

WHY GEORGE ADE IS FOR ROOSEVELT

FAMOUS HUMORIST TELLS GRAPHICALLY WHY HE FAVORS THE PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT

Among the first to drop the plow when the 1912 "call to arms" came the other day was George Ade. He was on the farm at Brook, Ind., and the particular call that was sent him was the printer's call for copy.

Ade began newspaper work on the Chicago papers in the early nineties, and he has ever since been introducing himself to a constantly widening circle of readers. "Artie," "Pink Marsh," "Doc Horn," "Fables in Slang," "The Girl Proposition," "Breaking into Society," are a few of the books which have brought fame to his farm and requests for autographs.

In 1902, as a pastime, Ade took to writing plays and the phenomenal run of his "Sultan of Sulu," "Peggy From Paris," "The Shogun," "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow," in succession, gave him popularity on the stage and in the orchestra. Since then, Ade has continued putting down his observations, in the form of stories and plays, and nowadays when he isn't doing this he is flirting with the soil in Indiana, at least when he isn't to be found with his friend John McCutcheon. But that is another story.

Here are a few random observations concerning the new progressive party and its candidate for president:

If I were picking out a roommate, I might prefer Mr. Taft to the colonel, because, with Mr. Taft, I would have a better chance of putting up the curtains and arranging the pictures to suit myself. In selecting a president to go up to Washington, representing my interests and coping with the shaggy wolves of practical politics, I prefer the colonel.

The new party has been singing at all of its meetings. Possibly you can remember when the crowd sang at a republican rally. If I tried to sing in the Barnes choir this year I believe I would choke.

Up at Chicago in June they told us, very plainly: "We are going to drive him out of the party." They got their wish, and yet they don't seem happy.

A good many persons, especially those who wear overshoes in the summer time, object to the colonel because he is scrappy and assertive. If the colonel didn't happen to be just what he is, the sextons who make a business of embalming reformers would have laid him away twenty years ago.

They have been trying to get something on him ever since he bobbed up as a police commissioner in New York city. About all they have proved to date is that when he gets very mad he is not polite.

The deluge which swept away the republican congress and undermined the republican senate and littered the landscape with defunct standpatters, gathered itself while the colonel was in Africa, beyond the reach of the mail or the telegraph. If he went back to Africa tomorrow and remained for ten years the voters at home would continue to repudiate the politicians who break their promises. Yet they say it is a "one-man" movement.

A good many of the old regulars in Washington used to believe that a really honest man wore a white necktie and would give two tens for a five. They hate the colonel with a seething hatred because he is a foxy politician, whereas, in order to preserve the traditions of the lobby, he should prove his honesty by engaging Murray Crane as a guide.

The colonel's good ship was hardly beyond Sandy Hook when a little company of sure-thing operatives might have been seen bearing down on the White House. They shook hands with the new superintendent and told him they knew his brother and then they said they would show him how the game really was played. A few moments later they were putting cards up their sleeves, holding them in the lap and passing them under the table. One player leaned ponderously on his elbows and tried to play fair with the hand they had dealt him. His horrified friends looked in at the window and exclaimed: "Well, what do you know about that? After we have been warning him for three years to be aware of the whole outfit."

The progressive party has had the courage to declare, promptly and without faltering, for certain inevita-

ble changes in our scheme of government, all founded on common sense and fair play. You will seldom meet in the north an old man ready to admit that, he favored slavery fifty years ago. Even the free silver hosts have strangely vanished from the earth. Twenty years from now you will have difficulty in spotting the man who raved against the progressive platform in 1912.

A good many people who admired Mr. Wilson as a scholar and orator and high-toned gentleman sincerely believe he will play hob if he ever succeeds in giving us a tariff for revenue only.

It is true that several persons who formerly held office have enlisted as members of the progressive party. All sorts of people try to attach themselves to a winning cause. But the movement is not dominated by professional office-holders, and, come to think of it, we haven't in our ranks nearly as many ex-holders of office as the republican machine organization will have this time next year.

They say the colonel wants to be king. Nonsense! Why should he want to be king when his followers already regard him as an ace?

It is better to be a half block ahead of the parade than two miles in the rear.

