

Ashland Tidings

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Ashland, Ore., Monday, April 3, 1916

An Ad. In These
Columns Will Sell
Anything From a
Needle to an Anchor.
What Do You Want
To Sell?

SOME DEFINITIONS.

In the colloquial word-mintage of the past decade, the two words "booster" and "knocker" have come into a tremendous popularity. It is but natural that there should be some little confusion as to their precise meaning, especially as the title of "booster" has been claimed by a great many types of men. Indeed it is an open question whether some specimens of the genus are not more dangerous to a community and to progress than the knocker whom he deprecates.

The essential difference between the booster and the knocker is one of temperament. The booster, good, bad or indifferent, is a positive character. He is the inevitable plus sign in community arithmetic. Whatever his mistakes, he can be relied upon for one thing—action. Whatever his principles, ideas, and dreams for the future, he must put them into motion. As he is the plus sign of arithmetic, he is the hydrogen of community chemistry. He is a dangerous, explosive, status-destroying element, with no regard to the traditions of the past save as stepping stones to the future, and less regard for the phantoms that live in the past and call themselves men.

Now as the booster is the plus sign, the knocker is the minus. Mind, soul and body, he is negative in his reaction to the present and future. He may be a good negative, a peace-loving, balance-preserving negative, but negative he is, and all the opportunities in the world can not make him turn hopeful eyes toward the future. The past is his province, where he dwells with his dreams of what might have been, had men respected the glory of the ancient regime. Alarmed, therefore, by the disturbing activity of the booster, who is busy tearing down barns to build garages, and fences to make parks, he sees only headlong failure and ruin staring in the future, and he raises his voice in Jeremiads and invective against innovations of all kinds. Hence his name of knocker. He is the man who has utterly forgotten that "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, And God fulfills himself in many ways."

A man said the other day, "But it has come to the point where if anyone disagrees with you, and dares to see in a project possibilities of failure, he is called a knocker, and life is made miserable for him."

This has been true to a sorry extent. But there is always a test for a man, just as there is a test for a chemical. When you meet a man who raises objections to the scheme of existence that you would like to achieve, watch him. If he says, "I believe you are wrong. That object can not be accomplished in that way. But I believe that if you will go about it in a different way," then grab that man unto your heart for a friend. He is the best kind of a booster. Whereas a true knocker will say, "I disagree with you. I think your aim is chimerical, too expensive, and idealistic. I shall do all

They Are Coming This Summer, Clean Up and Be Ready to Receive Them

Talks With Screen-Struck Girls



(Copyrighted January, 1916, by Beatriz Michelena.)

I have received a very interesting letter from a girl in Decatur, Ill., and, following the suggestion in my first "talk," she has filled it quite full to the brim with questions.

One of these will furnish me a text for this week. She asks, "Why is it so many people give a bad name to picture actresses. Why can't a movie girl be just as honorable and make her living just as honestly as any girl at some other occupation?"

This brings up the whole question of morals in the motion picture profession; and it seems to be a very burning question in some quarters—made so, perhaps, more often by misconception and misrepresentation than by conditions actually existing. It is an old adage and a very true one that "The devil one finds in Paris is the devil he brings there with him."

There is good and bad everywhere;

either may be had for the selecting. In the picture profession a girl may find the same degree and quality of bad that she may find in the village or the city block at home; or she may find the same degree and quality of good. It rests with the girl rather than the profession.

A girl can most assuredly be just as honorable in pictures as elsewhere. Some of the sweetest and best girls I have ever known are motion picture actresses.

Why, then, the bad name that so many people give the profession? In the first place, people are always looking for the bad, and especially looking for it in the high places. They would much rather find it than the good. The newspaper editor, who must necessarily be a keen judge of human nature and human likes and dislikes, knows this. That is why so many headlines concern themselves with crime and divorces and scandal.

Now in looking for the bad, the people naturally turn their eyes in the direction where the spotlight of publicity strikes most brilliantly. Scandal about a humble factory girl has small relish, but if it be about a woman of fame and achievement it is very sweet indeed.

No one is placed more prominently before the public gaze than the motion picture actress. Little notice is given her virtues. That side is uninteresting. But if she takes the smallest step amiss, a great shout goes up at once. Her misdeed is magnified and extended until it is made to overcast the entire profession.

In my power to keep such a project from succeeding." The best thing you can do is to tell that man that you want him to be your enemy, for he will confuse projects and people, and the future and its agents, and be friend to none of them.

