

ASHLAND TIDINGS

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DON'T KNOW AMERICANS.

German papers are gloating over the sinking of the Tuscania, expressing the conviction that the incident "must unfailingly dampen the spirits of Americans."

If evidence were wanted that Germany is lamentably ignorant of American character the above is sufficient. Americans are the last race on earth to be given to crying over spilled milk. Probably no nation in history has grown to commanding influence in the world over greater opposition than has the United States. Opposition is the bread of life to our people, and your red-blooded American has a mild contempt for any occupation that contains none of the element of danger or chance.

If proof were wanted to refute the insinuation of the Teutons that we would blanch at the dangers from their submarines, it is found in the fact that before the ink was hardly dry on the papers in this country giving the news of the sinking of the Tuscania, enlistments in all branches had jumped to records never reached before. Thousands are flocking to every branch of the service, many with the avowed purpose of avenging the heroes so shamelessly butchered.

Germany is due for a very rude awakening as to the real American character. She is due to discover that our aversion to war does not cover a craven heart, but arises rather from a national sense of justice and right. She is also due to learn that when that sense of justice and right has been flagrantly abused and insulted, there is no hesitation on our part to resort to the weapons of force so dear to the German heart.

Germany, however, is merely whistling to keep up her courage. She sees her doom when our troops reach Europe in force.

THE GERMAN BOGEY.

The report from General Pershing's boys on the firing line in France is thrilling the hearts of Americans and is such as to cause a feeling of the most intense satisfaction throughout the country. Our boys are proving themselves fully equal to the task before them and have already taken the measure of their foe and are going after him.

They are also dissipating the hitherto world-wide dread of the German bogey, and proving him to be by no means the superman he would have us think him. They are demonstrating that German defenses can be shattered and German troops routed and German discipline thoroughly disorganized.

And what, after all, is this dread German bogey? Nothing but iron discipline working with thoroughly plastic material. Given unscrupulous leaders fired with the lust of conquest, and a docile and tractable army, the result must inevitably be a dangerous machine—a machine without scruple and without conscience. But on the other hand it is largely a machine devoid of intelligence and without initiative, save in its leaders.

And it is in this latter quality, or rather lack of quality, that it will meet its Waterloo at the hands of

the American army. The American soldier is not merely a cog in a fighting machine, he is also a sentient, pulsing, dynamic human machine in himself, quick to think and trained to act upon his conclusions. Men of this class are to be trusted with the most dangerous and delicate missions. They are not only reliable in the mass, but are thoroughly to be depended upon as separate human units.

It is the German contempt for all things not German that has helped largely in impressing the nations with a false estimate of German prowess. This contempt is fast being unmasked and made to stand out in its true light—ignorance. Pershing is teaching us that it is by no means the result of superior knowledge, but rather of ignorance inspired by the belief that German knowledge is of a superior order. Nothing but bullets and shrapnel will shake this arrogance, but these are being manufactured in this country and sent to our boys over there, and they can be trusted to place them where they will do the most good.

Germany has stigmatized us as a nation of dollar chasers. Well, we have chased the dollar successfully, and we will show her that we can turn those dollars into bullets for her undoing. Her contempt is the best possible spur to our troops. It is nerveing them to show to the world that the great German bogey is but a man after all, and a man who can and will be whipped and well whipped before we are through with him.

It is so long since we have had our eye on Uncle Carranza that the old gink may be up to all sorts of devilment down there.

People's Forum

Seeing the Desert.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor Tidings: The other day Mrs. Barnhill and I drove out to the Fremont valley to look at a quarter section of land which we were offered in exchange for our Ashland property. Level, rich soil, no hardpan, alkali, sand hills or pot holes, capable of producing ten tons of alfalfa per acre, which sold last summer at \$17 in the field and is now worth \$30; inexhaustible supply of water at 250 feet, rising to within 50 feet of the surface; only three miles to railway station, two miles to school. And yet we didn't trade.

We were accompanied by Mr. Bandy, formerly manager of the Chino sugar beet factory, who was figuring on getting the quarter next to ours.

