

Ashland Tidings

SEMI-WEEKLY.
ESTABLISHED 1876.

Issued Mondays and Thursdays

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50
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Entered at the Ashland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Ashland, Ore., Thursday, Nov. 21, '12

THIS COUNTRY QUITE SAFE.

The few Americans who may be of Congressman Hobson's way of thinking will be able to take comfort from some of the things which Kiyo Sue Inui, vice-president of the Great Lakes International Arbitration Society, said in his address before the Young Men's Christian Association at Salem recently.

"How much money do we need to wage war against the United States?" Inui said he asked of a prominent Japanese financier. "Why," replied the latter, "no one would lend us money to fight America." And a military expert of whom he inquired how many men would be needed to invade this country responded, "The two largest nations in the world could not win against the United States on land."

That is the case in a nutshell. There is no desire on the part of this country to boast of its power and its resources. But it has both. If we were sufficiently provoked, we should fight—and win. The day has passed—at any rate with respect to the United States—when the capture of a capital city means the end of a war. It is conceivable that a hostile fleet might bombard New York, or any other seaboard city, and land troops. Washington might be taken—as it was in 1812—but that would settle nothing.

The United States is too vast a country to be conquered, even if parts of it were overrun. Headquarters could be established anywhere that it might be found desirable, and mobilization effected, munitions of war manufactured and a campaign waged which in the end would be successful against any probable enemy.

Of course, as between the United States and Japan, war is not to be considered at all. Japan is not a rich nation and just at present finds it very necessary to make money. Not only could that country not expect to profit by a struggle with America, but such a conflict would divert Japanese effort from profitable fields.

WHO PAYS FOR ADVERTISING.

Oregon Statesman: Skeptics about advertising have been known to raise the question as to who pays for all this publicity, and even to allege that its cost is loaded on the consumer.

This is logic of about the same correctness as to say, when a store makes an addition to its sales force in order to handle its growing business, that the cost of the new salespeople is added to the cost of the goods.

For advertising is simply a form of salesmanship, and the most efficient kind.

The growth of business that a store gets through advertising works to the advantage of the public. In every business are certain fixed charges usually called "overhead costs," for rent, salary of manager, if one is employed, interest on capital invested and borrowed money, insurance, etc.

It is usually the case that when a business is increased, the overhead costs do not increase very much. Consequently they become a smaller charge on every dollar of goods sold. The cost of advertising is paid through this increase of business that reduces the overhead charges.

Furthermore, it tends to reduce the proportional expense of salespeople. Good advertising should double the work the salespeople have to do, but the force of clerks is not necessarily doubled. Much of their time before was unoccupied, and spent in listless loafing, as tiresome to the clerk as it is unprofitable to the employer.

If a merchant doubles his business and increases his salespeople 50 per cent to get the work done, a fourth of the expense of clerk hire that has to be charged up to each article sold is saved. That will pay for a very big advertising bill, and leave a profit over.

FALLING LEAF AND FADING TREE.

The breeze rustles through the trees, and the golden, brown and red leaves come floating down to earth. Night begins to don her sable mantle earlier, the birds will soon wing their way to the south, and glorious summer will pay her lingering farewell.

It is a very glorious thing, this summer or ours. Even the filth, the ugliness and the sordidness of our cities cannot altogether rob summer of its beauty. From even the meanest street one can raise one's eyes to the glorious blue of the infinite sky and review the majestic procession of fleecy clouds; the sun glids with its rays the ugliest building and imparts to it something of its own splendor, and velvet night conceals the ravages of man as it reveals in its blazing stars the majesty of God. There are few of us who do not feel some regret at the passing of summer, and yet, to the man who loves nature, fall is one of the most beautiful and wonderful seasons of the year.

Let us forget our troubles, forget for a little the bitter struggle of life, all the heartlessness, the inhumanity, the selfishness, the greed, all those vices of men that endlessly war against beauty, and go out and commune with nature. Let us muse for a while on the serenity with which the mighty mother moves about her eternal purposes.

