

Ashland Tidings

By
THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.
(Incorporated.)
SEMI-WEEKLY.
ESTABLISHED 1876.

Bert R. Greer, Editor and Manager.
Lynn Mowat, News Reporter

Issued Mondays and Thursdays
Official City and County Paper

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

TELEPHONE 39

Advertising rates on application.
First-class job printing facilities.
Equipments second to none in the interior.

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., Monday, Feb. 28, 1916

Here's Another
Good Reason—
All Prosperous
Stores Advertise

IMAGINATION AND BUSINESS.

(Eugene Guard.)

In a recent address, Chauncey M. Depew stated that imagination plays a big part in business success. Failure to rely upon it, in his own case, cost him a fortune. He said:

"In 1877 I had an option on a sixth of the Bell telephone for some days for \$10,000. I consulted the most famous telegraphic expert in the country and he advised me to drop it. 'It is a toy and commercially a fake,' he said. Had I followed my strong faith in the enterprise I would today (if alive, which is doubtful) be a hundred millionaire. I have always lost money when following the advice of experts. They are governed by their data and lack of imagination, and without imagination all things not demonstrated are to them worthless."

There is no denying the truth of Mr. Depew's conclusion. Business men, of course, are prone to boast of their "hard common sense," of being calmly and judiciously practical, and to scoff at any idea of imagination finding an important place in their operations. But they are an imaginative lot for all of that. Business itself is half imagination. To be sure, it does not bring into play the same sort of imagination that the novelist uses, but who will deny that some of the world's greatest business enterprises, representing millions in capital, were first of all visualized in the active imagination of some promoter. Has imagination no part, for instance, in the building of a new railroad? Is it not required, demanded, to shape and develop, as well as to conceive the idea, and then to picture it as actually realized, an accomplished fact, so that others may see it as such and so weight its merit and value?

If Mr. Depew's imagination had been big enough, or if his faith in it had been strong enough, the advice of the expert would not have stood between him and fortune.

Mrs. Greer advertised in the Tidings classified columns for six laying hens. Within two days she had been offered that many dozen by dozens of people. Twenty-five cents invested in a classified ad will get quicker results than any other way. Try it.

In view of the fact that automobiles may cost more next spring, many people feel that it is the only prudent and thrifty course to borrow money and buy one.

GOTHIC AN ARROW
COLLAR 2 for 25c
IT FITS THE CRAVAT
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., MAKERS

Talks With Screen-Struck Girls



Series Two.
By Beatriz Michelena.
No. 3.

(Copyrighted January, 1916, by Beatriz Michelena.)

Following my warning in the last "talk" about having too receptive an ear for your friends' well-intended prophecies, I may add the suggestion that you take all cheap advice on motion picture affairs "with a pinch of salt."

It is astonishing to note the number of people who would seem to know more about motion pictures than about the particular line of business for which they are supposed to be qualified. It would almost appear that the more real experience one has in pictures, the less he or she knows about them. I am acquainted with one girl—she occasionally dresses my

hair—who would willingly tell you more in fifteen minutes about motion pictures than I shall be able to impart in this entire series of "talks." And the surprising part of it is that she can dispense her information with so small an expenditure of thought. I have met a great many others exactly like her.

It is well that the "screen-struck girl" realize that there is a frightful amount of misconception concerning motion picture acting, and that it is trying hard to pass muster as real information. It may be had for the asking—yes, too often without the asking.

There are people who will assure you—as they have assured me—that motion picture directors everywhere spend a good part of their time tearing their hair because they can not find enough actresses to fill their casts. This is altogether ridiculous. True, there is, and always will be, room at the top for real ability coupled with ambition and a willingness to work and learn; but never for a minute, you girl who would succeed, figure on finding a place in pictures through the supposition that a dearth of talent in the profession will allow you to "squeeze" in. At the studio where I work there are two big drawers filled with applications on file, and a great many of the girls whose names are listed there will never "squeeze" in.

ious life is, and it is sometimes possible for a man to live and have communion with his God and the people of the world not know just what his religious views are.

J. A. LEMERY.

Whose Fault Is It?

Editor Tidings: Numerous complaints are being made of depredations being committed in the parks and many other places around town, of business houses being broken into, and of hoboes loitering around town in numerous numbers.

It would seem like the people who commit depredation would refrain from such sport and that the robbers would be considerate enough to not break in and rob stores, and that the Weary Willies would keep on counting the ties instead of stopping in Ashland, at least while our once well regulated police department is undergoing a siege of economy and is in its crippled condition, two men trying to do the work of four and keep it up continually twelve hours per day.

