

Ashland Tidings

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

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Harvey R. Ling, Advertising Manager
Lynn Mowat, City Editor

Official City and County Paper
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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, Jan. 4, 1917

OH, YOU SPORTSMAN.

The thirty thousand people who live within a few miles of the Rogue river are not overly inquisitive.

Yet the thirty thousand people, from a portion of which the Mall Tribune draws a portion of its sustenance, will probably want to know why George Putnam, editor of the Medford Mall Tribune, wishes to reserve to Rod Macley, of the Macley cannery, a practical monopoly on the fish which Mother Nature put in the Rogue river. Mother Nature no doubt likes Rod and apparently Editor Putnam likes Rod, but we are sure that Mother Nature intended some of the salmon for the rest of the folks who live near the Rogue.

Mother Nature probably never intended to let the "salmon rot on the banks of the Rogue and its tributaries" until the waters are contaminated, as Editor Putnam assures his readers will happen if Rod's monopoly is removed. Chances are that Mother Nature even went so far as to make allowances for the normal appetite of the thirty thousand for an occasional baked salmon.

Editor Putnam raves up on his hind legs and calls upon his extensive vocabulary for a frenzied series of "ohs" and "ahs" to express his utter contempt for the Ashland Fish and Game Protective Association, who favor allowing gaffing and spearing of a few of the salmon which, according to Editor Putnam, would otherwise "rot on the banks." The local association passed a resolution favoring legislation to allow the taking of salmon by gaff and spear for the home use of the taker only. Such a law exists and has proved satisfactory in California and elsewhere.

The local association and practically all of the people of the Rogue watershed want Macley's monopoly removed, and no doubt would appreciate a chance to keep the water from becoming contaminated and at the same time set their teeth into a salmon once in a while.

Editor Putnam wants Macley's monopoly undisturbed and scorns the idea of letting the fish do anything but rot if by happy chance the legislature should follow out the will of the people of the state as expressed under the initiative law.

Editor Putnam is a true sportsman. He prefers letting Rod Macley's teams haul out great net loads of salmon onto the sands of the banks of the Rogue—he prefers letting Macley's nets divert the fish from the Rogue into cans with Macley's label—to letting the thirty thousand have an opportunity to gaff an occasional salmon.

"Oh, you sportsman." WHY?

HUMANE WORK WITH CHILDREN.

One of the nation-wide movements of our time is the forming of Bands of Mercy for children. During October 931 new branches of this organization were formed, which already has 100,000 members scattered all over the country.

Children at their tender age are easily swayed. It is the most natural thing in the world for a boy to throw stones at a stray dog when he sees the other boys doing it. And it is just as easy to make him see how he would feel in the dog's place with a pack of pursuing giants after him.

Many of the older people have gone through life without a particle of humane sentiment. Common decency and mature feeling prevents us from wanton cruelty. But every day you see some man angrily beating a horse because the beast can't pull a heavy load or fails to understand orders. Only an ingrained sentiment of sympathy for these underlings of creation can prevent hot-tempered people from such acts. And to create that sympathetic feeling, the idea needs to be talked into the youngsters' heads at the Band of Mercy age.

However, the man who complains most bitterly about the cost of living is usually the same one who can't spend time to read the newspaper advertisements.

Setting the price of all kinds of food advancing, the average man feels like offering much advice about the raising of these products. Of course such suggestions are apt to be worthless. Still it is admitted by most experts that farm methods of past years have been inefficient and unbusinesslike. So the consumer may perhaps express an opinion about the general principles on which he thinks farming could be placed more on a business basis.

A hint in this direction is offered by a dispatch just published from Burlington, Vt., telling how one man had made \$8,000 by raising cabbage on twelve acres of land. While a good many farmers are making handsome profits nowadays, it is not likely that many of them have cleaned up \$8,000 in one year by raising cabbages. This man no doubt succeeded by specializing on this crop. He must have studied every authority on the raising of this vegetable, and talked with every man who could give him any practical information.

