

**Classified Advertisements**  
(Continued from Page Three.)

**TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.**

**FOR SALE**—Thoroughbred single-comb White Leghorn day-old chicks. H. R. King, Talent.

**HAVE** grain and alfalfa land in 80 or 40 acres to suit buyer, some sown to wheat, three miles from Ager. For further particulars address Frank York, Ager, Cal. 1-1mo.\*

**WANTED**—Loan of \$3,000 from three to five years' time at 6% if possible, from first party, on deeded land, abstract title, first mortgage. Land in A number one cultivation. Address R. E. P., care Tidings. 1-6t

**Aged Indian Slave Returned to Die**

About fifty years ago Pat Howlock, a Pitt River Indian, was a slave among the Klamaths, Modocs and Snakes that roamed southern Oregon, says the Klamath Falls Northwestern. He was one of the forty in that condition of servitude. When the Great Treaty was signed by the Klamaths, Snakes and Modocs in 1864 these tribes agreed to release forty slaves owned by them and to grant them full rights with themselves in all matters whatsoever, even to the acquiring of lands.

Howlock's master died when the former was a mere boy and before the Great Treaty was signed. It had been the custom of the Indians in some cases to offer sacrifices to the departed, and on this occasion Howlock was selected to be sacrificed on the grave of his master. Only the timely interference of Captain Kelley, at that time in charge of the United States soldiers in this section, saved Howlock. He was turned over to Agent Lindsay Applegate, the first agent of the government in southern Oregon, and Applegate cared for him for many years, in fact, reared him along with his own son, Oliver, who many years later became agent.

After the Great Treaty was signed Howlock, then a young man, went to the home of his tribesmen, the Pitt Rivers of northern California. It was here many years later that he became chief of the Pitts and ruled long.

Now, forty years afterward, he returns to the land where he was raised. He comes to claim allotments of land for himself and his wife and his son. He is 65 years old, gray, bent and decrepit. But he is not too old to remember the white boy with whom he played nor too old to shake the hand of that same person, Captain Oliver C. Applegate, with whom he once played and who he now asks to assist him in his attempt to secure his rights under the treaty of 1864.

Captain Applegate had rather do some kindness to a friend than to help himself. And so, of course, he will place the matter before the Indian authorities and use his influence to secure for Howlock the land due him under the treaty.

Howlock, accompanied by his wife and son, arrived at Jalmox a few days ago, coming from Pitt river in a wagon. The three and Harrison Brown came down from Yalmox yesterday and surprised Captain Applegate. When they met Howlock remarked: "You heap much older than when I see you. Then you little boy." Captain Applegate was compelled to admit that he had aged, but said to Howlock in reply: "You, too, have grown much older."

Howlock says he has come back to

**Morey Applegate Out of Mexico**

The following thrilling story of the escape of himself and 149 other refugees from Mexico is told by Morey Applegate—brother of Mrs. Emil Peil of Ashland. Mr. Applegate has been manager of a large banana plantation near San Blas. When the federal troops were routed from that region by the rebels and things became unsettled, with danger of losing his life, Applegate boarded the English steamer Cetriana on the morning of April twenty-sixth for the United States.

Bringing with them tales of hardship and atrocity, the refugees reached San Francisco May seventeenth and were emphatic in the statement that had they remained in Mexico a few hours longer they would have met death at the hands of the Mexican soldiers and mobs that thirsted for American blood.

The Cetriana arrived at the port of San Blas on the morning of April twenty-sixth. Here Lieutenant Minister and a party of seventeen American refugees from the inland town of Tepic, who were being held as prisoners subject to orders issued by the Mexican General Domingo Servin that they be returned with the probability that they would be executed. By the exercise of persuasion and diplomacy, Lieutenant Minister succeeded in obtaining their release, and, taking them on board the Cetriana, proceeded to Manzanillo.

The vessel reached the latter port on April twenty-seventh and was allowed to moor alongside the wharf, from which she took on board thirty-seven refugees who had been under the protection of the German consul.

During the night Lieutenant Minister discovered that the dock had been soaked with oil and mined with dynamite. Upon making protest to the Mexican authorities he was informed that he would be given thirty minutes' notice before the wharf was fired. The Mexican commander said there was no intention of harming the Cetriana, but the wharf was to be burned in order to destroy its usefulness to the "Gringo enemy," which he expected at any time.

Not trusting the Mexican official, Lieutenant Minister armed his passengers and kept a close watch on those on shore. On the morning of April twenty-eighth the Mexican steamer Luella, loaded with inflammable material, steamed into the dock and was moored with her bow ten feet from that of the Cetriana.

