

Ashland Tidings

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Ashland, Ore., Thursday, Aug. 12, '15

REAL COURAGE.

(Oregon Voter.)

"Communities are brave that undertake development projects at the present time," writes M. J. Duryea of Ashland. "Our city is turning over an entirely new page in the book of her history and is starting out on an entirely different line of action than she pursued in the past.

"It takes courage for a little community to go into debt to the sum of \$175,000 for the purpose of working out an entirely new problem, and Ashland, Astoria, Grants Pass and Roseburg are all showing a large degree of bravery in raising big sums of money for development purposes."

If you want to travel the road to Better Buying; if you want to make your purchases with safety and with confidence; if you want a full dollar's worth for your dollar, and a load of satisfaction free with every purchase, your straightest course is right through the advertising pages of the Tidings. There are merchants advertising with us every week who can meet every requirement and who often give more for your money than they promise. They are the people to tie to, the people who always make good, and their advertisements point the way.

A loud talking and overly critical pessimist once asked a mild and gentle editor why in heck he didn't publish the truth as he found it. The next week the editor did publish the "truth as he found it," and it required a \$500 attorney's fee to keep the pessimistic cuss out of the penitentiary.

That woman who wants \$100,000 because she charges Frank Rockefeller beat her is all right; but if Charlie Chaplin paid at that rate each time he smashed a lady on the jaw it would take half what the press agent says his salary is.

Ex-Mayor Donn Roberts of Terre Haute has been put at work at the wash tubs in Leavenworth—Terre Haute beat him to it at washing its dirty linen.

Bishop Moreland says that a nagged married man who does not seek divorce is a true hero—but we'll dare any one of them to wear a hero medal.

Pity the man who makes vulgar remarks about respectable women. Such remarks are an evidence of a weak, perverted and irresponsible brain.

A dreamer is generally a nice, amiable, harmless sort of creature whose principal noise in this world is made in his own dreams.

That charming blush of a coy maiden oftentimes comes from the nearest drug store and disappears with the evening scrub.

Artistic young ladies who tire of the modern novel will find amazingly interesting reading in the Bible and the cook book.

Do you feel the need of a little exercise, brother? We suggest the garden, or the weeds around your neighborhood.

Who is the laziest man in Ashland? Start the guessing, and perhaps it will start him to working.

America! The embodiment of righteousness, justice and unfaltering determination!

A subscriber wants to know "who is responsible for this fool war." Fools, of course.

The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

THE CRADLE AND THE BAR.

(By Charles M. Sheldon.)

Once on a time an oak tree stood, Serene and brave and high; It reared its strength within the wood,

Uplifted to the sky, But hands of men, with axe and saw, Brought low its great pride, And with a groan of agony It fell to earth and died.

Out of its timber human hands Fashioned two things apart: Out of the oak they tore and rent The center of its heart. And from one part a cradle grew, And by the hearth it stood; And mother-love was centered there, And all heaven said 'twas good.

But from another part was made A bar for a saloon, And over it men spent their years, And bartered life's great boon. The soul that in the cradle grew, Nourished by mother's blood, Over the bar its heaven lost, And broke the heart of God!

Cradle of oak and box of oak, Which is the stronger wood? Make answer, ye who felled the tree In the place where it once stood! Father in heaven, shall men who make

The cradles of the land With self-same hands make bars to kill?

There's blood on every hand— That would create together here A dungeon and a star; Two things that lie two worlds apart— The cradle and the bar.

Much Trout Work During Past Year

The past season has been the best on record from a trout hatchery viewpoint in the Rogue river, according to Henry O'Malley, coast superintendent of the United States Bureau of Hatcheries, who was in the valley last week on a trip of inspection of the Elk creek station. Mr. O'Malley was accompanied by Robert S. Johnson of Washington, D. C., who is in general charge of fish culture work in the United States for the bureau. It is Mr. Johnson's first trip to the coast and he has inspected all the stations in the northwest and will recommend an enlarged plant at Elk creek, with the construction of another water wheel and more holding tanks.

"If there is going to be any objection on the part of the people of the locality to our work," said Mr. Johnson, "we will abandon work here. Our work is purely altruistic. We aim to prevent fish depletion of streams to restock them. We spend considerable money in the localities in which we work, and if the locality affected does not want us, there are plenty of localities that do."

Mr. Johnson had reference to the protest filed a year ago by Medford anglers to racks in the lower or middle river and at Ament dam, and was assured that as long as the racks were confined to the upper stretches of the stream, hearty local co-operation would be forthcoming.

A total of 1,500,000 trout, nearly all steelhead, have been hatched and liberated at Elk creek station this year. Of these, 85,000 are still held for distribution by local anglers. These will be taken to the upper Rogue above the natural bridge, to Brown's cabin and Union creek. At the Applegate station 4,500,000 steelhead were hatched and liberated. At the Elk creek station 19,000 Lake Tahoe trout are being held for planting in Crater Lake.

