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Booth's Visit Recalls Cockfight

Senatorial Candidate and Judge Benson Laugh Over Early '80's in Douglas County

Had Ople Read written only "The Jucklins," he would still have taken a place among the foremost writers of stories of American home life, for it is the universal opinion that there



Robert A. Booth

is more human interest shown in this homely tale than in any other product of Read's gifted pen.

And what character makes this book such a favorite? Needless to say that it is "Lemuel Jucklin," a devout Christian—but an ardent lover of game cocks.

"I believe the Good Book from kiver to kiver," he would say, but after seeking solace in the Scriptures, he would have to watch a battle between "Sam" and "Bob" before peace of mind fully returned.

Now, all this is passed out to show that devotees of the old Spanish sport are not necessarily un-Godly,

but that it can effect the most exemplary, as well as the street gamin—just like baseball and other sports.

The visit of Robert A. Booth, candidate for United States senator, is enjoyed by no person in Klamath Falls as much as by Judge Henry L. Benson—who may also be a republican candidate if the ballots are recounted in time. The two were youths together. They planned business deals on each other's advice; they instilled into each other an ambition for the service of the state—and they pitted game cocks against each other.

It was along in the early '80's that Benson was principal of the Normal school at Drain. At the same time Booth was postmaster, express agent and merchant at Yoncalla. Incidentally, he operated a sawmill in the Douglas town. Booth and Benson were very close friends, even in that early day, and when Benson was presented with a game cock by a friend in California, he had to impart the glad tidings to Booth—who proceeded to instruct an express messenger to get him the best game cock he could.

After the preliminaries had been arranged Benson, one evening, put his feathered scrapper in a sack, and took the train for Yoncalla. He was met with open arms by Booth, who hustled him to the Booth home for dinner. That dinner may not have taken up much more than the usual amount of time, but to the two game cock owners, it seemed that aeons had elapsed from the time they sat down until they had an opportunity to slip away from the table and into the woodshed during the chance absence of Mrs. Booth from the room.

Once they gained the woodshed, however, the two were all exuberant again, and just as quick as they could

light a couple of candles and get the birds started, the two gleefully watched what promised to be one of the hardest scraps ever fought between two male specimens of the gallus bankiva. The word "promised" is used advisedly, though, for Mrs.



Henry L. Benson

Booth, noting the absence of the men from the dining room, also went to the woodshed, and discerned two wildly excited young men and two highly enraged game cocks hopping about the room in the feeble glow of the candle light.

It was at this point that Mrs. Booth "intervened," and her views on cock-fighting, as she pronounced them, were so bitter that the embryo jurist hesitated about remaining all night. He was finally persuaded to do so, however, and Benson and Booth, on

their way to the train the following morning, made arrangements to finish the fight at Drain.

The fight at Drain was staged in a barn, with plenty of daylight, and it was fast enough for the most fastidious. Once during the fight Benson's entry, evidently knocked silly, flew from the scene of the fray to a raft in the barn. At this juncture Booth's rooster commenced a lusty crow of victory.

This evidently brought the Benson rooster back to its senses, for it swooped down, and picking the Yoncalla pride on the head, killed it instantly. That ended the series for all time.

Such victors in some classes are awarded all sorts of honor, but it was a different fate that met Benson's game cock. After Benson came to Klamath Falls the game cock endeared itself to Rev. John Hunsaker, an early day minister here, and father of Bob Hunsaker. Hunsaker took the game bird to his home—and then the slaughter commenced. The game cock proceeded to kill every other rooster on the place, aggravating Mrs. Hunsaker to such a point that she beheaded the warrior, and promised to disown any relative of hers who would dare cast a vote for Benson at any election.

GRAIN AND HAY ARE BEING CUT

MT. LAKE FARMERS REPORT A GOOD CROP—LECTURE SUNDAY NIGHT—OTHER NEWS NOTES OF THE THRIVING COMMUNITY

(Herald Special Service)

MT. LAKE, Aug. 20.—Most of the ranchers are busy either cutting their grain or hay. The crops are good this year. The June frost did little damage in some sections.

The evening service at the Mt. Lake church next Sunday will be in the nature of a lecture by Mr. Avery. It will be illustrated by stereopticon views. There will be special music.

Mrs. Lewis and daughter, Irene, are recovering from their injuries received in a recent runaway in Klamath Falls.

Mr. West received a registered pig he sent away for. This is the second one he has purchased, and he is gaining quite a reputation for his thoroughbred stock.

SAYS WAR IS CHANCE FOR COUNTY

(Continued from Page 1)

oats, wheat, potatoes, etc., will at the same time be building up a demand for Klamath products that will endure after the European imbroglio is at an end.

The Enterprise company has large holdings here, and Mr. Eberlein visits here frequently.

"The people here talk of dull times, but they are better off than any California town," he continued. "There are fewer vacant buildings here, in proportion, than there are in San Francisco."