Boosterism is merely the spirit of helpfulness, plodding on toward a future, recognizing one's own and the other fellow's weaknesses and obstacles, and helping, eternally helping at every point along the road.

Knockerism is eternal negation of co-operation, the propaganda of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Robert Louis Stevenson had a knocker in mind when he said, "Even humanity can forgive a sinner, but even God can not forgive the hanger-back."

THE GLAD HAND.

By Leonard Hinton.

The presence in the city of W. E. Priestley, superintendent of fireworks at the P. P. I. E., was noted in Thursday's Tidings. I take the opportunity to present an excerpt or two from an interview with Mr. Priestley which should be of interest to the people of Ashland.

I found the fireworks wizard enjoying a late afternoon sun bath in the city park. It seemed a pity to disturb a man so delightfully occupied, but my conscience was appeased when I discovered that he was willing to talk on any number of interesting topics.

As a loyal Ashlander I asked for an opinion on the city park system.

"I have familiarized myself with all the finest parks on the coast," he said. "They are a sort of hobby with me. From Balboa Park in San Diego to Stanley in Vancouver I never fail to pay them a visit. Your park development here is rather unique. There is no city of its size on the coast which has so fine a park. This is largely due to the fact that natural values in park construction have been respected. The only park I know of on a similar scale in which this treatment has been wisely followed is Alum Rock Park in San Jose."

Mr. Priestley had been gazing toward Mount Ashland and the neighboring hills, and I saw that he was losing none of the beauty of light and shadow that envelops them in the late afternoon. I was in a measure prepared for his next remark.

"I believe that you fail to properly advertise altitude in dealing with Ashland as a resort. The first impression I gained of Ashland was of the bracing quality of the air. This is in great contrast to the enervating heat I have experienced in some cities of international fame as resorts. Honolulu, for instance. Yet to the real health seeker, particularly if afflicted with asthma or kindred ailments, altitude is a matter of prime import. Another thing which the people of a mountainous country are likely to forget is the value of hill-climbing as a recreation and health-restoring exercise. I dare say the people here think very little of it, but there is nothing which will please

the city dweller more than a vacation in a place where there are hills, and if he wishes, real mountains to climb. If you can put yourself in the place of the city man, and adopt his viewpoint for a moment, you begin to see many points which are tremendous assets in an advertising way which are likely to be overlooked at home from their very unfamiliarity."

Mr. Priestley's home city is Seattle. He spoke at some length of the value of separate booster organizations, affiliated only in a general way with the commercial clubs and such bodies.

"In Seattle we have the Tillikums, or Friends. The Tillikums attend in a body all local celebrations and all public events throughout the state. Thus they accomplish two things. Real constructive boosting becomes a habit in the city itself, and the advertising value of the excursions abroad of a body of representative business men is hard to compute. Furthermore, semi-social activities of this kind are the surest means of establishing an entente cordiale among the business men who make up the membership. This genial spirit of personal friendship and co-operation can hardly be built up in any other way."

Otto T. Brandt, traveling freight agent for the O-W. R. & N., was an Ashland visitor Thursday in the interests of his company, and spent some time in viewing the improvements in the park. Quite in the manner of the majority of visitors, Mr. Brandt expressed his pleasure at finding the parks becoming so beautiful, and his appreciation of the mineral water.

"I am always a staunch booster for the lithia springs of Ashland," he remarked to the writer. "My faith in the future of the city is very great. In this, of course, I only share the opinion of every unbiased observer. There is everything in the environment and location of Ashland to bring success. Of course, success in such matters depends largely upon the enterprise and originality of the community in attracting tourists. But it is evident that a great deal has already been accomplished in the right direction in the improvements which have been accomplished on every hand."

On the whole, we doubt if there is anything a woman derives more honest, downright enjoyment from than a good cry.

TRADE AT HOME PRINCIPLES.

Cutthroat competition between local merchants is absolutely destructive. To be eternally lowering the per cent of profit in order to secure business from your competitor can result in nothing less than ruin for both the aggressor and his competitor. One cuts his per cent of profit and the other must follow him down, and will follow him down, in order to hold his customers, until both are handling merchandise at a loss. That spells ruin to them both. Neither is such competition good for the consumer. The local merchant has his proper place in the economy of trade. He brings the consumers' necessities together in large lots, saving quantity discounts, quantity freight rates, etc. Thus he is enabled through quantity buying to save a reasonable profit for himself in acting as the agent of the consumer, which, in reality, the local merchant is. Therefore, the per cent a merchant can save in handling big lots and that he can make in purchasing big lots, over what the consumer could get buying small lots as his necessity arises, is the merchant's legitimate profit. Taking that as his profit, he prospers without taking that profit out of his local customer.