In these days nature is preparing for the marvelous changes of winter. She is stripping the trees and the shrubs of their foliage as the first step in the great transformation. Come out in the park and watch her at work. How trivial and commonplace seem the labors of the greatest of human artists, compared with this master of masters. Look at the colors on those leaves—that brilliant yellow, this rich crimson, all those wonderful browns blending so marvelously with that beautiful green background. Then look upward, look at the sky where the sun is setting. What a riot of color, and each tint with a message, each glow with a tale of the coming change.

Slowly, with majestic tread, nature moves onward to the fulfillment of her unalterable purpose; and think you that purpose does not include us, the most perfect of her children? Who may doubt it? In the bewilderment of our sorrows, in the persistence of our pain, faith oftentimes grows weak. But in our heart of hearts do we ever really doubt? We know that we are not playthings of blind fate, but a part in a tremendous scheme which shall one day be worked out to infinite good.

Often our burdens seem too heavy for our strength, our courage falters and despair creeps upon us. Yet, remember this: If the eternal spring does not dawn for us, it will for those who come after us. What gleams of sunshine we have were bought for us by the tears and the anguish of those who went before. Let us not be untrue to our trust.

GAME BIRDS AND THE FARMERS.

It has been estimated by the United States agricultural department that the codling moth and curculio apple pests cost American fruit growers \$8,250,000 a year in spraying operations and \$12,000,000 in the shrinkage of value in the apple crop. The chinch bugs, in a single season, have done \$20,000,000 of damage to wheat; the boll weevil as much damage to cotton. Tree insect pests are held responsible for \$100,000,000 of destruction every year. The charges against insect pests, according to the government experts, total \$420,100,000 annually.

This tremendous price is what the farmers of America are paying for the slaughter of insect-eating birds. For every swallow killed by shooters trying their skill, for every robin killed for food, or woodpecker killed because of the mistaken idea that woodpeckers do harm, some farmer must pay in loss of grain, vegetables or fruit. There are seven states in which the robin is regularly and legally shot as game. Five states permit blackbirds to be shot as game, and 26 list doves as game birds, though doves are among the most voracious of insect eaters and therefore of immense value to farmers.

Under the provisions of three bills now before congress, the protection of migrating birds is to be taken over by the federal government. As experience has shown that the individual states will not or cannot protect them, the duty should be assumed by Washington, which has a way of making its authority felt even with the most reckless. Farmers should urge on their congressmen the necessity of stopping this needless \$420,100,000 yearly loss.

The PORTLAND EVENING TELEGRAM and Ashland Tidings one year, \$5.00.

A WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.

The Eugene Guard says: "The movement for a workingman's club in Eugene is a good one and should not be allowed to drop. A well-conducted resort where men of all classes in their everyday working clothes will feel at home, enabling them to pass their leisure time in reading or recreations that are not harmful, is one of the real needs of this city. The business and professional men have their commercial club, the fraternal orders have similar resorts, but the workingman's interests in this respect have been entirely overlooked. The idea of charity should be kept away from, since self-respecting, industrious laborers are willing and able to pay their way and require only organization in the right direction to enable them to carry out a sensible, businesslike plan of this kind themselves. The details must be carefully worked out, and when this is done the people of the city generally will undoubtedly come forward with the assistance needed to meet the initial cost of securing and furnishing suitable quarters. If rightly planned and properly managed the "club," "rest room," "resort," or whatever it may be called, will take care of itself after it is opened."

It has long been the belief of the writer that the hold which the saloon has on many of the men of the manual working class is not so much the desire for intoxicants nor for low company, but the fact that the saloon, which its advocates term the "poor man's club," is the only place where a laboring man can spend an evening without feeling that he must go to the task of dressing up—the only place where he is made to feel that his clothes do not count. The average man is so weary when night comes that he does not feel like dressing up, and besides he does not feel comfortable in his "Sunday-go-to-meeting" garb and it makes him self-conscious and he does not enjoy himself. Even at the fraternal society gatherings it is the unwritten rule that while the member whose duties compel or allow him to wear good clothes at all times may go in his business garb, yet the brother who appears in overalls and frock feels out of place in them and equally out of place in unaccustomed garb. For this reason many of them after having joined some fraternal organization fail to attend, and again, the lodge may fall on the night when it is inconvenient for them to attend and on other nights they could go out had they some place to go. A workingmen's club would be of value in every town, and especially in those where there is a good per cent of the men working at vocations requiring rough garb. Whether or not there is a great need for such a club in Ashland is a question which only investigation among the men who would be benefitted by it, including the small ranch owners who when they come to town have to come prepared to handle produce which would soil good clothes if worn, can determine.