Many farmers fritter away their energy by doing too many different things. In most forms of production the man who wins out is the one who specializes. He produces few lines, but gets out a large amount of each line. In that way his help becomes expert on that proposition. When you double your production, you do not usually double the labor costs, but should increase the skill with which the work is done. The expense account grows smaller per unit of production, and the results should become of better quality.

Of course, in specialty farming, if there is a crop failure, it is more disastrous. But the specialty farmer should be better able to protect his crop from insect pests and the vicissitudes of weather.

The consumer's hat goes off to the farmer who can make a success in any kind of food raising. He performs a public service in a time of struggle with living costs.

THE UNFINISHED FURROW.

Out where the great fields of yellow wheat gently undulate to the soft breeze in a summer's sun, the tired farmer sits, wondering, meditating on the ways of the world. He is far from the immediate touch of the wheels of commerce, the lift of the busy city, and droning whirl of machinery and the alarms of war.

Three score years and ten have passed over his thin white locks; the stooped shoulders and deep wrinkled brow will soon be laid to eternal rest, yet, as he sits dreaming, awaiting the last bugle's call, the thought of another, long since mellowed to dust, comes to haunt the chambers of his mind; another, who, in departing, left the plow-share upright in the furrow, half turned. He recalls the lifeless form, the field half plowed, the effort wasted, the mysterious hand of Fate, the seeming fallacy of it all. But beyond these he views the victory, the reward that can be the part of every life, that can come to any man and any woman. And the spirit that stands beside the lifeless form brings a laurel, not a flower of sorrow. For he started his furrow in life.

That it did not lead to where he planned is a small thing. That his ambitions were not realized while he watched means little. That he fell and passed on to other worlds, leaving behind him the unfinished furrow, is no tragedy. He conquered when he started. He won when he kept his plow steady and straight. He was victor at each step of the path.

Upon this furrow others will come to plant. What crops will grow? Roses, perhaps, whose perfume will

bring back the smile to some fading cheek. Wheat, whose grains will bring strength to some fainting body, worn with hunger and the weariness of it all. He will not be there at the harvest, but that matters not at all. That other hands will glean is no factor in the great mathematics of progress and life.

Long after he has become a memory, that unfinished furrow will play its part in life. Long after the winds of summer and the snows of winter have cast their influence upon it, his work will live, either for good or for evil. The big thing is that he STARTED his furrow and that he did so with a purpose and held to it. The big thing is that he aimed to benefit and change the world; to prepare the ground that it might produce.

The tragedy of the unfinished furrow? There is no tragedy. Only those fall who never plow at all.

If we wish to flow with the stream of life, we must keep up with the current of events.

However, the man who complains most bitterly about the cost of living is usually the same one who can't spend time to read the newspaper advertisements.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS, 1917

While yet the year is new, I pray
All duties I may do each day;
Work harmoniously, on God's plan,
To help both self and fellow man.

To give my soul so much of good
That evil all will be withstood,
For if my mind will good I fill,
There'll be no room for thoughts of ill.

If I may any service be,
Help me each little kindness see.
Help me to know there's good in all.
Then I may ease a brother's fall.

May I each duty well perform,
To words and acts of friends conform.
If I have foes—send thoughts to each
So full of love, 'twill heal the breach.

Then, if all duties are well done,
With faith in God and man, I've won—
And of the good which we receive,
We may to others freely give.
—Elizabeth Yockey.

GOOD DEED IN NAUGHTY WORLD.

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous rich;
He gave away his millions to the colleges and rich,
And people cried: "The hypocrite! He ought to understand
The ones who really need him are the children of this land."
When Andrew Croesus built a home for children who were sick
The people said they rather thought he did it as a trick,
And writers said, "He thinks about the drooping girls and boys,
But what about conditions with the men whom he employs?"

There was a man in our town who said that he would share
His profits with his laborers, for that was only fair,
And people said: "Oh, isn't he the shrewd and farsighted man?"
It cost him next to nothing for that free advertisement.

There was a man in our town who had the perfect plan
To do away with poverty and other ills of man,
But he feared the public jeering and the folks who would defame him,
So he never told the plan he had, and I can hardly blame him.
—New York Tribune.