But, the moment local merchants combine to take away from the consumer a greater profit than they are able to legitimately earn by such saving, they become leeches on the consumer, and have no legitimate reason to succeed. Nor will they succeed, for the consumer will refuse to be held up and buy his supplies where he can get them for less. Whatever reason may be found, if indeed there be any justification for trading by mail lies in the lack of the merchant to fulfill the proper function of legitimate agency between the producer and consumer.

A larger legitimate profit may accrue to the merchant through favorable buying. A thing well bought is half sold. The merchant who can outbuy his competitor can outsell his competitor and still make the same rate of profit. That sort of competition is legitimate and healthful and should be the aim of every merchant. Any combination between merchants to hold up price levels, where all of them buy of the same jobber, at the same cost price, and sell to the consumer at the same selling price, in the hope of holding high profit levels, is simply a combination to hold up the consumer, is suicidal to the merchant, ruinous to the town and a sure breeder of mail-order buying. The highest act of citizenship and the greatest benefaction to both the merchant and the community is to lend a hand in helping to break any such combination, for such policy on the part of the merchants is out of line with the law of economics, is the wrong method of merchandising, and where it is allowed to long exist in a community will certainly destroy the country merchant and the country town.

The trade-at-home campaign now being conducted by the Tidings is in the hope of bringing the merchant, the consumer and the producer to a better understanding and creating conditions, fair to all, in which Ashland money will be kept in Ashland, for every dollar sent to mail-order houses is as if the community had been hit in the head with a brick. Bound the city long enough with bricks and you beat it to death. Conditions of trade in Ashland need to be reformed and a sound basis established whereon the consumer, the producer and the merchant can trade together on equally beneficial terms. Nothing short of that will keep Ashland dollars at work in Ashland.

No rule is fair unless it works with equal benefit both ways. The producer must have a cash home market for what he produces. Nothing raised in the community should be bought by local merchants through jobbers from outside producers, and no producer should send to mail-order houses for supplies that can be purchased through the home merchant.

The trade-at-home campaign will be of little benefit unless conditions are first made fair both for merchant, producer and consumer. Mail-order buying will certainly destroy any city. Co-operation is the only salvation and can be maintained only through fair dealing by everybody concerned.

A young man usually keeps on being crazy about a girl as long as she keeps on being crazy about some other fellow.

The true course of love brain-storm apparently begins at the heart and ends at the pocketbook.

A "keynote" may be as long as a diplomatic note.

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THE QUALITY HOUSE.

By Leonard Hinton.

It has long been conceded that the most novel and effective display windows of the continent are to be found in the cities of the west. It is a distinction which western merchants may well be proud of, since there is no medium except newspaper advertising more effective than the display window when it is handled by an expert.

It is a pleasure to be able to say that in the shops of Ashland the importance of this phase of merchandising is being recognized.

The windows at Vaupel's, the Quality Store, are remarkably artistic and distinctive. Here one finds the same mastery of grouping and background, of the sweep and billow of silks and bolt goods, that graces the shops of the larger coast cities. The evening stroller may well pause for a few moments of window shopping before these ever changing displays.

When I found Mr. Gileve, the department manager, who has charge of all decorating for Vaupel's, he was busy with pot and brush achieving a conventional landscape of statuary and foliage. "Properties" for the Easter showing, he explained to me between brush strokes. Nor was he too busy to share with me his conception of his work.

"In connection with display work," said Mr. Gileve, "both Mr. Vaupel and I consider that an attractive showing of merchandise is the best method of selling it. If the modern merchant waited until goods were called for to unearth them from his shelves, he would soon become bankrupt. And it is only logical that the more attractive the showing, the greater the appeal of the goods themselves."

At this point we were joined by Mr. Vaupel himself. I asked him if his service to the buying public embraced anything out of the ordinary. "I believe it is a little out of the ordinary to say that we have the cleanest and best stock in southern Oregon," he responded. "We make a special effort to carry only goods which sell at once. We have practically no goods on hand for a length of time, no slow turn-over. By accomplishing this, we are able to sell goods at the lowest possible profit margin, and every day we are adding new items in which we can meet the prices of the mail-order houses."

