

The People's Forum

The Ups and Downs of Ashland Post-office Life.

(Collated by H. G. Gilmore.)

Already Postmaster Kaiser of Ashland has discovered—as the following story will show—that the conduct of a strictly up-to-date postoffice is an ordeal altogether different to controlling the news and editorial columns of a weekly newspaper.

However excellent the beginning, it is never too late to learn the true inwardness of things, and here goes for a story (largely allegorical) that may shed a ray of light upon the rich experience of other people.

Just before 4 o'clock the other afternoon there were six men and one woman at the stamp window of the Ashland postoffice. Most of the men had letters to post for the two outgoing trains. The woman had something tied up in a blue match-box. She got there first and she held the position with her head in the window and both elbows on the shelf.

"Is there such a place in this country as San Francisco?" she began.

Miss Casey—"Oh, yes."

Woman—"Do you send mail there?"

Miss Casey—"Yes, certainly."

Woman—"Well, a woman living next door asked me to mail this box for her. I guess it's directed. She said it ought to go for a cent."

Miss Casey—"Takes two cents. (After weighing it) 'If there is writing inside it will be twelve cents."

Woman—"Mercy on me, but how you do charge!"

Here the half dozen Ashland merchants, led by C. H. Vaupel, began to push up and hustle around and talk about one old match-box delaying a heap of business letters, but the woman had lots of time.

Woman—"Then it will be two cents, eh?"

Miss Casey—"If there is no writing inside."

Woman—"Well, there may be. I know she is a great hand to write. She's sending some flower seeds to her sister, and I presume she has told her how to plant 'em."

"Two threes," called out Mr. Brown of the Ashland Trading Company, as he tried to get to the window.

"Hurry up," cried W. E. Newcombe, manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company; "time is precious to us business men."

"There ought to be a separate window for women," growled Joe Hurt.

"Then it will take twelve cents?" the woman calmly queried as she fumbled around for her purse.

Miss Casey (slightly impatient)—"Yes."

Woman—"Well, I'd better pay it, I guess."

From one pocket she took two coppers. From her reticule she took a three-cent piece. From her purse she fished out a nickel; and it was only after a hunt of many seconds that she got the twelve cents together. She then consumed three minutes in looking on the stamps, asking where to post the box and wondering if there really was any writing inside—but, as the poet (I think it was a poet) said, "Woman proposes and man disposes."

Ten thousand dollars' worth of business (for Ashland in these days is a growing city) was being detained by a twelve-cent woman, and a tidal wave suddenly took her away from the window. In short order the six Ashland merchants, with an extra one (George N. Kramer, the faithful sentinel in charge of the Southern Pacific railroad station at Ashland) had been waited on and gone their ways, and the woman returned to the window and said:

"Them stamps are licked on kind o' crooked, but it won't make any difference, will it?"

It is needless to say that, as far as this woman is concerned, Miss Casey

was profoundly dumb, from this very moment.

The woman after this, fortified, in one hand, by a brand new alpaca umbrella from the dry goods store of Beebe & Kinney, and a copy of "Life" from the drug and stationery store of Poley & Elhart, in the other, this old lady of many summers, leisurely wended her way to the street, where she halted, for a moment, apparently in contemplation as to the route she would take in search of fresh worlds to conquer and occupy.

Later reports credited her with wandering on Oak street in search of a certain gentleman who has done so much in bringing the lithia springs into Ashland. We are glad to be able to announce that her search was by no means in vain.

She was promised a taste of "lithia" our lithia" just as soon as it reaches Ashland's beautiful park.

