

Ashland Tidings

By
THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.
 (Incorporated)
 ESTABLISHED 1876
 SEMI-WEEKLY

Bert R. Greer, Editor and Manager
 Harvey R. Ling, Advertising Manager
 Lynn Mowat, City Editor

Official City and County Paper
 Issued Monday and Thursday

TELEPHONE 39

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 One Year\$2.00
 Six Months 1.00
 Three Months50
 Payable in Advance

No subscriptions for less than three months. All subscriptions dropped at expiration unless renewal is received.

In ordering changes of the paper always give the old street address or postoffice as well as the new.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

News print has doubled in price the last four months. It necessitates an advance in advertising rates, or we will have to quit business. Following are the advertising rates in the Ashland Tidings after this date. There will be no deviation from this rate:

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display Advertising—
 Single insertion, each inch... 25c
 One month... " " 20c
 Six months... " " 17½c
 One year... " " 15c
Reading Notices—5 cents the line straight.

Classified Column—1 cent the word first insertion, ½ cent the word each other insertion. Thirty words or less one month, \$1.

All written contracts for space already in force will be rendered at the old rate until contract expires.

Fraternal Orders and Societies. Advertising for fraternal orders or societies charging a regular initiation fee and dues, no discount. Religious and benevolent orders will be charged for all advertising when an admission or other charge is made, at the regular rates. When no admission is charged, space to the amount of fifty lines reading will be allowed without charge. All additional at regular rates.

The Tidings has a greater circulation in Ashland and its trade territory than all other local papers combined.

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Ashland, Ore., Thursday, Dec. 21, '16

I'D RATHER BE A GUIDE-POST.

I'd rather be a guide-post, directing humanity along the pathway that leads to a bigger and better future, than a tombstone, depicting a relic of the times and things that were.

I'd rather have a living, breathing knowledge of being a useful unit in humanity's scheme, than to have people murmur vainglorious praise over my deaf and mouldering clay.

I'd rather have a few of the common flowers of earth offered me by some one I had helped over a thorny hedge and through a trying moment; some one to whom I had proven a harbor of refuge in time of stress, than to have garlands of sweetest roses banked against my mound when life is done.

I'd rather eat the crust of poverty in peace and quietude, knowing it had been earned by the sweat of honest toil, than to absorb the rich foods of an effulgent nature, gathered by the struggling many and moistened with the tears and sighs and moans of a sorrowing world.

I'd rather be a guide-post, plain and weatherbeaten, but of use to all who journey along life's lonely highway, than to be a tombstone, carved from choicest marble, erected in a secluded spot of the silent city of the dead.

I'd rather see a fellow-creature's face light up with joy and gladness at some kind deed I had done, than to have the word of sympathy uttered to those left behind when the sound of crunching wheels is heard out front and the plumed chariot rolls slowly along the road toward the green spot on the hill.

I'd rather feel the warm clasp of a friendly hand; hear the whispered thanks of a risen brother; see the sunshine of love banishing the dark clouds of sorrow and strife and remorse, than to be the possessor of earth's greatest riches, envied, hated and ostracized by all, cursed with a consuming loneliness and abandoned to the engulfing silence of the privy chamber.

I'd rather be a guide-post than a tombstone. And so had YOU!

HOW TO DRAW TOURISTS.

Portland Oregonian: By joining in the general movement of the Pacific northwest to attract tourist travel to this section of the west, Oregon hotel men show themselves alive not only to their own interests but to those of the whole state, which are identical with those of adjoining states. When people come here for pleasure they are apt to return as permanent residents or to seize opportunities for investment. Their pleasure tours, while a source of profit to the state, often serve only as an introduction, which results in their enrollment in the business and development of the state.

As an inducement for tourists, one, two or three attractions are not sufficient, for they do not make a tour. No person will travel 3,000 miles to spend a day in seeing the Columbia River Highway alone, or Mount Hood alone, or Crater Lake alone. But these attractions, in connection with a series of others strung through Oregon, Washington, Idaho and British Columbia, will draw travel, provided that facilities exist for traveling to and seeing them in comfort. Tourists in Europe do not go to see the Matterhorn alone; they go to see the Tyrol. They do not go to see Mount St. Bernard alone; they go to see all of Switzerland. They do not go merely to see Heidelberg; they make the tour of the Rhine.

From Yellowstone park to the Pacific ocean there is a series of natural wonders surpassing anything in the Old World. That we may induce people to visit them it is necessary that we make them accessible with good roads and modern vehicles, and that we make life at them enjoyable with good hotels, and then that we make them known as parts of a single tour. Pleasure-seekers will come to see all of them who would not come to see any one of them alone.

