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In the Social Realm

DEPARTMENT EDITORS: Miss Maud Hawley, Miss Vivian Greer.

Through an error in copying the report of the Wednesday Club in Thursday's paper was made to say that the violin solo, "Blue Bells of Scotland with Variations," was played by Henry Farmer. It should have read that the solo, which was arranged by Mr. Farmer, was rendered by Rev. Mr. Chisholm.

The Ladies' Qui Vive Club met with Mrs. Dora Young on Granite street Friday afternoon, October 4, and after the regular order of business elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Emma E. Thornton; vice-president, Mrs. G. W. Allen; secretary and treasurer, M. J. Evans; flower committee, Mrs. H. V. Mitchell. After the literary program the remainder of the afternoon was spent in celebrating the birthdays of four of its members, namely, Mrs. J. F. Sayles, Mrs. Alfred Young, Mrs. Mary Good-year and Miss Pygal. The luncheon was a dainty affair and greatly enjoyed by all. Those present were Mesdames Young, Goodyear, Sayles, Pygal, Mitchell, Staples, Stanley, Curly, Wilcox, Thornton, Allen, Stome, Jennings, Payne, Chambers, Matheson, and the Misses Bessie Culy and Willie.

Social Circle Meeting.

The Social Circle of the Christian church will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Leah Caldwell, at 122 Laurel street. Mrs. Will Cottrell will assist in entertaining.

Improvement Club Meeting.

The Ladies' Civic Improvement Club will hold its regular meeting at the Commercial Club rooms on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. By order of the president.

Sunshine Society.

The Sunshine Society will hold its regular meeting at the Temple of Truth, Thursday, October 10, at 2 o'clock p. m. All members are requested to be present.

ALSAMEDA CARLTON, Sec.

Siskiyou Social Circle Meeting.

The Siskiyou Social Circle will meet next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30, with Mrs. A. E. Cox, at her home at 357 Vista street. Mesdames H. L. White and Mrs. Walter Musser will assist in entertaining.

W. F. M. S. Meeting.

The Woman's Foreign Mission Society will meet at the Methodist church Friday at 2:30. Delegates to the branch meeting will be there to report. A full attendance of all members and friends is desired.

Parent-Teacher Reception.

The Parent-Teacher Circles of the city will unite in giving a reception to parents and teachers next Friday evening from 8 to 10, in the Carnegie library building. All teachers, parents and those interested in children are invited.

Birthday Party.

On October 3 the home of William Hardy, on East Main street, was the scene of a pleasant birthday dinner. The occasion was the 71st birthday of Mr. Hardy. His daughters, Mrs. James H. Doran and T. F. Doran, together with the grandchildren, had prepared the feast as a surprise. For many years Mr. Hardy was postmaster at Forest City, Minn., having come to Ashland on account of his health. He is a veteran of the civil war and was three times wounded for his country. He received many pretty birthday remembrances from daughters and grandchildren.

Mrs. C. F. Brown Entertains.

Wednesday, October 2, was a day long to be remembered by the members of the Ladies' Aid and missionary societies of the Baptist church. The ladies, accompanied by a few friends, made their way by wagon, automobile and carriage to the pleasant suburban home of Mrs. C. F. Brown, on the Boulevard east of town. The forenoon was spent in sewing and social time. At noon an elaborate chicken dinner was served. The afternoon was devoted to the work of the missionary society, the subject being "Medical Missions." It was ably discussed by Mrs. Mattingly, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Satterfield, Mrs. Masters and Rev. Douglas. Dr. Mattie Shaw, Mrs. Walters, Mrs. Maxedon, Mrs. Masters, Mrs. Satterfield and Miss Morehouse gave excellent readings. Miss Holmes, Mrs. Douglas and Miss Cyster gave solos which were much enjoyed. Then followed the social hour. All were sorry when going-home time came. The words of Pastor Douglas were: "I enjoyed the morning, I enjoyed the afternoon, and I had a pretty good time about noon."

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Rev. and Mrs. Douglas, Dr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mesdames Lusher, Miller, Porter, Wilson, Hall, Walters, Maxedon, Caley, Butterfield, Keller, Barrett, Moore, Masters, Luttrell, Cyster, Holmes, Lowe, Mattingly,

Johnson, Canine, Gault, Wright, Harvey, Morehouse, De Latte and Throne; also Morgan Shaw, Jennette Wilson, Clark Butterfield, Floy and Robert Walters.