Soon after the escapade at the stamp window, the always cheerful countenance of "Happy" Eastman, the astute, methodical and far-seeing assistant P. M. of Ashland, appeared upon the scene, when Miss Casey, with much gusto and point, narrated the incident that had taken place only a few moments before at the stamp window—a spot where, for cash on delivery, the writer has received from "Happy's" own right hand many a ten, five, two and one cent stamp that have paved the way for the transmission of valuable mail matter to all parts of this sublimity globe. After listening attentively to Miss Casey's recital of the afternoon's unusual occurrence, "Happy" waxed warm and delivered himself of an harangue that ended in these words:

"O woman! woman! copiously endowed, as thou art, with the capacity of performing noble deeds, how could thou so ruthlessly provoke the serene disposition of an Ashland P. O. employe who for many years has borne the burden and heat of the day (occasionally 92 in the shade) in the disposal of stamps and the distribution of mail matter for persons of an inquiring state of mind? I could say much on a question of this nature, but, in the words of Mr. Longfellow (of world-wide fame) I sum up the situation with the simple quotation: 'Woman! with all thy FALSE I love thee still,' and, again, with that other emphatic declaration on the part of Whittier contained in the expression: 'Woman! We adore thee because, without thee, the world would be in a state of STAG-nation.'"

"Let me," Miss Casey, "recount to you," said "Happy," "a little circumstance along the line of your experience this afternoon, that occurred in my youthful days in a part of the country quite unknown to you. An old lady who, no doubt, had seen many ups and downs in life, unfortunately missed her train while on a visit to a married daughter in the country. It was a sort of way station, but, at considerable trouble, she hunted up the agent and ascertained from him that her next train would not start before 11:45 a. m. This meant the waiting of, at least, a couple of hours. Naturally the traveler gradually became impatient and, noticing a new official at the window, anxiously inquired the arrival of the next train, when he replied: 'Nothing, ma'am, until a quarter to twelve.' The old lady took umbrage at this, and gave the ticket agent a good trouncing, as she thought, by saying to a bystander: 'What on earth is a woman, in these days, to believe, when one feller says the train starts at 11:45 and, afterwards, another at a quarter to 12? No wonder people lose their trains. A little more larning, on common sense lines, would, I'm sure, do both these fellows a heap of good.'"

"There you have it with a vengeance, remarked 'Happy,' and there is plenty of more laying round loose of the same sort, so don't be surprised at anything in this world. I'm not."

The confab here closed and the

Will Give Home Goods Preference

In an effort to stimulate the use of Oregon manufactured goods and Oregon labor, the Chamber of Commerce of Portland has begun a campaign through its bureau of industries and manufactures to take advantage of the Bingham bill which becomes effective as a law this month, and which was passed at the last legislative session.

The Bingham bill gives a preferential of 5 per cent in favor of goods manufactured in Oregon, or in favor of Oregon labor, in the consideration of competitive bidding before county courts, boards of county commissioners, school boards, city councils or other public officers authorized to purchase supplies or contract for labor.

"In plainer English, a purchasing officer is authorized to accept as the lowest bid for labor or supplies that offered by representatives of Oregon products, if the bid of the latter is not more than 5 per cent higher than the lowest bidder from any other state," said George D. Lee, secretary of the bureau. "It is intended to counterbalance the difference in the cost of production, as between local and foreign concerns. It somewhat adds to the handicap of the foreign manufacturer represented by freight rates, and it should prove an encouragement to the establishment of factories for the manufacture of those items needed in the building of roads and bridges and materials consumed by municipal purchase."

"Senator Bingham introduced the bill after consultation with representatives of the organizations which have been struggling to enlarge the market for those factories already here and to pave the way for others yet to be secured.

"In the opinion of David M. Dunne and other pioneer manufacturers, the Bingham measure will prove of great value."

"Whew!"

Westlake.—Trout in Tsilcoos Lake are so numerous after sundown, tourists, boating in the lake, are frightened by fish jumping, many falling in the boats in their frantic leaps. One of the entertaining features on the outlet is the trout shoot by guests of the Sunset lodge each night. They shoot the trout as they leap into the air. Mrs. Florence Stevens of Eugene won the prize for the largest score at Sunday's shoot.

Eugene council refused to enact minimum wage law of \$2.25 for eight hours' work, but enacted preference law for home labor.

aforsaid "astute, methodical and far-seeing assistant P. M. of Ashland" returned to his corner, immediately on the right of the postmaster proper, to finish an important official typewritten letter to the newly appointed Wilsonian postmistress of Grants Pass. When he had finished, and precisely with the words, "Always sincerely thine own" (although a happily married man) and 6 o'clock had put in a pleasing appearance, down went the lid with a customary heavy jolt at the stamp window and the usual notice spread aloft, "Business resumed at the old stand tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock, wind and weather permitting."

