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PERSISTENCE IN ADVERTISING.

The man who is starting in on an advertising campaign frequently fails to appreciate the necessity of persistence. He is more apt to pay for a big splurge for a few numbers and then quit for a time. The general trend of advertising opinion is that a smaller space used regularly pays better.

The results of advertising come in one of two ways. A buyer may have in mind some particular purchase that it is desired to make at that time. The newspaper is searched to see what merchants are advertising in that line. The most attractive offerings are noted in the memory. The customer visits those stores. While this is the kind of thing that happens every day, it is not the whole result or effect of advertising by any means.

The other result is the creation of a general impression that a certain merchant is enterprising and is using much effect and intelligence to give good values. That kind of advertising is cumulative, the outcome of driving a certain idea into the public mind day after day. A woman may read advertisements for many weeks, and not buy anything in a certain line, simply because she is already supplied with those goods.

All at once she concludes that she must make a purchase. Her mind reverts to the notices of that kind of goods she has been seeing in her newspaper. The man whose advertising she has seen week after week or day after day is the one that has made the impression on her mind.

Slight impressions govern trade. It is next to impossible for a man who does not advertise to convey the idea that he is an enterprising dealer. His townspeople will not push his business for him, if he is too slow to push it for himself. The only way to convince people that you have values is to tell the public what you have and let them judge. The newspaper will talk to hundreds of people while you are explaining things to one.

WOMEN WHO POSE AS MEN.

Every once in a few days one reads in the newspapers of some case of a woman who has disguised herself in men's clothes and has gone out to work at some position commonly filled by a man. Probably there are many more cases of these disguises that are never discovered, or at least never made public. It is the lawless and irresponsible end of the general movement for freer conditions for women.

To many women with courage and physical strength, the limitations still thrown about their sex seem not merely absurd but unjust. They feel perfectly competent to run street cars, build bridges or dig ditches if need be. They see that nothing prevents their earning a man's pay at some strenuous occupation except the accident of sex. For this they were in no wise responsible. The limitations of this sex accident can apparently be wholly eluded by the simple expedient of cutting their hair and donning a man's suit, shoes and hat.

As far as physical ability is concerned, most of them would "get by" in the disguise, were they not betrayed by something feminine in their appearance, or through some of the embarrassments of the situation. No doubt the conventional exclusion of women from certain employments seems so unfair that they feel confidence clear in disregarding the laws of the state and social customs.

It is of course a proceeding not to be encouraged. Men and women are not yet arrived at that sexless state of perfection where they can herd together promiscuously. But some of the prejudices that hinder the advance of women, when known to be women, should so disappear that no

woman would have the shadow of reason for posing as a man.

The men who object to the entrance of women into some new field are usually the inefficient and unsuccessful, who fear lest they could not stand feminine competition. The sense of fairness has long ago said that any work that a woman can do without injury to herself should be open to her on even terms.

A LESSON FOR OUR NATIVE-BORN RESIDENTS.

(Sacramento Bee.)

There are native-born citizens in this country obsessed with the belief they shine in a reflected glory by praising other countries and belittling the United States.

Ever with a sneer, they watch and wait to carp at the slightest fault in this country, its states or its cities. According to them, nothing wrong that happens here could happen abroad. Constant and continual fault-finding with this nation is their habit.

Dishonesty and graft, in their estimation, are national American traits, from which no city or state administration is free. They gleefully gloat over the misstep of every official whose wrong-doing is exposed.

They fail to recognize that human nature assays about the same in good and bad the world over; that the watchman of an English village is as knowledgeable about little "perquisites" as the American town constable about his "graft."

That the United States is no better and no worse in this regard than other countries has been confirmed year in and year out, throughout her history, by revelations of corruption in foreign countries. It was confirmed by a recent story of the graft in awarding contracts for the construction of the new parliament buildings in the Canadian province of Manitoba.

There Premier Roblin and three of his ministers were proven to have allowed contractors to extort enormous sums from the government, under an arrangement that large contributions would be made to the party funds.

All of which, without reflection on Canada, should convince our detractors of the United States that human nature is the same the world over.

But many of them, had they money enough, would follow the example of William Waldorf Astor—shake the dust of America from their feet, and take up their residence in "old England."

THE MARKING OF HIGHWAYS.

