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Bert R. Greer, - Editor and Owner
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GOVERNMENT VS. PRIVATE TELEGRAPH.

The average telegram sent in England costs the sender between 15 and 16 cents. The American minimum rate is 25 cents for 10 words. The British minimum is 12 cents for 12 words. The British rates are regardless of distance.

In Belgium the people sent in 1900—the latest statistics—one telegram to every 23 letters by mail; in Switzerland, one to 30; and in England the same, one to 30. In the United States the proportion was one to 42. Moreover, in Switzerland, Belgium and England more than half the messages sent are social messages—telegram letters. Telegrams are sent the length of England within 30 minutes between sender and receiver. The British telegraphs have adopted all the latest inventions to increase the efficiency of the telegraph. The American companies have stilled inventions, refused to install automatic sending machines, and so on, because they would have to discard the present equipment.

As a result of the low rate given to newspaper dispatches in England, the smallest country weeklies receive regular telegraphic news service. The English newspapers pay 9 cents a hundred words for press dispatches. This is the lowest press rate in the world.

It will not do for the telegraph companies in the United States to inspire news items to the effect that the British system is a failure because of the deficit in revenues produced. It is a fact that British telegraph operators are better paid than those in this country, while the rates to users are lower, in spite of the fact that the British government in 1870 paid \$40,000,000 for telegraph lines worth \$8,000,000. The necessity of paying interest on this over-capitalization is what produces a deficit. It's more than likely that this kind of a mistake will not be repeated when the American people decide to take over the telegraph service. The bill or bills which will go in this winter to take over the wire services will probably contain a provision for squeezing out the water before the companies are purchased by the government.

"THE LOVE THAT REASONS."

"In the distant tomorrow," says Percy MacKaye, poet and writer of inspiring plays, "we shall have a love that reasons."

All know the love that blindly trusts, that is often betrayed and made to suffer cruelly—the love which takes a lifetime's fate and the future of children yet unborn on mere impulse. The love that burns fiercely to passion's forced draught and as quickly dies into embers and ashes.

What is the love that reasons?

This page would not give space to tell all that it is. We can, however, give an idea.

It is a love that doesn't surrender until it has used due diligence in trying to find out that the other party to the compact is worthy and true.

It is a love that insists upon one moral standard for women and men; a love that, though it might, for its own sake, be lenient and tolerant, yet for the sake of the race, and especially for the sake of the children it wants to see in the home, will not allow its mate a license bringing parenthood into peril.

It is a love that is glad to sacrifice greatly when sacrifice is necessary; but that doesn't believe in martyrdom just to please another's selfishness.

Is the tomorrow which shall see this kind of love the accepted and honored type so very far away? Why should it be?

The Department of Agriculture issues a bulletin commending corn meal mush and milk as a food. You can't make your best girl think so when it is up to you to come across with refreshments.

Fishing on the Rogue

(By W. H. Backus, in Sunday Oregonian.)

Not long ago two men were discussing the merits of various trout streams. One of them had fished all the best streams in Colorado, including the famous Gunnison and Rio Grande, and was boasting of the large fish to be taken there. During ten years of fishing he said he had taken many fish over three pounds in weight, including one of six and another of eight pounds.

Whereupon the Oregon booster replied that on the Rogue river in southern Oregon it was quite the regular thing for an angler to take half a dozen six-pound trout in one afternoon. And I can vouch for I have been fortunate in getting some of these big Rogue river fish. Together with three other Portland people I spent ten days on the Rogue recently, and our entire party enjoyed fishing of the highest order.

I'll call one of them Texas Jack. He is a finished fly caster, and can do things with a casting line that I imagine even a Texas cowpuncher can't do with his rope. When his long Thomas rod was working right, which seemed to be all the time, he would send his fly sailing over the riffles in a way calculated to fool the wisest of steelheads. No pool was too wide, and no angle too difficult. He fished everything in sight with a coolness and skill that was a pleasure to watch.

I've read a good many tales of the salmon fly fishing in Scotland. There my lord, or the duke, will fish the famous salmon runs, and they always have with them a sort of hired man called "the gillie." It seems to be the gillie's duty to carry all the extra gear, point out to the caster the most likely places and do all the gaffing of fish, should any such emergency arise. He is a sort of general all-around handy man, and his chief function is to tote all the spare tackle which his employer is sure to have.

Therefore I shall call one of our bunch "the gillie." Not that he wasn't a full-fledged angler and most decidedly nobody's flunky, but he seemed to have a mania for carrying with him everything in camp that wasn't fastened down. I don't believe he ever went for a day on the river without a shoulder pack containing a small camp stove, a big camera, two automatic pistols, lunch enough for the party, three or four pairs of extra boots and socks, and enough odds and ends to start a crossroads store. He isn't a very big fellow, yet he would carry that pack in the heat all day with a smile on his face, and if in the evening his load was increased by half a dozen four-pound steelheads his countenance was a study in ecstasy.