THE DECREASE IN DEATH RATE.

Recently announced figures from the 1915 census show a big fall in death rate. For the whole country these figures show 13.5 per thousand. Fifteen years ago the rate was 16.2. The American people are growing healthier.

Better knowledge of sanitation, better physical development, advance of medical science, account for this change. There are a great many people who instead of dosing themselves with drugs as formerly, get out and exercise. More people work and sleep with their windows open. There is less horror of fresh air.

No doubt the present rate can be still further lowered. It is up to everyone to co-operate with physicians and boards of health in removing all known causes of disease. Premature death is one of the great causes of poverty. Every time a wage earner is taken away before his time, some one is thrown on charity.

The Ashland Fruit & Produce Association have land plaster or gypsum, also superphosphates. The best fertilizers for alfalfa, clover, orchards, garden or lawns. By the sack or ton. 60-2t

There are 500 miles of wagon road and 4,600 miles of trail on the national forests of Oregon and Washington.

Johnson's Jewelry Store—the gift center. 55-tf

A CHRISTMAS BEAR STORY.

(By John B. Griffin.)

(Every man who has known the thrills of the hunt and every boy who longs to invade the wilds with a dog and a gun will read the following story with the keenest pleasure. Mr. Griffin is the greatest hunter of them all in southern Oregon and tells his true stories of his dogs and his experiences with an inimitable style of his own.)

In this story I am not going to tell you of a regular bear hunt, but am going to tell you of a few of the bears that Traller treed, the fall that he was three years old. I say a few, for if I would tell you of every one it would probably take up more space than the editor would feel like giving up, as he caught twenty, all told, and the last one on the day before Christmas.

I was living on Griffin creek those days, running a farm four miles from Medford, and did not have time to go out hunting very often, so Traller got to going out of a night and treeing bears, foxes, wildcats and now and then a cougar. In the morning when I would get up I would discover that he was gone, and I generally would go out and listen and, if I didn't hear him barking, I would wait until noon and then I would saddle a horse and strike out. I would then go to the top of what we called the divide between Griffin creek and Sterling creek, where I could hear off either way, then I would follow along the top of the ridge and every little while I would stop and listen, and at last I would hear his bow! wow! wow! Instantly I would throw up the horn and give it a long, loud toot to let him know I was coming. The effect would be magical. Instead of the bow! wow! wow! every few minutes, he and old Lion, my old standby that helped him tree so many, would turn loose too, barking steadily and joyfully, and there was a hunter who felt pretty joyful about that time, if you will believe me.

I generally rode my horse until I was within two or three hundred yards of them, then I tied him up and made my way cautiously up to near the tree. When I had discovered him I most always approached behind a tree so that he couldn't see me. After I got close enough I walked right out and under the tree as quickly as I could, then I had him safe. There is no danger of them coming down after you are under the tree, but, as I have said before, just as sure as a person undertakes to rush up to a tree where a bear has been up any length of time, he will come down, and then you have got a scrap on your hands. So if young bear hunters will take my advice and always be cautious about getting up to the tree, you will seldom ever get into trouble and at the same time take no chances on getting a dog killed, or, if not killed, spoiled, for any number of dogs, after having been whipped out once, will not tackle a bear the next time.

Well, as I said in the beginning of this story, that it was not an account of a regular hunting trip. I will just give you the stories of each bear he treed and the little scraps I had with a few of them. I used a 44 Winchester in those days, and although they are a back number now, we banked on them then and I feared nothing when I had my 44 with me.

The first time that Traller ever went out on one of these night hunts was in the fore part of the fall. One

morning I got up and was choring around the house and hadn't missed him, when all at once I heard the sound of his voice away off up the creek. I listened until I satisfied myself that he was at a tree, then I got the gun and started out. It was about two miles, and when I got there, lo and behold, it was a fox. I was a little bit disappointed, but Traller was awfully tickled to see me come, so I up and shot the fox and went back home, but carried the fox along with me, Traller walking behind, perfectly contented. I skinned the fox and stretched the hide in good shape, and I guess Traller thought he had done something worth while, for he treed four that week. I began to think it was going to be all foxes, but one morning I got up and discovered he was gone, and after listening a while I heard them both, away off up this same canyon where he had been treeing the foxes. My first thought was another fox, but they were barking furiously and I began to think maybe it might be something larger than a fox, so I hurried up, got my gun and lit out. There was a wagon road up this creek for quite a ways, and they sounded like they were close to the road, so I stuck to it and, sure enough, when I got there I found them within fifty steps or less of the road, barking up a dead fir tree with hardly a limb on it, and there, only about twenty feet up, sat a big mealy nose brown bear. Gee, but I was surprised and highly elated, too, and I lost no time in shooting him out, which I did by putting a 44 bullet square between the eyes. Over he went and the dogs piled in on him and yanked him around until I had to make them quit. I dressed him and went back home, ate breakfast and hitched up to a rig and went and loaded him in and brought him home. I took a fellow with me by the name of Maxon, and we had to take the wheels off and let the hind axle down and the bear in, then we put him forward as far as we could and raised the hind wheels up and the trick was done. This bear weighed several hundred pounds and turned out several cans of oil. The meat was fine.