The Wall street conception of a perfectly good president is one who will never make a move for fear of upsetting a stack of chips.

GREAT FUEL CONSUMER.

Pittsburgh Burns Nearly as Much Fuel as New York.

More fuel is consumed in the city of Pittsburgh and its immediate vicinity, and more coal is shipped to and through the Pittsburgh district, than in any other district in the world, according to Edward W. Parker of the United States Geological Survey. With a population of about one-ninth of that of Greater New York the consumption of coal alone in Pittsburgh is nearly equal to that of the much larger city. Greater New York consumed in 1911 approximately 19,000,000 short tons and Pittsburgh used about 16,500,000 short tons. But Pittsburgh consumes several million tons of coke and considerable quantities of natural gas, which, added to the coal consumption, gives that city a good lead over New York as a fuel consumer.

In the quantity of coal handled the comparisons are still more striking. Pittsburgh's business exceeding that of New York by nearly 50 per cent. In 1911 the total coal traffic in New York harbor, including the city consumption, the transshipments to New England and up-river points, and the bunker and export trade, amounted to approximately 36,000,000 short tons, whereas the coal traffic of Pittsburgh, including rail shipments east and rail and water shipments west, amounted to nearly 53,000,000 tons.

In the total movement of coal to Pittsburgh and points east and west thereof there was an increase in 1911 of 1,974,795 tons over 1910, all of the increase being in the shipments through or from the district. On account of the depression in the iron and steel trade the local consumption of coal at Pittsburgh decreased about 1,250,000 tons, or from 15,600,654 tons in 1910 to 14,349,654 tons in 1911. The rail shipments to Pittsburgh decreased about 1,000,000 tons and the water shipments about 250,000 tons. The decrease in the consumption of coke was, of course, much larger. The movements of coal both east and west, however, showed increases, western shipments increasing from 24,453,581 tons to 25,291,264 tons, all in water shipments to lower Mississippi river points, and eastern shipments, all rail, increasing from 10,781,544 tons to 13,169,866 tons. The water shipments were the largest since 1907.

Oregon Knights Convene.

Portland, Oct. 14.—The twenty-second annual convention of the Oregon Knights of Pythias is to open at 10 o'clock tomorrow. The Pythian Sisters are to convene at the same time in another building. The annual reports to be presented show that the lodge has gained financially, numerically and otherwise to some extent since the last grand lodge. Knights from all parts of the state will be in attendance.

La Follette's Weekly Magazine and the Tidings one year for \$2.50.

TELLS OF TRIP.

Mrs. Ulen Writes of Trip to Crater Lake and Coast.

To the Tidings: I thought I would like to tell you something about our trips, one to Crater Lake and one to the ocean. Ed Ulen and wife and their two daughters, Dessie and Ann, and Will, our youngest boy, came from Portland and we got Mr. Peachey with his wagon and team and we took our one-horse shay and started for Crater Lake. We reached Mr. Spencer's farm late in the afternoon. We found them all right. He let us put our horses in his barn and we bought some nice sweet milk from them, and next morning we left there and went to Lake of the Woods, arriving there about dark, but we put up our tents, cooked our supper and turned in for the night, for we were all tired and sleepy. The hunters did not see a deer to shoot at, but we found lots of huckleberries, of which we picked all we wanted. We were there three or four days and it rained all the time. On the north side of the lake there were about 140 people camped, picking berries. From there we started for Pelican Bay. There they had tents already up, so we rented two of them and stayed there a few days and tried to catch some fish, but not a fish did we catch. There were quite a number of people there fishing, but the fish were not biting and so they are still enjoying the water of the beautiful bay. There we saw lots of ducks too, and we saw hundreds of those big white pelicans flying from one part of the bay to the other. They did not seem to be afraid. We got pretty close to them sometimes, too.

Our next start was for Crater Lake. We stopped at a place they call the Garden of the Gods. It was way in a deep canyon and the grass and everything looked so green and a beautiful little stream of water winding its way through the green grass and a small lake at one side. Oh, I cannot describe its beauties to you. You will have to go look for yourselves. We traveled on and finally reached Crater Lake. The roads were just fine. We had not accident, and one fine morning we went to the top. Mr. Ulen and Daisy rode to the top and part way around it, so you may know the roads were in pretty good condition. Ed Ulen took his two daughters in a boat and went over to Wizard Island and were gone all day. Mr. Peachey and Will went fishing and came back with eight or ten fine rainbow trout.

