

# Ashland Tidings

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**HOW TO INTEREST PEOPLE IN YOUR ADVERTISING.**

A flood of light on this question, over which merchants have so bothered their heads, and for which specialists draw lavish salaries, was thrown the other day by a homely little story of domestic life.

Benjamin, a boy, was playing with his kid sister. There was friction. Mother interfered.

"Just what are you trying to do?" she asked.

"Trying to amuse Julie," said the youngster.

"Then why don't you play Julie's way?"

Much of the advertising for which good money is paid, in fact most attempts to interest the public in all kinds of enterprises, fail because "they don't play Julie's way." They fail to study the desires and temperament of the people whom they are trying to interest.

The average merchant who takes up the problem of writing an advertisement for the first time thinks about in this line:

"I have been in business here ten years. I feel confident that I have the best goods in my line in this town." He gets up an advertisement reading something like this: "John Smith, Reliable Dealer in Groceries and Provisions. Customers' interests given prompt attention. We carry the best goods for the least money. Give us a call. Telephone 453."

That is not playing the game Julie's way. It takes for granted that every merchant thinks he gives the best service for the money.

If you would play the game Julie's way, stop a moment and think what the public is looking for.

"This is a day of high prices. The public, with a worried look on its face, is looking for low cost goods. It is a day of shams, and the public is looking for good quality.

Prove that you have those two things, and the business is yours. The only way to prove it is to tell the public enough plain, cold, common sense facts about some particular article or articles, that they can see for themselves that the thing is good value.

**ALL PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF DEATH.**

Every man who thinks at all is afraid of death. He may be more afraid of something else, of loss of honor, health or money, of going to a dentist, or like the man in Pickwick, of life without buttered muffins, but he chooses death only as a bad alternative for a worse. If he is not afraid of another.

A man will go up to the clouds in a balloon who wouldn't go down into twenty feet of water in a submarine. A stepplejack may be afraid of dogs and a lion tamer of riding in an elevator. We know a man who has made a great reputation for coolness under fire of battle, who gibbers with fear whenever he has the stomach-ache. One man fears fire, another burglars, another railway trains, another measles.

Conduct in an emergency depends on many things besides those abstract qualities known as "courage" and "bravery." A man is apt to act calmly when his surroundings, at the time the peril presents itself, are customary and familiar, when his nerves happen to be sound or when he has time to meditate on his action and weigh carefully its consequences.

Again, a man may be persuaded to shame or glory, as the case may be, by the example of his neighbor. One person afflicted by blinding fear may turn a hundred men into a panic-stricken mob or he may convert them into a throng of heroes through their very horror of his conduct. And one man who has established his moral equilibrium quickly can instantly convey fortitude to the others. Courage and cowardice both like company.

Phone job orders to the Tidings.

**AN UNPRECEDENTED FEAT.**

The Progressive party has achieved the greatest moral victory in constructive politics since the founding of the Republican party. For a party within five months of its inception to spring to the second place in the politics of the United States is something heretofore unheard of in the history of popular government. It has made the slogan of human rights the keynote to which all successful political action must hereafter be pitched. It has made honest politics and government free from the domination of big business the test by which every party and every public servant must abide. If Woodrow Wilson and the Democratic party live up to that test, then they will have a show of renewing their lease of power in four years. If they do not they will find themselves confronted with the mass of the people of the United States under the Progressive banner. They will not then meet a divided antagonist. The Progressive Republicans who voted for Wilson because they believe him to be progressive will not do so in 1916 unless the Democratic party makes good along progressive lines. The Republicans who remained in the Republican party simply because it was the Republican party will perform fave to seek a new party home. The interests are notoriously ungrateful and, having used the Republican machine and its candidate, they will cast it aside as a sucked lemon and seek what other organization it may control. It will not seek to control the Progressive party because big business has no use for any party which honestly stands for the initiative and recall, especially of the judiciary. Someone has said, "I care not who writes your laws if I may write your songs." Big business says, "We care not who writes your laws if we can make your judges." Therefore the Progressive party will continue to have the antagonism of crooked business as it had in this campaign. Whether Woodrow Wilson is not bigger than Tammany and Taggart remains to be seen. If America gets progressive legislation it will be solely because the Progressive party has made itself in one campaign such a formidable antagonist that it is able to force it from the reluctant lawmakers of the old parties. The Progressive party will be the dominant factor in the history of the next four years, and fear of this is the reason of the attack of the interests being centered upon Roosevelt rather than upon either of the other candidates, both of whom claimed during the campaign to be progressives in fact though not in name. They fought Roosevelt and the Progressive party because they fear them and hoped to crush them so that the new organization would go to pieces. In this they signally failed. The Progressive party comes out of the fight stronger than it went in, and this not true of either of the old parties. The strength of the Democratic party has been in the fact that it has not often been compelled to abide by its record on the fulfillment of its promises. The strength of the Republican party in recent years has been the strength of the big interests. The latter strength has proven inadequate and the Democratic party cannot in 1916 rely on a record of promises. It must rely upon the performances of the next four years. Both parties are therefore weaker than before the election, while the Progressive party, having polled an unheard of vote for a new party, is immeasurably strengthened by the contest.

