

Ashland Tidings

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Bert R. Greer, - Editor and Owner
B. W. Talcott, - - - City Editor

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Ashland, Ore., Thursday, June 11, '14

Will we quit without that Normal school? Well, I guess not.

Again the city council "suspended the rules" and joy in Ashland reigned supreme.

"THE NORMAL SCHOOL NEXT!" Let that soak in, Brother Ashlander. We can do it, and we will, Ashland, Ashland, Ashland.

The scramble for the water wagon Tuesday was jolting and jostling and in the rush the old-time "wets" came near crowding Dr. Brower off the wagon.

It doesn't pay to gossip about one's neighbors. Let us have only kind thoughts and good words for everyone, and be sure to lend a helping hand whenever occasion calls for it. In trying to lighten another's burden we forget our own; and the kind thoughts we send out come back to us like echoes.

At best it is a hard pull to put a community forward in depressed times. The only plan by which it can at all be accomplished is by getting every able-bodied citizen hold of the load, each pulling forward and none pulling back. The most encouraging fact of the big celebration Tuesday night is that Ashland citizenship is now hold of the tongue of the forward movement and none are pulling back.

We doff our hat to the Southern Pacific Company. It is fortunate both for Ashland and the railroad company that a movement is launched in which there is a perfect mutuality between them. They can and will help each other. The railroad will make money hauling people into Ashland. Every person brought in by it will contribute cash to the city. That will prove a mutuality over which both interests can grow enthusiastic. No doubt the railroad realizes this as Ashland does and will stand solidly behind the project.

Credit is due the men of Ashland for the results of the springs bond election. They did nobly. But when it comes to real backing, the kind that carries stalwart encouragement, the springs development committee gives the palm to the women of Ashland. Every hour during the preliminary work the women were at the elbow of the committee urging them on, believing in the good motives of the committee and the feasibility of the plan, and assuring us of their loyalty and support. Sometimes the work was discouraging, but discouragement came not from the women of Ashland; they had long ago stricken the words "can't" and "fail" from their lexicon and every word from them was a word of encouragement.

Tuesday was a grand day in Ashland, and one that will be remembered by future generations. The polls opened at 9 and by 9:10 the living stream of men and women began to file into the booths to register their approval of the plan to make Ashland famous and prosperous. One of the oldest pioneers now living, Mr. Rockefeller, now 87 years of age, cast the first ballot for the bonds. And followed middle-aged women leading their aged and tottering mothers to the polls to vote for a greater Ashland, and in many cases three generations of the same family were casting their votes simultaneously. The Ashland spirit is right and old failure flies before such a company. Succeed? Of course Ashland will succeed.

The bonds are voted and the springs are assured. Work looking toward advertising Ashland as a watering resort will be started at once. The data will be gathered and put into the hands of one of the best advertising writers in America to be shaped for the railroad advertising. The S. P. Company begins to put copy for 1915 advertising into the hands of the printer July 15. If each private spring owner in this section will put his spring in sanitary shape,

have his waters analyzed, and beautify the grounds about the springs, the committee will see that they are advertised along with the publicity for the main Ashland project. In order to take advantage of this offer the work must be begun at once. Mr. Greer would be glad to meet private springs owners during the rest of this week and explain the plan to them.

We assume that those opposed to the bonds were sincere in their opposition. They had a right to their opinions and a right to freely express them. The Tidings was head on for the springs and in its enthusiasm it may have said some things that would have been better not said. It is altogether human to do such things. But the Tidings will hold no grudges. The occasion is too important for personal bickerings. The big opportunity is here. Let every citizen work henceforth for Ashland. Let us stand together and make her what God intended her to be, the best watering resort in America. It has been reported to the Tidings that the men at the head of the opposition took their defeat with good grace, just as it was to be expected of big men, and just as the supporters of the movement would have accepted defeat had the majority expressed themselves against the project. No community will reach the limit of its possibilities in any line except by united and sincere effort. The citizens of Ashland are together today looking and working for a greater Ashland.

THE CELEBRATION.

