

Classified Column

Classified Column Rates One cent the word each time. To run every issue for one month or more, 1/2c the word each time.

FOR RENT

FOR SALE

FOR SALE: — German Police Puppies. Thomas Harris. 687 Beach St. 94-6\*

FOR SALE: — Christmas trees and wreaths. 93 N. Main. 94-3\*

FOR SALE: — Seven purebred white leghorn laying pullets from Smith's trap nested stock. \$1.20 each. 235 North Main. 94-11\*

MISCELLANEOUS

FOUND: — Three pretty little ties. J. J. Deakin. Phone 330. 95-2\*

See— BEAVER REALTY CO. for Bargains in Real-Estate. We also handle Insurance and Loans. 82-11

For a smooth shave and quick service go to the Shell Barber Shop. Ladies and children get your hair bobbed and marcelled.

W. A. SHELL, Prop. 132 A. St. Ashland, Ore

DRINK WATER FREELY IF KIDNEYS BOTHER

Also Take Salts if Back Hurts or Bladder Troubles You

Flush your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste get 4 ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive; can not injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

RED PEPPERS STOP BACKACHE, LUMBAGO

The heat of red peppers takes the "ouch" from a sore, lame back. It can not hurt you, and it certainly ends the torture at once.

When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub, and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrating, penetrating heat as red peppers. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you will feel the tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Pain and soreness are gone.

Ask any druggist for a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.

At Hotel—

Among those registered at the Hotel Ashland are N. A. Richardson, Los Angeles; R. Busey, A. Wilson and B. Duesman, Pittsburg, Calif.; M. G. Carlton and family, Portland; G. S. and C. E. Swiner, Los Angeles; Mrs. Marjorie Evans, George M. Syre, Ardmore, Oklahoma; F. W. Waldron, Los Angeles and H. Rosenfeld, St. Louis, Mo.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh. Sold by Druggists for over 40 years. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

PROFESSIONAL

PHYSICIANS

DR. HAWLEY—Above Tidings office. Phone 91.

DR. C. W. HANSON—Dentist. Special attention given to pyorrhea. Office upstairs in Beaver Block. Phone 178-J. 233-11.

DR. G. C. PHETTEPLACE—Dentistry. Gas or local anesthesia for extraction and minor surgery. Special attention given to straightening and care of children's teeth. Above Citizens Bank. Phone. Office, 151—Res., 201-J

DR. ERNEST A. WOODS—Practice limited to eye, ear, nose and throat—X-ray including teeth. Office hours, 10 to 12 and 2 to 5, Swedenburg Bldg., Ashland, Ore.

DR. E. B. ANGELL—Chiropractic and Electro-Therapy. Office phone 48; residence 142. First National Bank building.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON CLINIC—1st National Bank Bldg. Medical Surgical Obstetrical Diagnostic X-ray

R. W. Stearns, M. D. R. E. Green, M. D. R. W. Sleeter, M. D. Office hours 2-5 p. m. Phone 238-K

CONVALESCENT HOME—Where the sick get well. Cottage plan. We board and care for invalids and old people. Maternity dept. Call 153.

MONUMENTS

ASHLAND GRANITE MONUMENTS—Blair Granite Co. S. PENNISTON, Manager Office 175 E. Main Res. Phone 444-Y

ANY GIRL IN TROUBLE—May communicate with Ensign Lee of the Salvation Army at the WhiteShield Home, 565 Mayfair Ave., Portland, Oregon.

PLANING MILL

JORDON'S SASH AND CABINET WORKS—Cor. Helman and Van Ness. 19411

TRANSFER AND EXPRESS—Whittle Transfer & Storage Co. for SERVICE. Experienced movers and packers of household goods. Dealers in coal and wood. Phone 117. Office 59 Oak St. near Hotel Ashland

F. L. POWELL—General Transfer—Good team and motor trucks. Good service at a reasonable price. Phone 83. 375 B. St. 112-11

WOOD SAWING

WANTED—Wood sawing. Tel 470-J. 63-1mo\*

STATE COMMISSION REPORT IS FILED

SALEM, Dec. 22. — The gross expenditures of the state highway department since its creation in 1917 have totalled \$75,855,012.31, according to the biennial report of the commission released today. Of this amount, \$10,532,931.83 was county funds, \$7,384,396.89 government funds \$321,257.61 railroad funds and \$57,616,425.98 state funds. Including streets in cities, improved without state aid, but included in the state highway commission proceedings, the system totals 879 miles of paved roads, 1948 miles of rock surfaced roads, 318 miles of graded roads unsurfaced and 1318 miles of unimproved roads.

Letterheads, statements, to your order at the Tidings Office. We have a good job printing department.

There's a message in The Tidings Want Ads.



