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A spade is not always a spade,  
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When stocking up with your  
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**Slave Grocery**

**The Exploits of Elaine**  
 A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama  
 By **ARTHUR B. REEVE**  
 The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and  
 the Eclectic Film Company

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Back in the new hang-out, the Clutching Hand was laying down the law to his lieutenants and henchmen, when Slim at last entered.

"Hihi!" growled the master criminal, conveying the fact that he was considerably relieved to see him at last. "Where have you been? I've been off on a little job myself, and got back."

Slim apologized profusely.

"Yes, sir," he replied hastily, "well, I went over to the Dodge house, and I saw them finally. I followed them into a jewelry shop. That lawyer bought a wrist watch. So I bought one just like it. I thought perhaps we could—"

"Give it to me," growled Clutching Hand, seizing it the moment Slim displayed it. "And don't butt in—see?"

From the capacious desk the master criminal pulled a set of small drills, vices, and other jeweler's tools and placed them on the table.

"All right," he retorted. "Now, do you see what I have just thought of—no? This is just the chance. Look at me."

Carefully he plied his hands to the job, regardless of time.

"There," he exclaimed at last, holding the watch where they could all see it. "See!"

He pulled out the stem to set the hands and slowly twisted it between his thumb and finger. He turned the hands until they were almost at the point of three o'clock.

"Then he held the watch out where all could see.

As the minute hand touched three, from the back of the case, as if from the chasing itself, a little needle, perhaps a quarter of an inch, jumped out. It seemed to come from what looked like merely a small insect in the decoration.

"You see what will happen at the hour of three?" he asked.

"No one said a word, as he held up a vial which he had drawn from his pocket. On it they could read the label, "Ricinus."

"One of the most powerful poisons in the world," he exclaimed. "Enough to kill a regiment!"

They fairly gasped and looked at it with horror, exchanging glances.

Opening the vial carefully, he dipped in a thin piece of glass and placed a tiny drop in a receptacle back of the needle and on the needle itself.

"I've set my invention to go off at three o'clock," he concluded. "Tomorrow forenoon, it will have to be delivered early—and I don't believe we shall be troubled any longer by Miss Elaine Dodge," he added, venomously.

Calmly he wrapped up the apparently innocent engine of destruction and handed it to Slim.

"See that she gets it in time," he said merely.

"I will, sir," answered Slim, taking it gingerly.

Flirty Florrie had returned that afternoon, late, from some expedition on which she had been sent.

Rankling in her heart yet was the death of her lover, Dan the Hide.

Thus, when she arrived home, she went to the telephone to report and called a number, 4994 Greenwich.

"Hello, chief," she repeated. "This is Flirty. Have you done anything

he called several numbers. Then we returned to the laboratory.

From the table he picked up a return with two wires. Attach them to the bell which I will leave here. When it rings, raid the house. Jameson will lead you to it. Come, Walter," he added, picking up the bags.

Ten minutes later, outside the new headquarters, a crouched-up figure, carrying a small package, his face hidden under his soft hat and upturned collar, could have been seen slinking along until he came to the steps.

He went up and peered through the aperture of the doorway. Then he rang the bell. Twice he raised his hand and clenched it in the now familiar clutch.

A crook inside saw it through the aperture and opened the door. The figure entered and almost before the door was shut tied the masking handkerchief over his face, which hid his identity from even the most trusted lieutenants. The crook bowed to the chief, who, with a growl as though of recognition, moved down the hall.

As he came to the room from which Slim had been sent on his mission, the same group was seated in the thick tobacco smoke.

"You fellows clear out," he growled. "I want to be alone."

"The old man is peevish," muttered one, outside, as they left.

The weird figure gazed about the room to be sure that he was alone.

When Craig and I left the police he had given me most minute instructions which I was now following out to the letter.

"I want you to hide there," he said, indicating a barrel back of the house next to the hangout. "When you see a wire come down from the headquarters, take it and carry it across the lot to the old house. Attach it to the bell; then wait. When it rings, raid the Clutching Hand joint."

I waited what seemed to be an interminable time back of the barrel. Finally, however, I saw a coil of fine wire drop rapidly to the ground from a window somewhere above. I made a dash for it, as though I were trying to rush the trenches, seized my prize and, without looking back to see where it came from, beat a hasty retreat.

Around the lot I skirted, until at last I reached the place where the police were waiting. Quickly we fastened the wire to the bell.

We waited.

Not a sound from the bell.

Up in the room in the joint the hunched-up figure stood by the table. He had taken his hat off and placed it carefully on the table and was now waiting.

Suddenly a noise at the door startled him. He listened. Then he backed away from the door and drew a revolver.

As the door slowly opened there entered another figure, hat over his eyes, collar up, a handkerchief over his face, the exact counterpart of the first!

For a moment each glared at the other.

"Hands up!" shouted the first figure, hoarsely, moving the gun and closing the door with his foot.

The newcomer slowly raised his crooked hand over his head, as the blue steel revolver gaped menacingly.

