes, and his face was all streaked up with red, white and blue. A little girl stood looking up at him.

"Do you like this town?" asked the maiden.

"Ugh!" answered the Big Chief, for it was the big one.

"What do you mean?" persisted the little girl.

"I mean, my dear," responded the chieftain, "that I have come here from the south, two days in march, and by the railroad 86 miles, and the big 'Ugh!' I have been grunting indicates that Klamath Falls is all right, and I wish I lived here."

This is conclusive proof that the local Redmen know how to entertain their visiting brethren.

And Teddy, and Taffy and Wilson were forgotten yesterday. But it was glorious to be a Redman.

There was but a single mystery in the parade. A couple of ladies drove along in a well decorated turnout. There was not a sign to be seen. Everyone knew that this was intended to typify the beauty of Eastern Oregon. No guessing about this. Then there was a dray loaded down with a piano. Everyone knew that some enterprising piano salesman had taken advantage of this opportunity to advertise his wares. But there was a mystery.

A wagon loaded with beer kegs, or kegs of beer; which was it? A lot of dry people did not know; otherwise that wagon might have been turned out of the regular line of march.

And then came the ball game. There were those who proclaimed victory for individual clubs even before the first inning had been concluded. But there was one man from Keno. I know this, because of what he said:

"This isn't fair. Two men throwing balls is against all rules of the game."

The writer was not certain, so he inquired:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"If there ain't two men in the pitcher's box out there I never saw a ball game," was the reply.

The writer arrived at the conclusion that the speaker had never before seen a ball game, and also that the town of Keno was numbered among those in which it is against the law to dispense strong alcoholic stimulants. Otherwise, ye wise men, explain the two pitchers and the two balls.

And to show that we are all human and that it is not only on the Nation's birthday that we are prone to look upon the wine when it is red, or beer, let us remember the story of the grand old father who attempted to start his son on the path of rectitude and sobriety.

"Now, my son," said the Grand Old Man, "I want you to profit by my experience. I have made it a rule that whenever I see double it is time for me to go to bed. For instance, my boy, you see those two handsome women approaching us from the elevator? If it seemed to me that there were four women, I would be sure that my bedtime had arrived."

"But, father," the anxious youth spoke up, "there is but one woman coming this way from the elevator."

All of which goes to show that everybody had a good time yesterday.

Also, who did not envy that youth who played the star part in the parade of buttoning up the shoes of that charming young lady?

The Haymakers' band got mixed up in the repertoire of pieces selected for the parade because one of the members insisted on playing through his nose. The rest of the bunch couldn't tell whether it was "Dixie" or "Marching Through Georgia" that was intended. Anyway, the Haymakers' got by.

Among those present and who walked in the big parade was the tuba player. Whenever there was a rest this same tuba player sat on his horn. The clarinet player tried to do the same, but he did not sit real comfortable.

Although a man and woman who have been sojourning in this city for

the past week are convinced that they are the victims of a conspiracy, local real estate men are inclined to the opinion that they are the ones who are entitled to public sympathy. But here's the story.

Immediately upon their arrival in the city this man and woman made the rounds of local real estate offices, and announced that they were in the field for real estate investments. With fat commissions in sight, real estate dealers vied with each other in taking this interesting couple on trips through the country. Enough gasoline was used to float a small battleship, but it was noted that while very much interested and pleased with what they saw, this couple did not make any definite conclusion regarding investments.

Last night the couple wended their way toward the fireworks entertainment. For the first time since their arrival in the city they were unaccompanied by realty dealers, so it became necessary for them to dig down in their own pockets for the fee required for seats in the grand stand.

After patiently waiting until about 10 o'clock and seeing no signs of the forthcoming performance, the couple decided to go to their apartments.

"Stung," gasped the man, as he helped his companion across a street.

"Stung!" snapped the woman.

"Ha, ha!" smiled a local real estate man who overheard.

At least one Klamath Falls "dawg" was booted around last night, and it was all because of the delay in starting the fireworks entertainment.

Along about 10 o'clock last night a woman was seen making her exit from the grandstand erected to enable those who cared to pay 25 cents to witness the pyrotechnical display in comfort.

"And to think I lost all of this good sleep for nothing," she sputtered.

Then the "dawg" came along.

"And there's 25 cents gone to waste," she continued.

Then there was a yowl. The woman had planted one of her dainty shoes effectively on a tender spot on that canine, smiled sweetly, and seemed to have forgotten all about the vanished two bits.

"This could never have happened in Chicago."

"In Podunk, Mo., such an accident would have been impossible."