The manner in which her shore lines were run made it apparent that she had been placed in the dock for the specific purpose of impeding the Cetriana when she attempted to pull out, and when a short time later the Mexican troopships Manuel Herrerias and General Pesqueira took such positions in the stream as almost to block the egress of the Cetriana, dropping their anchor chains so that the little vessel would be forced to back over them, it was decided by Lieutenant Minister and his officers that it was the intention of the Mexican authorities to expose his command to destruction by fire and the presumably accidental loss of lives of all on board.

The fact that the German consul had reported the arrival of an additional 207 American refugees in Manzanillo rendered it inadvisable, in the opinion of Lieutenant Minister, to leave the dock until the last possible moment in order that the Mexican authorities might not take offense at a seeming lack of confidence in them.

When the American cruiser Raleigh was finally sighted from the port signal station the signal "enemy's warship sighted" was promptly shown, the wharf being evacuated by the Mexican authorities who had been guarding it. Large additional quantities of oil were poured on the timbers and men were stationed at the doors of cars loaded with kerosene to break open the cases.

At the beginning of the preparations to fire the wharf, Lieutenant Minister, despairing of any word from the port commander, decided to pull out of the slip, and with a great deal of difficulty he managed

the land where he worked and played and has come to stay and to die.

to get the Cetriana past the obstacles which had been placed in her way, but not until the Herrerias had hauled up her anchor and attempted to ram her.

No sooner had the Cetriana cleared and started to pull out of the harbor than the mines began to explode and the structure burst into flames.

In running out of the harbor the Cetriana passed the American brig Geneva, which had been captured on the highseas by a Mexican troopship and towed into Manzanillo as a prize of war.

Boats had already been lowered from the Geneva and the captain and crew, together with five refugees, one a babe in arms, rowed toward the Cetriana and were taken aboard amid a fusillade from the Mexican troops on shore and the troopships in the harbor. Captain Ferguson of the Geneva had raised the American flag on his ship in which he and his crew had been held prisoners of war when the Cetriana left the dock, and those on board the latter vessel cheered as he and his party were taken aboard.

Notwithstanding the fact that his position on the bridge was one of extreme danger, the bullets whistling through the Cetriana's rigging and many striking the vessel, Lieutenant Minister, according to the statement of passengers, calmly out-manuevered the Mexican vessels and made his way out of the harbor.

**Vining Off For the North.**

Bob Vining left Tuesday evening for Seattle, where he will spend ten days superintending the buying and shipment of goods into Alaska—where river traffic has just opened. Mr. Vining is in the wholesale grocery and produce business at Fairbanks as well as owning the finest theatre in Alaska located in that city. He says word comes from Fairbanks that the city is booming and prospects for business are very bright.

Mr. Vining expects to return to Ashland in about ten days and arrange affairs with relation to the Vining Theatre here and will then go to Alaska for the summer. His brother, I. E. Vining, who is associated with him in the ownership and operation of the local theatre, will be in charge of same. The Messrs. Vining inform the Record that they have some splendid feature films coming and expect to furnish the people of Ashland with entertainment of a grade which they have not heretofore enjoyed.

The Ashland public is apparently just waking up to the advantages of The Vining. The best audience it has had at any of its moving picture programs yet was present Monday night, when three hundred people passed through the doors. People who wish to entertain their friends in a new and novel way are also becoming alive to the fact that theatre box parties present a very satisfactory method of doing so. Monday night the forty couples of Medford people who were in the city to attend the ball given by the Eleven O'Clock Club visited the theatre and declared afterwards that they were not only surprised but delighted with its artistic beauty.

**HIGH JINKS A HOWLING SUCCESS**

(Continued from Page One.)

served delicious punch of Perozzi's own making. All were told they wanted more to "come again," which most of them did. If one could see the immense pile of meat and bread that the "kids" went through with they would have been horrified and amazed to think the small tummies of boys could have held so much.

After the heavy part of their noon luncheon they were again told to line up for their ice cream cones. Heaping cones were then doled out to them, but for some reason or other the ice cream line was endless. Can you guess why?

After the barbecue the different ball players—Boys' Club and Elks—proceeded to array themselves in feminine togs, and in short order the players lined up on the field back of Helman's.

**Straws! Straws! Straws!**

**WARM WEATHER SUGGESTS STRAW HATS.** We have the most beautiful line this spring that we have ever had, including Swiss and English imported sailors, Tango straws, Splits and Panamas. Everything in novelty straws. See our line early.

