

ASHLAND TIDINGS

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Bert R. Greer Editor

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

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A PEOPLE AROUSED.

Whether or not the American people are fully aroused on all matters pertaining to the war, there can be no question as to their being wide awake to the importance of increased food production. As the figures on this season's crop become available, the results assume staggering proportions. Such crops the world never before has seen. The one item of Irish potatoes shows the amazing yield of 450 billion bushels. Corn is away up alongside of the tubers, and in all lines, except possibly wheat, the figures have swelled far beyond anything ever before known in this country of enormous yields.

The result should be a source of great encouragement to our people in many ways. It will tend to give us some idea of the immensity of the domain we are called upon to fight for in order to preserve its integrity. It must also convince that there can be no reasonable fear of hunger in such a land unless we lose either the inclination or the ability to tickle our soil to the yielding.

The result is also gratifying in that there now is no question of our being able to extend to our allies all needed supplies of food. Last spring this matter loomed darkly as one of the dire possibilities. That it no longer exists will tend to remove at least one of the sources of discontent. Once assured that we shall not want for plenty, our people will view with willingness the exporting of supplies across the waters.

The results of the year's labors should teach one more lesson. We should remember that no task is so great but that with the proper perseverance and grit it may be accomplished. Also that there are very few achievements but may be improved upon. If we can in a single season so largely swell the national production, we should in the next few years, with an arousing of the well-known American pluck and ingenuity, be able to discount even that record. In fact, it should teach us that we have not yet even imagined a limit to what we could accomplish.

So, whatever other matters we may have to give us disquiet, we may be thankful that we shall not hunger—that there is enough and to spare.

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT.

Those who have the welfare of their town or city at heart are always glad to welcome worthy people to their midst; glad of all additions to their ranks that tend to the town's advancement. Population—desirable population—is a prime necessity. But there is a tendency among a cer-

tain class of our population to move to town, that, for the best welfare of the country, should be discouraged. We refer to the solid, substantial farmer, who has made a success of the farm, accumulated a competence, and turning the farm over to tenants, removes with his family to town to "enjoy life." Not that the town people would not be glad to welcome him and his family, but that they realize that in deserting his farm he is working an injury to the community in general that can not be remedied. Were he to sell his farm holdings to competent parties his move would be welcomed. But to turn the farm over to tenants who, in most cases, have no interest save that of extracting the last dollar of profit from the land, is working an untold injury to the community. The successful farmer owes his success to his own enterprise and industry. There is no royal road to success on the farm. The causes that work for the individual success of the farmer are the forces that go to build up the substantial interests of the community in general. No community can be considered desirable wherein the individuals are unsuccessful. A community of well-developed farms turned over to careless or disinterested tenants is a most pitiable sight. Not that all tenants are thus unconcerned, but the fact remains that many of them are, and can not be expected to be otherwise, not having the same inducements as the owner. The successful farmer owes it to his community and to his own manhood to devote to the development of his community the same energies that have won his success. And in this age of schools and churches, of telephones, rural mails and automobiles, life on the farm has none of the elements of privation. In fact, in most particulars it has town life beaten to a finish.

Ah, the scarcity of coal, it is recalled that the old settlers refused to burn the stuff because it was too dirty. How times do change!

If Russia continues very long in her present course, the world will begin to think that Nick Romanoff didn't make half enough anarchist martyrs.

50,000 VOICES.

And Many Are the Voices of Ashland People.

Fifty thousand voices—what a grand chorus! And that's the number of American men and women who are publicly praising Doan's Kidney Pills for relief from backache, kidney and bladder ills. They say it to friends. They tell it in the home papers. Ashland people are in this chorus.

Here's an Ashland case: J. R. Maxedon, newspaper agent, 977 B street, says: "I couldn't say too much in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills, for I have never found anything that has done me so much good when I have needed a kidney medicine. I use Doan's Kidney Pills whenever I have backache or I notice my kidneys are not acting properly, and it takes only one box to fix me up in fine shape."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Maxedon had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.
LADIES: Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Pink and Gold Metallic Boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years reported as Best, Purest, Always Reliable.
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TIME EVERYWHERE

Here and There

An instance of bootlegging camouflage was brought to light in Pendleton when the police confiscated a piece of freight, apparently a piece of linoleum, en route in a delivery wagon from freight sheds to a warehouse. The linoleum splashed, however, when moved, which caused an investigation. When the wrappings were taken off and the crate removed and three wrappings of linoleum were unrolled, there appeared a sheet-iron tank. With the aid of a tinner this was opened and found to be merely the container for three five-gallon kegs of whiskey. At present prices this is said to be worth \$600.

Little Dorothy Hinds McKechnie, adopted daughter of P. W. McKechnie, manager of the local Postal Telegraph office, has received a package of the effects of her father, the late Lieutenant F. E. Hinds, of the 97th Canadian Overseas battalion, which are very interesting. Lieutenant Hinds was killed in front of Verdun last spring and his wife died about the same time. His effects were sent home to be divided among the children and Miss Dorothy received her share a day or two ago. Among them were his cap badge showing his battalion number. Another very interesting relic was a replica of the medal struck by Germany in commemoration of the sinking of the Lusitania. It shows a sinking ship, also soldiers opening a close time which is a skeleton, and several German inscriptions. —Eugene Guard.

Every Piece of Meat From the

East Side Market

Is a Good Piece.
That's the only kind we handle.
Wholesale and Retail.
FISH ON FRIDAYS.
OYSTERS AND CRABS IN SEASON.
A. R. Brown, Prop. Phone 188.

