

Returns From Merrill. — E. M. Bubb, who has had charge of the First National Bank of Merrill, during the absence of Cashier Merrill on a vacation, has returned to Klamath Falls.

Goes Huckleberrying. — F. W. Riggs, manager of the W. O. Smith Printing company, and family have gone to the Lake of the Woods to spend a week or so camping and gathering huckleberries.



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If you would make your home a real home have a Behning piano or player piano in it. Other makes at less price, also organs.
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Do you know you can farm with a good harness for less cost per year than you can with a cheap one, to say nothing of the satisfaction that goes with having your team properly fitted and dressed in a good looking harness?

To do this you must use the proper judgment in the purchase of your harness. Be sure you buy the kind that is made TO WEAR and not the kind that is made to sell. A man with a good team can make no better investment than to put some money in a good team harness. You can buy a good harness of my make from \$35 to \$60. Every strap guaranteed right, or I make them right.

Stop and figure a little: Your shoe bill is from \$8 to \$15 a year; if your harness cost you \$50 it will last you ten to twenty years; from \$8 to \$15 a year, your shoe bill will be from \$80 to \$150 in that time. So, you see, harness does not figure up so bad after all.

Your attention is always attracted to a team dressed in a good harness, and on investigation you found that you had just as good a team of they were only as well dressed. The man who owned them got credit for having the best team and you got credit for being a very unappreciative, don't care kind of a fellow for owning a good team and not thinking enough of them or yourself to dress them right.

Come in and take a look at the way I make harness, and I can convince you that they are made to wear and look well.

To be sure, buy at

Bradley Harness Company

Complete Horse Outfitters

SAXTON DECLARES HE IS INNOCENT

GIVES ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF IN INTERESTING INTERVIEW

Claims That He Was 700 Miles From Tule Lake Country When Alleged Forgery Was Committed, and Says That He Was Never Married, and Never Traveled With a Woman as His Wife.

Eugene Saxton, the man arrested and brought here from Idaho by Fred Morley, and who is now in the county jail charged with forgery, asserts that he is absolutely innocent, and says that he has nothing to hide from anyone. He courts the fullest investigation of all his movements during the past, and offers to furnish the names of people and places he has stopped at during the past two years, and he wants these people communicated with to verify any statement he makes.

Mr. Saxton is a very small man, about 44 years of age. He claims that he has never been married, as has been stated. He shows great familiarity with diseases of horses, and claims to be an expert horseman and traveling barber. The following statement of his side of the story was written for The Herald by Mr. Saxton:

"Please believe me when I say that before my case is ended here, many of you shall say: Eugene Saxton was more sinned against than sinning. I stand today both ready and willing to go on trial before all the people of Klamath county, and I can look the whole world in the face and say, I was never at any time guilty of this awful crime of forgery.

"I arrived at Mineral, Idaho, the very first part of August, this year. My cousin told me the sheriff of Weiser had been at his house looking for me. I was indeed very much surprised to hear that news. I did right then and there set down and write to Wm. Walker, the sheriff of Weiser. I said to him: 'Mr. Sheriff, if I am wanted, will you please come to Mineral at once, or send any one and get me. I am entirely innocent of any crime, and I will wait here six days for you to come and get me.'

"I thought in case he did not get the first letter, it would only be fair to write again. So I did write another letter to the sheriff. I wrote saying that if I am wanted by your office, will you please come here to Mineral at once. I am waiting for you here.

"The next morning Wm. Walker, the sheriff, and Mr. Pence, a deputy sheriff, and a splendid fine fellow he is, too, came and took me to Weiser to the jail. I remained at that time five days in jail in care of the sheriff. On Sunday Mr. Walker let me out of his jail, saying: 'Saxton, I never did believe you guilty.'