**Not Enough Farmers.**

The high cost of living, about which we hear so much, is just now doing its supreme act. Living is now higher than at any time since the Civil War. That is to say, the prices we now have to pay for the necessities of life in a normal state of government and industry are surpassed only by those exacted under normal conditions when all the laws of national economy are overturned. This is a serious matter for the average man. It is not harming certain classes whose incomes are increased by the increase of the cost of commodities—they are breaking even, or have something on the credit side. We can hardly place the average working man in that class. He may have had some increase in his wages, but never in proportion to the increase in his outgo, and he is therefore the high-cost victim in the end.

There seems little doubt that the existing conditions are not entirely due to the greed of the minority. The trusts have something to do with high prices, the middleman has something more, the retailer has still another portion. But the nation is not producing enough. Farming is practiced insufficiently to meet the demands of the population. There is scarcity all along the line. Cattle, hogs, chickens, sheep and all stock are neglected because so many men who would make good farmers are staying behind in the city.

**A STATE IN BUSINESS.**

The state of Wisconsin, a leader in progressive government, has taken another step forward. The state has now entered the life insurance business.

Any resident of Wisconsin may now secure a life policy offering many advantages by application to the state officials.

Wisconsin is the first commonwealth in America to take this long step in governmental care for the people.

The state insurance plan is but the first step in a program which if carried out as planned will bring to the citizens of Wisconsin, through cooperation with the state government, old age pensions and many other features of government aid which are enjoyed by residents of foreign countries but by none in America.

The legislature of 1911 authorized the issue of policies of life insurance and annuity contracts by the state through the life fund without responsibility on the part of the state beyond the amount of the fund.

This act has aroused wide interest, not only throughout the state and in other states, but also in foreign countries.

By the act the insurance department was allowed two years in which to put the system into operation, and the department has now prepared forms of applications and policies, schedules of premiums, tables of costs of insurance and reserves and other data and forms for carrying out the provisions of the law.

The state of Wisconsin is prepared to take applications for insurance in the life fund. The first policies will be issued simultaneously as soon as a sufficient number of applications are approved.

Absolute certainty in the fulfillment of the contracts is the first consideration. A mathematical reserve is provided for on the safest basis in use by American life insurance companies. Provision is made for a death rate corresponding with the American experience table of mortality. The reserve is required to earn interest at 3 per cent.

Applicants must be between the ages of 20 and 50, inclusive, and may choose any one of the following plans: Ordinary life, 20-payment life, 10-year endowment, endowment at age 65, or term to age 65.

**OUR OWN FASHION LETTER.**

The good Cardinal Cavallari, patriarch of Venice, tells us in a protest against present day feminine fashions that the men are disgusted with the clothes women wear.

No doubt the opinion of the men folks has some weight in Italy and in Europe. Maybe it has in America in isolated cases, but not at all in the matter of clothes.