Jess Gordon, wanted by Sheriff Smith of Alturas on a charge of larceny of 125 sheep, and also suspected of poisoning stock in the Lava Beds, was arrested in Klamath Falls Thursday. He had paid his fare on a stage to Bly, and was evidently trying to escape to that part of the county.

Eighty-two head of cattle have been brought to the old Tipton ranch to the range on the North Umpqua river, from Crescent City, by the new owner, Joseph Senora. The land has not been pastured for several seasons and is reported to be in excellent grass.

Eastern Oregon has never experienced as mild weather in December as that during the past month. In the country surrounding Baker farmers are still plowing, squirrels have been seen out, blue and cherry tree buds are swelling, and lawns and meadows are growing. Many of the cattle are still on the range, which is saving thousands of tons of hay.

The members of the New Era Club of Roseburg entertained their husbands at an evening card party at the home of one of the members recently. The host very generously offered to furnish first prize, which was gratefully accepted by the ladies of the club with sincere thanks. Three lucky couples tied for the honor prize. When these were lined up and presented with a mother cat and five kittens a near riot ensued. One after another admitted the terrible crimes of "reneging," cheating, miscounting, and in fact performing every rule contrary to the game, proclaiming that they were not eligible to the prize. All but one man "honestly" owned up that the prize was not forthcoming to him, but his wife very emphatically entered a protest and the prize was left to the generous host, who was told to find another method of ridding himself of the over-burden of the feline tribe.

FRUIT DRYING IN

"GOOD OLD TIMES"

What would our grandmothers have thought of these new-fangled ways of drying fruit and vegetables? Here is the government urging every one to dry almost everything that grows, and telling how to do it, and giving diagrams of driers that a woman can make at home out of old boxes and a little screening and attach to a stove, and the newspapers and magazines are full of it, too.

In the "good old times" of our grandmothers about the only things dried in the summer and fall for winter use were apples, peaches, pumpkins and huckleberries. But now the government tells us that green beans, carrots, cabbages, beets, potatoes and almost any kind of fruit, vegetables

or "garden sass," even tomatoes, may be easily dried and laid away, and all that is necessary to make them "as good as new" is to soak them overnight. The paper told the other day of a woman back east who gave a course dinner to her friends, and everything on the table had been dried and then soaked back to freshness again.

Nowadays they slice up the vegetables or fruit, spread it out on trays of wire screening in a home-made drier, hang it over the stove where the hot air will circulate up through it, and in an hour or two it is thoroughly dried and will keep through the winter. It is all very simple, very sanitary and clean and saves a lot of money.

In the "good old times" the pumpkin to be dried was sliced in rings and hung up on poles from the kitchen ceiling, along with festoons of apples quartered and strung on threads. One of the benefits of that mode of drying things was that it made a fine roost for the flies and kept them off the table. When grandma wanted to make an apple pie she simply stood up on a chair, yanked down a string of dried apples, washed the fly specks off it as well as she could, soaked the apples until they swelled back to natural size, and all was ready for the pie-making.

That was the custom almost everywhere in the country in the "good old times" and no one thought it was objectionable to dry stuff where flies would roost upon, and where tobacco smoke and the odors of frying fat would permeate it. They weren't particular in the "good old times." —Kansas City Star.

FAMILY MEN ARE SPARED BY DRAFT

Provost Marshal General Crowder, in reporting to congress on the progress of the draft, expresses for the first time a definite promise and aim of the government not to take for army duty any other men than those listed in Class 1 of the new draft questionnaire.

This classification excludes married men entirely whose wives or families are dependent on them for support, and other men with dependents. General Crowder does this on the estimate that 1,000,000 men physically fit for army duty will be available from Class 1. This number he thinks sufficient for the present

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military needs of the nation, but to assure the future supply for those needs he recommends that men who have become 21 years old since June 5, 1917 (the first draft) and who become of age hereafter shall be added to Class 1 as they become available. This will insure, the general estimates, a supply of 700,000 men a year.

General Crowder outlines the new policy in this language:

"Whether this guess (1,000,000 available men) be justified in practice or not, it can be announced now as the policy and belief of this office that in all probability it will be possible to fill our military needs without invading any class more deferred than Class 1; and this is the promise, the standard and the goal here for the first time announced, toward which every administrative effort of this office shall be directed."

HOARDING REASON FOR HIGH PRICES

In a recent statement the War Trade Board declares that no wool shortage exists, either in the world's supply or in the amount on hand in the United States, notwithstanding the increased consumption for military purposes. The clip in most countries has steadily increased since the

outbreak of the war. "The price of wool has advanced in the United States by a percentage greatly in excess of such price advances in other countries," says the statement. "The price in the United States has advanced 200 per cent above the prewar level. The price in England is fixed at 55 per cent in excess of prewar prices."

"Cloth manufacturers in the United States have been impelled by fear to carry abnormal stocks of wool and to contract with dealers and importers for unusual quantities for far-forward delivery. Manufacturers of clothing have been infected by a like dread, inciting the purchase of cloth exceeding in volume their reasonable needs."

"The consumption of wool during 1918 will be little if any greater than it was during 1917."

The fearful battles on the bloody hills around Verdun were not in vain. From the Kaiser's address. No; they proved to an anxious world the strength of the French army.

We decline to get wrought up over the new disease called knitters' nerves as long as so many women are immune.

Phone job orders to the Tidings.

"America" for Americans
A Victor Record to hear, to have at home, and to cherish!
"America," the grand old song of liberty, ought to have its place these days in every home in the land—and we believe this ideal would be close to realization if every American could hear Clarence Whitehill's new Victor Record.
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