CURED WITHOUT OPERATION

So many thousands have been relieved of Piles by my non-surgical treatments that it is folly to endure the suffering and ill health resulting from Rectal and Colon disorders. To prove the certainty of relief by my methods, I unhesitatingly GUARANTEE to cure any case of Piles or refund the patients reasonable fee.

Send or call today for my FREE book describing reflex conditions due to Rectal and Colon disorders. CHAS. J. DEAN, M.D., Inc. PORTLAND OREGON 509-522 Sheriff Building 5TH FLOOR—MAIN ST. AND PINE

Society

Miss Edith Dodge, Editor Phone items to her at 39, between 8 a. m. and 5 p. m.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Wednesday, December 24. Past Matron's Club will meet. Thursday, December 25. Christmas Day.

Beckwith-Acme

Mr. Axel Beckwith, of this city and Miss Mable Acme of Talent were married December 19th at the home of Mrs. Wieler in Talent by the Reverend Mr. Vimom. Mrs. George Clinton was bridesmaid and Mr. Morris Harris best man. The ceremony took place at two o'clock in the afternoon. Wedding guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Wieler, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Morris Harris and Mr. and Mrs. George Clinton.

The groom is a Southern Pacific employe of this city and the bride is a well known Talent girl. The couple are making their home in one of the Barber apartments on Granite street.

Davis-Kingery

Mr. Harold Jean Davis and Miss Elda Melissa Kingery were united in marriage at the Methodist Episcopal Parsonage at two o'clock Saturday afternoon. Reverend S. J. Chaney officiating. The ring ceremony was used.

To Sing Carols

The members of the Epworth League will meet at the Methodist Episcopal Church at four o'clock a. m. Christmas morning and from there will go by cars to various parts of the city where they will sing Christmas Carols until daylight for the benefit of those who are unable to get out to the churches or to hear Christmas programs. All Leaguers are asked to be on hand to do their bit and a good breakfast will be

The groom was formerly connected with the Eagle Meat Market and the bride is a well known Ashland girl. The couple are making their home on B street.

Pace-GeBauer

At a very quiet wedding at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max GeBauer Sunday afternoon at four o'clock Miss Dorothy GeBauer became the bride of Mr. Henry R. Pace, Reverend V. K. Allison officiating. The ring ceremony was used.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of only the relatives and a few intimate friends. The couple will make their home in Medford.

Mrs. Pace is a very well known Ashland girl, having been prominent in school and social affairs during the time she has lived here. Mr. Pace was formerly connected with the Standard Oil Company in Ashland and is now proprietor of the Shasta Cafe in Medford. The couple have a great many friends here who wish them every happiness.

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waiting for them when they return to the church after singing.

Entertained At Supper

Dr. Mattie B. Shaw charmingly entertained with a crab supper at her home on Pioneer street Sunday evening. A delicious supper was served followed by a pleasant evening spent talking and enjoying stories.

Guests for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Will Dodge, Marvin Shaw, Mrs. Shaw of Nova Scotia and the hostess, Dr. Shaw.

Have Breakfast

The "White Elephant" class of the Christian Church met at the Plaza Sunday morning at eight-thirty and enjoyed a breakfast. Delicious country sausage and ham and eggs were consumed followed by the opening of the pig banks, the main feature of the afternoon. These banks yielded the neat sum of \$16. The prize which was offered for the heaviest pig was won by Raggedy Ann, belonging to Jimmy Briggs. Each penny counted as a pound

when the weights were totalled and Raggedy Ann weighed 329 pounds.

This class is composed of thirty members, twenty-five of which were present at the breakfast. This class has grown from three members in the middle of the summer to the present number.

One of the pleasant surprises of the morning was the presentation of a potted plant to the teacher, Dr. Maude I. Hawley. The class voted to make the affair an annual event to occur the last Sunday before Christmas.

Christmas Cantata

A large and appreciative audience greeted the rendition of the Christmas Cantata "The Greatest Gift," by the choir of the Presbyterian church under the direction of Mrs. Vivian M. Woodside, Sunday evening.

Choruses, interspersed with duets, trios, quartets and solos made up an evening of delightful song whose beauty of theme and musical setting, with its splendid presentation, was most uplifting and was a beautiful opening for the happy Christmas season.

Too much credit can not be accorded the director, the organist and the membership of the choir for the work in preparation, that made such a musical treat possible. The special numbers given deserve heartiest praise, particularly the soprano solo so beautifully sung by Mrs. Woodside.

Other than a number of choruses by the whole choir, there were solos by J. W. McCoy, J. H. McGee, and Mrs. Vivian M. Woodside; a duet by Mrs. J. H.

