

Ashland Tidings

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Ashland, Ore., Monday, Nov. 1, 1915

TOOTH CARPENTRY.

Our friends of the tooth—the doctors of dental surgery, we mean—are just now giving us much delectable alimant regarding the high purpose, high achievement and high jinks of tooth carpentry, and we are grateful. The layman has much to learn of the dentist by the way of simple precepts, homely formulas and prudent ways for the inexpensive preservation of his teeth. And these—his teeth—are among his most indispensable assets.

Without his teeth a man can't whistle as he should, neither can he preserve the witching curves of his human form divine, except reversed. Without his teeth he would starve at a banquet or be unable to gnash when only gnashing would meet the requirement of the situation. Even imitations, if we have the price, must be resorted to, when nature fails. Yes, give us teeth or give us death. They should be permanent as the living rock—imperishable. That they should be transient as the bloom of youth we can not understand, except it be to keep the dentists out of other mischief.

Yet these have done their best, and it isn't bad. Moreover, they are improving every day. They now hurt only a little several times instead of prostrating us at one fell swoop, and promise to do better yet. The present method is on the principle adopted by the Indian who cut off his dog's tail an inch at a time, "so that it wouldn't hurt so much," and let it go at that.

Among late advances by the dental sharps which lure our attention is local anesthetization of a part about to be tortured. This does away with the necessity of total oblivion, and its after effects are less embarrassing. One is less liable to tell it all under this practice, and it is no more fatal to one's financial system than the complete collapse thereof under the other barbarism.

And besides, this localization procedure is now being improved upon, as more knowledge of facial nerves, their uses and abuses, is acquired. It is now proposed to trace a nerve from its outpost in a given tooth back to the switchboard in the brain, if one has such a thing, and at or near that juncture, or somewhere along the line, inject the quieting agency therein, or near thereto, thus securing complete somnolence of the nerve, or whatever it is that jumps, and, presto, one may even smile in the torture chair. It's a great system and, so long as we must have transitory teeth, we're for it.

It seems to us that if there could be added one more achievement by the dentists, one which we have in mind, their professional status would be supreme for all time, no matter what their politics. There is one other highly sensitive nerve which they have heretofore shocked unmercifully and which, once touched, never fully recovers. We refer, of course, to the nerve which the dentist's nerve arouses when he names the bill. It is commonly called the pocketbook nerve. It reaches the eyes and makes them shed tears profusely at times. If this could be spared, even so moderately as that one might buy one meal before again taking up the burdens of self-support, it would put the hum in humanity, open many an ivory cavern of forgotten joy, and make many a fang rejoice.

The automobile tourist season is drawing toward a close and returned travelers are telling their friends about Ashland's auto camp in several hundred towns throughout the country.

AUTOMOBILE COMPETITION.

Railroads that do a heavy tourist business have been complaining about their losses through automobile competition. With a good sized family, the saving by using a motor can be very considerable. It is one of the economies which people advance to offset the cost of the car. But as a matter of fact there may not be much saving here. The average motor party probably spends as much in hotel bills and garage fees as it saves. But they think they are saving the price of the railroad passage, which amounts to the same thing. The effect is seen in the passenger earnings of any line doing a tourist business. In the commuter towns around the large cities the motor party takes the place of the train. In the plainer communities the working people will scramble for the 7:12 train for the city office as they did of yore. But in wealthier neighborhoods the social sight of the whole masculine element rushing en masse for the 8:34 is no more. The swift motor gives the business man five minutes longer over his egg and coffee.

The railroads for the time being will be hard put to it to make economies to counterbalance this loss. Perhaps they could cut off some nearly empty sleeping and parlor cars. Many of these are hauled over long distances with three or four people lonely in solitary grandeur. These cars are heavy and it costs good money to haul them.

The railroads will always continue to be the great democratic highway for the mass of the people. Long tours in a motor can have zest for a time, but in time it ceases to be a novelty. The train covers the distance in the least time and the greatest certainty. It costs more and more money to build a railroad, so that an existing right of way gets more and more valuable. The country is growing and there will be many freight shipments additional for every motor party that is lost.

ADVERTISING.

And now comes Unc. Walt Mason with this jingle—and like all that comes from this wise old philosopher, it points an obvious moral:

"When I was selling hooks and eyes, I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily at my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in "Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small point of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees."

COW CREEK CANYON.

The Roseburg Evening News in a recent editorial advocates official action changing the name of Cow Creek canyon to some more appropriate name. The News states that Cow creek does not flow through the canyon that the road passes through and which is known as Cow Creek canyon, but makes a wide detour on the other side of the mountain. "Cow Creek" canyon is transversed by Canyon creek.