With a quick movement of the other hand the first sinister figure removed the handkerchief from his face and straightened up.

It was Kennedy!

"Come over to the center of the room," ordered Kennedy.

Clutching Hand obeyed, eyeing his captor closely.

"Now lay your weapons on the table."

He tossed down a revolver.

The two still faced each other.

"Take off that handkerchief!"

It was a tense moment. Slowly Clutching Hand started to obey. Then he stopped. "Go on," when the criminal calmly remarked, "You've got MR all right, Kennedy, but in twenty minutes Elaine Dodge will be dead!"

He said it with a nonchalance that might have deceived anyone less astute than Kennedy. Suddenly there flashed over Craig the words: "THE TRICK WILL BE PULLED OFF AT THREE O'CLOCK!"

There was no fake about that. Kennedy frowned menacingly. If he killed Clutching Hand, Elaine would die. If he fought he must either kill or be killed. If he handed Clutching Hand over Elaine was lost. He looked at his watch. It was twenty-five minutes of three.

"What do you mean—tell me?" demanded Kennedy with forced calm.

"Yesterday Mr. Bennett bought a wrist watch for Elaine," the Clutching Hand said quietly. "They left it to be regulated. One of my men bought one just like it. Mine was delivered to her today."

"A likely story!" doubted Kennedy.

"For answer the Clutching Hand merely pointed to the telephone.

Kennedy reached for it.

"One thing," interrupted the Clutching Hand. "You are a man of honor."

"Yes—yes. Go on."

"If I tell you what to do, you must promise to give me a fighting chance."

"Yes, yes."

"Call up Aunt Josephine, then. Do just as I say."

Covering Clutching Hand, Kennedy called a number. "This is Mr. Kennedy, Mrs. Dodge. Did Elaine receive a present of a wrist watch from Mr. Bennett?"

"Yes," she replied, "for her birthday. It came this forenoon."

Kennedy hung up the receiver and "poked the Clutching Hand, pushed an

You "nose" see those Ladies Auto Cops for \$1.00 and \$1.50 at K. K. K. Store. 19

**LEGAL NOTICES**

Notice

There are funds in the city treasury for the redemption of the following bonds:

Series A, Nos. 107, 108, 109, 110; Series B, Nos. 202, 203; Series C, Nos. 212, 213.

Interest on same will come from May 1, 1915.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Ore., this 26th day of April, 1915.

J. W. SIEMENS, City Treasurer.

**Delinquent Sale Notice**

Location of principal place of business, No. 1 Sansome street, on the northwest corner of Sansome and Sutter streets, San Francisco, Calif.

Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of Assessment No. 5, levied on the 5th day of March, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAMES	Nos. of Certificates	No. Shares	Amount
Geo. M. Martin	107	75	\$325
Geo. M. Martin	108	100	300
Geo. M. Martin	109	100	300
C. H. Trollet			
trustee	22	144	432
Jno. C. Hill trustee	117	100	300
Jno. C. Hill trustee	118	100	300
Jno. C. Hill trustee	119	100	300
Jno. C. Hill trustee	120	100	300
Jno. C. Hill trustee	121	100	300
Jno. C. Hill trustee	122	500	1500
Jno. C. Hill trustee	123	250	750
The National Bank of California, at Los Angeles, California, pledge	124	800	2400

small coil over which I had seen him working and attached it to the bell and some batteries. He replaced it on the table, while I watched curiously.

"A selenium cell," he explained. "Only when light falls on it does it become a good conductor of electricity. Then the bell will ring."

Just before making the connection he placed his hat over the cell. Then he lifted the hat. The light fell on it and the bell rang. He replaced the hat and the bell stopped.

Just then there came a knock at the door. I opened it.

"Hello, Chase," greeted Kennedy.

"Well, I've found the new headquarters all right—over on the West side."

Kennedy picked up the selenium cell and a long coil of fine wire, which he placed in a bag. Then he took another bag already packed, and, shifting them between us, we hurried downtown.

Near the vacant lot, back of the new headquarters, was an old broken-down house. Through the rear of it we entered.

I started back in astonishment as we entered and found eight or ten policemen already there. Kennedy had ordered them to be ready for a raid, and they had dropped in one at a time without attracting attention.

"Well, men," he greeted them. "I see you found the place all right. Now, in a little while Jameson will and trousers. A neat striped pair of trousers replaced the old, frayed and baggy pair. A new shirt, then a sporty vest and a frock coat followed.

As he put the finishing touches on he looked for all the world like a bewhiskered foreigner.

At the door of the new headquarters, a few seconds later, I stood with the police.

"Not a sign of him anywhere," growled one of the officers.

Elaine was sitting in the library reading when Aunt Josephine turned to her.

"What time is it, dear?" she asked.

Elaine glanced at her pretty new trix.

"Nearly three, Auntie—just a couple of minutes," she said.

Just then there came the sound of feet running madly down the hallway. They jumped up, startled.

Kennedy, his coat flying and hat jammed over his eyes, had almost bowled over poor Jennings in his mad race down the hall.