"I left Weiser on Sunday afternoon. I have been told since that Mr. Fred Morley called on Mr. Walker that afternoon and asked for me. The sheriff told Mr. Morley he had turned me loose at noon that very day. At about 9 o'clock on Monday morning I arrived back once again at Mineral. I paid my own expenses all the way back. I wrote a long letter to Mr. Walker, saying that if the officer from Klamath Falls should call for me at your office please say to him I am once again back at Mineral, and if that gentleman should care to see me please tell him to call on me here.

After I went back to Mineral I waited three days, then Mr. Spangler and Mr. Pence, two deputy sheriffs, called for me at Mineral. They took me back the second time to Weiser. I got to jail that time about 4 o'clock p. m. At 3 o'clock the next morning Mr. Spangler awoke me, and all alone he took me through a long dark corridor without any kind of iron on me. The train going to Portland was late, and about 5 o'clock a. m. Mr. Spangler did take me into the train and did then and there deliver me up to the care of Mr. Fred Morley. Mr. Morley did then and there place two iron bands around my ankles and bring me to Klamath Falls.

"After I arrived in this jail I wrote a letter to Mr. J. W. Siemens, the banker. I told the gentleman I was indeed very sorry to know that some rascal has got me mixed up in this tangled mystery. I told Mr. Siemens the same words I now tell you: 'I am absolutely not guilty.'

"I am absolutely innocent, and I was 700 miles away from Tule Lake at the time this forgery was alleged to have been committed in February 6, 1913.

"Your papers give me the credit of being a married man, and have said I and my wife did live for a time near Tule Lake. I here tell you I was born July 25, 1869. I am 44 years of age, and never in my life time have I been a married man. Never in my life time have I ever traveled even one day with any woman as my wife.

"God knows I am sinned against. Should I lay on my dying bed this very minute, I would still say to all



(Written for the United Press)

Like a queen of the night.
Or a Turkish delight,
Clarissa is looking, with all
Her veils and her beads
And her spangles and gauze
And her tulle buffant for the fall.
It sounds like a lot,
But it really is not,
For Clarissa would have a close call
If a spangle were lost,
Or a ribbon uncrossed,
She'd be looking like Eve 'fore the fall

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—These are the days when a great deal is coming off in the name of Fashion. Just a little bit taken from what you've got, leaves just a little bit less. Over in Gay Paree at the Grand Prix the mannikins parading in the latest creations were racier than the races. Many appeared in lace gowns draped over delicately tinted silk tights, and the downfall of the petticoat was supreme.

This seems a bit extreme, especially with the cool days of autumn so imminent, but after all, you will still have your pride to keep you warm. There is a perfect passion for transparent materials, and some of the resulting gowns are so sheer that they are simply sheer audacity. Verily, if Salome and her seven veils should walk up Fifth avenue today, the 1913 beauty would gaze at her askance, murmuring, "What an overdressed frump. Why the other six?"

Even as the gowns have shed linings and petticoats, so have the hats cast off their crowns. A ruffle of pleated maline or a band of wired

tulle passes muster for a hat nowadays, and the whole top of your pate is left exposed to the elements.
The Oriental trend is again to the fore. Much gold and silver trimmings are used on street costumes, and beads and spangles galore. There is a new wired tunic that flares out prettily just below the hip line for all the world like a lampshade or a hoop skirt nipped in the bud. It is the Parisian version of a Persian fashion. Tunics less buffant, however, will be more popular for common or street car wear, as one can scarcely picture a wired tunic in its pristine glory emerging from a subway crush.

Along with the many other fads and fancies adapted from the Far East, the harem veil for motoring has the distinguishing mark of being really sensible. The veil is worn draped full and falling from just below your goggled eyes. It protects the throat and nose admirably from the dust of motor travel, and at the same time swatches you in all the mysterious glamor and charm of an odalisque or houri.

