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FRENZIED FOOLISHNESS.

"Two souls with but one single thought, two hearts that beat as one," is very pretty sentiment, although quite overdone. B. Bryan and C. Clark have signed a protocol of peace. "Help! Murder! Fire!" and "Zounds, gadzooks!" and likewise "Police!" They've signed a "love pact" twixt themselves that naught but death can part. And their past differences, now, leave nothing but their smart; At least, so one would judge who reads the public prints. But, privately, "between us girls," by way of helpful hints. Their two souls have one single thought, and both their hearts are bent on burying the hatchet, but with murderous intent. "I hope he chokes," thought Speaker Clark, as Bryan shook his fin; "I wonder where 'twill hurt him most to sink my dagger in?" Bryan murmured, as he hid the Speaker to the feast. A-glaring all the time at Champ just like an untamed beast. "I'll ne'er forget the wrong you did to me at Baltimore. Although from this time on, dear Bill, you only I'll adore." But Beauchamp had his fingers crossed when at Bill he did swing; He had his stinger out a mile and stung Bill one good sting. But now that Bill's a diplomat and has to lie a heap. He never battled one eyelash or gave one single peep. Although he was just hopping mad and filled with fight and bile, Bill Bryan grasped the Speaker's hand and beamed a welcome smile. "I did not mean one thing I said about you, Champ, old top." He placed the accent on the "mean" and then he had to stop. To get his breath and dodge a blow that Champ aimed at his jaw—The only thing that stopped the row was their respect for law. And so they kissed and made it up, did Bryan and Champ Clark; They've laid aside their bowie knives, like Bourne and Selling have, And all their idle moments now are spent in spreading salve. The world is surely growing better, such sights are good to see; I think I'll urge a protocol 'tween old George Put and me.

SLOW MURDER BY DRUGS.

Among the poor in the crowded cities, where the stress of life is cruel, the sale of "dope" is not only large, but ominously increasing. There are no exact figures. The business has not been regulated enough to produce figures. But in every group of the down-and-outers, of the pathetic driftwood cast up on the tide-washed shore of life, you can see pitiful examples of the wreckage caused by opium and cocaine. Because you yourself have been strong enough, or happy enough, not to be tempted to buy deceptive pleasure at the expense of health and hope, don't be harsh in judging these poor wrecks, whose rebound from misery has led to ruin. They have fallen victims to temptations which you may have done very little to remove. Unless you have done your best to help them in their weakness and to check the greed which lures them on, it isn't in your right to hurl reproaches. Get busy and help find out what your state laws are on the subject, and if they aren't strong enough, or if the dopers are dodging its enforcement, do something. One plan proposed to check the dishonest sale of habit-forming drugs is to require all dealers in them to take out internal revenue licenses. That would enable any state to learn who the dealers are and to adopt further regulation if it is so wished.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

Couldn't we all get something from the example of Rev. David J. Higgins, the Methodist minister, who, at the age of 99 years, has just entered a Minnesota college? No doubt in this good, old dominion's case the motive which sent him to school wasn't quite the same as that which chiefly prompts younger folks. He doesn't pursue knowledge for payroll reasons. His days of money worry are over. He is going to college wholly as one who wants study for study's sake. Most of us are differently situated. We have to plan to buy our schooling so as to get the best economic return. The dollar spent must bring at least a dollar back; if more, all the better. But there is many a good chap working in mills or on farms who could, in later life, find and profitably use the means to do a little more schooling if he weren't possessed of the notion that he's too old; if he weren't secretly afraid that somebody would make fun of so mature a schoolboy as he. Nonsense! One is never too old to learn. The mistake we all make is in not insisting upon learning more than we do; in not, for instance, using more fully than we do a machinery right at hand. In most places the public school plants aren't worked half enough. At night they're idle. Also Saturdays. Likewise Sundays. If we wanted to have schooling for the older folk we could easily do it without stinting the youngsters. Many places are doing it. At last report, about 300. We don't mean places with just the common run of night schools, but with varied programs for men and women; regular social centers. That's a kind of schooling that growlups can go to without feeling the least bit schoolboyish. It's a kind that can be made fully as entertaining as instructive. More even than that—it nurtures a feeling of democracy, of brotherhood, of human interest, that's hard to find anywhere else, because elsewhere grown folks run pretty much to cliques; whereas in a social center, as in the common school, those who go are all on one level. Not every adult would care, with Parson Higgins, to go to college if he had the means and the time or, indeed, the preparation. But it would be fine if all who really want to keep on learning would, each in his neighborhood, make the move to do so in something of the spirit of our Minnesota brother. THE MAIDEN TRIBUTE TO MODERN CARELESSNESS. On a recent Saturday night, as the parade went up and down a busy street of a certain city, count was kept of 100 young girls hovering around that fascinating and also that dangerous age, "sweet sixteen." How many of them, do you suppose, had their cheeks bedaubed with paint or powder? How many seemed on the way to trouble? Exactly forty-two! Nor were they, so far as casual scrutiny could determine, the kind, the pathetic, pitiable kind, known as "painted ladies." They seemed to be good girls, most likely from clean homes; at least not from homes where vice is cherished. At worst they were only fluttery, foolish, frivolous girls; moths attracted by the glare of the white lights. But— Weren't they taking long chances? And weren't their parents? For that matter, wasn't society, which, knowing the natural craving of the young for fellowship, for recreation, nevertheless left to chance whether these and similar gay promenaders should find wholesome amusement or be enticed into mischief? You didn't have to travel far up or down that busy street to find plenty of places into which you wouldn't want to have a daughter of yours inveigled. Vulgar picture shows, dance halls run for profit, and "ladies' entrances" abounded. And guardian angels, if equally numerous, certainly weren't visible. Yet the town isn't a bad town. It's just typical. You could see the same conditions in almost any city between the oceans. These poor, little seekers after companionship and mild, flirtatious excitement, their brains no doubt muddled by "romance" and melodrama, had bedeviled themselves with the artifice of cosmetics to attract notice and perhaps lure the fancy of a hoped-for prince charming. What were their mothers thinking about? What are we all thinking about, that we calmly allow such a hazard of needless sacrifice? What are we doing to provide places in which girls like these may commingle with other young folks and have a good time safely?