A College Evening.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the Congregational Manse last Wednesday evening when the Y. P. S. C. E. of the church met for a social evening and monthly business meeting. There were 25 who entered the course of study for the evening. Mr. Schimley was elected president of the college. The first year course was a study in roots, under the tutelage of Mrs. S. S. Drake. The students were given a small envelope in which were six cubes cut from different roots, such as beet, radish, sweet potato, onion, carrot and potato. Ten minutes was given to write the name of them on the envelope. Following this was the second year course, Mrs. Schimley acting as instructor in this. It was a course in music. The first was, "What key is best for the newly wed?" The correct answer was, "A flat." Prof. V. V. Mills was teacher in the junior year, which took up the study of history. He propounded such weighty questions to his class as the following samples: What pirate was a small boy? Kidd. What battle was full of spirits? Brandywine. What general was 10,560 feet long? Miles. Miss Gertrude Cox was the sedate and grave professor who guided the wise seniors to their destined end, giving them a course on agriculture. She asked them something like this: Why is it dangerous to tell a secret in a garden? Because potatoes have eyes, corn has ears, and beans talk (beanstalk). After this course had been successfully completed diplomas in the form of paper napkins were passed to all who had succeeded in passing the desired markings, followed by refreshments. A genuine good time was had. This happy meeting was the final consummation of the union of the intermediate C. E. society with the Y. P. S. C. E.

City Union Social.

The City Union social at the Armory Friday evening was about the most enjoyable event of the kind ever held in Ashland. The affair was in the nature of a reception to the high school and tech students by the young people's societies of the five leading churches of the city. The crowd numbered about 175 and was kept well mixed most of the evening, which lasted from 8 till 11. The success of the reception reflects great credit upon Miss Edith Merrill and her able corps of assistants, Misses Silva Brown and Vivian Greer and Messrs. J. R. Burnette and Harry Sayles, who had charge of the arrangements. The refreshments consisted of fruit juice and wafers, the prettiest girls in town taking turns in presiding at the punch bowl. The first thing in order was a short program, consisting of a reading by Dr. Mattie Shaw, piano duet by the Misses Dougherty, vocal solos by Miss Frances Hamlin and Mrs. Perry Ashcraft, and an address of welcome by J. O. Riggs. There were next distributed to each one present cards which very much resembled dance programs. Several Epworth Leaguers were observed thoughtfully shaking their Methodist feet and apprehensively glancing at the pianist, whom they evidently expected to start something in the nature of a waltz or a two-step. However, no one was asked to trip the light, bombastic toe, the mistress of ceremonies explaining that the topic cards were provided for the purpose of suggesting subjects of conversation, of which a score were given. These ranged all the way from Votes for Women, That Watermelon Feed and Plans for Halloween to My Summer Vacation, Football and Coasting. Bashful boys turned somewhat pale when they were told to secure the signatures of twenty girls, each of whom would promise to talk to them three minutes upon the subject selected. Great was the relief of the male contingent when, at a leap-year suggestion from Mr. Riggs, the order of services was changed so as to give the girls the pleasure of choosing partners for the approaching talk-fest. Modest maids were appalled at the prospect of approaching twenty great, horrid boys, but Ashland girls are equal to any and every occasion and soon the topic cards were filling up with names as fast as a woman suffrage petition. One enterprising high school student not only secured twenty masculine signatures but had the back of her card half covered with additional names when time was called. Then there was music by the entire band for three minutes, when the piano was silent just long enough to permit an exchange of partners. The last number was "Home, Sweet Home," which was sung, played and talked until the merry-makers were all headed for the real thing.

O. H. B.

You will save money and get better satisfaction if you order your suit or overcoat at Fuller's.

Old Indian Wars

Interesting Account of the Early Troubles in Southern Oregon Re-membered by Old Timers.

To the Pioneer Reunion of Southern Oregon, held at Ashland, Ore., on September 7, 1911, the writer, A. G. Rockfellow, submits the following statement of his services in the Indian war of southern Oregon during the war of 1855 and 1856:

After the Indian outbreak, Jacob Thompson and myself, two old friends from childhood, agreed that between ourselves we would keep one man in the service from that time until the close of the war, one of us only to serve at the same time, and it was decided that I should be the first one to take the field.