Boom, bang, crack, hurrah! announced that Tuesday, June 9, 1914, was the day and hour of Ashland's awakening. The springs bonds had carried by a majority of four to one, recording a record-breaking vote of 1,514, the largest vote ever cast on any issue before the people of Ashland.

The campaign closed on Monday night with a rousing meeting by the opposition at the Chautauqua building, where oratory flowed free and good feeling was evident. It was more a difference of methods. Everybody was for a forward movement and some thought it could best be accomplished by building pickle factories and canning plants than by attempting to make Ashland a watering resort. But such were in the minority, as the election proved in the ratio of four to one.

But Tuesday night, after the vote was announced, every difference was swallowed up in joy. The bond boosters and those opposed freely mingled in good cheer and all boomed and yelled for a greater Ashland.

There will be no bitter animosities between our citizens. All semblance of such was buried beneath firecracker embers and confetti. And from this day forward there will be six thousand united citizens assisting each other in the grand labor of making Ashland the foremost watering place on this continent.

Ashland is started on a rush toward her splendid destiny.

INEXPENSIVE VACATIONS.

What are your plans for the summer? Are you figuring on going away to a summer resort or boarding at some farm house in the country?

If you've never done this and can afford it, why, go to it. It will be a change; and a change is what we all need.

But it isn't necessary to go to all that bother and expense in order to have a change. There are lots of easier ways.

For instance, a painter in Atchison, Kan., last year had a complete change of his ordinary living arrangements without missing a day at his work; and he and his wife were as well rested and had as much fun as if they'd been millionaires with a yacht or a tour of a foreign country.

He owned a horse and a spring wagon. At slight cost he rigged up a kit containing a small shelter tent, some cooking tools and storage room for raw foods. Near sunset, when work was over, his wife drove up, he climbed into the wagon, they went to a store for a few supplies and then into the country.

Coming to an attractive spot near a spring or stream, they stopped, tethered the horse, put up the tent, made a fire, cooked supper, sat for an hour or two around the camp fire like gypsies and then turned in to delicious, unbroken sleep.

Up at daybreak, breakfast was like a picnic spread, and the ride back to town a lung-filler.

Next evening they went somewhere else. Thus they had a new experience every day.

Almost any plan which departs from routine makes a useful vacation.

Do something different—that's the main point.

D. Perozzi left Monday for Siskiyou county, where he will be engaged on business for a couple of days.

"BEATING BACK."

Theodore Roosevelt either is the luckiest beneficiary of publicity the world has ever known, or else he times his comings and goings with consummate skill with a view to dramatic effect.

He went into the African wilderness immediately after Taft became president in his stead. Taft was to be left to stand upon his own feet. He did so stand, or wobbled, according to the individual bias of the observer. He committed the blunder of approving the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. He quarreled with Pinchot and supported Ballinger. Things were in higgledy-piggledy condition before the colonel emerged from the interior of Africa. When he at last stood upon the banks of the Nile and began talking for publication, the world was waiting to know what he would say. He was a bit cautious, but the people were not long left to guess whether he approved or disapproved the Taft administration.

The colonel had nothing to say during the earlier stages of the Wilson administration. He made so little stir and remained so quiescent that multitudes of people began to believe he had lost his grip, that he had become an extinct volcano.

In all the time elapsing between the inauguration of President Wilson and the departure for South America, Roosevelt said nothing notable, save once. Just before he went away an article written by him appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. In it he adjured the progressives to stand firm, vehemently said there could be no coalition with the reactionary republican party and declared war to the knife with privilege and standpatism.

The earlier stages of his visit to South America were not productive of a whirlwind of publicity. He made formal speeches on topics with which the people of the United States were familiar. Such of them as were reported in this country made hardly a ripple. Then, suddenly he went into the jungle. Nobody thought much about it. Then there began to be inquiries as to his whereabouts.

The longer he stayed out of sight and hearing, the more people began to wonder. Then came the story of the accident of the rapids, the perilous adventure in which he was engaged. There were other well-timed intimations of an early return.

