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# In Addition to Other Things, War Is a Great Class Leveler

War Correspondent, Who Since Writing the Following Has Been Named as Only American Correspondent to Go to the Front, Tells of the French Home Life

By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMS  
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

LANGWY, October 29.—(By mail to New York)—War, Death's twin brother, is a great leveler of classes. In this part of France, where the war has actually passed, master and man, mistress and maid, mingle as one family.

"I am writing this in the only tavern in the place which remains open. I had dinner with the proprietor, his wife, son, hostler, chambermaid and cook, and a good time was had by all." Everybody laughed and cracked jokes at the expense of the Prussians, and by the light of candles studied maps showing the positions of the fighting armies.

I had a hard time finding a place to eat and spend the night. As it was cold and raining, sleeping out of doors did not appeal. The Hotel of the Golden Nail (Augeur du Clou d'Or) took me in.

"Come right in, Angleesh," called out the smiling proprietor. "We have just returned from Vichy today, and the hotel isn't running, but any Englishman is welcome to what we have."

I explained that I was an American.

"Oh, American and English—they are all the same in France," he returned. "You've got a fine hospital down in Paris. My oldest son, wounded at the battle of the Marne, is getting well there now."

We shook hands. The proprietor—whom everybody addressed at "patron"—called his "patronne," wife, and we shook hands. Daughter, married but three months ago, stepped

up and shook hands. Son shook my hand, the hired man shook my hand, and the chambermaid and madam's maid shook my hand. Then they all smiled hospitably and bade me welcome. And the nice part of it was the genuineness of the whole proceeding.

It was a fine dinner. Just back from up-country where eating was poor, it was a feast for me. We all sat down together at the same table, and there was no table cloth the linen had all been hidden from the Germans, and there had not been time to uncover it. The maid here opinions of "sales bouches" ("dirty mouths"—slang for Prussians), and the hired man went her one better.

When we reached the ham and eggs three more refugees came in, a man, his wife and little girl, the latter just able to walk and talk. They were given an all around welcome, after which they tackled the soup in a way which showed determination to catch up with us before we got to the strawberry preserves.

"Does 'oo like the Germans?" the little girl's mother asked, showing off the lot.

"Cochine!" (Pigs! Pigs!) the little one responded, just as other little children say "nasty! nasty!" And everybody laughed, to the fond mother's satisfaction.

"That was a good joke they played on those three German officers up the river, wasn't it?" the hired man exclaimed.

"What was it?" "Why, hadn't you heard?" the chambermaid exclaimed, eager to be in the telling of the story. "Why, three German officers, in a big auto-

mobile, dashed up in front of Mme. Durand's house and asked the road to Logny. 'It's that way,' replied Mme. Durand, pointing down the road which led to Marne. The big auto whirled and—off the end of the stone bridge into the river. The bridge had just been blown up.

"And the three officers were drowned—killed," the landlord's daughter added.

"Served 'em right!" said everybody. The door creaked and the landlord's son's fox terrier came in from the stable and started to brush himself off along the skirts and trousers under the table.

"Prussians! Prussians!" hissed the boy, quite as an American boy says "rats! rats!" and the fox terrier scampered about the room, poking his nose into dark corners and whining.

I was shown to my room by the landlord, candle in hand. And here I am, writing by that same candle, quilts wrapped about me—for it is cold and damp here, and there is no fire. There are thousands and tens of thousands of households in France just like that down stairs. Tonight they all had dinner, and talked and joked and laughed and grieved a little, perhaps, in just the same way.

France is not taking the war too seriously. She is not brooding all the time. From what I have seen she appears to be facing things with a stout heart, and what griefs she has she hides, just as the landlord's daughter hides hers.

Good night! (Business of blowing out candle.)

## SOME MINOR WAR NEWS FROM EUROPE

LITTLE STORIES FROM THE FRONT THAT ARE COMING IN THROUGH THE CAPITALS OF THE NATIONS NOW FIGHTING EACH OTHER—SOME ARE TRIVIAL, BUT ALL ARE INTERESTING AT THIS TIME.

United Press Service

Paris—A French priest who lied to save four English soldiers who got lost from their troop is being hailed as a hero in a little village in Eastern France.

The four "Tommys" reached the village late in the afternoon. The priest, realizing what it would mean to him if the Germans found him harboring them, took the soldiers in and fed them and provided them with a place to sleep.

Not long after a band of Uhlans rode into town. Assembling the townspeople the officer in charge demanded that they tell where the Englishmen were, as they had seen them enter the town. The townspeople all knew where the four soldiers were, but they looked toward their priest.

In a loud voice, so that all the townspeople would be certain to hear him, the priest disclaimed any knowledge of the English soldiers.

"They must have gone toward Paris," he said, and the Uhlans rode away.

Amsterdam—A letter received here by a resident from a friend near the border tells some interesting facts of the invasion of Belgium, and is now in the hands of the German press.

