

### Ashland Tidings

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#### DOES PUBLICITY PREVENT CRIME?

Does publicity prevent or foster crime? That is a question which is attracting more and more attention every year. The theory has been for generations that the making public the fact of crime is one of the best restraining influences. This, like many another theory, is giving way to something newer and better. The claim that reputable newspapers feature crime for the money that there is in it is unjust. To say truer would be to say that the people demand it, either from perverted taste or from a belief that the publication is a restraint of crime. One of the strongest reasons to believe that publicity begets crime is that a particularly weird and atrocious crime in one section of the country is followed by similar ones elsewhere.

This is becoming so plain that it has become a saying among sociologists that crimes go in series.

The fate of Lounsbury, the S. P. robber, instead of deterring others, has evidently excited their desire to go and do likewise.

An evidence of the "recoil" of an anti-vice crusade in a northwest Iowa town came directly under the observation of the writer a few years ago. A lecturer for a temperance organization delivered an impassioned and realistic "expose" of the vice of Chicago, especially inviting the young people, and the hall was crowded every night. A friend of the writer was a heavy shipper of cattle to the Chicago market and "cattle passes" (free transportation to care for stock en route) were often given out. He told the writer that during the next few weeks after these lectures he was almost daily accosted by young men and youths who wanted passes to Chicago. The sudden access of desire to go to the city aroused his suspicion and in many instances they admitted that they "wanted to go and see if what she said was true." That was one of the first reasons that made the writer begin to doubt the efficacy of the publication of the details of crime, as a crime preventive.

The Johnson-Cameron affair has been heralded from coast to coast and will doubtless be followed by the marriage of several other white girls with colored men. There seems to be some sort of fascination in crime which inspires the young or weak minded and causes them to try and imitate the criminal.

These and other observations have caused the writer to come to the belief that if the publication of the details of crime were forbidden that it would be for the benefit of humanity. What good can it do to try every criminal case of note before a jury of 60,000,000 people? It does not tend toward justice. The jury is not and should not be influenced by the sympathy or lack of sympathy for the criminal or for his victim. They are there to do justice.

The Daltons, the Youngers and James are heroes to nearly every boy at some stage of his life, and the very knowledge of them is degrading. Why should it be flaunted before the innocent?

The sculptor cannot make a beautiful statue with an ugly model. Neither can a mind be trained beautifully with an ugly model set up before it.

There was never a truer stanza written than that familiar one: "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien

That to be hated needs but to be seen; But seen too oft, familiar with its face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

In the fiscal year 1912 about \$30,000,000 worth of American automobiles found markets abroad, as against less than \$1,000,000 worth ten years ago.

The new government building being erected at Delhi, the new capital of India, will cost \$20,000,000.

#### TRY IT ON THE BABY.

Well, well, Dr. Harvey Wiley, our old pure food friend, is father of a 152-ounce boy, and Harvey has got it all figured out how that boy will be raised.

"Our child," bubbles the doctor, "is to be a pure food baby literally. He will not be weaned until he is fifteen or eighteen months old. He will not be given fruit until after he is three years old. His clothes will be very few and very simple. One of the earliest lessons will be on thrift and he will not be allowed to spend his pennies."

Oh, doctor, doctor, how familiar this sounds! Papa always starts out by resolving that sonny shall have naught but pure food, and every sonny manages to consume his portion of mud pies. Often, often, we heard announcements that baby wouldn't be weaned until fifteen to eighteen months old, but something has usually vetoed that. And just think of no fruit until three years old! No orange, no banana, no taste of preserves, no nibble of apple. Why, Doc, we'll bet a number eight nursing bottle that you'll be begging for "just a little bite" of fruit for that blessed John Harvey Wiley before he's two years old.

Very few and simple clothes, too. Oh, man, man, wait till you see the many and elaborate duds it will take to "properly clothe" that youngster!

But the lesson on thrift is all sound policy a yard wide, doctor. Make him save his pennies. Get him one of those cute little banks that no one save papa can open. It will come in so pat when there isn't exact change in the house to pay the milkman or the laundry lady. There is positively no trait that should be more early rooted in children than that of putting their pennies in a bank that they cannot open. We have known parents to foolishly neglect this, to their sorrow.

