

# Ashland Tidings

SEMI-WEEKLY.  
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### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The first of June is near at hand, the date set for checking off all delinquent subscribers. On running through our list we find a number of subscribers who are delinquent. We do not want them to miss an issue of the paper, and we hope that all subscribers will respond to the notices now being sent out. Please pay this month and do not miss an issue.

### LICENSED NEWSPAPER MEN.

A bill requiring newspaper men to pass an editorial examination board before they can be allowed to practice their profession is being pushed by Lieutenant Governor O'Hara of Illinois. The alleged purpose is to protect the reputable men in the business.

Newspaper men would welcome anything that elevated the dignity of newspaperdom. But an examination system seems practically impossible.

First, the politicians would try to control such an examining board. They would want "journalists" who would be "good" and "stand without hitching." Men who had ideas of their own on politics might find it hard to pass the tests.

Assuming that such a board was kept out of politics and placed in the hands of really capable newspaper men, one difficulty would be with a class of people who devote only part of their time to newspaper work. Take our old friends in the rusty black bombazine gown, who with infinite toil over the sitting room lamp sends in her weekly grist of items from North Jay. She gives satisfaction to a host of boys who have moved away from the old hearthstones. Must the dear old lady pass a four years' apprenticeship before she can write "items" for the paper, or be subject to a fine of \$20 to \$100 or imprisonment?

A man who has the newspaper sense can do better work in a fortnight than the other kind in years. No apprenticeship or examination board can alter this fact.

Probably there are only two ways to "elevate" the newspaper profession. The first is to persuade the public to stop buying yellow and faking newspapers. The second is to persuade editors and publishers that they hurt their business when they are careless in the selection of reporters. The public judges the character of the newspaper by the appearance, the good judgment, the accuracy, and the manners of the reporters whom it meets. Reporting is dignified, honorable work, but the curbstones Hessians that some of the big city papers send around the country discredit the whole business.

### CONTROLLING RIVERS.

It is easy enough to talk about controlling the great rivers of this country. In times of flood it seems as if something might be done to avert a recurrence. No doubt a systematic effort will soon be made to fence in the Mississippi, but that will be a job for the irrepressible Yankee. The Panama canal was a pudding beside taming the Father of Waters. When that old river goes on a rampage it spills 2,300,000 gallons of water per second. Do you understand what that means? It is twelve times stronger than Niagara. It would cover a section of land a foot deep in twelve seconds. Some water! It would cover the state of Massachusetts a foot deep in 26 hours. Well, to control such a volume will keep the engineers guessing for a time; but we are not here to say that they cannot. We live in the twentieth century, and it is not stylish to say anything cannot be accomplished. Besides, it is not good sense to say such a thing, in the light of what we have already witnessed in invention and improvement. They may beat the Mississippi to it, yet. Hope so.

The United States imported 95,000,000 pounds and exported 70,000,000 of tinplate in 1911.

### THAT BOY OF YOURS.

The American Magazine has an appealing article entitled "What My Boy Knows"—the confession of a father.

Father was a city man, respectable, well meaning, comfortably fixed but busy; and mother was pious, generous, over-indulgent. The consequence was that son went pretty much his own way; of course, the easiest way. He became not exactly a fallen boy, as we use the adjective upon a girl, but a boy with his better nature curdled—a lad inclined to be blasé, cynical.

An incident revealed to father the lad's drift and dad forthwith sat up, realized he'd been neglectful; that the fault was as much his as the boy's, and took steps to reclaim the youngster before the damage had become irreparable.

We don't recommend or quite appreciate this father's remedy. He held the city in part responsible; argued that it puts too many pitfalls in the way of its boys; that its artificialities, its commercialized strivings for forced pleasures, its stress and its froth were more than a normal lad could withstand. Therefore, he packed the family into a train and migrated to the country. Back to the farm.

Country life of the right kind is fine. But how about fathers who can't seize their tempted sons and run away from the naughty town? For one who can flee a thousand must stay. What about the millions of anchored sires?

You can do this with your boy in the city:

You can play ball with him; you can take walks with him; you can enter as a chum into the intimacies of his boyish life—be a good fellow, in short.

You can set him an example of clean living.

You can take enough time from dollar-chasing to introduce him to good books, to plays that don't fill him with vicious suggestion, to the continually enriching better aspects of the modern city.

You don't have to lecture or scold or mollycoddle him to make a man of him. In fact, that's a way to lose him.

Just be a big brother to him. Make it part of your job to father him, instead of letting him run wild.

In this child of your loins you can renew and relieve your own boyhood, and lead him along the better way.

A lad thus sired will be a pretty safe risk in either city or country.