HOLD UP YOUR HEAD.

It Will Stimulate You Mentally as Well as Physically.

In a letter to Robert Grimshaw of the New York university William Muldoon gives advice that it would be well for every man and woman, boy and girl in America to take to heart. He says:

"I was taught in early manhood not to throw my shoulders back, stick my chest out, draw my stomach in or hold my chin down like a goat preparing to butt, but to always try and touch some imaginary thing with the crown of my head. If one tries to do that—first understands how to try and then tries—he doesn't have to pay any attention to the rest of his physical being. That effort to touch something above him not with his forehead, but with the crown of his head, will keep every particle of his body in the position that nature intended it should be.

And as a boy I was advised to frequently back up against the wall and make the back of my head, my shoulders, hips, heels all press against the wall at the same time, and in that way get an idea of what was straight, or, in other words, how crooked I was becoming by drooping."

Both to young and old Mr. Muldoon's "hold your head up" suggestion is inspiring. Try it. The effect physically and mentally is immediate. When the head goes higher the impulse is to deeper breathing. A man finds more elasticity in his limbs. He steps out with more ease. There is more spring to his gait. He isn't a lumbering, shambling creature, but a man alive. With the elevation of the crown of the head there seems to come clearer thinking, a more buoyant feeling and a brighter outlook.—Commerce and Finance.

Heard and Overheard

(By Lynn D. Mowat)
Fred Putnam's horse, which was electrocuted by rarin' up and biting an electric wire recently, had poor digestion. The question is, Was it the raisin' or the current that disagreed with him?

A Song of the New Year.
(Orchestra should play sombreish music during verses, chorus lively.)
We know that each one of our thinks
Our resolves will soon be full of kinks,
But we have you all beat,
Our resolve we repeat,
"I swear I won't drink between drinks."

Oh sing a la la, sing a la la,
Oh sing a la la, a la dear;
Oh sing a la la, sing a la la,
Oh sing a la la of the New Year.
Oh, most have kept theirs all this week
And of their will power proudly speak,
But we'll bet a big bill
If in June you talk "will,"
They'll look sick and ne'er utter a squeak.

Chorus—
When you solemnly held up your paw
And swore to dismiss every flaw;
When you swore to forego
And all that, don't you know,
Did the words kind of stick in your craw?

Chorus—
This year has played us a grim joke—
And many another poor bloke—
For this blankety blanked slush,
O'er our rubbers did gush,
And a resolve to not cuss early broke.

Chorus—
Fred's horses were running 'round loose.
An electric light wire played the deuce.
One must have been dry,
For he croaked in a try
To fill up on electric light juice.

Chorus—
It seems kind of hard on a guy
When Xmas and New Year's are by,
For we'll have no vacation
All over the nation
Until the next Fourth of July.

Chorus—
We resolved to cut out all bad puns
From this column as long as it runs,
For a pun in a rhyme
Is almost a crime,
So we'll "pun"ish—hey, put up your guns.

Chorus—
A lady who lives on North Main
Stopped on the street in the rain,
To tell us our junk
Was nothing but bunk,
And unfaithfully gave her a pain.

Chorus—
Owing to a resolve never to let our work interfere with our sleep, this merry song has to be chopped off here just as we were getting ready to tell the resolutions made by Fred Herrin, Harry Hosler, Chi Pierson, Clyde Costello, Mayor Johnson, Rev. Carnahan, Curt Roberts, Marian Van Natta, Dave Good, Emil Pell and a number of other prominent and resolute citizens whose resolutions would last much longer if made public, but which will now have to be allowed to resolve themselves into nothing or, rather, dissolve themselves into nothing in peace.

We think we have solved the whole matter. First you solve the problem of your failures. Then you resolve them; they dissolve and next New Year's you re-resolve, so on, etc., etcetera and so forth forever and forever until you are relieved of New Year's resolutions along with your

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other troubles. And even then the lodge passes a resolution about you.

Once upon a time a stranger stood before St. Peter.
"And what right have you to enter here?" quoth Peter.
"I kept seventeen New Year's resolutions out of fifty-three," answered the stranger.