The next morning we thought we would start for home, but the horses got away and we did not find them till noon. But we did not care; we were all having a good time and were in no hurry, but we finally got started homeward, stopping along as we saw anything of interest. We stopped and saw the Natural Bridge and the Devil's Churn, and it was churning so hard and making so much noise we could not hear ourselves talk. Then we came to the Union creek falls. It came rushing down two hundred feet. And such big, tall timber! I never saw such timber in my life. One tree was 365 feet high and 12 feet through, and others almost as large.

Our last night in camp was at Eagle Point, near one of Mr. Peachey's old acquaintances. The lady gave us a feast of all kinds of nice fruit, peaches, pears, apples, tomatoes, ground cherries, watermelon and muskmelon. I tell you we did enjoy them, for we had been where we did not see anything like that. Next morning Mr. Ulen and I left camp real early and arrived home about noon, and that day being Will's birthday, we had him a nice dinner prepared when the rest of them got in, which was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We were glad to be home again.

We remained at home only a week when Mr. Peachey and wife and Mr. Ulen and I started to the coast. Mr. Peachey to see some lots he had bought, and I to visit my daughter. Talk about mud! The roads were just terrible from Kamas valley to Rock creek. We met Mr. Mullet with his auto broken down, and a little farther on another one fast in the mud. Had to get the stage driver to pull them out. We went right along, but sometimes the wagon went in over the hubs. We had no accidents on the road and got there all right, but Mr. Peachey had a little accident while at the beach. He and his wife were looking for seaweeds, seashells and starfish when he fell in and went under all except his head, and Mrs. Peachey called to him to be sure to save her starfish, as she thought there was no danger as his head was above water.

If this letter escapes the wastebasket I will write another on our next trip. MRS. L. R. ULEN.

Germany's fastest train runs between Berlin and Hamburg and maintains an average speed of 55.177 miles an hour.

\$500 FOR HER BABE

Ashland Woman Says She Spurned Husband's Offer of That Amount for Child.

San Bernardino, Cal., Oct. 12.—Mrs. Annie E. Hensley of Ashland, Ore., alleges in a suit against her husband, filed here, that he offered her \$500 for their 4-year-old daughter, Genevieve, and that she spurned the offer. She is suing to compel Robert L. Hensley to pay her \$100 a month for their child's support and to enjoin him from disposing of any of his property. The couple were married at Ashland, where they grew up together.

Mrs. Hensley says she was deserted at Ashland two years ago, after her husband had sold a ranch for \$31,000. She says that he disappeared and has located at Colton, where he has bought two orange groves, placing the title in the name of a son by a former marriage, C. L. Hensley.

Prosperity Assured to Oregon Producers.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 15.—Value of the 1912 crop in Oregon is fixed at over \$126,000,000 by Dr. James Withycombe, director of the Oregon Experiment Station, probably the best authority on this subject in the whole state. The showing is a splendid one and assures prosperity to Oregon people. The estimate in detail follows:

Wheat, 21,092,274 bushels	\$ 15,819,205
Oats, 14,744,046 bushels	5,602,737
Barley, 4,439,374 bushels	2,663,624
Clover seed, 125,000 bushels	1,050,000
Potatoes, 8,751,685 bushels	3,500,674
Hay, 1,374,201 tons	12,367,809
Fruit	6,750,000
Vegetables	5,250,000
Hops, 85,000 bales	3,750,000
Miscellaneous products	9,500,000
Dairy products	16,750,000
Poultry and eggs	7,250,000
Wool, 17,500,000 lbs.	2,850,000
Mohair, 1,250,000 lbs.	375,000
Honey	135,000
Livestock	33,150,000
Total	\$126,764,049

The state's onion crop is about 89 carloads. Neither the coming election nor anything else can disturb prosperous conditions that are built on such a solid foundation.

The Willamette valley is becoming widely known as a clover seed section. Four counties will ship seven carloads this year and between \$600,000 and \$700,000 will be distributed among the growers. The eastern market takes the most of the Oregon product.