**Prices from \$1.00 to \$5.00**

**H. G. Enders & Son "WHERE YOU DO BETTER"**

The Elks players answered to their call as follows: McKee, pitcher; McKercher, catcher; Jennings, first base; Cambers, second base; Van Dyke, third base; Grieve, right field; Pracht, center field; Wagner, left field; Pracht, shortstop. The Boys' Club players lined out as follows: Mowat, pitcher; Dews, catcher; Cummings, first base; Klum, second base; Grisez, third base; Cunningham, right field; Sanderson, center field; Spencer, left field; Lilly, shortstop.

The game was one of the most fascinating that Ashland has seen for a long time, at least since the game between the ministers and business men which was held some years ago. It was full of incidents that were side-splitters. The players answered to names such as Sally, Edna, Kate, Maude, Eliza, Alice, etc.

When the Boys' Club were first up to bat and Proc Klum had hold of the stick, he knocked a little toss-up to the first baseman, Jennings, the gasman. Jennings was so horrified and surprised to see a ball coming his way that he held out his hands in an effort to arrest its flight and it calmly slipped through them and hit him in his stomach, much to his disgust. He, however, tried to stoop and get it, but—shall we say it?—his shadow skirt and corset stays prevented this and he toppled over like a log, making frantic grabs after the elusive sphere. While he was going through these gymnastics he let Klum make second base. With the aid of baseball fans he succeeded in righting himself.

The next spectacular play was that made by Marsh Wagner, in the last inning, in which he gained the one point for the Elks to boast of. He struck two side winders with awful force, and the third ball, which was tossed to him out of pity, he hit with a resounding whack that sent it flying to the pitcher. The pitcher caught it in his skirts, and in the melee which followed in trying to extract it Marsh made a home run, to the extreme glee of his supporters. Wagner made another play which he will have to tell about, namely, the barbed-wire episode. Some one had struck a ball over the fence and Marsh, feeling the agility and exuberance of youth again, gave a dive through the wires and was brought up with a sudden halt. He had forgotten about the feminine wardrobe that he wore and there he was, in a very undignified position, hung on the fence. Neither leg was quite long enough to reach the ground and it was worth a good deal to see him lying on his solar plexus, kicking for a foothold.

The score was 9 to 1 in favor of the Boys' Club.

Some of the costumes worn were worthy of careful consideration. Lynn Mowat won first prize for the

best comedian, with Kenneth Cummings as second. Ed Dews showed himself worthy of a predictor of styles, in the twenty-first century costume that he wore. He had a large alarm clock attached to one leg as the future wrist watch. Of course all had to go and inspect the time.

Following the baseball game the water sports were held in the rink. The first was known as the "duck waddle," being a swimming race with the hands tied behind the back. Verni Carter made first place and Sherrill Weeden second.

The "tango dip" showed one of the prettiest exhibitions of diving by amateurs one could imagine. The idea of this was to dive and swim under water the greatest distance. Archie Calbert made first, swimming the whole length of the tank and coming half way back under water. Claire King was the next to come in with a record almost as good. Sherrill Weeden made third.

The candle race was a form of fancy swimming, the smoothest swimmer being the winner. The contestants were each given a lighted candle to hold in their mouth while swimming and the one that would keep it burning the longest was the winner, this being Sherrill Weeden. Sidney Sanderson made second.

The relay races occasioned a great deal of interest with the bystanders. They were executed in the regular

relay fashion—one taking the place of the other as soon as each reached the ends. Those running in the relay were Weeden, King, Carter, and Bryant, Cunningham, Baughman, Weeden, King and Carter won.

The grotesque diving contest was the next on the list, in which Cress, Sanderson, Phillips, Grisez, Lynn Slack and Lynn Mowat were contestants. Lynn Slack made first, Sidney Sanderson second, and Willie Cress third.

The water auto race followed the diving contest. There were two contestants, namely, Verni Carter and Sherrill Weeden, the former representing the Stanley steamer and the latter the Ford. Each of the contestants had to carry a person on his back. Verni Carter came in a half a length ahead of Weeden. Ed Staples was tickled to death to thing his Stanley won.

The grand windup of the day was the water polo contest, in which twelve boys participated.

This High Jinks winds up the Boys' Club this season. Hurray for the man behind the gun, Prof. Irving Vining!

If you like a good strong, heavy bodied coffee with a good flavor, try Guittard's at the Ashland Trading Company, phone 122. 6-1

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When you go home on a Saturday afternoon and want to take a little Healthy exercise, just run an **Imperial Coldwell Lawn Mower** over your lawn. The pleasure you will derive will be doubled, by reason of the easy running of this mower and the satisfactory work it accomplishes.

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Coldwell Lawn Mowers are popular with everybody but the repair man.

