

Ashland Tidings

Established 1876
Published Every Evening Except Sunday
THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.
OFFICIAL CITY AND COUNTY PAPER
TELEPHONE 39

Subscription Price Delivered in City:
One month \$1.55
Three months 4.50
Six months 8.50
One year 16.00

ADVERTISING RATES
Display Advertising
Single insertion, each inch30c
YEARLY CONTRACTS
Display Advertising
One time a week27 1/2c
Two times a week25 c
Every other day20 c

What Constitutes Advertising
In order to ally a misunderstanding among some as to what constitutes news and what advertising, we print this very simple rule, which is used by newspapers to differentiate between them: "ALL future events, where an admission charge is made or a collection is taken IS ADVERTISING."

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-class Mail Matter.
SUMMER PLAYGROUND OF AMERICA
THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST
OREGON WASHINGTON & BRITISH COLUMBIA
BRIGHT COOL DAYS
A RESTFUL SLEEP EVERY NIGHT.

THOS. H. SIMPSON FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER



THOS. H. SIMPSON FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

In another column today will be read the announcement of Thos. H. Simpson as a candidate for the republican nomination for the office of county commissioner.

SUFFRAGE FOR CAPITAL

Most Americans take pride in their national capital. During the war the boast that Washington had become "the capital of the world" was often heard, and every time a patriot heard it his chest expanded a trifle.

Yet how many know that a man or woman who resides in Washington, or the District of Columbia, is deprived of the ordinary rights of a citizen of the United States? Elections come so frequently that many of us, even the newly-enfranchised women, often do not regard them as much of a duty; certainly no one thinks of the opportunity of helping to name local or national government officials as a privilege.

But every man and woman, government employe or otherwise, who resides in the District of Columbia is denied a voice in anything affecting the district or the city of Washington, and has no vote in selecting any public official, even a president of the United States.

SIR TOAD

Before killing a toad, stop a minute and give him a hearing. He may be better than he looks.

Out ancestors condemned him as a poisonous reptile. Shakespeare's witches stewed him in a pot as a component part of hell-broth. He was publicly accused and condemned for making cow's milk bloody; for putting warts on children's hands; and for poisoning infant's breath; though some people believed he brought luck to the house in the cellar of which he lived, and that sometimes he carried a jewel called a loadstone in his head.

As a matter of fact, science has acquitted him of all these charges, and stripped him of these honors. He is nothing but a good, homely fellow that goes about the garden and farm nights, eating worms, bugs, beetles, snails, flies, caterpillars and other small fry that inhabit the farm to its harm. By day he mostly hides in damp shady places for comfort and for refuge from hawks, snakes and small boys.

Some English gardeners who have learned a thing or two about toads say that the reason's work of the average toad in a garden is worth no less than \$5. If this toad were given a cent for each cutworm he destroyed, he could earn more than \$20 in one season on this pest alone. After long and wide experimentation with toads, entomologists venture to state that in 90 days one adult toad will eat 2160 cutworms, 1800 thousand-legged worms, 2160 sow bugs, 3240 ants, 360 weevils and 360 ground beetles. All these except the beetles are rank enemies of mankind.

Beside this list of insects, the toad is pleased to eat all kinds and conditions of caterpillars, grasshoppers, white grubworms, and, in short, every sucking and biting plant pest that moves. Dead and motionless game have no attraction for him.

Ninety-eight per cent of the toad's food is made up of small animal matter. A toad has been known to eat at one sitting, 77 thousand-legged worms; at another 37 tent caterpillars; at a third, 65 gipsy moths, and at a fourth 55 army worms. A toad can eat 100 house flies consecutively without dulling his appetite. Ninety-eight rose bugs will not stall him. He will eat food to four times the capacity of his stomach in 24 summer hours.

Now, if one were looking for a good friend, need one go farther than the toad? When next you feel that you must kill a toad, withdraw your hand and kill a mole instead.

Sick Folks Improving—
G. W. Benedict, of Mountain avenue, who has been quite ill, is reported as improving. Mrs. Anna Grubb was able to set up today after several days in bed. Vernon Phipps, son of E. E. Phipps, of Pine street, has been quite sick with grippe, but is now much improved.

Just Folks!