### OLD LOCATION VS. ENTERPRISE.

In the days before modern advertising, business success was the work of a lifetime. A merchant had to squat in his location, and for years he never got any trade but the drifters. Staid and conservative people traded where they used to trade. It never occurred to them that anyone else could have anything worth attention.

Today the currents of business can be easily diverted. In any live town there are new men who have acquired a handsome good will by a year's intelligent and persistent advertising.

The public does not ask today, "What kind of goods did your father sell?" or "What kind of goods did you sell ten years ago?" It asks, "What kind of goods are you selling today?" It appreciates the great value of an old location and an honorable record. But these factors do not count unless they are united with wide-awake enterprise. And no man gives any evidence that he has enterprise enough to protect his customers' interest, unless he keeps the public constantly informed of what he is doing.

### TREAT ALL ALIKE.

We trust the Associated Press dispatches from Washington do President Wilson an injustice by the statement that he has intimated he is willing to sign the sundry civil bill carrying a clause for \$300,000 for the enforcement of the Sherman law and providing it shall not be used against the farmers' co-operative organizations or labor unions. We believe this country has reached the point where the enforcement of law ought to fall on all alike. It is the rankest sort of cowardice to provide for the enforcement of the Sherman law and then specify that certain classes are not to be prosecuted. We cannot understand how any member of congress should vote for such a bill. We certainly do not believe that any member of congress who does vote for such a bill with his eyes open is worthy of the support of his homefolks. We believe thoroughly in farmers' co-operative organization and just as thoroughly in organized labor, but if either of these institutions are in violation of the anti-trust law they ought to be prosecuted or the law repealed.

### IF JAPAN FOUGHT US.

Some of the people who are worrying about the drubbing the little brown men are going to give Uncle Sam might feel different would they make a study of the hard times now prevailing in Japan.

After the war with Russia the Japanese government set out to create economic independence, partly through a protective tariff and ship subsidies, but more particularly by direct government aid to manufacturing. Companies with capital aggregating hundreds of millions guaranteed the interest payment on many of these.

For the time being this created a fictitious appearance of prosperity. Within the past year, however, it is seen that a nation, like an individual, can't lift itself by its own bootstraps. The growth of manufacturing towns had led to the depletion of the agricultural districts. There are great sections where there are abandoned farms like those on the wornout hills of New England. The result has been a distressing advance in the cost of rice, and half rations among the poor.

The condition of the Japanese farmer has become pathetic. In bad years his rice field brings him in \$24 per acre, which it cost \$36 to produce. Even in exceptionally good years he does not clear more than \$1.50 per acre. Eighty-five per cent of the farms are mortgaged.

The income of the Japanese people averages about \$23 per capita. Their taxes take \$4.40 out of this \$23. They are not in very good shape to invest in the costly playthings of war! It will take the Japs a generation to carry off the burdens of the Russian war and to adjust themselves to the costly scale of living of modern civilization.

Von Moltke once said that he knew 1,000 ways to get a German army into England, but not one to get it out. How much more true this would be in case of a Japanese attack on this country.

There will be a continued unrest among the college undergraduates until proficiency at baseball is given the credit marks it should have on the examination papers.

The diplomats at Washington may not like the Bryan grape-juice dinners, but perhaps their wives will be pleased to have them come home at more reasonable hours.

At last accounts the windows of The Hague peace palace were all boarded up, but the caretaker goes in once a year to see that no one steals the furniture.

One has the feeling that the new English ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring Rice, rather enjoys writing a good fat name, and wouldn't object to autograph albums.

The only trouble with those Futurist painters is that you can't always tell their pictures from the board on which they mix their paints.

Wanted, foot stoves and hot bricks for Wall street's cold feet!

### A New Hybrid in the Bird World.

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside the editor of that publication reports the case of the recent crossing of a guinea fowl and an ordinary chicken. The editor owns the trio—Papa Leghorn, Mamma Pearl Guinea and Offspring What-is-it. In regard to the hybrid the editor says in part:

"We are going to keep this happy family together, and see if we can carry the experiment further. The voluntary mating of these birds under ordinary farm conditions is very remarkable. We rather expect to hatch more hybrids this summer, but the really interesting phase of the affair will come when the test of the offspring as to fertility is made. We cannot say as yet whether it is a male or a female, but we rather incline to the belief that it is a hen. It slightly resembles a female hen-hawk. Its voice is about midway between the characteristic notes made by a hen and a guinea fowl and its manner and style of carriage are sufficiently in contrast to the corresponding qualities of Papa Brown Leghorn to be considered feminine.

"If so, will it lay? If it lays, will it follow the law of fecundity of which Dr. Raymond Pearl tells us, and lay according to the rule prevailing in its father's family, or will it confine itself to 50 or 60 eggs a summer, as does its mother's people? Will its eggs be fertile, or will they refuse to hatch as do those of most hybrids? The Indian jungle fowl is a much closer relative to the common chicken than is the guinea, and readily crosses with the domestic fowl, but the hybrids are usually infertile, like the mule."