These were a few of the comments made by spectators on Main street

INVITES PEOPLE TO COME TO LAKE

CRONEMILLER SAYS KLAMATH FALLS SHOULD SEND LARGE DELEGATION TO DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE MEETING

Fred P. Cronemiller, register of the land office at Lakeview and owner of the Lake County Examiner, was in the city Sunday on his return from a visit to his old home at Fort Klamath. He left on Monday for Portland to attend the Elks Grand Lodge.

Mr. Cronemiller expressed the hope that Klamath Falls would send a large delegation to Lakeview to attend the meeting of the Central Oregon Development League, which meets in August, as he believes it would be to the interest of both communities if an effort was made to secure a more friendly feeling and co-operation between the people of Lakeview and Klamath Falls.

"While we may not be growing as fast as Klamath Falls," said Mr. Cronemiller, "Lakeview is showing a very prosperous condition, and is having some first class buildings erected. One of the new ones will cost \$100,000, and is built of steel and brick."

Friday afternoon when two heavy wagons became entangled while attempting to pass in front of a building in course of construction between Fifth and Sixth streets.

An inconsiderate chauffeur had left his machine standing next the sidewalk in the narrow portion of the street and made it difficult for teams to pass along.

While, no doubt, it is true that in older cities street rules would forbid such a congestion of traffic, it is a fact that only in this section, where "skinners" are expert, a runaway would have been prevented. A youth, driving a spirited team of grays, so skillfully handled the reins that only a broken tongue gave evidence of the accident.

Redmen will now get back into the harness.

Only belated pedestrians were in a position to enjoy the fireworks last night.

Weed baseball players will now be permitted to be a little "chesty."

The Elks now take the center of the stage. Watch the news from Portland.

Been Here Twenty Years; Visits City For First Time

Not quite 66 years of age, sound in mind and limb, and a good housekeeper, Valentine McClellan is in the city from Butte Valley, where he has lived the life of a recluse for more than twenty-two years. Except for an occasional trip to Dorris and years ago a trip once a year to Yreka and Montague, Mr. McClellan has had no opportunity to acquire some of the habits of which women are so prone to complain in their husbands.

But Mr. McClellan declares that he is not in the matrimonial market. He said this after a tour of the ice cream parlors of the city. He admitted that some of the young ladies he encountered during his trip were fascinating, but declared that he did not believe it advisable to try a new stunt.

Mr. McClellan is a native of Indiana, but came to the Pacific coast years ago. A little over twenty-two years ago he settled in Butte Valley, where he now owns 350 acres of land. On the trip to the city Mr. McClellan rode in the Otto automobile from the Ruby postoffice to Dorris, so that when he arrived here he did not shy at the innumerable machines seen on the streets here daily.

"By the time I wash my dishes and do my chores I have very little time



left," said Mr. McClellan, in telling of his life on his farm.

"I did take a Sunday San Francisco paper for a time, but it was too big. By the time I had about half read one paper, another would come, so I ordered my paper stopped."

One of his purposes in coming here was to dispose of some of the money he has accumulated during his years of solitary living. In one bank here he left a couple of thousand dollars, to be loaned out at 4 per cent interest.

"I've been carrying around this

money too long," explained Mr. McClellan.

There was a time when Mr. McClellan was an agnostic. In his daily communion with Nature he failed to see the hand of the Creator. It was at that time that he wrote some poetry, two verses of which he freely quoted:

"If we live again, I do not know; None but men have told me so. So far as Nature has told me We die the same as beast or tree.

"Tis true there may be a great God. A mystery great as plant or clod; But when I think the matter o'er I wonder who was God before?"

Recently, however, Mr. McClellan has arrived at the conclusion that there is a divinity, and he sees evidence in his daily life of the truth of the Scriptures.

"I could have been married a number of times; that is, I have had opportunities in number to have been married," said Mr. McClellan, "but I always side-stepped."

"I'm a pretty good cook; can run my house to suit myself; and so what's the use of getting married?"

Mr. McClellan is not a heavyweight physically. He would probably tip the beam at 125 pounds, and is about five feet four inches tall. He is an entertaining conversationalist, and this in spite of the fact that, although he lives on an air line about twenty miles from this city, this is his first trip here, or to any other city of any size in twenty-two years.

Don't send your money out of the County and State

Send us your mail orders--Read our proposition. We will prepay postage and stage charges on mail orders, and send Goods subject to your approval, and if not satisfactory return them at our expense--Also we will meet any and all legitimate competition on standard merchandise.

A trial order will convince you that it always pays to trade at home.

K. K. K. STORE, Leading Clothiers

Klamath Falls, Oregon