By JOHN HERBERT DORAN AUNT PONY

It is remarkable how many curious facts about this world and the world to come you can learn from a real native of the hills. These facts I have never read in any encyclopaedia or heard discussed in science halls. I wonder sometimes if we had not better close our institutions of learning, and send the students into the wilds and let them get first-hand information.

Sometime ago, I saw Aunt Pony and she discoursed to me about sundry matters of interest, telling me many things of which no scientist had ever dreamed. Now, Aunt Pony always has dinner ready at 11 o'clock, and I have a standing invitation to dine with them. It was a real dinner, too, not "lunch" such as the unfortunate city folk have, but spare-ribs, venison, sweet potatoes, hot rolls, wild honey.

One day as we sat at dinner, Aunt Pony was telling me to be sure and note the kind of weather we had the first three days of December. "For," she said, "these three days rule the months of December, January and February. The first day shows the kind of weather for December, the second day indicates the kind of weather for January, and the third is an exact copy of the weather in February." Now, is not this a bit of information worth knowing? How had I lived all these years without observing these facts, and why had the weather bureau at Washington failed to enlighten us on so important a matter? I will have no more of their bulletins!

At last I know how to plan my work for these three months. If the afternoon of December first is stormy, then I know that the last half of December will be cold, and I can prepare for such an emergency, and if the forenoon of December

MET, COURTED AND WERE MARRIED IN FOUR DAYS



A few days ago this beautiful young woman was Miss Charlotte Rich. Then she met Albert E. DuBris, a New York broker, in San Francisco, and now she's no longer Miss Rich. The courtship lasted only four days, but that was three days too long for Mr. DuBris.

Third is warm and bright, then I know what kind of weather we will have two months before the ground hog has a chance to see his shadow.

After dinner, Aunt Pony took her pipe from the mantle over the great fireplace, crushed a bit of her favorite brand of tobacco in the hollow of her hand, placed it in the bowl of her pipe, and sat down in her rocker. Some things grow mellow with age, but not so with Aunt Pony's pipe. It has waxed strong with the passing years. It can easily be found in the dark without the aid of a radium button. Even should it be misplaced, its penetrating odor reveals its location. It is a friend that has never forsaken her, and has soled her in many a disappointed hour. Some seek comfort from friends in times of sorrow; others give way to grief, or maybe resort to prayer. But Aunt Pony draws peace and abiding comfort from her pipe.

"Are there many acorns this fall?" I asked. I knew that Aunt Pony had a number of pigs running in the woods, and that she depended on the crop of acorns to furnish the feed for the winter's supply of pork. "Not many," she said. "You know it rained on the twenty-second day of June."

"Well, what has rain on the twenty-second day of last June to do with the crop of acorns this fall?" I asked. She paused to take one long draught from her pipe before answering. Then as the smoke cleared away, she said: "Why, if it rains on the twenty-second day of June there will be no acorns that fall." Andy expressed some doubt as to the ac-

curacy of this prediction, but Aunt Pony was very sure. Had she not always noticed it, and had not her father always said the same thing, and, if further proof were necessary, had not the Indians, who inhabited these regions, revealed it to the white man?

Aunt Pony does not hesitate to say what she thinks. If one did not know her, he would be shocked some times at her language. She does not spare even her friends and relatives. On one occasion, she said to me: "I have five son-in-laws, and there isn't but one of them that's worth a darn. The devil owed me and Andy a debt and he paid it off in son-in-laws."

She is a good story-teller, and her language is picturesque and vivid, but unfortunately many of her expressions are unprintable, and the censorship would have to be employed to such an extent that her stories would look worse in print than a doughboy's letter from France.

But while Aunt Pony uses very plain language, her heart is full of kindness. She will walk many miles to minister to the sick, and if anyone is in need, she is ready to lend a helping hand. Though poor in this world's goods, Aunt Pony responded to every worthy cause during the war, and bought war savings stamps beyond her means.

Not long ago a dreadful fire occurred at Klamath, a neighboring town across the mountains. An old wooden hotel had caught fire in the dead of night, and burned so rapidly that many people were caught in the flames with no means of escape, and were burned beyond recognition. I was surprised and shocked when I noticed in the long list of victims, two names that were familiar. They were the daughter and grand-daughter of Aunt Pony. Their lives had been snuffed out in that awful holocaust without warning. I wondered how Andy and Aunt Pony would stand this sudden shock. A few days passed by when I saw them sitting under a large tree near their cabin door. I ventured to stop a moment and extend my sympathy. They were remarkably composed, and there was a look of satisfaction in Aunt Pony's eyes as she told me that she had assurance that her daughter and grand-daughter were not in the fire.