"It might be well to add," interpolated Mr. Gileve, "that in our buying we make a point to secure the latest novelties in design and fabric. More than anything else, that is what enables us to hold the home trade in those lines."

Mrs. Ashland may consider herself very lucky to deal with a house which co-operates with her in securing the latest and best that the markets can supply at a price kept moderate, not at a sacrifice of quality but through greater efficiency in business methods.

THE WALLS OF SPARTA.

In the days of "the glory that was Greece" a certain nabob of the East, viewing with friendly eye the marvels of the known world, became the honored guest of the city of Sparta. In the course of his entertainment he and his retinue were conducted to a gentle eminence from which the whole of the city and the surrounding country could be viewed. The visitor expressed in fitting and courtly phrase his appreciation of the prospect, but at last he said, while a puzzled frown crossed his countenance, "But where are the walls of the city?" For there were no walls, and the potentate, accustomed to the massive fortifications which encompassed almost every city of the time, could ill understand such an omission. But one of the Spartans in the company smiled, slowly indicating the teeming life of the streets below.

"Behold," he answered, "the walls of the city. In Sparta the walls are the citizens, and every man is a brick."

Sparta is no more, nor Athens, in the forum of nations. Dreams and memories of them alone survive, and a present shackled to mediocrity by the errors of the past. The awful

panorama of History has flashed by, and each of the nations, and every genius and empire-builder and seer of the future has bowed to the dictum of a nameless Spartan. Not to the words of a mortal man, but to the embodiment of an immortal truth. And the threads of the future nations are woven therewith.

In America, the last great experiment of a world, a thousand cities press their towers and their dreams toward empire. Mountains are torn apart for their wealth, streams are harnessed for power, imperishable arteries of steel serve as channels of the commerce that is the life-blood of cities. And the cities build their walls. And in some of them a man may say with pride, "Behold, the walls are the citizens and every man a brick." And in other cities there are gaps in the wall, where the decay of disaffection and the careless building of narrow self-interest have created a wall for a day, and for a day only. And here the thinking man looks with regret, for he sees that the work is wasted, for the bricks are without straw.

Ashland, pioneer of the last wilderness, set in the mountains of a new Sparta, and robed in the sky of a new Italy, what is being builded into your walls? Are petty prejudices and disaffections betraying the city into the hands of its enemies? Are selfishness and dread of responsibilities strangling the future? Are you building with bricks without straw?

TILTING AT WINDMILLS.

Don Quixote lives forever in the world's literature as the most pathetic example of lofty ideals poorly directed. For Don Quixote, perceiving with sorrow the decline of knight errantry in Spain, left the seclusion of his study for the highways and byways of the world, seeking to right the wrongs of the oppressed. But his bravery was half madness, and when he came upon a windmill in a meadow, wheeling its great arms against the summer sky, the scholar-knight couched his lance and charged the monster. The tale of his defeat is, like many of life's grotesques, a thing of mingled laughter and tears—laughter for the absurdity, tears for the ideal that hides so often under the cloak of motley.

But the greatest pity is that Don Quixote is not a monument to the folly of the past so much as a prototype of follies yet to be. We are all the children of that half-mad scholar. And sooner or later in life as individuals and communities and nations, we go a-tilting at windmills.

The citizens of Ashland have broken their lances on many a windmill, and the greatest of them has been the dream of commercial pre-eminence in southern Oregon, as the center of a splendidly developed agricultural section. There are lances still a-tilt against it. But that victory, like Don Quixote's, will never be realized. Were all the lands of southern Oregon burdened with crops of grain, and orchards and gardens in full bearing, but a small part of the resulting prosperity would come to Ashland. The law of geographical distribution of trade forbids. Medford, Grants Pass and the other cities of the section have more valid claims to this territory than Ashland.

This does not mean that orchards around Ashland are impossible, or that their product is inferior. But it does mean that if there is a future for the city it lies in some other direction.

That we have possibilities along other lines is our salvation. The exploitation of the mineral springs can bring permanent prosperity to Ashland, a prosperity independent of blight or frost or market conditions. For the tourist crop, as the cities of the south have found, is a spot-cash proposition, and can be depended upon year after year.

Unfortunately there are many windmills around Ashland, and many knights are giving battle to them. Could their lances be engaged in the cause of Ashland, the resort, the future might be hastened a decade. All the modern weapons of the warfare of progress await hands and brains to use them. Can we hope for volunteers?

ASHLAND LUMBER COMPANY

Dealers in

LUMBER

Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors,
Roofing Papers, Cordwood,
Factory Block Wood