Two hours' drive brought us to the summit of the Tehachapi mountains, where we ran into snow and the wind was blowing chill and cold from the northwest. Leaving the mountains, we plunged into the Mojave desert, being still 45 miles from Cantil, our destination. Most of the way the road is a mere trail winding through the sagebrush across a barren, sandy waste which stretches away in the distance in three directions as far as the eye can reach. Over bumps and into chuck holes we jounced and

jumped, through great pools of muddy water, which splashed onto our windshield and was blown by the gale inside our auto, although we had the side curtains up. To leave the track was dangerous, on account of the soft sand. We helped one auto back into the road and passed a team which had pulled another back.

Mojave, the only town we passed in nearly a half hundred miles, is a railroad division point, where there are ten saloons and a reputation for roughness second to none. The wind was blowing so hard that we found difficulty in making headway against it, yet no one claimed it was "unusual." We were advised that in case a hat blew off not to give chase, but to wait, as someone else's hat would likely be along pretty soon.

Fremont valley is only an arm of the desert, but good bunch grass is found here and cattle grow to marketable size and condition with no other feed. Near Cantil there are springs and flowing wells. We passed some homesteads where water was being pumped 200 to 300 feet. Similar land was sold by promoters as high as \$50 per acre. It is not considered practicable to pump more than 50 to 75 feet for hay or grain crops.

The Los Angeles aqueduct runs a few miles west and one section can plainly be seen, appearing like a great, black snake climbing up the mountain side. At this point it is a steel tube nine feet in diameter.

A few miles farther on a salt company is getting out 125,000 tons of salt per year, cutting it from the bottom of a dry lake, which covers a township and has a bed of salt 600 feet deep. The company has sold over a million dollars' worth of salt to a single firm.

When we arrived a great cloud of yellow dust and sand filled the center of the valley, despite the fact that it had rained the night before. The previous day the wind and dust were much worse, we were told, the latter entering the houses at every crack and cranny.

We stopped over night with a lady who was keeping store, postoffice and hotel all at one and the same time, doing everything herself. During the evening an old bachelor friend of Bandy's came in to chat a while. He was a typical desert rat and discoursed learnedly on the advantages of seldom taking a bath or changing clothes, saying the latter became charged with electricity or personal magnetism and that whenever a person changed clothes he had to charge them all over again. He also offered to bet the landlady a week's board he could dress a chicken in three minutes or prepare a meal in fifteen.

The wind finally settled and the moon shone bright and clear over the vast, silent sagebrush plains and barren mountains. Sunrise on the desert was indeed a beautiful sight.

A neighbor gave us some casaba melons which he was keeping in an open shed and which were in perfect condition. They sure tasted fine. This man had a pumpkin plant costing \$4,000, beside the well. It costs so much to develop a farm in this locality that one cannot afford to pay much for land, especially when land can be had in similar localities much cheaper.

There are many clumps of greasewood inhabited, we were cheerfully informed, by rattlesnakes and wildcats. Altogether, our Ashland orchard looked mighty good in comparison with the Fremont valley.

O. H. BARNHILL.

GERMAN PRISONERS HAVE SAME TRAITS

All sorts and conditions of German prisoners are passing daily through the British "cages" at the front, as the great prisoners of war compounds, surrounded by a solid double barbed-wire fencing, are called. There you may see the stolid Bavarian peasant rubbing shoulders with the pale-faced clerk from the great cities of the German empire, the bespectacled medical student elbow-to-elbow with the surly, often villainous looking N. C. O. of Germany's professional army.

Prisoners of war, no matter to what army they may belong, possess certain general characteristics in common. They are nearly always very dirty, ragged and unshaven, for the turmoil of a modern battle plays havoc with the smartest soldier that ever walked. They are nearly always considerably dejected, for there is no shame about being downcast at falling into the enemy's hands, writes "Patrol" in the London Answers. They very often manifest considerable relief at being still alive after the stress of battle.

These symptoms are so frequently observed in German prisoners of war that people seeing for the first time a big batch of captives are apt to make entirely false deductions as to the general state of the German army.