The State Board of Forestry will prepare a map of the state, showing the location of the various classes of timberland. This will facilitate cooperation with the United States Forestry Service in building roads and trails and aiding in fighting fires.

Portland expects to have the biggest potato show ever held in the Pacific northwest at the Laid Show, November 18-23. Many entries are coming in and growers announce they will display ten or more boxes of tubers, each weighing 30 pounds. There are substantial prizes for the best potatoes. The Portland Commercial Club offers a handsome trophy cup for the member of the Oregon Development League and affiliated leagues scoring the highest in the district agricultural display.

THE BIRTH OF "DIXIE."

Aged Clown Tells Circumstances of Its Writing.

Spokane, Wash.—How the famous song "Dixie" came to be written is explained by Dan Hart, 76 years old and a former clown, who is visiting in Spokane. "Daniel Decatur Emmett and I quit Stickney's circus in the south in 1859 and went back to New York, dead broke," says Hart. "We looked around a while, but there was no engagement in sight. The weather was beginning to get nippy, in sharp contrast to the southern nights we had been experiencing, and Emmett's clothes were threadbare. 'By George,' said Dan one night, 'no engagement, no overcoat. I wish I was in Dixie.' The phrase lingered in his mind and that night he went to his room and wrote the words of the now famous 'Dixie.' A little later he got a barnstorming company together and went through the south, singing the song to banjo accompaniment. It took like wildfire. When he got to New Orleans he had the first printed copy of the song struck off." Hart says he has this first copy with him, headed by a crude woodcut reproduction of a dark-complexioned angel.

The Tidings printery gives satisfaction. Prices reasonable.

Teaching Poultrying By Moving Pictures.

The latest application of moving pictures to education is that which gives lively demonstration of good and bad methods of poultry raising. Professor James Dryden, in charge of poultry husbandry at the Oregon Agricultural College experiment station, conceived the idea of making a moving picture show at the state fair as attractive educationally as it is as an amusement. Many a farmer had his eyes open to the financial value of the farm flock, while his wife received new courage in her attempt to supplement the slender household purse with "egg money."

In the film story John has no use for chickens and forbids his wife to feed them from the wheat bin. He "shoo's" them out of his way, and "sics" the dog on them. But Mary steals the wheat and gets her eggs, and he is no wiser. When he goes to town he takes her along and gives her 50 cents to spend. When he is not looking she puts a basket of eggs under the seat. On their return home she shows her purchases and he is filled with astonishment.

"Did you buy all that with 50 cents?" he asks. "No! The eggs bought it. But see what the 26 hens did last year!" she says, showing her account book. This is a page:

Groceries	\$24.50
Shoes	12.50
Drygoods	13.00
Socks for John	1.17
Tobacco for John	8.25
Spring hat for Mary	3.25
Calico apron	.25
School books for boys	5.00
Total	\$67.92

Sold 300 dozen eggs..... 75.00
John thinks hard, and with the help of a college poultry bulletin Mary converts him to her viewpoint. No more worrying the hens by the dog; no more stealing wheat. A feed bucket takes the place of her apron, and clean ground is furnished for the hen house. He builds a movable colony house and increases the flock to a 100 good hens which Billy tends out of school hours.

The daily ration is 7 pounds of bran and 3 of middlings mixed with buttermilk at morning; wheat and some oats after school; kale hung where they can peck at it, and beef scraps and buttermilk where they can get at it all the time. They are kept busy scratching in clean straw litter. "The hens will raise the mortgage if you will let them scratch," says a motto introduced between sections of the film.

"Half a million dollars a year are lost to the poultry keepers in Oregon by poor methods of handling and marketing eggs. The loss in the United States is estimated at \$50,000,000. In addition the consumption of eggs is greatly curtailed." This statement is emphasized by a film showing graphically how the stolen nest and broody hen are responsible for millions of dollars loss.