Mr. O'Malley has recommended that the state board construct a trout hatchery on Big Butte near Butte Falls and the subject will be considered by the state commission at its next meeting.

Phone news items to the Tidings.

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Says City is Model Of Hospitality

An immense amount of publicity is reverting to Ashland through the tourists who are camping at the auto camp grounds this summer. Every day in looking over our exchanges we almost invariably find mention of Ashland, and always of a most complimentary nature. Ashland, her spirit of hospitality, the auto camp and other features are being made the subjects of innumerable letters to papers throughout the country. The papers are taking up Ashland's new spirit and many editorials have appeared in leading coast dailies and in eastern papers. While it is of course impossible to reprint all of the comment, an occasional notice of what other people think of us is an incentive to further growth of the spirit of hospitality which bids fair to make Ashland a synonym for all that is hospitable.

The following letter, written by a lady who merely spent a few minutes in the city and had no opportunity to realize all of the advantages which Ashland offers strangers, appeared in the Portland Oregonian:

"North Yakima, Wash., July 28.— To the Editor: As a loyal Washingtonian, who but lately motored through your state, I wish to extend to Oregon some compliments which other motorists will concede, I am sure.

"We drove from North Yakima via Portland to the fair at San Francisco. Through Washington the roads were in a very good condition, but the efficient way in which the Oregon roads were marked out, and the condition of the roads was so good that it brought marked comment and praise. Until we were in California we had little trouble in keeping to the Pacific highway and the best roads. Everywhere we met the finest courtesy and good will. And we remember most pleasantly the ten minutes spent in Ashland, Ore. Really, I think that little city is a veritable model of ambition, energy and hospitality. I believe that every city could profitably take a lesson from it.

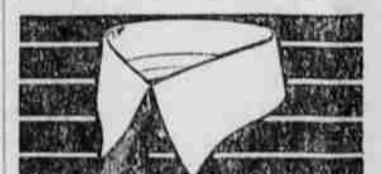
"I know California is carrying a rather heavy load in the fair, but from the time we crossed the border line until we reached our destination we came to the conclusion that California roads do not come up to the standard set by Oregon and Washington. The California climate and scenery did not compare very well with that of Oregon, and the roads were not mapped out nearly as well—a fact that we found out after many delays.

"I think we are not the only ones to think that Portland compares very favorably with San Francisco except in respect to size. I have been laughed at several times for saying this same thing, but it is true just the same, according to my estimate. With but a few exceptions the buildings in Portland are as large; there is more traffic on the streets and it is more efficiently handled. Portland also seems to be more alive.

"In fact, taking all things together, we have a lot of nice things to say and think of the state of Oregon. But if you want to find out what a real little booster city is and how far behind Portland is in that respect, write to the Commercial Club of Ashland, Ore., or make a trip down there yourself, and you will see things which will open your eyes.

"ELIZABETH O. HENRY."

If we gave the devil his due some men would require the strength of Samson to carry their loads.



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Writes of Lake of The Woods Trip

The following interesting story of the trip to the Lake of the Woods through the Dead Indian plateau, which everyone who has ever passed through proclaims to be the most beautiful mountain country adjacent to and easily accessible from Ashland, is particularly appropriate at this time when the Commercial Club is taking up the matter of making the lake accessible for autos:

The Lake of the Woods.

Recently the writer and a band of Ashland boys hiked to the Lake of the Woods and there camped for six days. He now wishes that he were both a poet and a painter that he might picture for his readers the beauties of the lake, the mountains and the woods.

We left Ashland at about 5 o'clock in the morning. It was a perfect morning. The mountain tops were ablaze with the altar fires of the new day. As we began the climb of the Dead Indian road Pompadour rose at our immediate left, backed by Old Grizzly. To our right far up to the head of the valley Pilot Rock pointed the way out over the Siskiyou. Behind us over against the foothills nestled waking Ashland. And behind the foothills, ever keeping watch over the City Beautiful, stood Mount Wagner and Ashland Butte with its snow chaplet. All through the early morning the broad sides of Grizzly sloped up from our left. These were covered with evergreens and poison oak, the leaves of which were turning crimson as though kissed by autumn's frost. Great waves of green and crimson from every way greeted the eye. For fourteen miles we climbed up and up, passing ranch after ranch. One was a turkey ranch. Here we saw turkeys enough if they all live to provide one each for a Thanksgiving dinner for every family in Ashland. At Hooper's we lunched and then made it to the summit by about 12:30. This summit is about 4,000 feet above the sea. We had made fourteen miles and climbed about 3,000 feet. The season at the summit is about six weeks behind that in Ashland. There one would have thought it was about the last of May or the first of June, for wild flowers of every conceivable color and variety were in bloom. How we wished that we could tell them all by name.