But seriously, doctor, isn't your angelic theory of raising a kid a good deal of a hoax? How were you started off? You have a fine mind, a courageous heart, and a great big, honest, wholesome body. You can take and give hard knocks. Life, according to the doctors, is pretty much a struggle for immunity from germs of one sort or another, and the wonder is that so many prove fit to live. Would you be what you are today, Papa Wiley, had you been cradled under gauze, been pasteurized and sterilized and formaldehyde-d, and filled by rule and rote?

Blessed is the lot of the man who can look upon his new son, raise his right hand and swear just how he is going to feed, clothe and fashion him. Beautiful are such castles of fatherhood, but just a few whiffs of time and those castles fall off into the unknown like the gossamer seed pods of the dandelion. Infant human nature is anything but a machine and it takes a mighty busy papa to make it go as such.

#### FROM WEDDING CLOUDLAND TO DIVORCE PIGSTY.

Miss Violet Dove and Dr. Milo E. Hartman were married recently at Kansas City.

They wanted a "different" wedding—and they had it.

They were united in the holy bonds while standing in the basket of one of the balloons which were starting in the great elimination race. As the preacher said—"man and wife," the great gasbag—we refer here to the balloon—was cut loose and shot up into cloudland.

At the end of a few short hours, obeying the law of gravitation, they descended, and—sad to relate—instead of alighting in some sylvan glen, haunted by fays and dryads, they landed in a hog-pen!

So many weddings are like that! It wasn't so very "different" after all. They start in the unstable basket of a balloon, and they soar for a short time into the cloudland of ecstasy. The clouds are beautiful, but they are much more agreeable when looked at from a distance than when used for purposes of navigation. For one thing, they are damp. They are cold. They chill the warm and generous enthusiasms which thrill those standing in the basket before the word is given, "Turn her loose!" The dampness makes the balloon heavier. The gas of courtship leaks out. The law of gravitation pulls down toward earth.

And when the earth of common life is reached, so many of the poor creatures find themselves in the pigsty of the divorce court!

The cloudland of the honeymoon should be a part of the life of every boy and girl. But can't we all do something to make their landing on the common earth where people work more certain to be safer and cleaner? The coming down is the crisis. And the mutual confidence and trust, and the characters that make trust and confidence inevitable, are, after all, the things that insure against the pig-pen finale.

#### THE FIRE PROTECTION BONDS.

In the agitation over the proposed electric light bonds but little is said regarding the proposed \$6,000 issue of bonds for the purchase of a motor hose truck. There seems little if any opposition to this. There is certainly a need for better fire protection. On this there is no difference of opinion. The only question which has been raised is whether or not the truck will be able to climb the hills in the winter season and navigate the mud of the lower part of the city. Some claim that one could do so, while others declare that one could only be used on the paving. It would seem wise to vote the bonds and also wish that the city council refuse to purchase any machine until it had been given a thorough tryout in winter.

There is no question that better fire protection is needed and that the taxpayers are ready to pay for it, but care must be taken not to repeat the mistake made two years ago when the present hose carts were bought. They were thought before hand to be what was needed, but have proven in actual service an utter failure. The council should provide against the possibility of a similar contingency in regard to buying a motor truck.

#### TEAL FOR THE CABINET.

The Portland Ad Club is making a campaign in behalf of the appointment of Joseph M. Teal for the position of secretary of the interior in President Wilson's cabinet. The movement is described as non-partisan and as backed by all civic and political organizations. The choosing of Wilson's political family would seem to be a matter in which republican and progressive politicians and newspapers have no legitimate part. As a democratic administration must stand or fall as such, it would seem that a recommend from political enemies would have little weight with Mr. Wilson. It is not natural to take one's councillors from among one's opponents, nor yet to choose them from among the friends recommended by the enemy.

#### TALKS ON ADVERTISING TO TIDINGS READERS.

(By Ralph Kaye.)