"Well," demanded Elaine haughtily, "what's—"

Before she knew what was going on Craig hurried up to her and literally ripped the watch off her wrist, breaking the beautiful bracelet.

He held it up, gingerly. Elaine was speechless. Was this Kennedy? Was he possessed by such an insatiable jealousy of Bennett?

As he held the watch up, the minute hand ticked around and the minute hand passed the meridian of the hour. A vicious sharp needle glanced out—then sprang back into the silver work again.

"Well," she snapped again, "what's the meaning of this?"

Craig gazed at Elaine in silence.

Should he defend his reputation, if she did not understand? She stamped her foot, and repeated the question a third time.

"What do you mean, sir, by such conduct?"

Elaine heaved.

"I just don't like the kind of language you use," he said, "standing on my feet. Good afternoon!"

Jno. C. Hill trustee 117  
 Jno. C. Hill trustee 118  
 And in accordance with the order of the board of directors made on the 5th day of March, 1915, so many shares of each of the above stock as may be necessary to pay at public auction at the corner of the company at No. 1 Sansome street, on the northwest corner of Sansome and Sutter streets, San Francisco, Calif., on Wednesday, the 12th day of May, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said date to pay said delinquent amounts thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

By order of the Board of Directors:  
**JOHN C. HILL, Secretary.**

Office, No. 1 Sansome street, on the northwest corner of Sansome and Sutter streets, San Francisco, Calif.

Notice of Postponement

By order of the Board of Directors the above specified day of sale has been postponed from Wednesday, the 12th day of May, 1915, to Friday, the 11th day of June, 1915.

**JOHN C. HILL, Secretary.**

Office, No. 1 Sansome street, on the northwest corner of Sansome and Sutter streets, San Francisco, Calif. 4-26-15

**Notice, Re-Advertising**

All former bids having been rejected by the school board of District No. 8, Keno, Ore., the board will receive new bids for the construction of a school house.

Plans may be seen at the office of the county superintendent or at G. G. Pett's store, Keno.

All bids must be in the hands of the clerk, Mr. Sam Padgett, before 5 o'clock, Saturday, May 1st, 1915.

**Summons**

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Klamath County

J. Baumgartner, Plaintiff,

vs.

J. H. Murphy and Benjamin F. Pennington, Defendants.

To J. H. Murphy and Benjamin F. Pennington, Defendants above named:

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to answer for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit:

That the plaintiff recover judgment against the said defendant, J. H. Murphy, for the sum of \$250.00 and interest thereon from January 5, 1914, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and for \$50.00 as special attorney's fees, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit. That the mortgage premises described in plaintiff's complaint, be foreclosed and said mortgage premises be sold to satisfy said judgment, and that plaintiff have judgment and execution against the said J. H. Murphy for any deficiency which may remain after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises, properly applicable to the satisfaction of said judgment; and that the above named defendant and all persons claiming under them subsequent to the execution of said mortgage on said premises, either as purchasers, incumbrancers or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the said premises and every part thereof.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Evening Herald by order of Hon. George H. Nelson, Judge of the above named court, dated March 18, 1915; the first publication of this summons is March 18, 1915, and the last publication will be on April 26, 1915.

**JAB. G. HELTZEL,**  
 Salem, Oregon.  
 Attorney for Plaintiff.  
 15-22-39-5-18-19-25

**Notice to Creditors**

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Klamath.

Estate of Henry A. Weber, Deceased.

Ray A. Telford, Administrator.

With the Will Annexed.

To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Henry A. Weber, deceased, in the county of Klamath, and all persons having any claim against the estate of the said deceased, are hereby notified to file the same with the undersigned, properly verified, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, at the office of H. L. Nelson, 312 Willis building, Klamath Falls, Oregon, that being the regular place of conducting the business of said estate.

**HAY A. TELFORD,**  
 Administrator with the will annexed.  
 312 Willis Building, Klamath Falls, Oregon.

**Belgian Hares**  
 Full blood, for Breeding Purposes  
 O. A. STRAIN  
 117 S. Riverside Street

**Learn to Run a Launch**  
**TELFORD & SON**  
 Will rent you a launch, and teach you to run it

**"TIZ" GLADDENS  
 SORE, TIRED FEET**

"TIZ" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters and bunions.

"TIZ" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, "TIZ" brings a refreshing foot comfort.

"TIZ" is wonderful for tired, itching, swollen, smarting feet. Your feet just tingle for joy; they never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now from any drugstore or department store. The foot torture forever—wear cushion shoes, keep your feet fresh, cool and happy.



Craig Kennedy seized Elaine's arm. Broke the Beautiful Bracelet and Ripped the Watch off Her Wrist.

yet in the little matter we talked about?"

"Say—he careful of names—over the wire," came a growl.

"You know—what I mean."

"Yes. The trick will be pulled off at three o'clock."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "Good-by and thank you."

With his well-known caution Clutching Hand did not even betray names over the telephone if he could help it.

They hung up the receiver with