Accordingly, about the first of December, 1855, with my own gun bought for that special purpose at fifty dollars I mounted Mr. Thompson's horse and wended my way to Fort Vannoy, two miles below the present site of Grants Pass, where I was duly enrolled in Major James Bruce's command, under C. A. Rice as captain and J. S. Miller as first lieutenant. I cannot now recall the names of our lower officers, but we were all under Colonel Robert Williams (known in private life as Bob Williams) as the Southern Battalion of Oregon Mounted Volunteers.

This organization constituted the army of the southern part of the state. But we were soon joined by a company from the northern part of the state under the command of Captain Rhineason, making altogether quite an imposing army. And now under the leadership of Colonel Robert Williams, who was by nature both escort and leader, on the forgotten day of September we set out for the "cabins" in the Applegate country where the Indians were known to be encamped. On arriving these guards were promptly placed around the cabins to prevent any attempt the Indians might make to steal away under cover of night, while the command was waiting the arrival of a howitzer known to be on the way under the escort of Captain Judy of Fort Jones, California.

In the placing of the guards a young man by the name of Miller and called "Doc" Miller, from Crescent City, Cal., and myself were placed together at the edge of the water of the Applegate, with a bank about four feet high in front of us and between us and the cabins, and about fifty yards away from the cabins. Immediately on top of this bank of the river and between us and the cabins stood a pine tree large enough to shield one man as long as he kept it between himself and the enemy. But to do good duty as a guard he had to put his head out to one side of the tree so that he could see if the Indians were making any movement toward going away. I had just had my turn standing at that place and watching by putting my head out from behind the tree, when Miller came to my relief and took my place, while I was now crouching between the bank and the water. I think it could not have been more than five minutes after our change of places when a gun shot rang out from the direction of the cabins, and simultaneous with the report of the gun, Miller fell over by my side dead, with a bullet hole through his head. Thus it can be seen how on many occasions one may barely escape the fatal shot that takes the life of another one. And why, you may ask, does it sometimes so happen? To this question I can only answer by saying I am not here to philosophize and can only answer you by repeating your own question, "Why?"

I cannot now recollect whether this circumstance transpired before or after the bombardment of the cabins, but I am quite sure that on the night after the bombardment the Indians made their way out of their perilous situation, through a dense growth of underbrush on the north side of the cabins.

But the question will be asked, "Did you follow them?" To this question the answer may be justly given. By the morning light of the next day the Indians were many miles away in a heavily timbered and brush covered mountainous country, where to have followed them now would have been to court death from behind every tree, every rock, and every clump of brush, behind which an Indian could hide himself and, after shooting his man, slip away down the side of the mountain unobserved to a place of safety.

The army now returned to headquarters at Fort Vannoy to recruit and get ready for the next expedition, when our scouts, chief of whom is now again our late Colonel Williams (now only Colonel Bob), again located them in a heavily wooded country opposite the upper end of the Big Meadows on Rogue river. All ready now for the renewal of the conflict at the Meadows with our gallant Colonel Williams still at the head of the army, though just now fresh from the scenes of the scout. We now move in warlike style for the scenes of the coming fray opposite the Big Meadows, hopeful of success this time. Arrived at the Meadows, we made camp for the night in the middle of that open and exten-

sive meadow, with a strong guard all round us to prevent any attempt of the cowardly foe, who, not now more than a mile distant from us, did not dare to attack us, but under cover of their heavily wooded and brush environed camp lay quietly during the night, wondering, I suppose, how we were on the morrow to cross the river and meet them face to face, and the sequel shows how vainly we strove to cross the river in the face of their well-selected place of defense.