How many times have we read in

the war correspondents' messages from the different fronts that the prisoners presented a pitiable appearance and that their morale is very low?

Reliable testimony as to the condition of the German army is not to be found in the prisoners of war "cages." It is rather revealed in the documents and letters taken in action.

Generally speaking, the statements of German prisoners of war, unless independently corroborated, are unreliable.

I have met casually and talked to all kinds of German prisoners, both officers and men, captured on different parts of the western front ever since the opening days of the war. My experience is that they fall, roughly, into three classes. The most common type is the clumsily-cunning fellow who will affirm anything that he thinks you want him to say, without regard to dignity or truth. Then there is the surly kind, who will tell you a string of lies. Lastly, you have the frankly hostile German, who will turn his back on you rather than open his lips to speak to the hated "Englander."

The first German prisoners I saw in this war were in a hospital at Versailles just before the battle of the Marne. They lay in the wards mixed up indiscriminately with the British soldiers, and it speaks volumes for the high character of our men that these helpless Germans, many of whom must have taken actual part in the perpetration of the Belgian horrors, were treated by our soldiers as fellow victims of the war and nothing else.

In an isolated ward at this hospital I came across a German, who was dying of gangrene, side by side with a fair-haired west of England corporal, who was smitten with the same dreadful evil. Both men were dying, and it was this corporal who drew my attention to the German.

"I feel kind of sorry for the old man, sir," he said to me, "for there's no one here as can talk his lingo and it must be lonely for him lying there all day."

So I spoke in German to the other, a sunburnt, black-bearded man who must have been 50, I should think. He was of the hostile kind, and his eyes looked at me with no friendly gaze when I first addressed him. He told me he knew he was dying. I asked if I could do anything for him. He shook his head. He had no relations, he said. His only care was his farm in Hanover, and he told me about it, saying that the war had ruined him, for he had no one to look after things in his absence. When next I went to see him, two days later, he was dead—one of the millions of humble victims of the Kaiser's ambition.

At the height of the battle of Loos I was witness of a very amusing scene at a railway siding. About 800 German prisoners were installed in a cage there, waiting for a train to take them down to the base for shipment to England. The railway transport officer was beside himself. He could not speak a word of German, and he had to get the whole detachment issued with rations for their journey to the coast before they could entrain.

One of the party of war correspondents, who had come to visit the prisoners, gallantly went to the rescue. The journalist spoke German fluently and, at the R. T. O.'s request, he undertook to superintend the distribution of rations. He stood up in front of the prisoners—a regular rabble sprawling in the sunshine, all very dirty, many slightly wounded, listless, indifferent. Then he roared at them in German, "Party, 'shun!" The effect was electric. To a man the prisoners scrambled to their feet and stood rigidly to attention, after which the correspondent called out the N. C. O.' and set them to organize the party into squads for the distribution of rations. In half an hour the thing was done.

German officers are the most difficult prisoners of war to handle. Nearly all cases of treachery in the surrender are directly traceable to the instigation or example of officers. Most of them, when captured, are surly and insolent, but full of demands for their "rights." Still, one meets exceptions.

During the battle of the Marne a friend of mine, an officer in the Hussars, had a curious experience with a German captain. After a lively cavalry engagement he was summoned to a cottage where he found a Cuirassier officer dying, his silver helmet on a chair at his bedside. The dying man spoke English well and, declaring that all his affairs were in order, began to chat with the British Hussar about mutual acquaintances in London. He asked after the Duchess of This and Lady That, talked of Ranelagh and Henley, and showed himself thoroughly acquainted with the London season. Then he made my friend a present of his silver helmet and quietly died.

Phone job orders to the Tidings.

"The Bank with the Chime Clock"

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Jesus Christ Was Not a "Slacker"

Harold Bell Wright, the noted author, has written the first magazine article he ever wrote for the February American magazine. It is called "The Sword of Jesus," and in it he says:

"On the wall of my study, opposite my writing table, there hangs a picture, a large reproduction of Hoffman's 'Christ.' For all my writing years, whenever the conditions under which I have worked have made it all possible, this picture of Jesus has looked down upon me.