Burn Slashings During May

Since the closed season for slash burning begins June 1 and extends to October 1 it is greatly desired by the Jackson Fire Patrol Association that all slashings in the county be burned during the month of May. Burning permits may be obtained, however, during the closed season and slashings disposed of at that time, but it is then necessary to obtain a permit to burn and the conditions may be such that burning could not be done with safety to adjoining property.

Slashings turn into firetraps during the hot summer months and are a great menace to adjoining timberland. It is therefore desired to call the attention of all settlers, wood cutters and loggers to the assistance they can render the county by disposing of their slashings at as early a date as possible.

The Jackson County Fire Patrol Association desires the co-operation of all persons who frequent the forests and by complying with this request they will also be complying with Sections 5 and 11, Chapter 278, Oregon Fire Laws, which provide for the disposal of slashings.

State Supervising Warden H. J. Eberly of Medford will furnish any additional information that may be desired and assist in the burning of dangerous slashings. A marked copy of the Oregon Forest Fire Laws may be had free upon application.

Harvard Would Put the Blink on Baseball Slang

Harvard university, New England's chief dispenser of sweetness and light, is trying to take the slang out of college baseball.

Fancy—just fancy—a bleacher bunch declaiming in decorous unison, "Courage, Comrade!" instead of hollering "At-a-boy!" Fancy a rabid fan courteously requesting a batsman to "Please hit the ball" instead of howling, "Soak it on the bean." Anybody capable of committing such an offense would be likely to suggest judicially that the adverse decision of an umpire "appeared somewhat questionable" instead of shrieking, as every American citizen has an alienable right to do, "Kill the ump!"

The lack of slang in the Harvard stadium may have a dreadfully enervating effect. Youths gently waving crimson pennants in the spring zephyrs may still endeavor to disturb the equanimity of the opposing pitcher, but they won't "get his goat" in the good old way. It won't do at all to sidetrack all the rough stuff. There must be a wallop left in the language, or there won't be any left in the game.

It will be a sad day for this country when an aggregation of American youths, sitting primly on the benches after the manner of Oxford and Cambridge, lean just a trifle forward when their batting Hercules lines out a homer in the ninth with the score tied and three men on bases, and pat gloved hands together inaudibly, and hand the expectant welkin merely a well-bred murmur of "Well played, sir—well played!"

Grants Pass—Twohy Bros. expect to build forty miles of railroad this year.

Five thousand dollars to be spent on highway from Grants Pass to Crescent City.



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30¢ STEEL CUT
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SUPERIOR
IN QUALITY
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DEPOT DOINGS.

The first train got through from the south late Friday evening.

Harry Bates, former S. P. employe here, is now operator at Merced, Cal.

F. L. Burchalter, superintendent on the Portland division, was in town Monday.

The auditing department of the Pacific & Eastern railroad is being moved from Medford to Portland.

H. A. Hinshaw, general freight agent of the Southern Pacific Company lines in Oregon, was a visitor in the city Thursday.

Charles M. Schwab, head of the Bethlehem Steel Company, passed through Monday evening in his private car, said to be the most luxurious on earth.

Crowds of unemployed are flocking toward Grants Pass, presumably with the idea of getting work on the railroad construction work out of that city.

Roseburg Review: Verne Bartlett, a Southern Pacific engineer running between Roseburg and Ashland, this afternoon purchased the Cadillac automobile formerly owned by E. L. Parrott.

The Cincinnati excursion which passed through last Sunday had a superb equipment, including about ten coaches. Baltimore & Ohio, Missouri Pacific and Standard Pullmans made up the outfit.

The S. P. 8:20 passenger train struck and killed a mare owned by F. E. Berdan Friday morning on the S. P. right of way near Medford. The animal is valued at \$100 and had been tied but had broken away.

