

# Ashland Tidings

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### MAN STANDS APPALLED.

The past year has been marked by a number of large disasters—tragedies that have brought sorrow and desolation into thousands of homes and have touched the public to sympathy.

It is less than a year since the Titanic went down, a tragedy so harrowing that the very men who wrote the story wrote through blinding tears and with trembling hands the horrors they related.

And now, in less than a year from that tragedy of the sea, other tragedies of the land have stricken some of the richest sections of the country.

Omaha has been swept by a storm, her palaces have toppled like card-board houses and her business blocks have shattered into shapeless ruins.

Before we had caught our breath from the horror of that tragedy an inland sea swept over Ohio and Indiana, two of the richest states in the union, and will leave them devastated. Seventy thousand people homeless in Dayton alone. The vast treasure in life and property left in the wake of the storm is beyond computation.

It is only at times like this that men realize how small and insignificant is man and all of his splendid work, after all.

Proudly we erect buildings so high that a man standing on the top of them looks like a mere atom. Proudly we build cities and put our wealth in property and say to ourselves, "We have provided for the future. Nothing can wipe away a competence that is held in the land." Then nature, heretofore beneficent, blows a frowning breath on the houses we have built, or pours a torrent of water about them, and they are no more. The fortune is blown to nothingness or swept away in a mass of debris.

Yet, it is at such times as these that the best brotherhood of man asserts itself. The shackles of selfishness fall under the pressure of a great emotion—at the touch of a sympathy that proves all the world akin—and we give willingly our money, our time, whatever we have to help those whom the calamity has left helpless.

But the stricken ones who weep for those dead or missing or who see the wreck of a life's building and striving swept away in the twinkling of an eye look on with dazed eyes and wonder why.

And nobody knows the answer to that question. We are too blind to see, too weak to know.

The proposition of Winston Spencer Churchill, first lord of the British admiralty, to stop naval construction the world over for one year, is one of the finest bits of statesmanship that has been suggested for some time. Why should every power burden itself with millions spent to build warships merely to keep step with other nations and maintain the present standing of navies? Why not let the navies stand just where they are? No nation would thus gain an advantage. Every nation would save millions annually. We have no need for more battleships, and the only reason we build them is to keep step with other nations, so that in case of another conflict the country with the big navy would have the advantage. So, if we stop building battleships the world over the present relative sea-fighting strength would be maintained. And why not go a step farther and have a world-wide agreement to stop recruiting and increasing standing armies? Wonder if ship-building and army-supply contractors have anything to do with this hurry to strengthen defense when good sense dictates an agreement as the better plan?

Secretary McAdoo is going to have office-seekers present their applications in writing. This will be hard on some of them, but they can always hire a stenographer to type-write their letters.

### THE END OF A SPECULATOR.

The death of "Deacon" White, who won and lost several fortunes on Wall street, brought out a few days ago the fact that although he once stood to win \$3,000,000 in corn, he died with only just enough money to pay his debts.

The case of Mr. White is somewhat unusual. Although he failed several times, he always paid his debts in full, though he could never get permanently ahead of the game. Pretty heavy baggage in the way of a conscience!

The manufacturer who produces a useful article at a fair price can be satisfied that, if his customers are honest and industrious, the probabilities of trade assure them success.

The speculative broker, on the other hand, must realize that the chances of the game are about five to one against the "piker" or "lamb." In the long run, the "kitty" must win. The broker must be always making new customers. The cordial handshake with which he greets the new face at the door must be much like the greeting of the undertaker to the consumptive.

"Deacon" White, no doubt, was not the only honest person in the business. There is plenty of room for men of high sense of honor, who shall study earnings and expenses rather than the eights and quarters of the blackboards. They will persuade investors to pay down only real money for high-class securities, lock them up, and read the stock market reports only at off moments.

Many men go into the brokerage business with firm intentions of that kind. A great many of them come out about like the fellow in a mining camp who asked where he could find a faro layout. He was directed, but warned that the game was crooked. Shortly after he was found bucking the tiger.

"Didn't I tell you the game here was crooked?" whispered the man who directed him.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "but you also said it was the only game in town."

### REGULAR NEWSPAPER READING.

Did you ever stop to think what you miss if you do not make it a regular daily habit to read your local newspaper thoroughly?

Cutting out all question of the educative effect of following public news events, look at it merely for the moment as a question of self-interest.

The housewife learns from the newspaper advertising how the cost of living can be reduced. She gathers information as to what her children are doing in school, which may be vital to her hopes for their good scholarship. She learns of concerts and entertainments that add variety and pleasure to her life, which but for newspaper notice she would miss. She learns of chances to secure domestic service.