"I have seen a letter from a very high German official, who has been at the front since the beginning of the war in which he says 'the war is not going as we expected. The resistance of the allied forces is extraordinary and we are beginning to feel very nervous as to the result.

"Our (German) losses are terrible, so terrible that the emperor has forbidden their disclosures. Our generals have been wantonly wasteful with our men, who have been mowed down in thousands.

"While it is impossible to say exactly what our losses are, I should estimate them between 350,000 and 400,000. If it continues at this rate much longer we shall be quite unable to meet Russia with any hope of success."

Meet After Eighteen Years.

Fred Reed left Wednesday for Junction City, Calif., after visiting his sisters, Mrs. A. L. Leavitt and Miss Rose Reed, here a few days. Mr. Reed and Mrs. Leavitt met at Redding recently for the first time in eighteen years.

United Press Service

CINCINNATI, Nov. 12.—"There is nothing about afternoon calls in the Scriptures," said Rev. Frederick Taylor of Indianapolis, in an address to an assembly of ministers here today. "I go down to see the business men in their places of business."

Speaking against the practice of ministers calling on church women while their husbands are at work, Rev. Taylor declared that it "made more trouble for the church than it does good."

"I wish I could find the man who started this thing," said Taylor. "You can't land the men in a net of that sort. You must use a hook and line, and when you have landed one you know you have done something."

## Scattered Shots

SOMETHING IS always coming up in the British navy. The other day it was the removal of the sea lord, and today it's another German submarine.

SOME PRONOUNCE it Yser, but it leaves us none the wiser, for as you may well guess sir, we call that stream the Yser. But be that as it may sir, though some pronounce it Yser, we cannot see, by Caesar, how they could call it the Yser.

AND NOW one of the disappointed offers the suggestion that the breweries, when they close, be fitted up as glass factories. He thinks there ought to be big business making eyes for blind pigs.

BUT FOR REAL satisfaction, a cottage on earth has it over a castle in the air.

## A LITTLE SPORTING GOSSIP

By Hal Sheridan

United Press Service

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—If President Gilmore of the Feds is running true to form, the baseball meeting now in progress at Omaha is not worrying him. The minor league magnates are trying to console each other over the disastrous year which they just closed, and also searching for subtle words that will generally ease to the big league bosses the question of what they are going to do about it.

Gilmore has said that among the few things that he does not want are the minor leagues scattered hither and yon about the country. Why build up a baseball system and have to pay for players through draft or purchase when Organized Ball will keep up the system which may be raided without spending a cent? is the way Gilmore figures.

If Gilmore doesn't want minors in his organization, however, and Organized Ball sacrifices them in the continued fight on the Feds, it will be a serious blow to the game. Long have the big league magnates patted the little fellows on the shoulder and told them how they were the "backbone of the game." Right now, however, the heaviest blows are falling on the minors, and if these "backbones" are to be permitted to be broken, it will shut off the supply of players for the major leagues, and there will be a scarcity of material developed in the bushes from year to year.

The minors do not expect to make a great deal of money at their gates, but they do expect to realize on the sale of stars they develop. If Gilmore is able to step in and grab these stars by giving them more money than they could get from organized ball, it is good night, minor leagues. And the Feds can afford to do this. They can simply apply to the man's salary an amount similar to that a club of organized ball would have to put up for his purchase, and not be spending any more for the player than some major league team would be putting up.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—It certainly is interesting to observe that just when you think you know all about something you find you are all wrong, or have been fighting in a circle that brought you nowhere.

Thousands of burning words have

## Hotel Arrivals

White Pelican

F. F. Burke, Des Moines; E. B. Leavitt, T. K. Statler, R. B. Stout, G. B. Harlan, W. O. Harlan, San Francisco; R. W. Cuvelier, G. V. Gillette, A. J. Baker, city.

Hotel Hall

F. W. Ross, A. F. Hunt, J. A. Ladera, Clara Moore, Ellen Moore, M. C. Moore, D. B. Fuller, J. M. Charles, Portland; Mrs. Agnes Fisher, Joplin, Mo.; Mrs. A. W. Cunningham, Chiloquin; Mrs. J. H. Bonham, Miss Ethel Emery, Silver Lake; F. W. Bold, Dr. J. L. Harris, W. W. Wood and wife, Bonanza; Chas. Horton, Hildebrand; G. C. Birtchell and wife, Albany; L. G. Thomas, Reno; Buster Brown, St. Louis; W. Sullivan, San Francisco; H. P. Chapman, Worden; Ed Hopkins, Dorris; E. S. Terwilliger, Jack Harman, Merrill; D. W. Ryan and wife, Fort Klamath; George Swanston, Sacramento.