The canyon is one of the grand scenic attractions both on the Pacific highway and the Southern Pacific. A name a little less suggestive of a barnyard would seem more suitable for such an attraction. The News suggests "Applegate canyon" in honor of Jesse Applegate, the Oregon pioneer whose name is indelibly linked with the early history of Douglas county and the entire state.

Ashland's Glass of Water.

The Tidings has just printed the beautiful glass of water prepared by Mr. Duryea on a large number of envelopes (the glass immediately under the return card) and has them on sale at this office in packages of 25 at 10 cents a package. Every citizen should secure and use these envelopes in their correspondence and thus help to put Ashland on the map without extra cost to themselves. The price, 10 cents the package, is the same envelopes are usually sold for without the beautiful advertising souvenir.

November 1 and the roses still blooming in midsummer beauty.

High School Notes

(By John Anderson.)

Rallies have been the order of the week at the high school. Wednesday evening a bunch consisting mostly of girls gathered on the east bleachers on the athletic grounds and, led by Yell Leader Leith Abbott, pierced the air with yells that would have made Vasear look sick. However, this was not considered satisfactory, as there was not enough bass to balance the yells, so a short rally was held Thursday noon in the assembly and arrangements were made for a big rally to be held that evening after supper. The confectionery store of Charlie Loomis was chosen as the meeting place and 7 o'clock the hour. At 7 o'clock the atmosphere around "Charlie's" began to respond with yells, hoots and the sound of cowbells. When a goodly bunch had collected, Commander Abbott gave the word to fall in and, headed by a sign which announced the Friday's game, started on its march to the Plaza. The Lyric Theatre was the first stop, and for a while the mob of yelling students drew much more of a crowd than the theatre. After giving a few yells they marched on to the Vining Theatre, where a few more yells were dispensed and announcements in regard to the game given. So with many stops and yells the distance to the Plaza and back was finally covered. When they

A WIDOW'S MONEY.

(Saturday Evening Post.)

With slight intelligence and small industry, three or four swindlers in Chicago—ably assisted by the police—cleaned up fifty thousand dollars a year fleecing widows by the threadbare clairvoyant and spiritualistic game. Newspaper advertisements—which should have made the newspaper proprietors liable to indictment—brought in the victims. In the ante-room the widow found a couple of other women who were also waiting to see the "professor."

Sympathetic conversation ensued, during which the victim told all about herself, not dreaming that these waiting widows were merely stool pigeons of the professor and would at once report the conversation to him.

Admitted to the professor's presence, the victim was amazed to hear the main facts of her case recited before she had opened her mouth. Thus convinced of the professor's occult powers, she docilely followed his revelations as to how she should invest her money—namely, in some utterly worthless mining stock, of which the professor kept a bale on hand. If the victim did not disclose herself satisfactorily to the waiting stool pigeons, her address was learned and a spy sent out to question servants or neighbors; or she was induced to write out some questions from which the professor could get sufficient knowledge of her situation to mystify her.

Widows with life insurance money are the special prey, also, of blue-sky swindlers. A great many women receive money at the demise of their husbands without much more capacity to take care of it than might be expected of a ten-year-old child. Women who are to receive money should be taught what to do with it; otherwise it is merely a matter of luck whether a man's life insurance—or fortune—is a provision for his dependents or only a prize for the first swindler who comes along.

Men who leave a considerable estate often put it in the hands of a responsible trust company for their dependents' benefit—a good example for anybody whose wife is innocent of business experience and business sense.

The boy who thinks he can smoke cigarettes and give full measure of efficiency on the football field is in the same class with the man who thinks he can frolic under the bright lights every night until 2 o'clock and deliver the best at the office every day.

Get your watch repairing done at Johnson's Jewelry Store. 97-1f

No Expense

Check and bank books are furnished you at this bank free of charge.

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turned into the vacant lot beside the Vining Theatre they found the pile of boxes which they had prepared for a bonfire already burning brightly, and after marching around it several times they came to a standstill and indulged in a few more yells. Announcements and talks were made by members of the faculty, Coach Motchenbacher of Klamath Falls and Acting Captain Cunningham of Ashland, and finally as the fire died down the crowd broke up. One of the features of the evening was the number of Charlie Chaplins and Weber and Fields present.

Murree Holmes has been nursing a sprained thumb the last few days as the result of an encounter with, or, rather, a retreat from, a cow. She had all but made her escape over the fence when her foot slipped and she fell, landing on her thumb. She has one consolation, that she fell on the right side of the fence. This is the second time she has sprained the same thumb as a result of retreating from the same cow.

Professor Moore went to Medford last Tuesday evening. He reports that Coach Klum has a fine squad of players and that Ashland will have to "go some" to beat them.