I will say right now, while I think of it, that Traller never treed another fox in that region, that I recollect of. I think he passed over the tracks, feeling they were too insignificant to bother with.

In a few days more Traller treed another bear in his same canyon, only higher up the creek and farther up the hillside. This, too, was a large mealy nose, and I killed him without any trouble or excitement either.

Shortly after that I went up in that part of the country to try to kill a deer. I had hunted up to the head of the creek and along on the Sterling side and back over on the Griffin creek side without seeing a deer, and was headed down a ridge for home. The ground was rather open and, happening to look off to my right about a hundred yards, there stood a big black bear under an oak tree. The boughs hung down and he had his head towards me, drooped down and looking at me. He stood a little quartering, so I pulled down and drew a bead on the point of his shoulder and let drive. At the crack of the gun down he went, but was up and out of sight before I could shoot again. There was a brushy gulch beyond him, and by the time I got over to where he stood he was down into that. I could hear the rustle of the brush at first, then all was quiet. I went down a short distance and could see nor hear nothing of him, so I came to the conclusion I didn't want him bad enough to go down in the brush after him, so I went back to the ridge and went down until I struck a good open place and sat down and commenced to blow the horn. By the way, I neglected to say that I had not brought the dogs with me, as I did not want Traller to get any notion in his head of hunting deer. I sat there and kept blowing the horn for a long time, and finally I had the satisfaction of hearing Traller answer me away off down the hill, coming. Say, my heart leaped for joy and I never thought more of Traller than I did right then. I commenced talking to him before he got to me, and he wagged his tail and was awfully pleased to get to me. I petted him a few minutes and then I told him to come on. I went back up and, say, when he struck that bear track and smelled the blood I think he knew what I had called him for.

Away he went straight down the gulch into the brush, and, sure enough, there was the bear. He was hurt pretty bad and was lying down all the time. Traller was coming. I could hear the racket and knew he was going down the gulch, so I ran down the ridge and pretty soon I got a little below, and I yelled at Traller to go after him.

The fight was now in dead earnest, and Traller was making it hot for him, as he had one shoulder broken and Traller could easily keep out of

I WISH to thank my friends and patrons for the liberal patronage they have given me the past year and take this means of expressing my appreciation, and asking for a continuance of same in future, and wishing you and yours

A Merry Christmas
 and a
Happy New Year



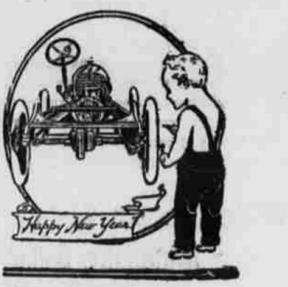
J. N. Dennis
 (My Name Is Dennis) The Grocer

Ashland Washing Powder Factory

Is putting in every home a sample package of the California Washing Powder, warranted not to injure the finest of fabrics. For any and all cleaning. For general use add one tablespoonful to each gallon of water. For sale at your grocers.

Patent No. 94,644 Patented April 22, 1916

PLUMBING Installed or repaired also general repairing. Prices reasonable.
 GEO. L. CAREY, 462 Allison
 Phone 314-J



What Was Your Auto Repair Bill for this last year? Do you think that it might easily have been less? Why not bring your work to us for the New Year? We have a conscience about the kind of work we do and the price we charge for it. Start the year right, and compare your bills from us with your former bills.

Ford Garage
 Lee Hall, Prop. Ashland

(To be continued.)
 This Christmas buy a rocker. J. P. Dodge & Sons. 53-tf



Merry Christmas
 and
A Prosperous New Year

To all our patrons and friends whom we hope to have for patrons

Plaza Grocery
 Everything for the Christmas Dinner

Christmas Greetings
 and
Best Wishes for
1917

From
FERGUSON'S
 The Busy Store Ashland, Ore.



TALBOT ARROW COLLARS
 are curve cut to fit the shoulders perfectly
 Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. Makers