With the zest for turkey trots and tangoes still unabated, the young girl's idle fancy lightly turns to dancing frocks—likewise the thoughts of her sisters, her cousins and her aunts. Chiffon net is the groundwork for all the fragile confections, and with the sleeveless bodices, cut low, tight ankle length skirts, slit to the knee, it is plain to be seen that not much material is needed for their construction. So little is there of them, in fact, that there is scarcely room for trimming. Sprays and garlands of tiny flowers or a quaintly draped sash

is just about all that they will stand. One charming model of Nile green chiffon is frosted with trimming of silver embroidered lace. The ankle length skirt draped up on the right side is bordered with a cascade of lace, while the corsage and one sleeve is of the silvered lace entirely. The other shoulder is veiled with a drape of the green tulle, and caught at the waist with a cluster of green and silver grapes. The skirt drapery is caught near the knee with a similar cluster of grapes.

A craze for handpainted fabrics is noticeable among the tango toilettes. A white net painted with lilacs is lovely over a pale blue satin slip. A giraffe of pale blue and lilac colored chiffon with long sash ends fastens on the left hip.

A fruity frock is handpainted with bunches of cherries on white chiffon over satin, and the black velvet girdle has sash ends that are fastened to the draped up opening of the skirt with a knot of artificial cherries. Dancing in this frock, you are apt to resemble a cherry bounce.

A lovely lemon colored crepe has the entire corsage (what there is left of it) of jet bead lattice work. A chou of black tulle marks the meeting of the draped crepe skirt and the jetted bodice at the middle of the waist line in front. Its long ends weighted with jet tassels, fall to the slit up hem. Of course, the jet lattice of the bodice is laid over flesh colored chiffon, but as there is no suspicion of a sleeve and the décolleté is most décolleté, indeed, this gown looks like a case of "on with the dance, and off with everything else."

SAW NOTHING AS GOOD AS KLAMATH

LOCAL GARAGE MAN SAYS MERRILL VALLEY LOOKS BETTER TO HIM THAN ANYTHING BETWEEN HERE AND FRISCO

"There's nothing between here and San Francisco to compare with Klamath Valley," said W. T. Lee of the Central Garage, who with P. M. Reidy and Chas. Horton, arrived Saturday from San Francisco in Mr. Horton's New Overland car.

"We came through the much-talked-of Sacramento Valley, the Salona Gardens and the agricultural section of Yolo county, but nowhere did we see anything that looked as good as the valley between here and Merrill," and Lee meant every word he said.

Mr. Lee made the trip to get a car for Mr. Horton, and to arrange for the 1914 automobile business, which, according to his opinion, will be the biggest in Klamath history.

men on earth, and to God and the Angels of heaven, I am dying absolutely an innocent man.

I am a rover on account of ill health, and have seen much of our beautiful country, and in all of my wanderings I have lived an honest life. I have traveled on foot in June, this year, by Tule Lake, and stopped only one night in each farm house. I am a small 110-pound barber, and an expert horseman. I will be remembered only as the little barber at the lake, and right here let me tell you. I never did live at Tule Lake in my life only as I traveled through, working on the road as a barber. Dear readers, do not condemn this lonely wanderer until you have learned more of the facts.

"There is hope in yon hill tops,
And love in yon light,
I let hate and dependency
Die with the night.

"I am all alone in a strange city, but I know that the good readers of this paper will see to it that Eugene Saxton shall have a fair, square, honest trial. That, my friends, is all I ask of you. Please do not condemn me until you know the facts of the case. I have nothing to hide from you. I want to see the guilty party caught.

"I do not believe that Mr. Siemens or anyone of the Bankers' Association would care to see an innocent man railroaded anywhere. I say once again I am:

"'Absolutely Not Guilty!'
"I am absolutely innocent of this crime.

"I want everyone in your county to study the facts in this case. Very respectfully yours,

"EUGENE SAXTON,
"The traveling barber and expert horseman."



