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**MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA**  
Mahogany Camp, No. 6565, M. W. A.,  
meets the 2d and 4th Friday  
of each month in Memorial Hall.  
M. S. K. Clark, V. C.; G. H. Hedberg,  
Clerk. Visiting neighbors are cordi-  
ally invited to meet with us.

**CHAUTAQUA PARK CLUB.**  
Regular meetings of the Chautau-  
qua Park Club second and fourth Fri-  
days of each month at 2:30 p. m.  
MRS. F. R. MERRILL, Pres.  
MRS. JENNIE FAUCETT, Sec.

**Civic Improvement Club.**  
The regular meeting of the Ladies  
Civic Improvement Club will be held  
on the second and fourth Tuesdays  
of each month at 2:30 p. m., at the Com-  
mercial Club rooms.

**A Good Advertiser Can Sell  
Good Property—Any  
Time, Anywhere**

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He must keep his ad at work. It must be THERE when the possible buyer looks—and he might not look more than one day out of ten. Of course, he might see and investigate it on its first publication, or perhaps, the fifth or sixth time it appears. The good advertiser knows that, however persistent a campaign may be required, the cost will be an easily forgettable thing when the sale is made!

**A NEW  
TIN PAN**  
By M. QUAD  
Copyright, 1912, by Associated Lit-  
erary Press.

It was a beautiful June forenoon when a tin peddler approached the village of Harrison.

He stopped his rig at the first house. The house belonged to Deacon Rush. On the back steps, seated side by side, were the deacon's wife and her nearest neighbor and best friend—Mrs. Burt.

"Tinware, ladies?" he asked. "Everything new and bright. Finest milk pan in the country for only 10 cents."

"I've always paid 15 cents for milk pans," replied the deacon's wife.

"Yes, and I've sold 'em as high as 18, but they have got a new way of making 'em, and I'm giving you the benefit of it. I'll bring one in."

The pan arrived, new and shiny, and stood all the tests it was put to. No leaks, and it would almost serve as a mirror. A dime was borrowed to pay for it, and after a little more talk it was left on the steps while its owner made a call at another house and the deacon's wife entered her own to make up the bed that had been airing.

Now came the cow. She belonged to a man at the other end of the village. There was grass in plenty, but she longed for garden truck. She leaped the back fence and helped herself. In her stepping about she approached the kitchen door and saw that new pan.

She saw the reflection of her face and became astonished and indignant. A cry escaped, one hooped critter gazed at her in a defiant manner, and as she was a bovine that had never taken a bluff she bumped up her back and sailed in.

An hour later Mrs. Burt came back after her pan, and her first yell brought the deacon's wife out of the house. There lay the once shapely and shiny pan in the dirt, trodden as flat as a pancake. It might do to stop a hog hole in the back fence, but no artisan could ever mold it into a pan.

"Lands alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Burt. "Mercy on me!" exclaimed Mrs. Rush. "That cow did it!"

"She must have!"

"And you let her?"

"Sarah Burt, don't you say anything like that to me! I didn't know there was a cow in the garden."

"But you ought to have known. If you'd keep your fences like other folks the cows couldn't get in. Look at that pan that cost me 10 cents an hour ago!"

"Was I to sit out here and watch it?" protested the deacon's wife.

"You ought to have heard the cow when she was tromping it."

"You ought to have taken it home or carried it along with you."

"That's nothing to do with it. It was left here, and it's destroyed, and I'll be switched if I ever pay you the 10 cents!"

"If you don't I'll sue you!"

"You don't!"

There it was, you see—the first real quarrel between neighbors the village had had in many long years. The happy minded peddler and the fighting cow disappeared from the scene, but the quarrel remained. It did more than that. The news spread and within two hours Mrs. Henderson was saying:

"Mrs. Burt shouldn't try to lay the blame off on Mrs. Rush. When a woman's busy making a bed she ain't thinking of cows. I hope Mrs. Rush sues for the 10 cents."

And in the house right across the street Mrs. Holliday was saying:

"I'd let her sue and be hanged to her! When a new 10 cent milk pan is left on my back steps by a neighbor it's my duty as a Christian woman to go out there every few minutes and see that it's all right. I shall certainly advise Mrs. Burt not to pay the 10 cents."

By the next day the village was about equally divided on the question, though some few were inclined to blame neither the peddler nor cow. It was all talk for a day or two, and then came action. The factions no longer borrowed nor lent. They bowed stiffly to each other or not at all on the street. They revived gossip that had been dead fifteen years and rolled it under their tongues. Carried into the churches? Of course it was. When a thing like that gets started in a village there's no telling where it will end. It drew the elders and deacons and two ministers in, and it made the attendance at sermons and prayer meetings mighty slim. To all peacemakers the deacon's wife would reply:

"I wasn't set here on this earth to look out for other folks' milk pans, and I jest won't do it!"