W. J. Morrow and family recently moved from Montague, Cal., to Ashland. Mr. Morrow is doing special work for the Southern Pacific railroad. He was one of the train dispatchers in the Montague office.

The lecture on explosives given at the Lyric Theatre Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Southern Pacific Company attracted a capacity house of those interested in the handling of explosives. The talk was most interesting and instructive.

Mrs. Mary E. Snell, widow, a waiter in the Hotel Anderson, at Anderson, was struck by the Shasta Limited at the Ferry street crossing on May 14 and was killed. The tragedy was not known until the mangled body was found on the sidetrack near the fire house the following morning.

One of the trains which went through from the south Saturday afternoon had eight baggage cars attached. The extra cars carried a part

of the baggage which had accumulated at Red Bluff during the time that train service was tied up from there north.

Railroad activities in several directions are rumored in the Rogue River Valley. The latest is the building of a line through from Medford to Roseburg and the coast by the Hill interests. Work is now under way on the road out of Grants Pass.

An unknown man was run down and instantly killed by the Shasta Limited at Junction City last week. Engineer O'Mally, who was on duty three weeks ago when the train struck an automobile party at Creswell, killing J. L. Spry and four little girls, was at the throttle of the engine.

Considerable agitation has been aroused over the delaying of the second section of train 16 here while the strawberry cars are being led. Some of the newspapers to the north are waxing quite wroth over the delay to the passenger traffic. The strawberry season will soon be over and quiet will reign for another year.

A movement is being instigated by Klamath Falls people to have the trains on the branch run to Shasta Springs instead of to Weed as is now the case. Reasons given are that better accommodations may be had at the Springs during the wait for the main line trains and better service would be afforded main line passengers between Weed and Shasta Springs.

Bernard Kelley, father of former Supervisor James P. Kelley, and the oldest Southern Pacific locomotive engineer, died at the home of his son, 1226 D street, Sacramento, Saturday afternoon at the age of 76 years. Deceased, who was familiarly known as "Barney" Kelley, long was in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company, and in 1910 was placed on the pension list.

Without tickets and hidden under heaps of baggage nine gypsies were found on the gypsy special at Sacramento Saturday. The stowaways were members of a band of twenty-six who shipped their equipment from Grants Pass to South Dakota. The gypsies were made to buy \$401 worth of tickets. This is part of the same outfit that passed through Ashland recently and created a miniature reign of terror in Grants Pass.

If your watch does not give you satisfaction take it to Johnson the Jeweler. 97-11

Florence voted \$5,000 to build addition to school house.

You May Visit

California Expositions

On your way to or from the East.

Summer Excursion Tickets

On sale May 15 daily to September 30 permitting stop-overs en route. Ten days' stop allowed on one way tickets at San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Low Round Trip Fares to San Francisco and San Diego during the Exposition period.

Visit the Southern Pacific building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Rest Room, Moving Pictures, Travel Lectures, Ticket and Validating Office and Information Bureau.

Full information from nearest Agent of

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland Oregon.

Better be Safe than Sorry

Ashland, Oregon, April 10, 1915.

This is to certify that I, W. G. Prescott, have this day received from the HOME INSURANCE COMPANY of New York, through their local agent, Geo. H. Yeo, a draft for \$1000.00 in full payment of my fire loss of February 8th, this year.

In this connection I wish to say that I am greatly indebted to Mr. Yeo for his attention to my interests in this matter, and of the Company, I cannot speak too highly of the treatment accorded me by them and of their adjuster whom I found to be a very agreeable gentleman to deal with, and I heartily recommend the good old reliable HOME of NEW YORK to those who wish "ABSOLUTE PROTECTION."

W. G. PRESCOTT.



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vs.

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Heat concentrated on the cooking, not spread through the room.

Ready, like gas—full heat in a minute.

Adjustable heat—a slow fire or a hot one.

Heat only as long as you need it.

A clean, cheap fuel—easy to handle.

Heating up the kitchen when it's already go in the shade.

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Difficulty in getting the right heat.

Waste of fuel before and after actual cooking.

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