Once over the summit we entered one of Uncle Sam's great reserve forests. Majestic Cathedral pines arose to 125 and 150 feet on both sides of the road. For about two miles down a gradual slope we enjoyed these woods. Here we found an opening, a ranch and a flowing stream. Following the road along this stream we saw on both sides fat, sleek cattle grazing, and for many miles we were scarcely ever out of sound of the tinkle, tinkle and the clang, clang of the bells on the grazing range cattle. Two miles beyond this ranch, Spencer's, we came to an open prairie. In the distance we could hear the clatter of the mowing machine, and the breezes brought to our nostrils the scent of new-mown hay. Four miles beyond this open prairie we came to another clearing called Deadwood. Here we bivouaced for the night. Here, too, we had our first view of Mt. McLoughlin (Mt. Pitt). The hills and woods between had shrunk back and we had a fine view far down to its base. The wooded base was topped by a barren rocky pyramid peak. As I looked I wondered that some one had not named this mountain Pyramid mountain because of its shape. From our fir bough couches well supported by the ground we gazed that evening up into a perfectly clear sky twinkling with the eyes of heaven. But the beauties of nature were soon forgotten in the beauty sleep of tired boys.

By about 9 o'clock the next morning we had passed the county line between Jackson and Klamath and had come to the last inhabited cabin seven miles this side of the lake. Right near this log cabin in its clearing we came to the highest point in our travels, 5,390 feet above the sea. This morning we had noticed two interesting forms of vegetation

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among others. On the first day we had seen trees covered with short moss, but this morning we saw hanging from many trees long, hairlike, light olive and pea green colored moss. The other was the beautiful yew trees with their drooping evergreen branches. Every one was a tent for the passing traveler. After leaving the highest point we came down into a flat stretch covered with jack pines and with many small pitted rocks strewn about. I was told that these stones erupted from Mt. Pitt in its days of activity. To the right of us on this flat was Buck mountain, where the deer are so plentiful that they have trails up and down the mountain. And everywhere all about us were fresh deer signs. And the lady at the last cabin had told us that a few nights before she had seen two bears following the fence just outside the clearing.

Beyond this flat stretch we climbed to the top and descended the last summit. About Ashland the hills are covered with manzanita, but this mountain was covered with buck brush which was just beginning to bloom. How fragrant it was. I could have shut my eyes and imagined I was walking up the path in Highland park in Rochester with the lilacs in full bloom. Down at the foot of this last summit on the other side we came into view of our friend of the evening before, Mt. Pitt. We had taken the arc of a great circle and he now stood as many miles to the west as he had stood to the north in the morning. Before long the boys saw the "sky" through the trees. But soon the "sky" was rolling its little breakers up on the shore at our feet. It was the beautiful Lake of the Woods. There in a pocket of the mountains 4,960 feet elevation, about three to five miles long and one wide was a beautiful fresh water lake, clear as the mountain brook, and warm as the white sulphur water in the Natatorium. Now those boys did not stand and look for long. Soon all were gambling like young porpoises in the water.

Two or three more descriptions and our paper will cease. Out between the trees overshadowing our camp, across the lake, and beyond a wooded ridge, stood Mt. Pitt. From this side he appeared like a huge pyramid but with a hump in his back, like the hump which Christian had on his back when he started on his journey to the Celestial City. I shall never forget the coloring of that mountain at sunset. First it was a golden dust color. Then light pink turned to deep crimson and purple, which later faded into a bluish gray and then the dark gray of all the night.

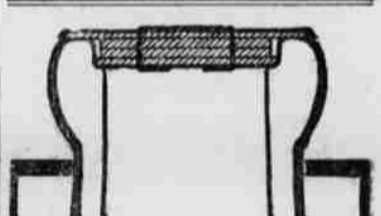
It was Sunday night. The usual colors had appeared on the mountain. At about 8 o'clock the silvery light of the moon had begun to steal its way among the trees. By 10 o'clock what appeared to be a full moon was sending streams of light down through God's great Temple fir. Patches of light played hide and seek with the shadows in the forest. Every tree stood silent and still. Not a needle quivered, not a stick cracked, the faraway cry of the coyote was hushed, and every insect and bird of the night was dumb. How great it was to lie beneath the open sky with the smell of fir boughs in the nostrils and the prod of the fir stick in the back, just drinking in the glory of that perfect night in the great woods of God's all-out-of-doors. Let men build their stone walls to shut God out, but give me the freedom of the Oregon woods.

ARTHUR R. BLACKSTONE.

As a sort of a postscript to the

above descriptive article let me say a word about the roads between here and the Lake of the Woods. There are only a few places where it is very hard automobilizing. Of course there are steep places. There are very sharp turns and there are steep capyons close by the side. All these call for careful driving and no novice should attempt to take a machine over the Dead Indian. The worst features are the protruding rocks in a few places. Ashland people ought to see to it that these are fixed. It does not seem to me that it would cost so very much in time or money to make the necessary improvements. Several autos passed us on the way, and surely the day will come when hundreds of autos will go every summer over the Dead Indian road to the Lake of the Woods and to points beyond.—A. R. B.

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