The American woman pretty thoroughly understands the masculine gender. In her dissection of all male character she finds him a liar, or a conceited puppy, or a booze-fighter, or a smoke chimney, or a grouch, or a buffoon, or an ingrate, or a sissy, and ten times out of ten, more or less selfish. So, why should she pay the slightest attention in the world to any man's disgust over such a personal affair to her as her clothes?

Another thing: This matter of following the dictates of fashion isn't so one-sided as man tries to make it. Whether he has only \$5 or \$50 to spend, man wears the style of duds in fashion at the moment. If he doesn't care one way or the other, they make him take the style anyway.

What can be more outlandishly awkward than the generally accepted shape of his shoe, with the toe that looks almost human in its agony of distorted pain?

"Frills of fashion" is supposed to refer to feminine frills, but what's a vest but a frill? What earthly use is it except as a background for decorations of soup and pudding?

The coat is, to be sure, a useful garment, but somebody please explain quick why men put buttons on the backs of the sleeves and half belts around the backs. No frills here. Of course not! And why the open space at the top into which all the weather in creation can tumble and play with a man's throat and lungs?

If the authors of the world's population didn't take themselves so blamed seriously they'd see, every time they went out on the street, the continuous vaudeville scream in the lids of the passing human males. Take the derby. Always was and is an inverted soup kettle. The slouch hat? Verily, the clouciest, clouciest thing this side of Thibet!

No, the male of the species has no monopoly on modesty and simplicity.

It is not much use for one to expect a heavenly abode in the world to come unless he tries to put something of heaven into his earthly home.

**CARDS, DANCING AND THEATER.**

John Wesley, founder of Methodism, never vetoed any amusement but cock fighting. But the modern Methodist church has been austere enough since 1872 to prohibit the trinity of amusements named above, to leave this to the conscience of individual members.

If you leave a child alone in the house with the jam pot and a long spoon, he will get indigestion and smear his clothes, even if you tell him not to. If he is allowed to have his jam at the table with the grown-ups he will get what he needs to stimulate his appetite, and keep well and clean. The same principle applies to amusements.

The diversions named above, at their best, render very distinct services. Card games wake people up, teach them to decide and act quickly. Dancing promotes physical self-control, gives the gawk at least the bearing of a gentleman. The drama teaches truth with a force that no oratory, pulpit or otherwise, can ever acquire.

The Christian who is forbidden these diversions thus loses a chance to become socially more efficient and to become of more service in the world.

While it is very true that these amusements at their worst are demoralizing, it is also usually true that a man who has self-control enough to avoid such diversions altogether has self-control and discrimination to use them in a way to get good and not harm from them.

Once the pipes of an organ in church were deemed to be peculiarly a haunt of the devil, and novel reading was a sin. By and by men were sensible enough to see that the Lord might as well have the organ pipes working for Him as for Satan, and that an enormous amount of human suffering was being saved by the publicity given to abuses by writers like Dickens. In the same way one never hates lies and hypocrisy quite as much as when their true effect is set forth by the realistic pictures of the theatre.

**The Home Circle**

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

This is a secret—just between us folks. Those who live in what is called the congested districts don't know anything at all about real comfort and joy.

For the greatest joy the world can bestow is the joy of home-building. And in the city, with no space at all to breathe in, how can they really build?

They can erect houses—yes. They can fill them with rare treasures or cheap imitations, according to the dictates of their purses—yes. They can even fill them with the Spirit of Home—yes. But the real, genuine joy in home-building—the quiet places have the noisy places beaten off the may—if I may indulge in the vernacular.

Now this is one advantage that the woman in the country has over the woman in the city—she can do her own work! I fancy every city woman would scream and then faint, at this juncture. Yet I contend that there is greater peace of mind, more genuine comfort, in a servantless house, if that house be not too pretentious, than in one where the convenience of the family is secondary to that of the help.

This is the difference between the city and the country housewife. In the city, in the more or less early morning hours, the housewife makes an effort to wash the breakfast dishes before doing the multitudinous tasks that lie before her during the day.