Master Freddie Goeller was host to a number of young friends at the West Main street home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Goeller, Tuesday afternoon, when there were present Margaret Cummings, Dorothy Dunham, Tom Dunham, Edna Dunbar, Ethel Carlson, Innis Roberts, Ballard Stahlman and Waive Withrow. The kiddies spent a wildly delightful afternoon at the pretty Goeller home, playing games on the lawn, and their entertainment included the enjoyment of ice cream, cake and other dainties.

Mrs. Charles Martin was hostess Thursday afternoon to Mrs. Fred H. Mills, Mrs. E. B. Henry, Mrs. William Lee, Mrs. A. D. Miller, Mrs. William H. Mason, Mrs. George Baldwin, Miss Maud Baldwin, Mrs. R. M. Richardson, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. L. M. Bradford, Mrs. Earl Whitlock, Mrs. Lyle O. Mills, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. E. B. Hall. Auction bridge was enjoyed during the afternoon, and the first honors went to Mrs. Fred Mills. During the afternoon a delightful collation was served by the hostess.

Friday Charles Maguire, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Maguire, was 8 years old. In honor of the occasion his mother made a birthday cake, with eight candles, and eight children

ENGLISH WOMAN TALKS FOR TURKS AND HAREMS

United Press Service

LONDON, Aug. 18.—That polygamy is really a commendable institution for Turkey, and that it might even be adopted with profit in England, was the rather startling declaration today of Miss Grace Ellison, well-known English writer, who has just returned from a protracted visit in and about Constantinople.

"It is far better," she said today, "to have four women supported and protected than to have one well cared for and three sent out to struggle and starve under present conditions. I believe in one of two courses. Either put us in harems or give us freedom and equality with men. England condemns polygamy without stopping to consider its advantages to womanhood, while on the other hand she turns women adrift in the world and closes to them all the professions and trades she can.

"In other words, the Englishman won't support more than one female,

gathered to eat it and the other component parts of a juvenile feast, there being present Grace and Jack Elliott, Ernest and Louise Cofer, Charles B. James, Richard and Charles C. Maguire. The youngsters enjoyed a romp of several hours.

Mrs. Frederick H. Mills was hostess to the Bridge Club on Saturday, when the guests were: Mrs. Don Zumwalt, Mrs. Edward Murray, Mrs. Wesley Smith, Mrs. Robert Richardson, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Robert A. Johnson, Mrs. Fred English and Mrs. George Noland.

Mrs. F. Zim Baldwin entertained informally Friday evening three tables at 500. First prize for high score was awarded to Mrs. W. O. Smith, and dainty refreshments were served to the following guests: Mrs. H. G. Benson, Mrs. A. R. Campbell, Mrs. Thos. Hampton, Mrs. Pat, Mrs. A. G. Lewis, Mrs. R. M. Richardson, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. D. J. Zumwalt, Mrs. W. O. Smith, Mrs. C. I. Robertson, Mrs. Chas. Martin and Miss Maud Nail.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Stone and the latter's mother, Mrs. Skelton, will leave Monday for Portland to take up their residence. As soon as the family is settled in their new home Mr. Stone will return to Klamath Falls, and will be here off and on during the greater part of the year, looking after his business. The Stones have a host of warm friends who deeply regret seeing them leave Klamath Falls.

and he won't help others to support themselves. Only today I met a woman of 55, the old maid daughter of a country parson, a semi-invalid, unfitted for work. She hadn't a single soul in the world who was disposed to support or even materially aid her.

"Such a thing could not happen in Turkey, which we think so benighted. A man supports all female relatives, if necessary, as well as his wives.

"I visited a number of harems in Turkey, and I see no reason to pity the women there. They are intelligent and well educated, and very fond of each other.

"No woman in Turkey is driven to the streets for lack of food and shelter. If she leads an irregular life she does it of her own free will. Society does not have her on its conscience."

Gone to Berkeley.—Bob Sloan left Thursday evening for Berkeley, where he goes to accept a position with the Berkeley Light company.