ROOSEVELT'S GREATEST SERVICE.

Toledo Blade: In the first defeat of his national career, Theodore Roosevelt has rendered to his country his greatest service. Beaten overwhelmingly for an office he once won by the largest popular vote ever accorded an American citizen, he has earned, to a greater degree than ever before, the gratitude of the nation.

When Colonel Roosevelt entered the presidential contest last spring he had all to lose and nothing to gain. Easily the most notable figure of his generation, no elective honors that might come to him could add to his personal fame. His refusal to re-enter public life and to grapple with the vital problems of the day offered an obvious course for a man of selfish purpose and personal vanity. It was the easiest way.

But Theodore Roosevelt was never a man to shirk a duty or evade an issue. With probable defeat ahead, he threw himself into the battle for the people, with the energy and strength and singleness of purpose that have marked his life work. Beaten at Chicago after he had fairly won the nomination he sought, he continued to fight, stoutly and with splendid courage. Neither assassin's bullets nor adverse ballots held any terrors for him. He fought his fight to the finish.

And although he, personally, has lost the battle, the vital things for which he struggled—cleaner politics, higher national ideals, a greater share of national material benefits for the plain people—have been advanced indefinitely. The old, corrupt, national convention system is dead, now, as one of the results of the Roosevelt campaign. The human welfare issues have become compelling demands. The cause of national righteousness and progress has

The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

Carry sunshine in all your walks of life.

A carload of pity is not worth a handful of help.

Be like the harvest of this year—good and generous.

The newspaper is today the most potent element in civilization. Its audience is practically unlimited. It reaches every class and condition of men. It penetrates to every hut and hovel on the farthest confines of human society. The schools have an influence and gather the children of the high and low. But after schools are outgrown, teachers forgotten, and books mouldy and dusty, the newspaper is still a constant companion. No public speaker, be he preacher or political orator, can draw an audience of one-tenth that which greets the average newspaper today, and thus the tone of the press becomes a matter of vital importance to the welfare of the community. The influence is widespread and is also lasting. Therefore we say, study well the contents of the paper you are taking, and if it contains that which tends to lower the scale of morality and humanity and not to the elevation of that which is good and right, better off are you by far without it.

The Child Welfare Bulletin.

Today in Peoria, Ill., there appears a new publication which stands for the great child welfare movement. It is to be the official organ of a number of societies, so far as their work is identified with the work among the children. The Child Welfare Bulletin can become a great power in the community, entering the homes of hundreds of Peorians and showing what is really being done for the children of that community. While the work is yet in its infancy in Peoria, yet the men and women who are actively interested in it are earnest and aggressive. They are determined that conditions for the children throughout that city shall be bettered. Their aim is happier homes and better citizenship. If any one can think out any subjects more laudable, than this, let him speak right out. If every town and city had a like organization our penitentiaries would not be crowded.

The Father's Teachings.

The boy loves his mother probably more than he does his father, but so far as relates to the affairs of life in general and on its hard side, he has ten times the confidence in his father's practical and available wisdom than he has in that of his mother. And if his father finds it necessary in the conduct of business to strain one of two of the commandments the boy will keep on repeating them to his mother and commence breaking them with his father, and that, too, without feeling that his sinuosity of the procedure involves any great amount of inconsistency. The only thing that will save the boy and hold him in any way true to the fixed pole of rectitude that no considerations of place or circumstance can deflect him, is that he is under the domination of a father whose life in the midst of the world incarnates the principles learned from the mother in the midst of the home. The boy will believe in the feasibility of the mother's doctrine of righteousness if he sees his father take it out and exemplify it under the stress of business.