She gets the dishwasher well soaped and of the right temperature. The telephone rings, and upon answering it is informed by Susie Welloff, who keeps three servants, that she was just dying to talk to her, to ask her what she thought of that new rule in auction bridge. And does she believe that Mayme Cheatem really does it? And what did she think of Kit Weatherbee's new suit? Wasn't it the limit? And didn't she recognize Sally Makeshift's old gown that she had tried to disguise under new trimmings? Wasn't it laughable? And was she going to Nell Golt's bridge that afternoon, and what was she going to wear? And, "Now good-bye, dearie. It's such a comfort to call you up—you always do me so much good."

The housewife goes into the kitchen and thoughtfully tests the dishwasher, which has grown cold. Putting it on the stove, she goes to answer the front doorbell, and tells the book agent that she already has more books than she has room for. Yes, she realizes that her library will be incomplete without that particular set—but—

So, with the added burden of having encountered the contempt of the

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book agent, for having been too ignorant to appreciate his Compendium of Useless Information, she rejoins her dishes.

She washes a dish. Then the milkman claims her attention. She washes a dish. The telephone rings, and a voice from way yonder demands, "Who is this?" (And blessed be Elbert Hubbard, say I, for his recent flaying of this almost universal form of annoyance—this incessant telephone query, "Who is this?") Then, the voice deciding that it has the wrong number, the woman goes back to her dishes with an irritation that was absent before, an irritation induced by that voice from way off yonder. She washes a dish. Then she remembers that she must get in her order for her groceries, to avoid delay. She goes to the telephone and orders a quarter's worth of Hamburger steak where once a dime's worth would have sufficed, and a few pounds of potatoes, and then goes back and washes another dish.

And so her morning goes! It is a hurry-flurry to get things slicked together in some kind of shape, so she can rush off to the afternoon bridge, at which she is due. Then home to cook a hasty meal for the man of her and the children of her, if she happens to have any.

And so on—a wild scrambling from morning till night, either in the kitchen or around the card table.

The woman in the country has no such diversions—no such distractions, no such interruptions. She works hard—yes—but she works methodically and uninterruptedly.

There is no wild excitement in her life, but there is peace. There is no hurry-flurry, no bridge, no society with a capital S, but there is comfort. There is no snobbishness, no insincerity, no striving for place—but there is security. There the spirit of true democracy reigns; there the class lines are drawn by mental and moral qualities—not by those of wealth or social position.

In the city, for those who strive, is unrest and heart ache, and a false sense of values; in the country it is perfect freedom and the real joy of living.

**The New Balkan Union.**

The sudden appearance of a new and formidable corporate power, the Balkan Confederation, is already an important factor in the game of European politics. As long as the four Balkan states, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and Greece, acted separately, they were helpless. As long as agents of Turkey or the powers were able to stir up Servians against Bulgarians, and Bulgarians against Greeks, to mutual quarrels and mutual slaughter, the foolish and wicked game went on and the Turk profited. Moslem atrocities upon Christians were counterbalanced by Christian massacres of Turks, until murder, rapine and desolation were the order of the day in Macedonia. Meanwhile, the great powers solemnly made proposals and wrote diplomatic notes. Program succeeded scheme, and agreement succeeded program. Up to the first part of last month the plain truth would seem to be that neither Turkey nor the great powers intended to do anything at all. When the Balkan states realized the truth of the adage that in union there is strength, and acted upon this realization, the moral authority of the so-called concert of Europe disappeared. This feeble concert, having shirked or ignored its duties of guardianship, the subjects of this guardianship asserted themselves, and the Balkan Confederation was born, a new and pregnant fact in the maze of European politics. Hardly had the notes of Bulgaria, Servia and Greece, and the declaration of Montenegro been handed to the representatives of the Porte, when the old concert revived somewhat and attempted to coerce the little states and persuade their big antagonist into a reconciliation. But all signs indicate that it is too late. The Balkan war will go on or the reforms demanded in Macedonia and withheld for so many years will be realized, and the Turks, with the consent, if not under compulsion of the powers, will give absolute guarantees of the execution of these reforms.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for November.

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