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McGee and Miss Eva Pooley; a quartette, Mrs. Woodside, Mrs. Bates, Mr. McGee and Mr. Frost, and a trio by Mrs. Woodside, Mr. McGee and Mr. McCoy. This was the second in the series of Sunday evening concerts of sacred song planned for the winter. The third will be given the 25th of January, the last Sunday evening of each month is reserved for this service of song.

Now John Can Write a Movie Yarn About Jails

ROCKFORD, Ill., Dec. 22. — John Marino, seeking "atmosphere" for a movie scenario, called a friend's wife to her door, kissed her and ran.

He was writing a play called "Jealous," and a firm which had rejected his previous manuscript had told him to "make it real and live your characters." John is getting further atmosphere in jail.

Christmas Cold Weather

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

TO BEGIN with, it's cold COLD!! Not your gray pinched, pecked-backdoor yard cold where bits of paper dance in a forlorn, forgotten reel, none of your brick-front houses on dismal streets, seeming by the best calculation, to store up a chill bleakness rather than affording protection against it—not that, but a brisk, lively, tingling cold which wakes one hurry to feed the woodboxes before dark; a cold that etches crystal ferns in the window glass, thoughtfully leaving a peep-hole near the top where you can peer out; a cold that fringes the ice-house with an orderly row of icicles that look like white corrugated carrots, and manufactures thin, papery ice in the hollows on the ground, the sort of ice children like to stamp on, delighting in its noisy crackle and the sunburst of fine lines radiating from the point of contact.

There are waffles for supper! Do you remember how waffles look and smell and taste on a cold night, when you're "holer as a bar-post hole?" Do you, now? "Get out the maple syrup," orders Candice, flopping over the waffle iron and making a particularly neat job of it. "You'll find the jug on the pantry shelf."

Soon we are sitting before a pile of waffles a foot high. "Now, Peter," Candice admonishes, "don't give me such an everlasting helping," but Peter serenely continues to fill up her plate. "They say Shorty's little shaver ain't so well tonight," he remarks, passing the smoking beauties to his wife. "Got an awful cold. They had the doc this afternoon."

Christmas—and Shorty's little boy sick! He lives across the road and bestows his cheerful chatter and shining eyes upon us without charge and great generosity. "I had something to give him. Guess I'll run over after supper," says Candice, making the first luscious incision into her layered waffles.

His name is Billy, and he's about as big as a grasshopper; he gets "under foot" and is always frolicking at somebody's heels like a puppy. He it was, upon one occasion, who explained to us the nature of his dinner. "Well, William," we said, apropos of his third cookie in the middle of the afternoon, "didn't you have any dinner?" "Oh, yes," he beamed upon us, "we had putting for dinner."

"Putting?" we inquired. "Don't you mean pudding?" "No, putting!" he insisted, "because we put the flour in, you know!" Dear little Billy, with his high, clear voice that always reminded one of water running over pebbles. "His father said he was going to get him a Christmas tree this year," continued Peter. "I saw him dragging it down from the woods day before yesterday. Bill was hopping up and down some, I can tell you. Ticked to pieces. Guess that's where he caught cold."

At this point there was a great tramping and puffing in the kitchen. People walk right in on a cold night. "Only me," sounds the soft, slurring voice of Billy's Italian father. "I jus' come t' say dat boy o' mine all right now. Verra seek dis mornin'—fine by now, an' can I have d' milk?" A quick light-heartedness flows over us. We had not realized how deliberately cheerful we had striven to be. Billy better! All's right with the world! It's colder! A careful scrutiny of the thermometer reveals the temperature at six above.

Peter pokes around down cellar and covers up his apples and potatoes against a night of freezing, and brings up some red beauties to be consumed later in the evening with nuts and popcorn. Cold! COLDER! COLDER! Sleigh bells jingling on the road! Merry Christmas! (© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHRISTMAS ON W.D. PENNYPACKER

IN HUMAN experience there is no page more replete with joyous association. The first Christmas we remember only as described in sacred story, and we visualize its influence through the spirit exemplified in the lives of our fellows.

The next Christmas we cannot recall. We may have lain in trundle-bed or cuddled in a mother's arms. That was a hallowed Christmas!

Then followed anniversaries teeming with visions of sleighs, Santa Claus, candy and toys, when the veriest romance of Yuletide was so real! We never forget those days.

But how mystically they merge into another epoch. With the diminishing vision of Santa we become aware of a better Christmas in the conscious love and loyalty of others. And then—

In years that follow, the Christmas season becomes richer and more beautiful. It has lost the confusion of toys and confections. But in all these years there has been growing a tree that is ever green—upon it a thousand glittering spangles—hallowed memories of those who played with us around our earliest Christmas trees, or

shared the season's festivities in later years. Refreshing are the recollections that flood upon us as a newer generation takes our place in the pleasures and happy illusions of Christmas.

May this Yuletide be brighter and happier than all that have gone before.

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