Ashland Tidings and Weekly Oregonian one year, \$2.50.

## Odds & Ends

Picked Up by the Reporter.

The Grants Pass Masons who visited Ashland Friday afternoon were strong in their commendation of the beauty of this city and expressed their appreciation of the ride around the city given them by local automobilists.

It is just as useless to try and fix up a dirt street once a year and expect it to keep in good shape as to try and clean out a garden in the spring and expect it to keep clean all summer. Eternal vigilance is the price of good roads.

The board of directors of a school district in Douglas county ordered warrants for school money drawn directly to the pupils. A taxpayer complained to the attorney general, who ruled that it was illegal. The board were held to violate their oath of office in so doing.

The action of the California legislature in appropriating money to pay salaries to convicts in the penitentiary is arousing the wrath of a great many of the inhabitants of that state who are so unfortunate as to be outside the pen and not have both jobs and wages guaranteed by the state.

The automobilists of Ashland are complaining of the number of pieces of boards containing nails which are to be found on the streets of the city menacing tires and horses' feet. It has been suggested that a thorough use of the street sweeper on the paved streets would obviate the trouble.

The city dads and Street Commissioner Fraley are doing excellent work in the way of grading the streets this spring. One thing which appears to have been neglected in the past has been the keeping the dirt streets in repair. A stitch in time saves nine, even more surely in street work than in other lines.

The city officials have been doing good work on the dirt streets this spring in the way of grading. Wimer street is a fine example of the work. This should be followed up by a consistent use of the plit-log or wing drag as it is called. If this were done whenever needed throughout the fall and winter it would save much money.

We are all too prone to try to climb up by pulling someone else down. We are too apt to feel that a good word for some other man is a slap at us. In how many such cases it is a question of "a guilty conscience needs no accuser," must be left to the individual consciousness. If we could all bring ourselves to hear

# THE PORTLAND HOTEL

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The Grill and Dining Room are famed for their excellence and for prompt, courteous service. Motors meet all incoming trains. Rates are moderate; European plan, \$1.50 per day upward.

G. J. Kaufman, Manager

others praised without resenting it, how much better we would all be.

Oftentimes a newspaper is criticized for having said something good of some man which displeased someone else. The writer's old boss used to say: "If a man kicks on something creditable you have said about him or his friends give him a respectful hearing, and if there has been a wrong done, right it. But if a man kicks because you have said something good about someone else, tell him to go straight up—or down. He is too jealous and small to deserve notice."

Quite a bunch of Hawkeyes were in evidence at the Masonic gathering Friday evening. There were ten or more former residents of Iowa in attendance. It is remarkable, in a gathering of that kind, or in traveling, how many people one meets whom they have known elsewhere, or who know friends of theirs. This United States is not a very big place, after all, and you never know when you are going to meet someone you have known heretofore, perhaps thousands of miles away.

There are two views of everything. Many people believe the future of the country is dependent upon legislation. Jim Hill, of railroad fame, says that if congress would adjourn for ten years the country would prosper as never before. The old school doctors say that unless they are entrusted with the management of the sanitation of the country we will all seek premature graves. The homeopaths, the osteopaths, the chiropractors and the Christian Scientists believe that freedom to choose medicinal and sanitary methods is guaranteed by the constitution and a part of the inalienable right of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

### A Nut for Ashland High School Baseball Admirers to Crack.

Last year our high school baseball players very gracefully but none the less energetically carried everything before them in the Rogue River Valley and the coasts thereof, in the high school contests, and present appearances would indicate a similar triumph for the season of 1913.

If it be true—as the Duke of Wellington declared it to be—that the real battle of Waterloo was fought on the cricket grounds of England, what cannot be deduced, as a national asset, in the development and efficiency of brain and brawn as registered on and around the thousand and one diamonds to be found in the country from Dan (Boston) even unto Beersheba (our athletically lively Ashland of Roguish proclivities)? While our Goliaths are battling for fame and glory here and there, along the line of the Southern Pacific railroad, why can't our stay-at-homes, in the persons of prospective graduates of both persuasions of the Ashland high school, unravel the mysterious entanglements bound up in the following baseball situation? It will be found a refreshing exercise for all who desire to do a little sound thinking on their own account. This is the nut that invites the cracking: "If Jack Brown of Medford and Bill Smith of Ashland face each other 112 times and Bill Smith pitches 416 balls out of which there are 86 strikes and 77 fouls and 97 passes, and the number of passes is one-third of the hits, how many hits did Jack Brown lam out?"

Teacher—Hands up, pupils of the Ashland high school. But please refrain from answering all at once!

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



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MAKES OLD THINGS NEW

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