The father's life in this degree measures the power of the mother's tuition, and is the hand of God hastening or postponing the fulfillment of her longings and prayers for the children of the household.

Growing Old.

Do not be fretful because you have come to spectacles. While glasses look premature on a young man's nose, they are an adornment to an octogenarian's face. Besides that, when your eyesight is poor you miss seeing a great many things—unpleasant things—that the younger are obliged to look at. Do not be worried because your ear is becoming dull. In that way you can escape being bored with many of the things that are said, if the gates of sound

gained mightily in the campaign which Roosevelt made and lost.

The debt of gratitude the country owes him has grown heavily in these last three months. That it will be cancelled, even in small measure, in his lifetime, is a matter of question. But that in the view of history he will be accorded the rank that he has so richly won as one of the greatest and bravest and truest of American citizens, there is no manner or shadow of doubt.

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keep out much of the discord. If the hair is getting thin, it takes less time to comb it, and then it is not all the time falling down over your eyes; or if it is getting white, we think that color is as respectable as any other—that is the color of the snow and the blossoms and the clouds and all angelic habiliments. Do not worry because the time comes on when you must go into the next world. It is only a better room with brighter pictures, finer society and sweeter music. Robert McChesney and John Know and Harriet Newell, Mrs. Hemans, John Milton and Martin Luther will be good enough company for the most of us. The corn-stalk standing in the field today will not sigh dimly when the huskers leap over the fence and, throwing their arms around the stack, swing it to the ground; it is only to take the golden ear from the husk. Death for the aged Christian is only husking time, and then the load goes in from the frosts into the garner. Our congratulations to those who are nearly done with the nuisances of this world. Give your staff to your little grandson to ride horse on. You are going to be young again and you will have no need for crutches. May the clouds around the setting sun be golden and such as lead the "weather wise" to prophesy a clear morning.

Warrant Issued By Real Estate Man.

Charles Lebo, a real estate man, and Charles Tull, a livery stable man, at Medford, had a disagreement Monday in which Tull is alleged to have taken a swing at Lebo, and as a result a warrant was issued by Justice of the Peace Glen O. Taylor, charging Tull with assault and battery. Mr. Lebo said afterward that Tull failed to land his swing, but that they wrestled about in the dirt considerably, and that his hat was broken. He swore to the complaint. The trouble occurred over a difference of opinion regarding work being done on the property of the Medford Realty & Improvement Company.

Try Tidings job printing. The quality is remembered long after the price is forgotten.

RELATIVES.

(By Howard L. Rann.)

Relatives are members of society whose time is fully occupied in visiting somebody who is perfectly satisfied with the size of his family. This country may occasionally run short on statesmen and ready money, but there is no falling off in the crop of relatives who unload themselves on the front porch with a blithe smile and a cotton flannel nightdress. There are two kinds of relatives—rich and poor. Rich relatives are courted with great assiduity and souvenir postcards, showing the new court house, and Main street, as it appears when the lodge is at ease. The flow of postcards ceases quite suddenly after a rich relative dies and breathes new life into the Home for the Aged with dark green coupon bonds. A rich relative is a pleasant thing to have on the family tree until his mind begins to wander in the direction of college endowments and the benighted and unclad heathen, when his picture is removed from the front parlor and banished to the hair trunk in the attic. Not all poor relatives are alike. Some are very companionable and fond of a change of scenery, and mattresses, and are liable to drop in and congest the spare bedroom with arctic overshoes and a telescope grip, while others never do any visiting except to nurse the sick and render service, without any fee. Relatives are sometimes quite free with advice as to the proper rearing of somebody else's children, and when their advice is disregarded they fail to show up until it is time to divide the estate. Relatives are appreciated most at Christmas time, when they shower the home with drums, Noah's arks and stick candy. We would not care to lose our relatives for any length of time, no matter how often they come or how long they stay.

To lighten the labors of a tin roofer, a Michigan man has invented detachable handles to increase the leverage of an ordinary pair of metal-cutting shears.

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