And the reply of Mrs. Burt would be:

"She ought to have-kept it about the cow, and I'll never pay that 10 cents!"

It was a quarrel and a division that lasted five years and might have gone on for another five but for providence taking a hand in the game. A tramp who had the measles headed that way, and he simply handed the town an epidemic. Not a score of people were spared. While none died, all went to bed to be doctored and to do a heap of thinking, and the result was that as fast as they could crawl out they eased their consciences by confessing their errors and asking for forgiveness.

"Here is the 10 cents," said Mrs. Burt as she tottered over to the deacon's as soon as she could stand.

"Sarah, I don't want it," was the reply. "These measles have made me see that I ought to have watched that milk pan."

And the village of Harrison loved itself and its neighbor again.

**FLOATING A TOWN AWAY.**

Story of the Origin of Commercial Street in Provincetown.

Commercial street in Provincetown had an origin in keeping with its present nautical air and appeal to the imagination. The town originally stood on the spit of sand far out across the harbor, where the lighthouse now is. Many years ago the government bought Provincetown, houses and all, in order to protect the harbor from the threatening sea. The Provincetownians went to the government people and asked what they were going to do with the houses.

"Pull 'em down, of course," said the government.

"Can't we have 'em?" inquired the late owners.

"Sure," replied the government, "if you'll take 'em away."

"Sure!" echoed the Provincetownians. Old wreckers that they were, they applied their technic to the problems of house moving. They bulkheaded their dwellings up, necklaced empty casks about them in the way of life preservers, and one sunny morning the village of Provincetown, true to its maritime traditions, set sail, schoolhouse and all, and came floating gaily across the harbor to where it now stands. Near the railway track today they point out a certain store as the original seafaring schoolhouse.—Metropolitan Magazine.

**THE CURIOUS SNAIL.**

This Creature Can Live Without Air, Water or Nourishment.

While the snail has lungs, heart and a general circulation and is in every respect an air breathing creature, it can nevertheless exist indefinitely without inhaling the least breath of air, the element that is usually considered the essential to existence in all creatures supplied with lungs.

"To all organized creatures," said Leppert, "the removal of oxygen, water, nourishment and heat causes death to ensue." When that statement was made Leppert did not appear to consider the snail as one among the great host of "organized beings," for experiments by Spallanzani have proved that any or all the usual life conditions can be removed in the case of the snail without terminating its existence or in any way impairing its functions.

The common snail retreats into his shell on the approach of frosty weather, and the opening or mouth of its shell is hermetically sealed by a secretion which is of a silky texture and absolutely impervious to air and water. In this condition it is plain that it is deprived of three of the four elements of life mentioned above—air, water and nourishment.—Harper's Weekly.

**Statue With Umbrella.**

Some poor art is to be seen in this country in the shape of statues dedicated to the memory of great men, but so American enormity in this line quite equals that which was perpetrated by an English sculptor for the town of Reading. When the fellow townsmen of a certain George Palmer of that place decided to honor his memory they determined upon a bronze statue of Palmer, which should be not merely a portrait as to features, but a correct presentment of him as he appeared among them every day. Accordingly, the stranger in Reading is startled by the most unconventional of statues, with every crease and wrinkle of the homely attire of the original reproduced. To complete the effect the statue is bareheaded, with silk hat and umbrella in hand. It is thought that this is the only instance in which the necessary but not entirely beautiful umbrella has been reproduced in bronze.—New York Sun.

**He Fooled Her.**

"If you were asked to get ready to start next Thursday on a long journey do you think you could do so?" asked her rich employer, who was a widower.

"Oh, I—much would depend upon the kind of journey it was to be," she replied.

"I mean a pleasant journey—a journey that would last for a month or more."

"And should I have company on the journey?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of that. No, I don't believe you would. I should expect you to go alone."

"Then I don't believe I could get ready," she said turning to her typewriter and making four mistakes in the first line of the letter she had begun.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**MURKY GREEN PETROLEUM.**

Processes by Which It is Converted into Refined Oil.

In its original state petroleum is of a murky green color. It is distilled in pans with great furnaces blazing beneath them, and as the vapors arise from the boiling liquid they are conveyed into pipes surrounded by cold water in which they are condensed.

The first vapors condense into naphtha and those produced by further heating give the burning oil. A very small percentage of the crude oil put into the pans or stills remains in the form of tar, which by another process is converted into paraffin and coke.

After distillation the refined oil is no longer green, but is as transparent as spring water and beautifully tinged with purples and blues. It is not yet ready for use, however, since it must be "washed." The fluid is emptied into a large circular tank in which it is treated with acids, these being poured in and mixed with it by means of powerful pressure from beneath.

When it has been well shaken it is allowed to settle, and the acids then separate from it and sink to the bottom of the tank, taking with them some of the tar that remained in the oil.

The acids are then removed and the oil is washed with salt water. Finally it is bleached, and it is then ready for the market.—Harper's Weekly.