"At times, sad times, I have sensed in this pictured countenance of the Master rebuke and censure, and I have felt ashamed. At other times, glad times, and all too seldom, I have fancied I could almost hear from those lips the words, 'Well done.' At still other times, as I have mused over the task set for me, that face has seemed to say: 'Be not afraid, bring to me the problems of life that trouble you so. Ask of me, as you would ask of a brother or friend.'

"And so I ask in this awful hour that is for all mankind so pregnant with mighty and eternal possibilities: 'Jesus, if you were here, now, in the flesh as you were in Galilee, what would you do in the matter of this war?'

"If you were a citizen of this nation, Jesus, what would you do?" "The commandment of Jesus that we forgive men their trespasses cannot be sanely construed to mean that we must permit men to continue trespassing.

Christ Not a Pacifist

"Jesus was a man of peace. 'Yes. But this does not necessarily mean that he was a pacifist. There is a vast difference between a man of peace and a pacifist. Between the peace-at-any-price man and the peace-no-matter-what-it-costs man there is a great gulf fixed. 'The man who said: 'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword,' was certainly no peace-at-any-price man.

"Jesus lived a man's life among men, played a man's part in the game of life, and died a man's death.

"This man of Galilee was no slacker. From his cradle to his cross, from Bethlehem to Calvary, he was a man's man, a man of the people and for the people."

MOTION PICTURES FOR AGRICULTURAL CLUBS

To help increase the pork supply the Department of Agriculture has released to motion picture theatres, through one of the large companies, a film showing the work of the boys' pig clubs which the department is organizing in all parts of the country. The film shows methods of instructing farm boys who have joined the agricultural clubs how to raise better pigs and the methods used by club members in carrying out instructions.

The first pig club was organized in Louisiana in 1910. Now approximately 45,000 members are enrolled throughout the country. Clubs in several states are planning to send carloads of fat hogs to fairs and stock shows, after which they are to be marketed co-operatively.

Other moving pictures being used to show the importance of increased food production show activities in the national forests, important sources of timber and water supply.

Plaza Barber Shop

"On the Plaza"

Hair Cutting and Shaving. Special attention to Children's Hair Cutting.

J. A. Yeo, Prop.

Our boys in camp have rebelled against German measles and want the name changed. They'd much prefer plain old Itch.

The Bolsheviks are said to demand the disassociation of the church from the state in Russia. 'Twould be dividing the number 1 if the church is as small as the state seems to be over there.

A Grippe Epidemic

Every winter Health Boards warn against this weakening disease which often strikes those who are least prepared to resist it. You should strengthen yourself against grippe by taking

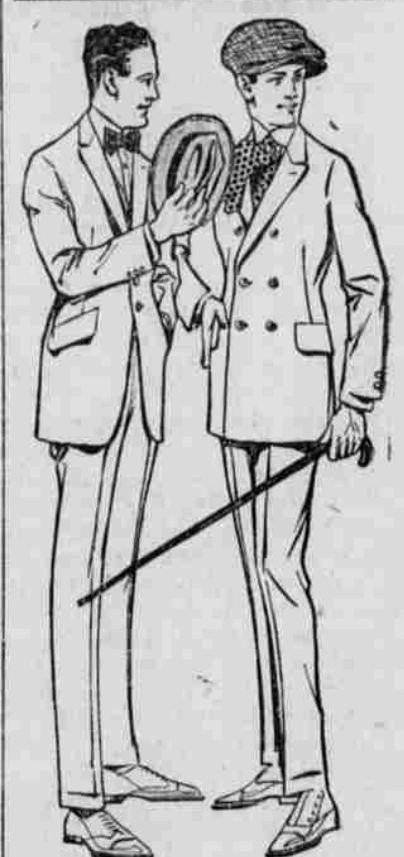
SCOTT'S EMULSION

which is the cream of cod liver oil, refined, purified and so skillfully prepared that it enriches the blood streams, creates reserve strength and fortifies the lungs and throat.

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