Meantime things had been seething in the states. "Watchful waiting" was nearing an end. A climax to the Mexican situation approached. President Wilson had stirred up a fever of excitement with his demand for the repeal of the tolls exemption act. Most audacious of all, this new president had the effrontery to negotiate a treaty with Colombia, providing for the payment of \$25,000,000 by way of indemnity for the activity of this government in the secession of Panama. This was a direct slap at the colonel. "What will Roosevelt say?" became the question of the hour.

He has come out of the jungle, covered with boils, lean in flesh, presumably irascible in temper. It did not take him long to express his rage over the Colombia treaty. "It would be an act of infamy," he is reported as saying. Inasmuch as the first utterance came through the medium of the Hearst newspapers the words lost none of their heat in transmission. He says he does not know whether Wilson negotiated the treaty out of timidity or through a mean desire to discredit his predecessor, but it would be just as dishonorable as for a future president to pay the heirs of Huerta \$25,000,000 as solace to their feelings because we occupied Vera Cruz.

This is about what would have been expected. His stand on the tolls controversy is in opposition to the administration's policy, though he thinks the question should be arbitrated. He is peevish about Bryan's arbitration treaties and speaks disparagingly of the secretary of state.

In short, his utterances afford delight to the enemies of the Wilson administration. The republicans throw their hats into the air and acclaim him as a conqueror again "back from Elba"—a second coming which they hope will usher in a millennium of peace and reunion of G. O. P. and bull moose.

THE DAWNING OF A BETTER DAY.

The idea seems at last to be entering the minds of lawmakers that when a man is out of a job because he has never had the chance to fit himself for one, it is as much society's fault as his own and that, therefore, it is up to society to do something.

In Massachusetts, where iron-barred prisons of stone, grim survivals of Puritan severity, remain to make unfortunate or "bad" men worse, the legislature has advanced in its thinking far enough to consider putting the employable unemployed to work at state expense reclaiming

waste land and restoring the squandered forests.

They're still, you see, thinking more about the wastes of property than about the wastes of humanity. But the hopeful thing is that they're thinking. The customs of the fathers are no longer good enough for the sons.

Now no man can drain a swamp or plant a tree without being improved by the useful work. In adding to the common wealth he adds also to his own self-respect. So far, so good.

There remain the unemployables. Massachusetts hasn't yet realized the need of teaching them how to help themselves. It isn't yet ready to spend public money on farm and industrial colonies instead of upon police courts, prisons, almshouses and asylums.

But it is thinking. Its mind is functioning in hopeful inquiries. Its tradition-obscured horizon at last shows signs of the dawning of a better day.

CITY VS. COUNTRY.

The person who catches and keeps more fish than he can use is called a fish hog.

What are we to call the spring-time joy-rider who tears off more wild blossoms than she needs; who loots the country roadsides, the forests and unguarded flower beds like the allied soldiers looted Pekin—just because the looting was "good"?

To be sure, it isn't done maliciously. It's done in about the same spirit in which the average city person rushes into a farmer's orchard or potato patch or garden when out hunting or camping and takes an armful, because it's handy.

The farmer, by the way, is expected to stand for that kind of thing as a token of his hospitality.

But if the farmer should walk into the city person's jewelry shop and proceed to pocket diamonds, wouldn't there be a roar?

The trouble with the city person in the country is that he, or more often she, is liable to be a good deal more of a "reuben" than the countryman in town.

Most of our town comedians, on the stage and in the funny columns, have turned the hose of their humor rather too much upon supposed rural eccentricities and have failed to make as conspicuous as justice requires the equally ludicrous misfits of city folks when in the country.

Watch the autos that pass your door this evening and see how many are filled with country spoils, seized without a "thank you."

Then guess how many of their occupants believe that farmers are robbers.

Dave Good and the Normal committee were there with the goods. That was a great stunt—"THE NORMAL SCHOOL NEXT."

Get Rid of Your Rheumatism.

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You can do it if you apply Chamberlain's Liniment. W. A. Lockhard, Homer City, N. Y., writes: "Last spring I suffered from rheumatism and terrible pains in my arms and shoulders. I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and the first application relieved me. By using one bottle of it I was entirely cured." For sale by all dealers.

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