On the morrow, at the sound of the bugle call, all hands were up and preparing the morning meal, with a noonday lunch, while engaged in an almost hand-to-hand encounter with the Indians in their stronghold. During the night, on our side of the river, the movements for the morrow were all arranged. Fully equipped for a day of hard work, the army, with the exception of a few campkeepers, were to march down to the river and of the drift logs that lay on the bank of the stream were to construct a raft on which the army could be rafted over into the timber, where it would have an equal fight with the redskins, and while the axmen were at work on the raft the balance were sitting on the high ground overlooking them. Very unexpectedly to all hands, a report as of the exploding of a gun cap was heard as it from across the river, and immediately followed by the loud report of a gun from the same direction. At once the whole force of the men on the side of the hill were on the run for the river, where they might find shelter among the rocks and logs and trees abounding there, a few of us stopping on the hillside to take advantage of the rocks and small trees there for shelter. Here myself and another young man took our chance for safety behind a tree whose body was not more than half as large as our bodies, and soon the rifle and yawger balls came whizzing past us and some lighting in rather ominous proximity to our faulty retreat, my partner left me and ran for a better shelter among the rocks and trees at the river. When about half way down, his arms flying high above his head, a yawger ball struck and broke one of them, when he tumbled over and lay there for a moment only. On seeing the man fall the reds on the opposite side of the river were made jubilant with the glad shouts of the happy Indians hidden among the trees over the river. Well, now I was left alone, sheltered only by that little tree. As long as I stayed there I was a standing target for the bullets of the enemy, and if I ran I may get shot as my comrade did, or I may be killed, and I said I will run. And asking the protection of my Heavenly Father, which was my every day rule from childhood, I ran, not with Indians behind me, but with scores of them in front of me, all anxious to take my life, and I came out of the difficulty unscathed.

A few hours later myself and another comrade were sent as an escort with the broken-armed man to camp. And still a few hours later the whole command returned to camp. And why not? Does any reasonable person suppose that under the conditions just now brought to light, the army could have crossed the river on an open raft with that band of Indians in front of them and perfectly concealed from view? It could not have done any such thing; for supposing that in its sheltered position, out of sight of the Indians, it could have completed the raft and, loading it with men, sent it afloat on the water, where it now floats out in full view of the Indians, before it could be landed on the Indian side of the river every man on it would be killed and the raft would become the property of the Indians, to be used in the defense of themselves. Such, doubtless, it seemed to the command of the army, and it returned to headquarters to think of the difficulties of waging an Indian war in a mountainous and heavily timbered and brush covered country, and in studying how best to keep the enemy quiet until peace could be brought about in some successful way.

I have written the foregoing movements of the army during the winter of 1855-6, for the remembrance of the old-time pioneers, of whom but a few remain to this present; but more especially have I written it for the later and younger pioneers—the second and third edition of them—and to the strangers also now among us, that all may understand what this now blessed and happy country cost the early pioneers, of whom, as said above, only a few of us now remain.

Thus ended my war experience in the Indian war of 1855 and 1856, when I turned over my war outfit to my friend, Jacob Thompson, with his own horse, to be by him used in the following campaign, when I returned home to look after business there and to prepare for the next call to arms, which never came and for which, in the name of a prosperous country and a happy people, I sincerely thank the Southern Battalion of Oregon Mounted Volunteers, together with the wise conclusion of the war with the Indians of southern Oregon by a treaty of peace made with them by General Joseph Lane, governor of Oregon at that time.

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Card of Thanks.

We, the undersigned, desire to thank those who so kindly assisted us during the illness and after the death of our beloved wife, mother and sister. We also wish to express our appreciation for the many beautiful floral offerings.

T. F. JAMES,
HOWARD JAMES,
BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., September 11, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that Llewellyn Grissom, of Ashland, Oregon, who, on November 10, 1912, made Homestead Entry Serial No. 04075, for E. 1/2 SE. 1/4 SE. 1/4, NE. 1/4 and SW. 1/4 SE. 1/4 Section 20, Township 40 S., Range 3 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Canon, United States Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 1st day of November, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses: W. S. Thompson, of Cling, Oregon; Winfield L. Davis, of Ashland, Oregon; Herbert Grissom, of Cling, Oregon; Nathaniel N. Davis, of Ashland, Oregon.
B. F. JONES,
Register.

31-12t

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TELEPHONE 165

Gala Day at Medford

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8th

Barbecue at 11 to 12 A. M. at Fair Grounds

12 to 2 P. M.—Big Political Debate. J. Frank Burke, of Portland, representing the Progressive Party.
2 P. M.—Racing Program: 2:15, Trot; 2:30, Pace. Free for All Dash, Half-Mile Pony Race, etc., etc.
Admission only 25 cents any time before noon. After 12 o'clock the tickets will be 50 cents, but no charge for grand stand or automobiles.
In case of rain the barbecue and speaking will take place at the Natatorium.

A. K. WARE, Manager

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