Are these depredations, robberies and undesirables in Ashland the fault of the police, the fault of an economy campaign, or the councilmen who reduced the police force? It surely is not the fault of the police, when taken into consideration that two men are trying to do work enough for four men, but someone is at fault. That we know. Who is it?

CITIZEN.

THE COST.

(By Mrs. Fred Walters.)

O nations of Europe, did you count the cost
When the flaming brand of mad war was tossed
To the peaceful laboring sons of men,
And so quickly changed to a howling den,
The streets where calm, serene, had been?
Did you count the cost of that first red brand,
E'er its flying was out of your hand?
Or were you surprised when the world took fire
With leaping flames, mounting higher and higher
Till the whole world seemed to share your ire?
The hearts of your people, did you willfully bare
And place this accursed war brand there?
And you, O kings, did you count the cost,
A century reared, and so quickly lost,
Your cathedrals old, and your works of art

NEAREST TO EVERYTHING

Hotel Manx
San Francisco
Powell St. at O'Farrell
Oregonians Headquarters while in San Francisco
"Meet me at the Manx"
moderate rates
Running distilled ice water in every room. Special attention given to ladies traveling unescorted. A la carte dining room.
Management of Chester W. Kelley

Coffee

We are glad to speak well of every coffee that is packed ground into air-tight tins.

Schilling's Best is not the only good coffee! It is simply our best; we make no other kind.

The blitzy chaff is taken out by suction; the grinding is even; the full flavor means economy.

Schilling's Best

With the beauty your workmen did impart
Were the boastful pride of every heart
Did you count the cost of the seed you've sown,
When they're burned, and broken, and battered down?
Did you count the cost, when the sons of toil
Were plunged headlong in the mad turmoil,
Tho' you shrank, your own precious hands to soil?
Is it nothing to you, that these men have strived
In the busy centers, where commerce thrived
Your cities are looted, your forests aflame,
Will you tell me where I may place the blame?
You have vacant shops, and your mills are still,
Your banks are barred, and the people thrill
That your one great business is to kill.
O Kings of earth, can you give me your word,
Did you count the cost, when you unsheathed the sword?
Your vineyards broad, and your blades of wheat,
Were they made to be trampled by soldiers' feet,
Or did God give, that the hosts might eat?
Did you reckon these items, your men and your gold?
If you did, then why did you peace withhold?
All lined up and ready your armies stand,
To deal out destruction at your command.

Puff your way into the joys of Prince Albert!

Go ahead, quick as you lay in a stock of the national joy smoke! Fire up a pipe or a makin's cigarette as though you never did know what tobacco bite and parch meant!

For Prince Albert is freed from bite and parch by a patented process controlled exclusively by us. You can smoke it without a comeback of any kind because P. A. is real tobacco delight.

PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

will do for you what it has done for thousands of men, not only in the States but all over the world! It will give you a correct idea of what a pipe smoke or a home-rolled cigarette should be.

Get this Prince Albert pipe-peace and makin's-peace message, you men who have "retired" from pipe and cigarette-makin's pleasure; you men who have never known its solace! Because you have a lot of smoke pleasure due you quick as you pack-your-pipe or roll-a-cigarette with P. A. and make fire!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

