

Ashland Tidings

SEMI-WEEKLY.
ESTABLISHED 1876.

Issued Mondays and Thursdays
Official City and County Paper

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50
Payable in Advance.

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No subscriptions for less than three months. All subscriptions dropped at expiration unless renewal is received.

In ordering changes of the paper always give the old street address or postoffice as well as the new.

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Ashland, Ore., Thursday, Aug. 19, '15

HONESTLY—IS IT REALLY ALL SO BOTTEN?

(Maurice Almy Aldrich in the Sacramento Bee.)

Right in the midst of schemes that are supposed to do things and that don't do them—prohibition that doesn't prohibit, abatement laws that do not abate, and so on—right in the midst of things that ought to be, and things that must be corrected and supervised—

Well, what?

First, there were tennis courts, with clean, asphalt floorings and white nets, and beautiful green trees as a background. There were men and women and boys and girls playing on those courts and having a good time. Nobody became angry; there wasn't a cuss word. When one group of players finished with a set, the court was vacated for those waiting. The police didn't have to be there to insure fair play about the use of the courts.

Then it began to grow too dark for the players to see the ball clearly, and, just about that time, strains of music were heard. It was dance music.

At this juncture the alert reader cuts in with:

"Oh, that's McKinley Park! You can't pull a moral out of that!"
Oh, but can't you?

Mukluk Mike wants to know, sometimes, what has become of the so-and-so. Kenneth Campbell's quaint creation with his hand-outstretched might ask, one of these days, with perfect consistency, What has become of the old-fashioned boy and girl who used to go to dances and come home early? Or what has become of the old-fashioned dance where there wasn't a place to hoist drinks between numbers?

If he should ask any of these questions, the answer is the same: It's out at McKinley Park.

There were happy doings in the pavilion, far removed from the things that shouldn't be and the things that are supposed to do things but don't.

One observantly inclined saw many of the old-fashioned things, so-called, of which it is sometimes asked: What has become of them?

Now, honestly, without straining a point:

There were three young men—and they might pass for sports, downtown—and they were attracted by a cunning baby in its mother's lap. It might be stated, if you do not know it, that babies and mothers are welcome at McKinley Park affairs.

Well, now, this is one actual incident:

The three young men clustered around the baby. They didn't know the baby; they didn't know the mother; they didn't know her husband, standing a few feet away, talking to a friend. But they thought the baby was mighty cute and they took its little hand in their big ones and shook it with gravity akin to awe at the very minuteness of the proffered fist. One essayed to chuck the little fellow under what chin he had, and thereby brought forth a crow.

The point about this is that young men, even in this day and age, do on occasion pay attention to babies, after all.

In the next place, there were two girls. They were pretty fashionably dressed—you might not have expected they'd be at McKinley Park pavilion, perhaps, but they were. And you might have thought, perhaps, they would be too busy listening to nothings uttered by young men to pay attention to anything else.

But here's another thing that happened:

There was an old man out there, real old. He sat leaning his arms on a cane, enjoying the music and gaily

about him. No matter how he came to be there, or who he was. He sat near the orchestra, just as the oldest men always seem to snuggle nearest the pulpit in church. The two girls, strolling along, noticed him and stopped to alk.

The old man was evidently a bit hard of hearing. He seemed to "get" the orchestra all right, but with ordinary human tones he had trouble. The girls, however, were more than willing to talk loud in his ear, and they did. They wanted to know if he was having a good time, and they joked him about not dancing, and essayed to picture to him how popular he would be if he ever "took the floor."

In a shrill voice he informed them "dancin' ain't what it used to be," but he liked to see everybody have a good time.

The point of this is that modern girls DO talk nicely to old men, once in a while. Perhaps you thought they didn't.

Getting back, for the nonce, to prohibition that doesn't prohibit and abatement laws that don't abate, and such things:

One couldn't help thinking how far away these knotty problems were from the subject in hand. Nobody was drunk, nobody seemed worrying about the saloon question. Nobody needed abating.

The terrible social evil, the mooted question of how to bring up our girls, the burning issue of what to do with our boys—they all seemed solved. Nobody worried about 'em.

The music played on and on, and the musicians perspired an perspired. Now it was a two-step, now a waltz.

A party of picnickers entered the pavilion from the grounds outside where the city provides benches and tables and contrivances to heat coffee and tea. And say—

Honest to goodness!

There were four husbands walking with four wives. And each man was with his own wife. And they were laughing just as though they were happy. They "spurred for an opening," as the sporting editor says, and, getting it, they danced. It was pretty crowded on the floor by that time, but they grinned when their toes were stepped on, and, after the number was over and the encore—there's always an encore at the park—these same four couples bunched off together and had a talk-fest till the music started.

So if anybody wants to know what's become of the old-fashioned wife who went to places with her husband—why, she's out at McKinley Park. The same is true of the old-fashioned husband who used to be seen in public with his wife. He's there.

When it was still daylight the music began for the kiddies. The city of Sacramento has begun, this year, to see that the little folks have their dances, too. More than 100 cute little girls in white party dresses and boys in wondrous big bow ties controlled the floor for an hour and only yielded it when the order came that it was grown-ups' time.

You perhaps have heard how easy it is to find what you are looking for.

A man can find a town just full of gamblers and such.

A muck-raking minister can find brothels at every turn, hell-holes in every nook and corner.

Your energetic reformer can find a crying need for the social evil to be abated. Your rabid anti-drink advocate can show you with ever and ever so many figures just how fast the world is going to the Airedales. Ask the police and they'll shake their heads and regretfully admit it's all too true.

You CAN find what you're looking for, and the reason you find it is because you're looking for it.

Did any one ever deny the absolute inability of the hell-holes to hurt the person who doesn't go into them?

