ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

(Established in 1876)

Published Every Evening Except Sunday by
THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

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George Madden Greer ..... Business Manager
W. H. Perkins ..... News Editor

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER ..... Telephone 39

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

Subscription Price, Delivered in City

One Month	$ .65
Three Months	1.95
Six Months	3.75
One Year	7.50

By Mail and Rural Routes

One Month	$ .65
Three Months	1.95
Six Months	3.50
One Year	5.50

DISPLAY ADVERTISING RATES

Single insertion, per inch	$ .30
Political, Display, per inch	.42

Yearly Contracts

One insertion a week	.27½
Two insertions a week	.25
Daily insertion	.20

Rates for Legal and Miscellaneous Advertising

First insertion, per 8 point line	$ .10
Each subsequent insertion, 8 point line	.05
Card of Thanks	1.00
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WHAT CONSTITUTES ADVERTISING

"All future events, where an admission charge is made or a collection taken is Advertising."

No discount will be allowed Religious or Benevolent Orders.

DONATIONS

No donations to charities or otherwise will be made in advertising or job printing — our contributions will be in cash.

FIRE AND THE FARMER

Preventable losses by fire on farms in the United States amount to three times as much money as is necessary to finance the regular activities of the Department of Agriculture with its 20,000 employees. This estimate was submitted to the National Fire Waste Council by G. I. Christie, Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, Lafayette, Ind.

In round numbers the annual loss due to farm fires is $150,000.

"Lightning," says Professor Christie, "is given as the largest single cause. Investigations carried on indicate that when buildings are properly rodded the protection from lightning is practically 100 per cent. The Farmers' Mutual Lightning Protected Insurance Company of Michigan, which insured only rodded buildings, and those only after their inspectors had examined and approved the rodding, paid out only $32.00 for damage by lightning during four years on a risk totaling over $55,000,000. The $32.00 covered three small claims, all due to defects in rodding overlooked by the Company's inspector.

"The prejudice of farmers against lightning rods which dates from a time when many farmers were hoaxed with improper rodding and unreasonable prices, needs to be overcome. Too few farmers recognize the adequacy of protection from lightning rods properly installed or the danger from rods improperly installed or damaged after installation."

The National Fire Waste Council has authorized the appointment of a balanced agricultural committee which will include in its membership representatives from the Government and other national organizations interested in reducing fire waste on farms.

WE'VE GOT TO DRINK SOMETHING

At one time or another during a year, the people of these states manage to surround 400,000,00 quarts of soft drinks. So said Eric Scudder, head of a Chicago beverage company, when addressing a convention of New Jersey State Bottlers' Association at Atlantic City. This appraisal of the liquid contents of the domestic stomach is only the half of it, for next year "we expect to double our business"—reason enough for doubting that the ultimate consumer must always be larger than the thing consumed. Or it may be that no fixed state of capacity business exists. Probably there is always room inside for more, as the overlords of the theatre have so forcefully demonstrated. In any case, the measure of expected business warns that though the bombardment of the Moslem Riff has ended the gassing of the American Midriff as just begun—something new to report on the American front.

WOULD MAKE MARS SMILE

The American people are paying but one-eighth of their total income for taxes—whether they are in the higher income brackets, or in the class which does not pay any taxes or file returns. The San Francisco Chronicle put it this way:

"In 1924 the total income of people in the United States was 63 1-2 billions. Taxes—national, state, municipal and all the rest—took eight billions. This means that out of each $10 you spent, you got only $7.75 and taxes took $1.25, no matter how loudly you may have pleaded poverty.

"In 1903 we gave up about one-fifteenth of our income. Now we give more than two-fifths. In eight working days, the proceeds of one day must go to the government — federal and otherwise.

"If the small taxpayer could be presented with a bill once a year, showing just how much his taxes amount to, including not only direct taxes but all the indirect taxes skimmed off every commodity he buys, a howl would go up that could be heard on the planet Mars."

Next week you'll be asked to join and support the chamber of commerce. You should do one or the other or both.

Our Own Little Hydra

TOM SIMS SAYS

If the sleeves and legs of heavy underwear have stretched much wear it for a spring suit of clothes.

Takes all day to dodge an hour's work.

The short skirts worry father. But it isn't the short length, it's the short time the skirt's worn.

If money really talked, an old nickle would do some bragging about the cigars it has bought.

Owls are considered wise. Yet they have insomnia.

STEWART'S WASHINGTON LETTER

BY CHARLES P. STEWART
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON—In spite of all that straddling politicians can say or do, prohibition will be the chief issue in the coming Congressional elections.

Thats pretty well agreed now down at the capitol.

Down at the House of Representatives' office building the other day I was walking along one of the corridors. These corridors are almost interminable, tier on tier, with the offices of representatives on either side.

Most of the doors stand open and, passing, you catch an occasional word o rtwo of what's being said inside.

From an office I was hiking by I caught a word myself—"prohibition." A few offices farther on I heard it again. Then a third time, I grew rather curious.

Going up to the top of the building I made the rounds of the corridors. The connect up, with a court in the middle, like a rectangular infinity.

Having finished with the top corridors, I took the others, one after another, in the same way, clear down to the basement floor.

Twenty-seven times on that trip, by actual count, I got enough of an earful to leave no doubt that prohibition, pro or con, was the theme of discussion in said number of representatives' offices at approximately the same time that forenoon.

Advertise In The Tidings

YOUTHFUL OFFICERS CURBED ON UNIFORMS

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—(UP)—According to the most authentic chroniclers, an occasional buck private in the army may be heard to mutter, in the sanctity of his own quarters, that "that guy ain't human." Meaning, of course, one of his officers.

This complaint is obviously not true, else it long ago would have become a sort of general cry among all buck privates.

Officers are human. Especially young officers. They respond to the call of springtime, 'n' everything. Occasiontily too much so.

Not many days ago the commanding officer of the Presidio, San Francisco, was forced to issue a bulletin, warning his younger officers against adopting over-luxurious sideburns. The young bloods were in the army, he decided, so should abide by rules of sobriety.

Right on top of that came news from Washington, D. C., that a second attempt of the younger officers to dress with a trifle more swank had been flatly and sarcastically denied.

The boys wanted to wear longitudinal stripes on their trousers, the black ones worn with the white mess-jackets. They thought it would be rather nice if each branch of the service were allowed to adopt its own color—say for the engineers, purple for the infantry, etc.

"If this were permitted," said the communication from the War Department, "the uniform would look as though it came from the wardrobe of a stranded musical comedy company. The request is denied."

That settles that, of course. The younger officers, though, have solace in the recollection that they haven't least been allowed to dishard the straight collar for a soft roll collar, which itself is quite natty.

He's Wet

"Wisconsin is going to have a wet and dry fight on its hands this year." W. Stanley Smith, former state prohibition commissioner, is going to run for governor as a wet.

Outbursts Of Everett True

Mom and Pop — By Taylor

OUT OUR WAY — By Williams