Peter thumbed the great book in which the death notices are kept by the death angel are listed, until he came to the stranger's name. Peter's fingers traced across the page to the date of demise: "January 3."
"You have indeed done well. Pass in."

Sloppy New Year.

SUCCESS OF HOME GARDENS.

International Child Welfare League Issues Statement on its Work.

The International Child Welfare League has issued a statement showing what success it was able to achieve in its home garden movement for children last summer with the proceeds of a flower ball which it held last spring. The statement reads in part:

The International Child Welfare League, in conjunction with the bureau of education of Washington, has been studying the introduction of Commissioner P. P. Claxton's plan of the home garden under school supervision as a substitute for child labor. The experiment was tried in Westchester county, N. Y., last summer and has been so successful that the Welfare League is co-operating with all educational leagues in pushing the work.

The school garden and the home garden are often confused. The former is a community affair, with a teacher to oversee the whole plot. This plan is an excellent one for collective instruction and is recommended for children who have no home garden. The value of the home garden lies in the fact that the parents take more pride in the work of the child and with its economic results, which are more readily seen in the home than when the garden is at some distant point.

Tarrytown, N. Y., raised privately sufficient money, coupled with an amount contributed by the International Child Welfare League, to start the work with a teacher in the Washington Irving high school and also in the North Tarrytown high school. In this town the work was systematically organized under the Claxton plan, and its success has led to its adoption by the board of education as a part of the regular school work in the coming year.

The fact that the work is done after school hours and continued into the summer vacation period makes it easy to fit into the curriculum of any school, and the happy results in its bearing on health and morals make it a most valuable adjunct to school education.

WEST PHOENIX ITEMS.

Mrs. W. T. Thompson of Willow Springs and Fletcher Fish of Medford spent Christmas day with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Fish of West Phoenix. Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Dodge and infant daughter motored out to be present at the family reunion.

Word has been received by the Calhoun brothers that Orlando Calhoun, another brother residing in Idaho, has passed away. Deceased spent some time last fall with relatives in Phoenix and a sister in Medford, Mrs. Susie Ship. He came here in the hope that the climate would be beneficial, but grew no better and returned home.

Miss Margaret Dally of Medford spent Christmas day with her sisters at their ranch home here.

Mrs. Dora Zimmerman of Monmouth is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Wilson, of North Phoenix.

Miss Elizabeth Turnbough of Medford visited at the home of her mother, Mrs. Will Wright, last week.

Wylie Turnbough of Montana, formerly a resident of Phoenix, spent a part of Christmas day with E. Calhoun and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Corliss and little son Guy have gone to Portland, where they will be the guests of Mr. Corliss' parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. H. Corliss, and Mrs. Corliss' sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. O. D. Frazer.

Several sleds were seen in this vicinity owing to the rather heavy snow-fall of the past week. Several days of bright sunlight will cause the retirement of these rarely used vehicles.

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Ninety-Eighth Half Yearly Report of The German Savings and Loan Society

SAVINGS (THE GERMAN BANK) COMMERCIAL

526 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DECEMBER, 30, 1916

ASSETS—	
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds (market value \$20,338,296.00) standing on books at	\$18,759,166.74
Loans on Real Estate, secured by first mortgages	41,677,948.24
Loans on Bonds and Stocks	590,473.99
Bank Buildings and Lots, main and branch offices (value \$600,000), standing on books at	1.00
Other Real Estate (value \$195,000.00), standing on books at	1.00
Employees' Pension Fund (value \$235,045.38) standing on books at	1.00
CASH	5,606,143.97
Total	\$66,633,735.94
LIABILITIES—	
Due Depositors	\$63,499,332.39
Capital Stock actually paid in	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,134,403.55
Total	\$66,633,735.94

JOHN A. BUCK, President GEO. TOURNY, Manager

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of December, 1916. For the six months ending December 30th, 1916 a dividend of 4% per annum was declared.

[SEAL] CHAS. F. DUBENBERG, Notary Public.