HARD TIMES.

There are hard times and hard times. There are times which are hard because of crop failure, destructive flood or devastating storms. Hard times of this description are usually local or are confined to comparatively small areas. Another and more common sort of hard times is an era of business depression. This is largely, if not in the start, entirely psychological. It is often the reaction from a state of unhealthy speculative activity. Legitimate business activity cannot be unhealthy. It is only when the greed for sudden and easily earned or unearned wealth seizes upon a community or a country that the activity becomes unhealthy. It then becomes a fever which pervades every part of the social fabric. The business man gets dissatisfied with the results of legitimate growth and plunges into speculation. The manufacturer is not satisfied with his usual profits and boosts the prices of his products. The laboring man becomes dissatisfied and envious and strikes and agitations ensue. The entire body politic becomes wrought up way above concert pitch. Everybody is out painting the town red. But oh, the next day! "It is no time for mirth and laughter, the cold gray dawn of the morning after." The business man who speculated finds his products unsold on his hands or his operatives striking and perhaps rioting and destroying his property. The laboring man wakes up from his dream of making himself the equal of the millionaire in property as well as in opportunity and finds himself in the bread line and no job in sight. It is then that there is need of a clear head and a courageous heart to bring things back into their normal relations with each other. Hard times will come just as long as men permit themselves to so far surrender to the desire for gain as to permit it to cloud their better judgment and to lead them into unwise and unsafe speculation. The reaction is sure to come. So sure as the pendulum swings to one extreme it will swing back to the other. The only preventive of hard times is to curb speculation before it reaches that stage which compels dangerous reaction. When hard times are upon us, however, the impulse is to go as far in the other direction as we went toward speculation. Then a clear head is required to separate the true values from the fictitious; to tell what to buy and then to have the calm confidence in the return of reason to the people which permits one to go forward in the face of apparently adverse conditions. The foundations of many large fortunes have been laid in hard times. Men with sufficient foresight and courage have tackled problems and investments which seemed hopeless and foolish and ridden into success on the crest of the wave of returning confidence. A man whom the writer knew when a boy, and who had arisen from being a stage driver to possessing about half a million in a country town in the then west, told him once that he had made most of his money by buying when everyone else wanted to sell and selling when everyone else wanted to buy. In other words, he took advantage of the proneness of others to go in droves in the matter of investment, both in real and personal property. The man who has a clear head, a firm confidence, based on knowledge, in the commodity he intends investing in, and a reasonable amount of capital can often make more money by buying in hard times than in any other way. Selling Butter by Parcel Post. A New York state woman contributes the following to the current issue of Farm and Fireside: "My friends in New Jersey, 20 miles from New York city, were paying 42 cents per pound for ordinary grade butter. I sent four pounds of butter from my postoffice (Clarkson, Monroe county, New York) on Tuesday afternoon and it reached my friends early Thursday morning. "My grocer pays me 28 cents a pound. I charged them 32 cents, and they paid the parcel postage, which was 27 cents. "I packed the butter in a new five-cent light-weight bread tin lined throughout with oiled paper. We both call it a good bargain. I make 4 cents a pound on my butter, and they get better butter for 39 cents a pound." The copper production of the Ashio mines, Japan, in 1912, was about 20,000 tons. A large increase in production is expected from these mines in 1913. A process for coloring light-hued pineapples by injecting cane sugar syrup into them has been patented by a Honolulu man.