One of the results of automobile travel is a general effort for the better marking of highways with guide boards. The same idea applies equally well in towns, where there is commonly a lack of proper marking of street corners, which is irritating to visitors and newcomers.

In rural sections important road junctions have commonly at some time or other been marked by guide boards. These always used to be simply wood signs, with painted directions. In a few years the paint is washed off, and with the closest scrutiny it may be impossible to decipher the remnants of the information.

It is a common experience with the old-fashioned guide board to read that a certain town is ten miles away. After you travel three miles more you will probably find another guide board to the effect that that town is twelve miles away.

Within the past year or two automobile associations and highway departments have planned many road signs, giving routes and distances as well as warning motorists against dangerous places. By one of the perversities of human nature these signs are often uprooted by vandals within a few weeks after they are erected. Boys use them as targets for stone throwing, and boys of older growth as marks for more deadly weapons.

In towns street signs suffer similarly. Idle boys enjoy the reputation of outlawry and of good marmalade acquired by planting a rock squarely on a more or less fragile metal sign.

Nothing adds more to the comfort of a traveler than clear markings of the highway. Nothing makes a town seem more convenient and up to date than the careful markings of corners with names of streets. The man or the boy who destroys or injures one of these signs is hurting the reputation of his home town for civic spirit.

What men want is not talent, but purpose; not power to achieve, but the will to labor. It is work that tells. Whether with the hands or the train, there's no success without work.

The great and growing number of people who believe in "preparedness" is shown by the speed with which umbrellas disappear.

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER.

(Dr. G. R. Utterback.)

Time's noblest offspring is the last. To grace the earth on which we tread.

The fairest lily of the field Will not compare with that bright, queenly head.

Could I but say some word of praise For her, my mother dear, Whose tender, loving, watchful care Made childhood's days so bright for me.

Now she's old and gray and bent with years, And is not so fair as in former days, But to me she is dearer, oh, dearer far, Since those weary feet are slipping away.

She was not given to show art, Nor to fancy dresses, nor fancy stitches wrought, But she made a home for her little brood,

A home no money could have bought. Could I but see her as in former days,

When I knelt at her knee in my childish prayer, And her hand could be laid on my head as of yore, And hear her voice in cadence low.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Angels guard thy little bed, Thus in memory still I hear her. Those were the words my mother said.

The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

An Old Geezer.

There was an old geezer and he had a lot of sense; He started up a business on a dollar-eighty cents—

The dollar for stock and the eighty for an ad Brought him three lovely dollars in a day, by gad!

Well, he bought more goods and a little more space, And he played that system with a smile on his face.

The customers flocked to his two-by-four And soon he had to hustle for a regular store.

Upon the square where the people pass, He gobbled up a corner that was all plate glass.

He fixed up the window with the best that he had, Then he told them all about it in a half-page ad.

He soon had 'em coming and he never quit, And he wouldn't cut down on his ads one bit.

Well, he's kept things humping in the town ever since, And everybody calls him the Merchant Prince.

—Vevay Reveille.

The gossip is the most useless piece of human furniture. The idea is inspired less by the presence of malice than the absence of brains. In the mildest type there is not much harm, nor much else. The person simply represents a waste of material. However, the scandalmonger, that most unclean of human beings, is allied to the gossip, only going a few steps farther. This person is worse than the common thief, for he steals reputations and characters. He strikes honor and defiles what is good. No life is too upright for his to attack, no motives too unselfish to be misrepresented, for he expects no reward save the gratification of his malice. He invades the home with the poison of his tongue, and even the grave is not proof against his relentless pursuits.

A family of four—father, mother, son and daughter—were wiped out in an automobile accident near Asbury Park, N. J., last Sunday. The distressing tragedy suggests that family autoing parties should leave at least

one member at home to sign for the insurance money.

One-half hour each day spent in diligent work will keep the lawn and premises surrounding any house in our town in apple-pie order and make Ashland the garden spot of the coast.

Don't knock Help yourself along by becoming popular, and push your friends with you. It's very easy. Be a good fellow and soon you'll have a procession of followers.

Every wife should be a helpmate to her husband. For instance, if you have the pleasures of a large washing before you and he has the laborious task of going to the city, or taking a trip through the country, change work with him; let him help you wash in the forenoon and you help him ride in the afternoon.