I suppose I should call the remaining member of our party Mrs. Gillie, and let it go at that, but I won't. In most hunting tales I've read, where the lady's name is not mentioned, it is customary to refer to her as Diana. So Diana it will be, and if ever a little woman was deserving of the title, it was our Diana. She would trudge all day over the hot sand and bedrock, covering miles of rough country, and when necessary would take to the water without hesitation.

Texas Jack declared that she is the gamest woman he's ever seen in the woods, and we all agree with him. To be sure, there were moments when she resembled Diana but very little. There was the time when she got in over the tops of her waders and came ashore with them full of water. At that particular moment she closely resembled a dainty Chinese lady out for an afternoon stroll. But this is to be a fishing story, so I'll just hurry along.

When it comes to catching big trout on the artificial fly, the Rogue river is the best stream in the state, the finest on the Pacific slope, and if there's a better one in all North America I wish someone would speak up. I'd like to hear the name.

To be sure, it's no easy fishing. To take steelhead trout with the fly on the Rogue requires long and skillful casting, deep wading and lots of it, and a knowledge of the habits of the big fish. It's hard fishing, but who wants to get six and eight pound fish without working for them? None of our party was afraid of getting wet, and we all cast enough line to get into the game. In this respect there are a number of don'ts to be observed.

Steelheads don't like shallow, pebbly riffles; they don't like deep, sandy bottom eddies, and on a hot day they don't like open water of any kind if they can avoid it. Furthermore, they don't like to have flies presented to them the way we usually fish for ordinary trout. They seem to have a fondness for water with a bedrock bottom. Rock bot-

tom riffles of moderate width, with the water from three to ten feet deep, are their favorite lurking places. If the bottom is full of seams and cracks, so much the better, as these crevices are ideal haunts for the big fellows. Then, when you have located such a place, don't drag your fly along the edge of the current, as in trout fishing, but work out a good length of line, casting it clear across the body of the stream and let it swing down without further motion. If you are in luck, the fish will do the rest.

I know of a place on the Rogue which comes as near being a perfect steelhead riffle as any place I've ever seen. At this point the river goes round a horseshoe bend, in a series of falls. Just above the upper fall the river broadens to a width of a hundred feet, with solid bedrock stretching from bank to bank. The fish struggle through the quarter-mile of rapids, then find this perfect resting pool just above the final jump, and it's no wonder that they tarry a while before going on upstream. One side of the river is hopeless, but on the opposite shore a reef of broken rock juts out some fifty feet, affording a good casting point. For centuries the river has been slicing gravel over this reef during the winter freshets, and if there is a more slippery piece of wading I've never seen it. It was on this reef that Diana filled her waders, so don't judge her too harshly. We reached this place in the early morning, and Texas Jack was the first one ready for the water.

Very cautiously he worked his way over the glassy rock and we watched him unlimber his "long Tom." As the sun was still low, he put on a coachman and with a master hand sent it flying over the pool. Each bend of the rod shot out another yard of line and finally the fly dropped lightly over sixty feet away. Then he lowered his rod tip and watched the fly skim over the water. Half way across, and there was nothing doing. Another ten feet, and as the fly swept over a dark spot we saw his rod snap forward, heard him yell, and the first fight was on.

Up in the air went the steelhead, straight as an arrow, his whole body quivering in frantic effort to shake out the stinging hook. Down he came like the splash of a twelve-inch plank, then a sharp dash across stream, followed by two more yard-high leaps. But the hook was in firm and the fight continued. For some minutes the big fish worked upstream, making a number of short rushes. Then down to the bottom, nosing among the sharp crevices, bringing the frail leader dangerously close to some nasty corners. A few jerks of the rod ended his borings, and he suddenly shot off downstream toward the falls. A hundred feet of line went screaming off the reel, a slight pause, then another fifty feet flew out as the fish tore through the white water, and Jack broke all records getting ashore. Over the rocks he ran, holding his rod high over his shoulders to keep a tight line on the fish. Below the first drop are three more, and the fish fought stubbornly through each, until Jack finally beached him in the last eddy, fully 300 yards below the spot where the fight began.

Then just to show us that this was no fluke, he caught two more out of the same riffle, the three fish averaging five pounds each. By this time the sun was shining strong on the water and the fish seemed to lose interest in our flies.

So we journeyed around the loop, down to a riffle known as the Rattlesnake. A reef of yellowish rock winds along for a hundred yards, lying close to our shore, and its peculiar formation is probably accountable for its title. Here the water lay in shadow and at one point the rocky cut wound its way right up to the very bank, making an ideal resting place just under the hanging alders. We grouped ourselves under a bush overlooking the riffle, as the Gillie was chosen to do the fishing. The foliage made casting difficult, but after a few trials our Gillie sent out a fat yellow bodied gray hackle some thirty feet. Four pair of eager eyes watched it drift along a few yards, then from out of the black water came a beautiful pink-tinted steelhead. Straight for the hackle he went. As he neared the lure his body arched in a grateful curve, his big jaws opened, then closed with a snap—and he had missed it. Everyone gasped, except the Gillie, who nearly fainted from excitement, as it was his first rise from a steelhead. It took a few minutes to restore him to a fairly normal condition, and he made another breathless cast.