The business man finds out about openings by which he can turn an honest dollar. He learns how the farmers are selling their crops, what values real estate men place on their holdings, and what trade conditions are. Still more important, he learns what his competitors are doing. He learns how his brother workmen in other employments are trying to improve their condition, and he finds chances in the advertising to save money on the food and clothing of his family.

The farmer learns about the crop outlook and the governing values of commodities. He will be continually whipsawed by the produce market unless he studies the newspaper with a microscope for this kind of information.

Is there a single class in this community that does not get a definite, positive return in cash value from reading each issue of the home newspaper? Is there anyone who can afford not to be a regular subscriber to his home paper?

### ADVERTISING THAT DOESN'T ADVERTISE.

About this time of year it was once customary for the merchant to send out a gang of painters to decorate the landscape with appeals to travelers to buy his goods. Every mossy and lichen covered rock, charming in its suggestion of wild life, was turned into a billboard, and lovely old trees were made into commercialized sign posts.

As towns have grown more civilized, people love country life more, and when they go walking or riding they keenly resent the intrusions of business.

Their impulse on seeing an advertising sign in the woods is to tear it down. Wherever the law permits that, and often where the law does not, a host of people make it their joy and pride to wreck advertising signs that mar natural beauty.

So outdoor country advertising does not advertise at all, it merely creates resentment. Printers' ink

## The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

### Sleeping Out of Doors.

Not merely are tuberculosis victims sleeping under tent walls all through the year, but a large portion of the more elaborate homes today are erected with comfortable sleeping porches. In these you can get your fresh air without having your neighbor's cat alight on your face in the middle of the night.

A night on a cot bed in a tent has its charm, provided you can really sleep. The scents of grass and trees, your close embrace with Mother Earth, have a sweetness that is absent behind blinds and plastered walls.

But, sad to say, the camp cot bed has its outs to those of us whose soft bodies are wonted to the defences of the closed house.

The roar of the night train, deadened by the four walls of a house, reverberates in your unprotected tent, and you are wide awake. The slightest noise in the neighboring home arouses your curiosity, and you count the steps of the late comers on the echoing sidewalk. Your cot bed rocks back and forth with the inequalities of the ground, and if you get your head too low the constant tide of blood keeps your nerves growling. If there are mosquitoes, they add to the final touch of sorrow.

The one great physical need of the majority of the American people today is more fresh air. The atmosphere of the office, factory or mill was never contemplated in the age-long evolution through which nature built up the wonders of the human frame. She provided for the needs of the body on the assumption that fresh air would always be sweeping its tide of life through our veins. Then men went and built caves, cells and prisons, in which Nature's chief cleanser was forbidden entrance.

It is up to everyone who believes that the body is a business asset, to be conserved like any other property, to get more fresh air. If he can't get it in his business hours he can get it in his own home. And at night he can either sleep out of doors or fill his room with out-of-door air.

Eastern people are too easily annoyed by the little discomforts of tent life referred to above. All through the western cities, where people adapt themselves to changes more easily, you find invalids recovering health, thin men putting on flesh, merely by the charm and tonic of life in the medium for which Nature built the human body.

### History.

History is a collection of cold-blooded facts relating to somebody who is not able to defend himself on account of being dead. There are two kinds of history—ancient and modern. Ancient history is the more popular of the two, as there are so few people present who have a clear recollection of what happened. This kind of history is always written by some author with a keen and retentive memory, and who was either an eye-witness or secured his facts from immediate relatives of the deceased. Every once in a while some author with a better memory than his predecessors puts out a new ancient history with limp binding and limpid style, and introduces a new chronological order and several original obituary notices, which make very wholesome and cheerful reading for the long winter evenings. There are

on the contrary, pleases and attracts, and it forces itself on the attention only when people are in a mood to consider its message.

According to prevailing standards, when a girl gives up a five-dollar-a-week position as servant, which includes board worth four dollars a week, and takes a six-dollar-a-week position minus board, she is rising in the world.

Ex-Governor Dockery of Missouri, now third assistant postmaster-general, wears old-fashioned long-legged boots. It is not in the record whether he has ever trained his wife to pull them off for him at night.

Mr. Wilson is evidently determined to sharpen his razor on his boots rather than be under obligation for gift strops.

A serious blow is threatened the tobacco industry, in the reported method of taking the poison out of nicotine.

There is a growing number of people who do not believe merit should count in a candidate for office.