The old Greek maxim was, "A sound body, a sound mind."

But a sound mind has a lot to do with a sound body. A little clean thinking will do a world of sweeping of immortality into the rubbish heap where it came from and where it belongs.

Somebody stand up and say why, without blinking, the world is getting worse. Why, it's the same old world, only better. The trouble is, where there is sin nowadays we seem to parade it more than we do the other thing.

Those who prefer to think right, dance right. Those who think right don't worry about sneaking booze bottles into cloakrooms for the girls, as we are informed every now and then is the twentieth century custom.

Where shall we find a better condition of things than fathers and mothers dancing on the floor with their children? Where shall we find the old-fashioned young man who used to be polite and never made

questionable remarks about the girls?

Well, at McKinley Park, for one place?

When the tennis folks should have yielded the court to others, they yielded it. No civic force to make them.

The young men liked the baby and weren't afraid to show it.

The girls liked the old man, and showed it.

The husbands and wives, wiping picnic crumbs from their faces, liked to dance, each with his own mate, and didn't care who knew it.

Then there's another point:

This wasn't any private institution gotten up through the beneficence of some philanthropist with a hobby. The city of Sacramento paid for it. The taxpayers stood behind it. If they didn't want it, they wouldn't have it. So, after all, the city thinks healthily, sometimes.

There are so many diversing opinions about who and what God is they can hardly be counted, and none shall deny the right of his own conceptions on this important subject.

We read in the Bible that Enoch walked with God and that Moses talked with God. There are those who believe Enoch actually walked and Moses actually talked with the Almighty, as we do with our fellow mortal men nowadays.

But the writer presents this as his conception of that Scriptural narrative: That Enoch and Moses, alone by themselves, had good thoughts, exalted ideas, and returning from this sojourn by themselves, felt and were better men. Who does not, in this later day, have this experience?

Who shall put it as a leap from the sublime to the ridiculous to say that, from the turmoil of the city with its social problems, its ceaseless struggle with the publicity of evils, its worries about the future generation, its forebodings that the world in general is headed straight for the fiery pit in a sulphur-propelled jitney—who shall say it is going too far to assert that, under the waving trees of which California is so proud, in that pure and balmy night air, it is not possible to "walk and talk with God" in McKinley Park?

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ON OUR CAMP GROUND.

(From Santa Cruz, Cal., Sentinel.)
At the last Chamber of Commerce meeting a letter was received from the city of Ashland, Ore., stating that Ashland possessed a very fine camping ground open to the traveling automobile tourists without charge, to remain there as long as they desired.

The letter urged local people to visit Ashland, try its mineral springs and partake of its hospitality. Similar letters have been sent wherever results might be expected throughout the coast states.

Our readers will no doubt remember Walter Fogg's Ashland letter published in the Sentinel when he took his "Gipsy" auto trip. He and his wife had not expected to linger in Ashland, but they were made to feel so welcome in the public grove that they remained there a week and took in some of the Chautauqua session then in session there, and which was largely attended.

The editorial in yesterday's Sentinel concerning Ashland's plan of offering free camping facilities to visiting autoists caused this office to receive a prompt visit from E. J. Farlow, now of 53 Wood street, Seabright, but recently of Ashland. Mr. Farlow has been a resident of Ashland, Ore., for the past forty-seven years and has been coming here to spend the winter for the past five years.

He praises the Ashland idea as being worthy of imitation. He says automobile drivers are the best advertisement a town can have, and that they are all praising Ashland because of the treatment they are receiving there, and are sending many other autoists to likewise partake of it. Auto owners from every state in the union are now enjoying Ashland's park.

The Ashland park begins within a quarter of a mile of the city plaza and extends in the other direction to the national forest back in the hills. Over a hundred acres are included in the city park alone. There is a central free cook house, containing a dozen stoves, where gas can be secured on the installment plan by dropping a quarter into the meter. Water is absolutely free, as is also a place to camp and stand your auto. The overhanging trees are illuminated with festoons of electric light, thus affording to that extent free light service.

The Commercial Club requests the names and addresses of parties who are considering coming to the coast this summer. We wish to send them literature and give them a good conception of Oregon. 74-1f

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DEPOSITORY OF
City of Ashland County of Jackson State of Oregon
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The People's Forum

Opposes Electric Light Contract.

Ashland Tidings: It seems very unwise for the voters of Ashland to ratify the proposed agreement between our city council and the California-Oregon Power Company, for the city to purchase the company's plant in Ashland, for the following reasons, viz.: All valuation of said plant is left in the hands of the council and company, taken from the people, and we do not know what the valuation will be. If I had as profitable a deal to put through as this seems, I could well afford to pay a \$5,000 commission to any agency who could induce the people to tie themselves up by their votes in ratifying it, and also buy transformers, etc., from the city and donate power for pumping mineral springs water for \$1 per year as a sop of apparent liberality, as I would be not only getting the agreed price for my physical plant, but would be tying the taxpayers of Ashland up to paying me a fixed income, and let them take all chances of reselling their juice, and

if they failed to do so, it would not affect me, as my income would be a fixed and sure one as long as any city of Ashland was solvent, to the amount of \$700 per month "minimum" as per contract. This is \$8,400 per year, \$168,000 for the twenty years, sure as death and taxes. It's a dangerous and one-sided contract. R. D. SANFORD.

After ridiculing his wife's subservience to styles, the modern American proceeds to put on a high starched collar for a hot day's work downtown.

Householders have to put in a lot of work: planting and cultivating their fruit, but the small boy gives his assistance when it comes to harvesting.

To the real lover of picnics the food never tastes good unless it is eaten in a spot mighty hard to tote the lunch baskets to.

Horses suffer a good deal through the summer, but as they don't talk back it is generally agreed by drivers that they are perfectly happy.

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