Dicky crawls under the barn and brings out a hatful of eggs, and he takes as many more from broody hens on nests. John takes several weeks' eggs to town eight miles away, when it is 104 degrees in the shade, and the eggs are not covered. Hatching temperature is 103 degrees. Before the eggs reach the consumer the broody hen sits on them a while, the sun shines on them a while, the railroad rides on them a while, the storekeeper broods over them a while, and the consumer raves over them quite a while. "Thus," says another motto, "the producer shows his love for his best friend, the consumer, and the consumption of eggs is curtailed." The disgust bred by bad eggs on the breakfast table and consequent loss of appetite for eggs is shown in a humorous film.

Another lesson shown is the advisability of killing old hens that have lost their teeth. They are not good layers, nor good for cooking. A vivid instance is shown by a film in which a man sits down with glee to a fricassee, only to find it impossible to cut it at all with a knife.

The college flock of fine layers, with the champion "Miss Corvallis," was shown on the screen, with the O. A. C. trap-nest method of picking out the good layers and recording the output, and a "threshing scene," with hens scratching a bundle of grain. The film ended with pictures showing how baby chicks are hatched from the shell.

Chronic Dyspepsia. The following unsolicited testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia: "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicine I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done me more good than anything else," says W. G. Mattison, No. 7 Sherman street, Hornellsville, N. Y. For sale by Poley's Drug Store.

SUNSET MAGAZINE and Ashland Tidings one year \$2.75 to old or new subscribers. Regular price of Sunset Magazine is \$1.50 per year.

MUST REGISTER NOW

Books Must Be in Jacksonville Saturday, so Register Before Friday Night Sure.

The registration papers must all be in Jacksonville by Saturday and all who have no done so should register at once. This may be done at the offices of G. F. Billings or of Gillette & Campbell. If you have moved in the city since the primary you must get a transfer to your new voting place, and if not registered be sure to do so.

Avoid Sedative Cough Medicines.

If you want to contribute directly to the occurrence of capillary bronchitis and pneumonia, use cough medicines that contain codeine, morphine, heroin and other sedatives when you have a cough or cold. An expectorant like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is what is needed. That cleans out the culture beds or breeding places for the germs of pneumonia and other germ diseases. That is why pneumonia never results from a cold when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. It has a world-wide reputation for its cures. It contains no morphine or other sedative. For sale by Poley's Drug Store.

Coming to Ashland

Associated Specialists

WILL BE AT THE

OREGON HOTEL

Saturday, November 2d

AND WILL REMAIN

ONE DAY ONLY!

Remarkable Success of These Talented Physicians in the Treatment of Chronic Diseases.

OFFER THEIR SERVICES FREE OF CHARGE.

The Associated Specialists, licensed by the state of Oregon for the treatment of deformities and all nervous and chronic diseases of men, women and children, offer to all who call on this trip, consultation, examination, advice free, making no charge whatever, except the actual cost of medicine. All that is asked in return for these valuable services is that every person treated will state the result obtained to their friends and thus prove to the sick and afflicted in every city and locality that at last treatments have been discovered that are reasonably sure and certain in their effect.

These doctors are considered by many former patients among America's leading stomach and nerve specialists and are experts in the treatment of chronic diseases and so great and wonderful have been their results that in many cases it is hard indeed to find the dividing line between skill and miracle.

Diseases of the stomach, intestines, liver, blood, skin, nerves, heart, spleen, kidneys or bladder, rheumatism, sciatica, diabetes, bed-wetting, leg ulcers, weak lungs and those afflicted with long-standing, deep-seated chronic diseases, that have baffled the skill of the family physician, should not fail to call.

According to their system no more operations for appendicitis, gall stones, tumors, goiter or certain forms of cancer. They were among the first in America to earn the name of the "Bloodless Surgeons," by doing away with knife, with blood and with all pain in the successful treatment of these dangerous diseases.

If you have kidney or bladder troubles bring them a two-ounce bottle of your urine for chemical analysis and microscopic examination.

Deafness often has been cured in sixty days.

No matter what your ailment may be, no matter what others may have told you, no matter what experience you may have had with other physicians, it will be to your advantage to see them at once. Have it forever settled in your mind if your case is incurable they will give you such advice as may relieve and stay the disease. Do not put off this duty you owe yourself or friends or relatives who are suffering because of your sickness, as a visit this time may help you.

Remember, this free offer is for one day only.

Married ladies must come with their husbands and minors with their parents.

Office at Oregon Hotel. Hours 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.