Everybody needs shoes—a condition of affairs that every shoe retailer should remember.

It's not a question of educating people to buy shoes, but to buy his shoes.

It strikes me there are different classes of buyers the shoe man should appeal to:

The office man wants shoe comfort, appearance, easy to polish.

The collector, superintendent and general outdoor men, who do a great deal of walking, want shoes that will wear, stand hard usage and be waterproof.

The professional man—doctor, lawyer, etc.—wants shoes of good appearance, stylish and durable.

The college and club men want style first and foremost.

The youngsters need shoes that can stand sliding and kicking everything.

The women want their shoes stylish, shoes that make their feet look small and stylish.

If the shoe dealer would apply the merits of their shoes to the requirements of their customers, they would strike a sympathetic chord. The appeal would be personal.

Next talk will be on furniture.

#### Democrats to Pocket All Jobs Given By Taft.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 6.—Preparations for the proposed movement by democratic leaders in the senate to block the confirmation of the majority of President Taft's appointments to office to be made during the last few months of his administration, is under way here today.

All the postoffice appointments will be "pocketed" by senators from the interested districts, it is understood, at such places where a change might be made.

#### 150 Independence Women Vote.

Independence, Ore., Dec. 3.—At the city election here yesterday 411 votes were cast, at which a mayor, a city recorder and three councilmen were chosen. The women cast 150 ballots. Those who voted were almost wholly the wives and mothers of this city. While there was no stated issue between the wet and dry elements, there was a choice between candidates in their attitude toward better moral conditions, and the choice was decided in favor of the best men.

#### Water Inspector Drops Dead.

Spokane, Wash., Dec. 6.—James Liston, a prominent citizen and water inspector, dropped dead from heart disease in the Peddicord Hotel today.

### The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

A ragged, forlorn, ill-looking man presented himself at the back door of the home of a friend of mine in a nearby city, and asked for an old suit of clothes, explaining that he had applied for work at fifty different places, and had been curtly refused, owing, as he thought, to his shabby attire.

After he had told his story, my friend sent her young daughter to the attic for a discarded suit of her father's for him, and after giving it to him and receiving his thanks, she bethought herself that he might be hungry. When she asked him, he admitted that he was. She took him into her kitchen and fed him bountifully, and as he ate, he talked, telling her bits of his life history, and revealing, in the conversation, the fact that he was well educated and well balanced.

When he was ready to leave he stood on the doorstep, his shabby hat in his hand, his bundle of clothes under his arm, and said:

"Madam, you have treated me like a human being, and I shall not forget it. Wherever I have gone this morning, I have been repulsed and made to feel my degradation. But you have shown sympathy and kindness. You have made me feel like a man. And I am going out to find work, with renewed confidence, because one person has treated me with respect."

He squared his shoulders and walked off down the street with the step of a conqueror, and that one act of youthfulness bore fruit that made the woman's heart rejoice.

I was told once by a woman teacher in the University of Chicago, of an experience she had once enjoyed—and I use the word "enjoyed" knowingly and meaningfully—while accompanying a Salvation Army lassie on an errand of mercy in the worst district of Chicago.

She said that they passed among men and women of the lowest type, with hardened faces upon which disipation and evil thinking and evil living had left ineradicable marks. She sank close to the side of the other women who passed among them fearlessly. Nay, rather, she passed among them as a sister, with a smile here, a nod there, an occasional cheery word to right and left.

She did not speak to them as from the exalted height her own life might have justified. But she passed among them like a sister. And a breath from the heaven—the harmony—of her pure soul reached out and touched the most degraded of them all.

On every side was expressed respect. Hats came off, voices lowered, blasphemy ceased. The spark

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of decency was only covered by the ashes of vice—it was not dead. And that spark responded to the influence of the love which permeated this woman's whole being, and of which she gave unstintingly.

Thus it is with every human being. Somewhere, beneath the exterior presented to the coldly critical gaze of the public, is a living, palpitating thing—the real manhood, and it awaits only the right sort of recognition to manifest itself in right thinking and right living.