An excursion celebrated the opening of the Willamette Pacific today.

been written of the superiority of the West over the East in the matter of the open game in football. The East has stuck to the old line smashing and end circling attack. The Western air has been pierced and shattered by pigskins hurled straight and true by the young hunkies of the schools in that section. It was a bad state. The East was hide-bound. The coaches over here wouldn't accept a fine new method of hiking the ball along toward the goal line when they saw it. The biggest yelp followed the visit of Notre Dame to West Point last year, when the Indiana boys forward passed the Army to death. But look what happens now.

Notre Dame grabs a rattler and journeys to New Haven this year, and Yale licks 'em. Michigan visits Harvard, and the Crimson comes out on the long end of a 7-to-0 score. The Eastern teams were picked to win, but where they were expected to be shown up by the new dazzling game of passing, Michigan, for one, didn't hardly threaten to essay any dazzling long shots. The Maize and Blue out-Easted the East in old fashioned football and attacks on the line. It was a narrow squeak for Harvard. They all say that if Quarter Back Hughtitt hadn't got his signals mixed, if someone hadn't forged his middle name, or something of that sort, Michigan would have scored two touchdowns when the ball was right up to Harvard's goal line a couple of times. Who won or lost doesn't cut any great figure in the long run, but what about all this open chatter? You can search us.

If some sort of society for the prevention of cruelty to the Boston Braves isn't organized soon even the Cincinnati Reds may beat them out in the pennant race next year. The Braves are being welcomed home and loving cupped to death. They must have an awful lot of homes, or each brave is returning in sections.

Banquets and loving cups are still thrown around in careless fashion wherever a Brave happens to be a part of the recognized population.



## Judged by a Piano

Did you ever notice that upon entering a house almost the first thing you notice is the presence or absence of a piano?

You instinctively judge the taste and refinement of the family accordingly.

How is your home thus classified by your friends?

If you have no instrument any of our pianos would easily give the desired refinement to that home, and our terms can be met by almost anyone.

Convince yourself by dropping in some afternoon or evening to see what we have.

Shepherd Piano Depot  
Next Door to Postoffice

## CONSTRUCTION CHARGES ARE DUE DECEMBER 1ST

The following letter and telegram received by Project Manager J. G. Camp from Comptroller Ryan of the reclamation service, show the necessity for the water users' act once signing up the acceptances under the new law.

According to these letters, the payments under the new law must be made by December 1, or penalty must be collected.

Provision is also made that delinquent operation and maintenance charges, except those for the season of 1914, can be made a part of the unpaid construction charges, and paid in that way under the twenty year bill.

"I wish to again urge all settlers to not delay in signing up the acceptance of the new law. Don't put it off. Nothing else can be as important as this matter."

Following is the telegram: "Secretary Lane has authorized the

commission to announce that all unpaid operation and maintenance charges due prior to December 1st, 1914, may be added to and made a part of that portion of the construction charges remaining unpaid on that date as the basis for the assessment of the 2 per cent initial installment and the nineteen additional installments provided for by the terms of the reclamation extension act. This does not apply to operation and maintenance charges for the irrigation season of 1914."

The letter follows: "Subject—Bills for Collection of Water Right Charges, Klamath Project:

"1—You are instructed to immediately render bills for the construction charges due May 1, 1914, in accordance with existing public notices. Each of these bills should bear a statement which may be put on by rubber stamp: 'If acceptance of the reclamation extension act is filed as provided by law, payment may be made on the basis of 2 per cent on

the amount of the construction charge remaining unpaid on December 1, 1914, to-wit: \$.....' This stamp is being ordered, and will be sent you immediately.

"2—Upon the presentation of an acceptance of the terms of that act, requiring payment of any penalties which may have accrued. You will notice that under the terms of Section 3 of the extension act the first 1 per cent penalty is added, if payment is not made when due, that is, it should be added on December 2. Subsequent 1 per cent penalties will be added on the first day of each month.

"3—For the purpose of illustration the account of H. L. Boggs, Serial No. 74, is used. Mr. Boggs has 36 acres of irrigable land at the construction charge of \$30 per acre, making a total construction charge of \$1,080. He has paid five installments, the first being \$108, the second \$108, the third \$108, the fourth \$108, the fifth \$108, a total of \$540. The balance remaining unpaid December 1 will, therefore, be \$540. The amount

of the unpaid balance, plus 2 per cent of this unpaid balance, or \$10.80. In computing this 2 per cent, fractions of less than one-half cent may be dropped, and in case of fractions of one-half cent or more the next higher cent will be taken.

"4—Your attention is especially directed to the fact that you are to render bills in accordance with existing public notices to all water users. Upon the filing of acceptance, you will render appropriate bills under the extension act. Where acceptance is filed after December 1, penalties will accrue, and should be collected as stated in paragraph 1. The extension act is mandatory as to the penalties, and they must be collected whenever they have accrued under the terms of the law. You will refuse to receive any payment which does not include all accrued penalties.

G. O. Richardson of Adams is manufacturing 200 dozen brooms from a five acre crop of broom corn.