Last Monday and Tuesday the first two games of the girls' singles were played. So far the tennis racquet rests between Alice Vandersluis and Margaret Ames, both of Talent. The games Monday and Tuesday were between Alice Vandersluis and Charlotte Chappelle, and Margaret Ames and Nelle Snyder, respectively.

You must not tell anyone, but Ashland defeated Klamath Falls again last Friday afternoon.

In a freshman class meeting last Friday noon it was decided, by a minority of the class (most of them sneaked down the back stairs and escaped) that a reception should be given the sophomores in return for the one which was given them some time ago. Committees were chosen to take care of the "eats," the entertainment, etc. They all agreed that it was to be a grand affair. Wennie and Spencer were appointed to collect from the rooks, so from now on whenever either of them comes around, one will probably see about three freshies sneaking around the corner.

The next game of the season is to be between Ashland and Grants Pass at Grants Pass. Medford beat them 34 to 0 Saturday before last, so Ashland must go down and beat them worse.

The high school faculty and Mrs. Briscoe enjoyed a beefsteak feed down by the swinging bridge on Bear creek Friday night. They all seemed

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to be in a good humor this morning, so one would surmise that they had a good time.

A senior class meeting was held Friday noon to decide on class pins and invitations. Some beautiful specimens of each were on display.

Nineteen Jackson Students at U. of O.

University of Oregon, Eugene.—Jackson county with nineteen students compares favorably with the other counties of the state in the number of representatives at the State University this year. The nineteen are: Mildred Brown, Bertha Clark, George Gates, Jay Gore, Harold Grey, Ruth Lawrence, Lucile Messner, Ruth Nye, Vera Olmstead, Dolph Phipps, Jessie Purdy, William Rebec and Mary Stevenson of Medford, Bertha Kincaid and Carroll Wagner of Ashland, Agnes Dunlap of Central Point, Charles W. Prim of Jacksonville, Mary Trux of Gold Hill and Ruth Wilson of Talent.

Jackson county students are taking an active part in student activities. Jay Gore is a member of the "varsity band, Lucile Messner is on the staff of the Emerald, the college paper, and Bertha Kincaid is prominent in women's enterprises.

This year's registration shows an increase of 10 per cent over the enrollment of the corresponding time last year. The growth is attributed to the greater number of high school graduates throughout the state and to the better facilities offered by the university, which have diverted the flow of students to other colleges.

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

\$2 per tier for dry body wood. Telephone 420-J. 45-1f

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

The display of school spirit evidenced by the students of the Ashland high school, who turned out practically all of the student body last Thursday evening in one of the liveliest football rally and parades ever seen in the city, augurs well for the future. The high school boys and girls of today are the voters and citizens of tomorrow, and the spirit manifested in united co-operation for the success of high school activities will be applied in days to come to the activities and problems of community life.

Little Pal.

Mary Pickford was more lovable than ever in "Little Pal," which was shown at the Vining Friday. A big crowd greeted Ashland's favorite screen actress.

Du Barry.

Mrs. Leslie Carter in Du Barry at the Vining last night was superb. The production is a wonderful piece of photography. The scene settings were in old Italy and the acting perfect.

Coffee

You can't get fresher coffee than Schilling's Best—don't care where you live. It's just as fresh and full of flavor when you get it as it was an hour after it left the roaster.

The airtight tins seal-in the flavor and keep-out all odors. Moneyback, of course.

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Best

Staple and Fancy
Dry Goods
Sorosio Shoes

VAUPEL'S
The QUALITY STORE

Butterick Patterns
GENTS' FURNISHINGS
SHOES

Quality - Better Quality

Is our daily watchword in regard to the merchandise you buy at this store. Our constant aim is to give you better merchandise at the price you pay for inferior goods.

Blankets

Are blankets on your list? Supplies of blankets that seemed generous a few weeks ago develop into a shortage these cool nights. We have them from 50c a pair to \$10.00 a pair.

Table Linen

Fine, silky qualities at saving prices. Where is the housewife who won't feel a thrill of pleasure when she catches sight of these beautiful satiny damasks in the carefully wrought conventional patterns that are so decidedly the vogue.

Underwear

For chilly days, nothing quite so important to health and comfort as the right kind of underwear. Athena underwear for women and children. Boys' fleeced union suits at 50c a suit.

Dressmakers Supplies

For professional and home seamstress. Ever think what a lot of time and patience as well as money wasted on unsatisfactory notions. This store is headquarters for reliable small wares of all kinds.

SHOES

The new Sorosio shoes are in, let us show them to you shoes that sold up to \$3.50
Special \$1.98

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