The young man whose pockets are filled with cigarette wrappers, mustache combs, finger nail cleaners, miniature curling irons, looking glass, etc., and have their mothers crease their pants every day, are not the ones who will make promising husbands. The pockets of those who are helping to make the country bloom and causing two blades of grass to grow where God planted but one, will be found filled with barbed wire staples, and different sizes of nails and screws. They are the boys the girls had better look after.

Misfortune and disgrace may have overtaken your neighbor, but it does not become you to get on the house-tops and shout it out to the world. You will not be called upon to pay for nor answer for any of the sins of your neighbor. You have all you can attend to to pay for your own indiscretions.

If there was more push in the world there would be fewer hungry, half-clothed, homeless, suffering children; fewer broken-down, dissipated men and women; less need of alms-houses, houses of correction and homes for the friendless. Push means a lift for neighbor in trouble. Push means a lift for yourself out of the slough of despondency and shiftlessness, out of trouble, real and fancied. Push never hurts anybody. The harder the push the better, if it is given in the right direction. Always push up hill—few people need a push down hill.

An exchange remarks that the most powerful king is wor-king; laziest, shir-king; the leanest, thin-king; the most thirsty, drin-king; the slyest, win-king; the best liked by all ladies, tal-king; the most humiliating, sin-king; the most stern, span-king; the most necessary, bak-king; the most lovely, spar-king; the most optical, loo-king; the most vibrating, sha-king; and the most despised, snea-king.

Politeness Pays.

Perhaps we are apt to regard politeness as a mere veneer. The pleasant smiles, the spirit of helpfulness, the ready sacrifice are not of the exterior alone.

A good manner, like the good nature that is a part of it, is not a thing to be thrown off and on with a dress coat. It is of the man as the aroma is of the rose.

The polite man is at a tremendous advantage. He can win favor and fortune under circumstances where the loose-mannered and slovenly-spirited is left to grumble in failure. It is not altogether because of the

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sterling character that lies back of it and gives it birth.

Politeness is a good capital in any business. A car conductor in a large eastern city has proved it so and so has every other man who ever made good manners a part of his equipment.

This conductor gave a little better service than he was supposed to be paid for. He was careful of the comfort and safety of the children, the ladies, the old men and the cripples who rode on his car. He met querulous complaints with pleasant smiles and kindly words.

He collected no more fares for the company than any other conductor. He was no more efficient and faithful in other respects than perhaps hundreds of his fellows.

But, somehow that one advantage was sufficient. In his kindness to his passengers he was unconsciously kind to himself. He came to be selected for special runs where courtesy was of special importance. And now he has been made a dispatcher.

He has won his way to a good place by his politeness, just as millions of other men have done in other lines before him and as millions more will do in time to come.

Politeness pays. It attracts friends and good fortune.

It is a well-spring of well wishes. It creates about a man an atmosphere in which "luck" loves to linger.

Most of us seem to think the world owes us much and that we owe the world nothing. We seem to be on our guard against giving any more in service than we are actually paid for. Even our smiles we reserve unless we see chance to coin them into ready cash. We go through life grabbing and grumbling, giving nothing to employer or public but what is specifically called for in the contract.

And there is where we make a serious mistake. Only as we give do we grow. Only as we lift others do

we lift ourselves. Only as we bring joy into life do we really live.

There is no true woman but will repay her husband over and over again for kind, thoughtful treatment. He is ready to call her childish, and she may seem so to him, but the one thing is sure, a woman never forgets. All little deeds of love or thoughtfulness sown by his hand yield a certain and abundant harvest. She may love her home better than any other spot on earth, yet she sometimes gets so weary of the daily routine of never-ending duties that fall to her lot that she can not help an occasional feeling of envy for those who have more time for recreation, for going abroad, for all the little things dear to the heart of every woman, but which the stern hand of duty debars her from enjoying. Still, for all that, she would not for the whole world exchange places, even if she could, with any woman, leaving home and John—dear old John—as the price of her freedom from care. If your wife has been a faithful and true wife to you, tell her so.

Appreciate your mother while you have her. It is the almost universal testimony of young women who have lost mother that they did not realize what she was to them until after her exit from this life. Indeed, mother is in the appreciation of many a young lady a hindrance. The maternal inspection is often considered an obstacle. Mother has so many notions about that which is proper and that which is improper. It is astounding how much more many girls know at eighteen than their mothers at forty-five.

Push! It is just the word for the grand, clear morning of life; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world that is full of work as this is. If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back. Push!

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