**TIGER PROOF HOMES.**

Malay Houses, Frail and Flimsy, Sometimes Perch in Tree Tops.

The ordinary Malay house is built on posts from five to seven feet high, but one which I came across was perched high up in a tree. It was the home of a man, his wife and family, and they informed me that it was placed in this unusual situation so as to be out of the way of the numerous tigers which then infested the neighborhood.

As tigers have been known to jump eighteen feet in vertical height somewhere about twenty feet is considered to be the limit of safety. The Malayan house is a frail and flimsy structure of sticks tied together with rattan thatched with palm leaves and walled with plaited bamboo or, as in this case, with the bark of trees.

It is therefore an easy matter for a tiger with his great strength to break into a house and attack the inhabitants. Many instances of this have been recorded in Malaya. In one well known case a whole family were killed except one man, who, climbing up into the roof and thus escaping the notice of the tiger, was a horrified observer of the cruel mauling and ultimate slaughter and devouring of his relatives.—London Strand Magazine.

**Life Without Microbes.**

Microbes are not indispensable to all life if they are indispensable to any. The question has been definitely settled. A cage completely sterilized at 90 degrees was made and the openings of the cage closely stopped with cotton and protected from the outside by a hermetically closed metallic chamber. Such manipulations as were necessary in opening the cage were made by hands guarded by aseptic rubber cloth. Into such a sterilized cage three hens' eggs were placed after having been externally sterilized. The cage was fitted with a glass pavilion or chicken run, where the chickens could develop during their six weeks' sojourn in the cage. In the cage were sterilized air, pure water, sterilized sand and sterilized feed. The experiment showed that life does not depend upon microbes, but that the vital work of the organism is easy and natural when everything is sterilized.—Harper's.

**Relics of Pillories.**

Though the pillory has been abolished, there are still to be found in various parts of rural England relics of this old time method of punishment. One of the most complete examples may be seen within a few miles of the metropolitan border. In the picturesque village of Roydon, Essex, not only are the old stocks and whipping post still preserved, but close beside them stands also the wooden "cage" in which the rooster of bygone days was incarcerated. Is there another such interesting relic of punitive relics to be found elsewhere in England?—London Graphic.

**Cause and Effect.**

"Look here, doctah; I've taken yonah advice and tried a cantharid wound the park before breakfast, but it doesn't do my livah a bit of good."

"Oh! I'm afraid the good effects of the canter before breakfast are counteracted by the bad effects of the de-canter after dinner."—London Tader.

**An Eye For an Eye.**

"Mr. Speaker," said the congressman, "I have tried vainly to catch your eye and—"

"Sit down!" thundered the speaker. "I have tried vainly to catch your 'eye' several times when it was needed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Inconsiderate.**

"If you don't stop nagging me, Ennily, I shall shoot myself this very minute."

"Yes, that's just like you, when you know how nervous I am when I hear a shot."—London Tit-Bits.

**A Life Position.**

Annette—Ethel is about to accept a lifetime job of twenty-four hours a day. Florence—Indeed! Annette—Yes. She is going to marry a man to reform him.—Chicago News.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
Oldest National Bank in Jackson County  
Capital-Surplus and Stockholders' Liability, \$130,000  
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**CHARLES R. CRANE.**  
Chicago Republican Who  
Has Come Out For Wilson.



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HOUSE OF COMFORT

**Hotel Manx**

Powell Street at O'Farrell  
SAN FRANCISCO

Best located and most popular hotel in the city. Headquarters for Oregonians; commodious lobby; running ice water in each room; metropolitan service. Bus and train. A la carte service. Ideal stopping place for ladies traveling alone.

Management,  
CHESTER W. KELLEY.

"Meet Me at the Manx."

They Don't Speak Now.

Gladys (just 22)—This is my birthday, Mabelle. Guess how old I am.

Mabelle—Oh, I'll guess 26.

Gladys—Not very good. Four years out of the way.

Mabelle—Well, dearie, I wanted to be sure and be on the safe side.

Rival candidates for governor of Washington spent the night under the same blanket, when one's auto got stuck in the mud on Snoqualmie pass and the other was unable to get around it.

Place for sale? House for rent? Want anything? A few lines in the Tidings' want columns will do the business.

Scale receipts at Tidings office.

**J. P. DODGE & SONS**  
House Furnishers  
AND  
Undertakers  
Deputy County Coroner Lady Assistant

**THE PORTLAND HOTEL**

Sixth, Seventh, Morrison and Yamhill Streets  
**PORTLAND, OREGON**

The most central location in the city, and nearest to the leading theaters and retail shops. You are assured of a most cordial welcome here. Every convenience is provided for our guests.

The Grill and Dining Room are famed for their excellence and for prompt, courteous service. Motors meet all incoming trains. Rates are moderate; European plan, \$1.50 per day upward.

**G. J. Kaufman, Manager**

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Oregon State Fair  
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