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

so many ancient histories on the market nowadays that the average high school student can't tell whether the battle of Gettysburg was fought B. C. or A. D. Modern history deals with people who are more or less alive, and is usually written at a safe distance from the individual who is being dissected. History writing is a very pleasant occupation, as all that is required is a lively imagination and a stub pen. The late Mr. Plutarch wrote one of our nicest histories, giving a number of confidential anecdotes about people who at one time made quite a noise in army and navy circles. We should enjoy Mr. Plutarch's book better if it had a little more conversation and an occasional drawing room scene, but he seems to have no trouble in selling it. The best kind of history is the family kind, which deals largely with cutting the first teeth and translating the language of the twins. People will remember this kind of history when all other varieties are tucked in back of the second row in the bookcase.

### The Earth.

The earth is a round ball which has been beating a tortuous path around the sun for several million years without bucking anybody off the right of way. The earth is said to be 91,200,000 miles from the sun, although there are times when it seems to be closer. When the earth is nearest to the sun it is said to be in perihelion. People spell this word with two l's in the dogdays. Adam was the first inhabitant of the earth, and he liked it so well that he hung on until he was 930 years old and beat all the fraternal insurance companies then doing business. Everybody thought the earth was flat until Christopher Columbus sprang the egg trick on Ferdinand and Isabella. This trick would have been more successful, we are told, if the egg which Christopher used had not lived so long. History relates that immediately after the egg broke Ferdinand lost interest in the proceedings and retired to a quiet spot to sprinkle a little perfume on his mustache. Isabella stuck it out, however, and pawned a bright new Waterbury watch in order to enable Columbus to come over here and teach his trick to some of our after-dinner speakers. The earth is now inhabited by a large number of people who are well pleased with their location, some of whom live a good deal longer than the neighbors consider necessary. It produces a great variety of crops, including political bunk and perennial candidates. The earth is held in place by the force of gravity and supported by an old gentleman named Atlas, who has a muscular development which makes Sandow look like an anti-fat patient after six free treatments. It is a very pleasant place to live in and most people separate themselves from it with unconcealed regret.

### Farming is Becoming the New Profession.

The "cow college" is no longer laughed at. It is recognized today as one of the most valuable avenues to a practical education, and the agricultural college has come into its own. A monthly magazine published by the Ohio State University contains some facts in this connection that are interesting, and they can practically be duplicated in most of the state universities throughout the country. In the Ohio university there are 3,274 students, and of the whole number 794 are registered in the college of agriculture, while 252 are in the kindred department of domestic science; that is to say, nearly one-third of the whole number of students in one state university are fitting themselves for an occupation for which a few years ago it was thought no preparation was necessary except to learn how to milk a cow and handle a hoe. It is known now that successful farming requires a good knowledge of more things than any other calling. It is said that the universities of Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin and many other states present relatively the same statistics.

Incidentally this Ohio university magazine contains some other interesting facts. It tabulates the occupations of the parents of the students. The children of bankers, lawyers and professional men are in the majority, but the fathers of 815 students are farmers; 31, laborers; 3, watchmen; 5, tanners; 5, shoemakers; 9, barbers; 18, blacksmiths; 61, carpenters; 5, glassworkers; 6, janitors; 2, gardeners; 49, machinists; 3, coal miners; 10, plumbers; 3, servants. This list is interesting as showing how much more general education is becoming and the part that state universities are taking in giving all an equal opportunity.

Scientific farming is becoming a profession, and its development is one of the most important functions our state university is undertaking.

Phone Job orders to the Tidings.

## If You Would Be Prosperous---Do This

Guide your footsteps to this bank this very day—for your own sake. Your prosperity begins the minute you open a Savings Account. Even the smallest savings have often been the means of grasping opportunities that lead to wealth.

ONE DOLLAR—if you can't spare more—opens an account at this bank.

The most successful men in town have money on deposit here—why not you?

## Granite City Savings Bank

ASHLAND, ORE.

### State High Schools Raise Their Standard.

Great improvement in the state high schools is indicated by the much better preparation of the students entering the Oregon Agricultural College in the past two years. The report of the board of regents says: "There has been a corresponding improvement in the work of the students. The heads of the department uniformly report that the students are much better prepared each year for their college work. Statistics compiled by the registrar yield the following summary, which indicates the marked improvement in general scholarship throughout the institution during the past three years: The number of regularly matriculated students whose average was below the passing grade in 1909-10

was 19 per cent; 1910-11, 11 per cent; in 1911-12, 6 per cent.

"This great improvement is largely due to the improved facilities for the work, provided by the construction of new buildings, purchase of additional equipment, the more complete organization of the departments, and the employment of additional instructors. But the superior work of the high schools in which students receive their preparation for admission to the college undoubtedly has been an important factor."

Edmund Allen of Philadelphia has just celebrated his 93rd birthday by distributing an extra week's salary to each of his 300 employes.

New York is the greatest market for California fruit.



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