"How's that?" I inquired quickly. Then she told me of how an Indian brave had been desperately in love with the beautiful girl, and in the silent hours of the night he had slipped into the hotel, kidnapped the mother and daughter, and set fire to the hotel, and in the confusion that followed, made good his escape.

"It is comforting to believe that they escaped death," I said. "But what evidence do you have that they were kidnapped?" "Andy can not shed a tear," she said, "so we know that they were not in the fire." And besides she had been to the village and had consulted a medium who told her that they were carried away swiftly in a large black car.

Aunt Pony's form is bent, but she is the very soul of wit and optimism, and it would pay anyone to go a long distance out of his way to study a character so unusual.

Advertisement for Calumet Baking Powder featuring an illustration of a baby and a can of powder. Text: "Goes Farther", "A can of Calumet Baking Powder will make more pies, cakes, biscuits, muffins, etc. than a can of most other brands.", "It lasts longer - goes farther because it contains more than the ordinary leavening strength - therefore you use less.", "When a recipe calls for two teaspoons of baking powder, use two level teaspoons of Calumet, the results will always be the same - perfectly raised bakings - remember this when you buy baking powder and don't forget that Calumet is the economic buy because it goes farther.", "A pound can of Calumet contains full 16 oz. Some baking powders come in 12 oz. instead of 16 oz. cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it."

DOMESTIC SCIENCE VALENTINES for FEBRUARY 14TH. Mrs. Belle DeGraf. Domestic Science Director California Prune & Apricot Growers Inc. COOKING PROCESSES: Baking, Frying, Lamb Stew. Top round steak, one-half inch thick; suet, two or three small slices; carrot, cubed, one-quarter cupful; onion, one small one, sliced; boiling water or stock, one cupful. Stuffing made from: Soft breadcrumbs, one cupful; celery, cut fine, two table-spoons; salt, one-half teaspoon; paprika, one-eighth teaspoon; onion juice, teaspoon. Trim the edges of the steak, spread over it the stuffing, roll and tie and lay in a pan on the onion and carrot with the suet on top. Pour the water or stock into the pan; cook closely covered for 20 minutes or more in a hot oven and then uncover and cook 30 minutes longer. Serve with brown gravy made from the drippings in the pan.

Last Time 'Madame X' Tonight. V. WINING FEATURING Pauline Frederick The Greatest Picture of Her Career. Friday-Saturday- HARRY in 'The Fox' CAREY Super Production. Sunday-Monday- WILL ROGERS -in 'DOUBLING FOR ROMEO'

FEEDING THE LAYERS. Keep dry OLYMPIC BUTTERMILK EGG MASH or OLYMPIC EGG BUILDER in self-feeding hoppers before the birds constantly. See that the hens eat at least as much dry mash by weight each day as scratch grain. The mash is very largely the egg builder, and hens may eat 55 to 65 per cent of OLYMPIC BUTTERMILK EGG MASH or OLYMPIC EGG BUILDER. Don't mix anything else with Olympic laying mashes. Feed only enough OLYMPIC SCRATCH in deep straw litter to keep the fowls active and supply the necessary body maintenance. The amount of scratch will vary with kind of hens, weather, season and production. Ordinarily, 8 to 12 pounds of grain per day to 100 hens will be required. Feed by judgment, not by weight or measure. Feed about one third of the daily grain ration in the morning, and two thirds at afternoon feeding. Watch the hens and feed according to demands. Old hens and retarded pullets can often be boosted along by an additional moist mash feed once a day. Mix the straight egg mash just crumbly with water and feed in troughs about noon. Feed only what will be cleaned up in about 30 minutes. There should always be an unlimited supply of green feed, grit, shell, charcoal and pure water. We are confident that Olympic Feeds are "FOREMOST IN THE FIELD." We know that they are scientifically made and are serving satisfactorily all users. Buy them from your dealer. SQUARE DEAL GROCERY. E. W. FLACKUS - ALDEN POWELL Proprietors. 383 East Main St. ASHLAND Phone 37