"There may not be as many people

War Is Cutting Into the Gate Receipts of Major Leagues

Managers, Though Loath to Admit It, Say That Blame Is Partly the Neglect on the Part of the Newspapers These Days

By HAL SHERIDAN
(Written for the United Press)

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Baseball magnates, Fed., major and minor, are beginning to wear a very worried look these days. They all share General Sherman's opinion of war. They are wondering where they are going to get off if this big European scrap de luxe lasts much longer.

Reluctant as they are to admit that anything at all will hurt the great and grand American game of baseball, they will tell you, when closely pressed, that the war across the pond isn't doing them a bit of good. That some concession, from a B. B. owner, take it from us.

This has been a mighty tough year on ye national pastime, anyway. The great strength shown by the Feds on their second year out, combined with a lot of bickering and quarreling between players and owners, has given baseball a terrific wallop. The turnstiles have not been clicking so merrily as in years gone by.

Old General Public seems to be getting weary of the once great sport, believing that like everything else, it is getting commercialized.

Now, with this war thing coming down on the top of all their other troubles, the aforementioned magnates are passing many a sleepless night. They fear that if the war draws out very long it will cause a

financial stringency, and they know that when money gets scarce they will be among the first to suffer.

Common sense—some baseball powers still show signs of having that article—tells them that fans, and even thirty-third degree "bugs," will stay away from the ball orchards when the 50 cents and six bits that they hand in there will be needed to keep the family larder supplied. Baseball isn't a necessity—except to the athletes who derive their living therefrom.

Where baseball will get walloped the hardest will be in the world's "serious" (apologies to you-know-me-AI). This annual battle in the fall between the two pennant winners in the major leagues, as we all know, has been a veritable golden harvest for the club owners and players.

The newspapers the country over have obligingly boosted along the cause of the game by playing this world's "serious" stuff all over the front pages. This year, with Europe involved in the greatest war the world has ever known, it isn't hard to imagine what will be done to baseball.

It is possible there will be sporting pages left in some newspapers by the time the world's series is started. We doubt it.

War news by that time will have engulfed every newspaper in the country, front page and all. In that

event you'll probably have to look at what used to be the market page to see a little item, with a one-line head, reading about as follows:

"Giants Lose Again"
"After winning the pennant in the National League for the fourth consecutive time, the Giants lost the world's championship to the Athletics of Philadelphia."

Ye gods and little fishes! Can't imagine the situation when the above comes to pass? But come to pass it may, and probably will, unless someone—Baron Rothchild or Andy Carnegie—calls this European battle royal to a halt. Here's why in a nutshell:

This bloody mess across the pond is putting all newspapers and press associations to an enormous expense. Cablegrams come high, especially in war times; extra editions are put out at a big time, more men in all departments are required, and business is bad, cutting down on the advertising.

Naturally a lot of money isn't going to be spent "covering" some such mere thing as a world's series. And if the newspapers don't give the world series its usual amount of space, that will be another blow at the attendance at the parks.

All in all, it looks as if General War is going to hand General Baseball an awful wallop, right in the mush!

here as there were two or three years ago, but the people who have departed are of the type who had every boom town—speculators, who have no intention of settling down. The legislation extension bill passed to enable the Klamath farmer to improve his ranch, purchase stock, machinery, etc., and the European war to furnish a market for all products, the future of Klamath county is indeed rosy."

ded maledictions, this was the nation wide acclaim today to Mr. Hay Fever. He arrived, officially, today to open the hay fever season of 1914.

Not until frost will the old annual "pest" according to popular and material medica belief.

Physicians say today is actually the dawn of the season of hay fever, marked by hegrins to seashore and mountains.

KERCHIEFS OUT; CRYSTAL FREED BY THE JURORS

SUMMER PERSECUTION OF THOUSANDS PUTS IN AN APPEARANCE TODAY—STAYS ON THE JOB UNTIL FROSTED OUT

United Press Service
WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 20.—"Ker-choo!" "Ker-choo-oo!" Followed by sniffing and sniffles, stentorian blowing of nose and sub-

stantly, this was the nation wide acclaim today to Mr. Hay Fever. He arrived, officially, today to open the hay fever season of 1914.

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Left Lassen Just in Time.

Rev. R. H. Sink, pastor of the Congregational church at Stockton, Calif., and Grand Prelate of the Knights Templar in that state, tells an interesting story of a trip to Mount Lassen last week. The party climbed the volcano, and took some pictures close to the crater. They had just reached the place where their horses were tied when the volcano erupted, enveloping where they had stood in smoke and flame. With his wife and Mrs. Emma Strait and daughter, Rev. Sink is touring this section. The party starts home in their auto tomorrow.

After a deliberation of about forty minutes, the jury in the Crystal case Wednesday evening returned a verdict, finding the defendant, Al Crystal, not guilty. Crystal was accused

by Thomas Love of withholding \$1,000 belonging to him.

The testimony of the defense went to show that Love loaned the money to Crystal. W. H. A. Renner and Joseph S. Kent were attorneys for the defense.

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