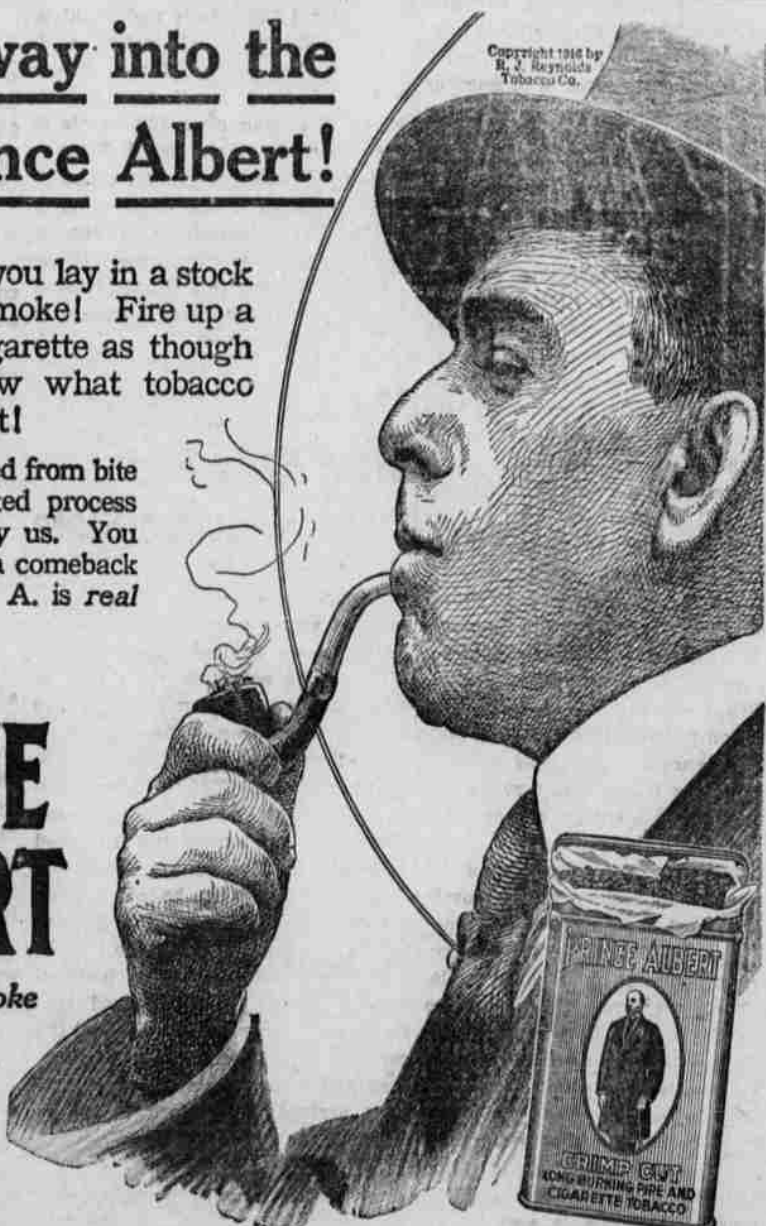
The Oldest National Bank in Jackson County
Member Federal Reserve System
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Capital and Surplus \$120,000.00
DEPOSITORY OF
City of Ashland County of Jackson State of Oregon
United States of America

To the number of twenty-one million men,
The strongest, the fittest, the best, have been
Withdrawn from the plow, the saw, and pen.
Your kingship's honor was trailed in dust,
So you called them forth to the world's blood lust.
Those that are left when the war is o'er
Will be crippled, and bent, and their bodies fair
Be torn by the minotaur of war.
Did you think of this when your bugle pealed,
And you hurried them off to the battle field?
And you called it forth, this revengeful hate,
That you your honor might vindicate.
You speak of honor—you who dare
The youth from his mother's bosom tear,
And bid him the sword and rifle bear.
See the fair forms piled. Do you hear their groans?
Some dead, some anguished, by thirst and wounds.
Does your blood run hot, does it make you wild,
And the father's anger, can it be mild
When he thinks of the crime of his ravished child?
Oh, what is your miserable honor then
To the awful sufferings you've brought on men?
When you called for men to the front to go,
Did you think of the women, their abysmal woe.
O mothers of Europe, your eyes are wet,
Your mourning's like Rachel's, you can't forget;
There's no comfort for you, that I have met.
Your tears by each other are understood,
They proclaim you a mourning sisterhood.

Though you speak with a different tongue and pen,
And a wild race hate claims your fighting men,
Yet your one big sorrow doth make you kin.
When you see the cost, will you place your ban
On this jungle business, where man hunts man?
O nations of Europe, in this mammoth war,
Will you tell me what you are fighting for?
To save mankind, the whole world wide,
Only one Saviour was crucified.
But to save your honor, a million died.
To your sacred trust, if you prove untrue,
And when men have died, if it's naught to you,
Beware, O kings, lest when this war's done
There should be a larger and greater one,
In which you may find yourselves undone.
You'll lament that you did not count the cost,
When you your kingdoms perchance have lost.

Yreka News: The Matterns, who have been spending their winter with their parents in Ashland, were in Yreka Monday on their way to the mines in the Salmon river country. Bert Mattern has charge of the Taylor Creek mine and John Mattern is the manager of the Highland mine. The latter received a telephone message from the foreman at the Highland that a snowslide had carried away the blacksmith shop and change room. The tools for the full force of men went with the blacksmith shop. He said that as near as he could find out the shop was carried for fully a mile down the side of the mountain. Active work will be commenced at an early date at both mines.

Johnson the jeweler for fine watch work.



On the reverse side of this tidy tin you will read: "Process Patented July 30th, 1907," which has made three men smoke pipes where one smoked before!