Again the steelhead rose to the occasion, and again he missed it. An-

other cast, and the same thing happened. The Gillie's plight was pitiful, and he looked a nervous wreck as he made his fourth try. This time the big fish meant business, for he took the fly with a vicious pull. No need for the Gillie to strike.

The fish did all the hooking and then left the water for a complete somersault in the air. Then just to show the audience that this was nothing unusual, he came out again and went around once and a half.

A gallant fight he made, making several leaps clear of the water, but Diana was equal to the occasion and met every rush half way. Twice the fish ran clear across the stream and it kept our fair angler very busy looking after her line. Finally she got it all back on her reel, and the Gillie very cleverly beached the fish, which proved to be a fine specimen, weighing over four pounds.

By this time the shadows were beginning to lengthen, so we decided to return to the faired spot above the falls. All afternoon the pool had been exposed to the hot August sun, so it struck me that any shady bit of water would be a likely spot. At the head of the pool I found just such a place where a smooth stretch of rock reached clear ashore, and lay partly in the shadow of some tall cottonwoods. Here I waded slowly out until the lazy current swirled the water around my hips.

A few casts worked out enough line and I let the fly settle. It took several drifts before the fly sank properly, when I let out another ten feet of line. Now the fly was over very likely water, so I watched it closely. A slight bulge on the surface caught my eye, followed by a gentle pull on the line, and I struck sharply.

The next moment all was commotion, for I had hooked a regular bull moose. Down stream he went, ripping off twenty feet of line at a jerk, until the reel fairly smoked. When fully 100 feet away he gave one wild leap clear of the water and then set sail for the falls, while I tried my best to get ashore before my line gave out. It was almost a dead heat, for I had but ten feet left on the spool when I finally started down after him. Once in the pools below it was a question of wearing him out slowly, which I did very cautiously, and when a friendly wave helped wash him ashore I sure had a record breaker. The scales showed a weight of nine and one-half pounds and he proved to be the largest fish on the entire trip.

In fact, it may be said that these fish can be taken the year around. The fly fishing always extends until late November, and with spoon and bait the fish are caught until much later.

There is something peculiar about the fly fishing for steelheads, and which has never been satisfactorily explained. On the upper river, above Medford, the big fellows begin striking the fly in July, sometimes in late June, while forty miles down river the fly casters work in vain. Weather conditions are the same and the water is of the same temperature, yet for some reason there is no early fly fishing. About the first of September, however, the fishermen at Grants Pass begin taking fish with the fly, and toward the end of this month the steelheads rise to the feathered lures all along the lower stretches of the river.

Last fall was a dry season on the lower Rogue and the anglers near Billings' ranch, in the West Fork district, caught steelheads until about Christmas. Then a heavy rain colored the water and the rise brought in a run of very large fish. Bait fishing with salmon roe was then in order and it was during this run that Harry Hosler of Ashland caught what is considered the record steelhead for hook and line fishing on the Rogue. It was 36 inches long and weighed a trifle over 14 pounds.

In these days when so much is being said about physical development and the necessity of it, it may not be bad to remember that health and big muscles are not absolutely essential to worldly success. Julius Caesar was a neppleptic, and so was Mahomed; Robert Louis Stevenson was an incurable consumptive; Francis Parkman was almost blind and physically very weak; Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer were little better than invalids for many years. Alexander Stephens, who was vice-president of the late confederacy along with Jefferson Davis, never walked after he was a grown man. He was pushed about in a wheel chair by an attendant, and delivered his greatest orations while sitting in that vehicle. Eugenics may be well enough, but a well-balanced mind, backed with a plenty of determination, will make a mark that will last on the blackboard of fame.

There is no doubt that Huerta needs a spanking, but as father used to say, "This will hurt me more than you."

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One continues to hear about American Tobacco money in industrial enterprises. It is said that the tobacco trust is putting out money in all sorts of business ventures, and the rumor keeps coming so persistently as to carry conviction. The truth undoubtedly is that the tobacco trust has untold millions of money and that this vast fund is seeking investment. Like Standard Oil, it is going into industrials, and when it enters a field it seeks to control it. Standard Oil controls certain kinds of paper manufacture. No magazine can supply itself with white paper stock unless it deals with a subsidiary of Standard Oil. As a result many of the magazines were compelled to desist from "muckraking," a pleasant occupation they followed a few years ago—simply telling the truth about a bunch of mighty malefactors in the business world. They either had to quit printing disagreeable truths, or go without white paper on which to

print anything. Now the tobacco trust is entering industrials, and no doubt it will seek to control its field. And the tobacco trust was smashed by the Taft administration.

A recent Sunday Oregonian had a splendid write-up by W. E. Backus about trout fishing on the Rogue. Mr. Backus is one of the best fly casters on the coast and is thoroughly competent to write on angling sports. This write-up will be worth a lot to Rogue river points, as it will direct the attention of many anglers to the excellency of this stream for big flunny game.

A bill is introduced for a \$500,000 statue of Napoleon Bonaparte, but no mention is made of that other world conqueror, now also a Frenchman, Jack Johnson.

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