Of course, this was an exceptional case. Not every man who comes to one's back door asking alms is worthy. Granted, also, that charity might incline him to leave a chalk mark upon your back gate, that all who ran might read, "Herein lies an easy one." This is not a plea for indiscriminate giving. What my friend gave to the man in question was not the food and clothes—any one might have done as much—but she gave him self-respect.

Every normal man has something within him which responds to the touch of human sympathy. It may seem hopelessly buried beneath the rubbish of materialism, or greed, or ignorance, but it is there, and it behooves every one of us to be decent to every unfortunate bit of human driftwood that chance—or the wisdom we fail to comprehend—sends our way. It may be our opportunity. At any rate, it will be his.

#### Increase Mexican Duties.

San Francisco, Dec. 6.—Duties on imports into Mexico will be advanced 16 per cent on January 1, according to unofficial information received at the customs house here today.

SUNSET MAGAZINE and Ashland Tidings one year \$2.75 to old or new subscribers. Regular price of Sunset Magazine is \$1.50 per year.

#### The Adobe Ramparts of Assyria.

Nearly akin to Egyptian house-building methods were those of ancient Assyria, where the stiff clays of the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates furnished the rude mud walls of the lowliest shelter, and the mass of the walls of the city and its palaces, temples and ramparts. While there is no lack of gigantic statues and symbolic monoliths, stone stairs and paved approaches, and the remains of the alabaster and syenite facings, which covered the plainer masonry, the real strength of Babylon and Nineveh lay in the masses of brickwork which, in mighty Babylon it is recorded, formed the lofty towers and ramparts which for 42 miles girdled a district five times as large as modern London with a great wall, whose summit, embattled, and forming a continuous chariot way, rose from 300 to 350 feet above the fertile plain.

One hundred gates with brazen hinges are said to have poured out its legions in war and its millions in peace; the great river, bridled and parapeted, flowed in, through and out of the city under the massive bridges, over ample tunnels, and through huge water gates which no fleet might force or engine of war lay low. Surely never before or since, in the history of the world, has the plummet, hammer and trowel of the bricklayer played so important a part in securing the safety and promoting the magnificence of a great city.

#### Frame New Naval Bill.

Washington, Dec. 6.—The house began framing a naval appropriation bill here today. It is expected the bill will aggregate \$120,000,000.

Phone No. 39 when in need of job printing. Work and prices are right.

# VAUPEL'S

### We Are Prepared to Help You in Your Christmas Buying

### Christmas gifts worth having are the kind you will find at this store. Hundreds of things that are useful are shown here in big variety. We quote here a few of the many things that are appropriate as gifts.

#### For Women

- Handkerchiefs in plain and fancy edges at 5 cents up to \$1.50.
- Kid Gloves, all colors, at prices from \$1.00 up to \$3.00.
- Umbrellas from \$1.00 up to \$8.00.
- Neckwear at 25 cents up to \$1.00.
- Fancy Scarfs at \$1.00 up to \$3.50.
- Silk Hosiery at 50 cents up to \$1.50.
- Silk at \$1.00 and \$1.25 per yard.
- Dress goods at 50 cents up to \$1.50 per yard.
- Table Linens at 50 cents up \$2.00 per yard.
- Bed Spreads at \$1.25 up to \$5.00.
- Blankets and Comforters at prices from \$1 50 up to \$9.00.
- Silk Waists at \$3.00 up to \$5.50.
- Sweaters at \$2.50 up to \$5.50.

Shoes and Slippers at \$3.00, \$3 50 and \$4.00.

Furs, a big variety to pick from.

#### For Men and Boys

- Bath Robes at \$4.00 up to \$10.00.
- Smoking Jackets at \$4.50 up to \$7.00.
- Hats, \$3.00 values now at \$2.25.
- Caps, in many styles, 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00.
- Handkerchiefs at 5 cents up to 50 cents.
- Neckwear at 19 cents, 40 cents and 50 cents.
- Night Gowns at 75 cents and \$1.00.
- Suit Cases in many styles to select from.
- Dress Shirts in many styles to select from.