Odds & Ends

Picked Up by the Reporter.

"I am fully convinced that you have not the criminal instinct—that the desire for pecuniary gain was back of your downfall." These were the words used by a California judge in sentencing a defaulting banker. Is not the "desire for pecuniary gain" at the expense of others a criminal instinct as much as any other form? It is the mainspring of nearly every impulse to robbery, burglary, gambling, white slavery, and even of many murders. The desire for pecuniary gain is laudable if properly directed, but too often it is the mainspring of crime and has caused more crime than all other things. Chief Slover of Portland will enlist a body of boy police to assist in controlling the juvenile situation in that city. The writer has seen the scheme tried on Hallowe'en in the middle west and with excellent results. Few boys will play false if trusted with authority. Some time ago the council considered the matter of the disgraceful condition of the old brick building at the corner of Fourth and A streets, but refrained from action when informed that the owner was expected from Roseburg about the first of April to make repairs. He has not appeared yet, and as every tourist who gets off the train sees the wreck it would seem good policy to insist that at least it be put in good condition outwardly. The Tidings reporter was shown a remarkably interesting picture, or rather several remarkably interesting pictures, at the home of Rev. B. C. Tabor at 459 Morton street. They were nothing less than reflections of the landscape in the plate glass doors of the cottage. The double reflection, the doors being at right angles to one another on the porch, gave a clearness of detail and a vividness of color which made the pictures works of art. Mr. Tabor delights to show these pictures to anyone who cares to see them. They are at their best in bright weather. A thorough examination of the city a few days ago found many less houses vacant than a few months ago. This is especially true of the better class of houses, there being some shacks vacant which a self-respecting dog would not occupy if he could crawl under a sidewalk to sleep. There is not, with the exception of one or two bungalows which are held for sale and not for rent, and a couple of others which the owners will occupy in the near future, a single house of the bungalow style in the city unoccupied. The Eugene Guard in speaking of a recently established "baby garden" where children can be cared for during the absence of the parents, says: "Father at his club, mother at her club, and now babies will have their club. What will become of the home?" It will be as is now often said to be the case, "a good place to stay away from." "Printer reports \$40,000 saving" is the heading in a Sacramento paper. It took the writer's breath away till he saw that it was a public official's report. How any private printer could save \$40,000 was a mystery. The recall of Police Judge Weller of San Francisco for leniency in a white slaver case has proved again that women are a power for right when they have the ballot. For months the Pacific coast press has been flooded with charges that the California penitentiary was a disgrace and that convicts were being abused. An investigation by the legislature shows the reports to have been unfounded. When will people learn that nearly all criminals will lie, especially for revenge or in hope of benefit? An example of like attacks on public officials appears in a communication in Tuesday's Portland Evening Telegram. It starts in "Last week, I am told, this occurred in our city." The article is signed "One Who Knows." If he was told, did he "know" of the truth? A reporter who takes that ground will find himself mistaken a majority of times. Not that his informers deliberately misstate, but they are prejudiced or are themselves misinformed. Several real estate deals in the past two weeks have been knocked in the head by parties who have gone to prospective purchasers and told them they were being cheated. These

Parents, Attention! No matter what heritage you leave, your child will some day be dependent on SELF. If left with a fortune already earned, the habits formed in early years will determine how wisely that fortune will be spent or used. The best object lesson your child can have in the care of money and its earning power is a savings account at this bank. A dollar will start it. We pay four per cent interest on savings. Granite City Savings Bank ASHLAND, OREGON. people doubtless believe they are doing right, but is it doing as they would be done by? They would not want someone else to interfere in their business. With the actual commencement of work upon the Keen creek irrigation project, which is promised for early in June, there ought to be a decided improvement in business conditions in the upper part of the Rogue River Valley. That the water will more than pay for itself upon the land is the opinion of everyone who has lived in an irrigated country, and they are the ones who ought to know. The knockers in Ashland remind one of the story of the frogs' legs. A man came to a dealer and asked if he would buy frogs' legs. "Yes, how many can you furnish?" was the answer. "About a million," was the reply. A week later the hunter re-

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