

Ashland Tidings

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Ashland, Ore., Thursday, April 6, '16

MEDFORD'S NEW RAILROAD.

Ashland is much interested in Medford's project for a new railroad to Blue Ledge mine. The proposed road will be a great thing for the whole valley and result in establishing many lumber manufacturing industries at Medford. What the valley needs is more payroll. With the wonderful timber and mining resources of this section and with such constructive force as is indicated in the action being taken by the people of Medford looking toward bonding for the new road, the day is not far away when the whole valley will prosper as never before. When this road project is completed the Rogue River valley will comprise three distinct centers of importance: Medford, the milling, mining and commercial center; Grants Pass, the sugar factory center; and Ashland, the great health and home resort. With each of these cities advancing along their distinctive and proper line there will be no occasion for undue rivalry and the Rogue River valley will become the most prosperous community on the Pacific coast. All these things spell diversity of industry and combination of effort. Diversity and co-operation will make the valley blossom like the rose. Let's become genuinely interested in our neighbors and their enterprises and lend whatever assistance that lies within our power, for the advancement of one community in this valley means the advancement of all.

WHEN YOU WRITE.

By Leonard Hinton.

Do you like Ashland? Do you think that the sunsets here are commonplace, or beautiful? Do the shifting lights on the hillsides ever appeal to you. Do you think the fruit and the vegetables of Ashland are superior in flavor to other fruit and vegetables? Do you think the people of the east have been sharing with us our early April weather? Are the scenic wonders of this section to be duplicated in your friends' back yards? Have you found exceptional fields here for your hobby of hunting, or fishing, or kodaking, or hiking, or motoring, or camping? Are there any mineral waters around Ashland?

I might go on indefinitely, and never leave the topics which are daily discussed on our street corners. And yet I wonder if when I wrote Cousin George's folks last I told them any of these things? Probably not, though George has been a camera fiend for years, with both the time and money to indulge his hobby. I wonder, now that I come to think of it, if I have ever devoted a paragraph of one of my letters to a description of Ashland, or sent away a pamphlet, or a postcard descriptive of southern Oregon. I am sure I have never gone a step out of my way to tell folks of the development of the city and its possibilities. Oh, well, next time I write . . .

I wonder how many letter-writers in Ashland have shared this experience? A great many of them, I am afraid, have unconsciously gone on neglecting the right word in the right place when it would be so easy to add. If through some miracle every letter leaving Ashland for the next twenty-four hours could be made richer by a single paragraph mentioning casually some aspect of the city that would please and interest a friend, that would be the finest advertisement Ashland has ever received, because it would be the voluntary expression of contented and enthusiastic people. When you write again, try it.

It's a wise trench that knows which side it's fighting.

THE FADING OF A GROUCH.

By Leonard Hinton.

Well, did you see 'em Sunday? The stacks of people. And more stacks. You wondered where they all came from. There were more varieties of people in Lithia Park than kinds of mice that followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin. And such nice people. My! And again My! There was a man whom I've passed every day on the street for months, and he never has spoken. Once he nodded. I think it hurt him. But Sunday he spoke. He smiled when he did it, too. It seemed quite painless. And I saw a woman who tatts, or crosshays, or whatever it is called, all day in the house, and has an ingrowing disposition. She was drinking lithia water, and I believe it was doing her good. And there was a man with a grouch. You knew it was a grouch because it had come out on him in spots. He was going into the park, and I was behind him, and I heard him say, "You never can tell what crazy stunt these Ashland people will be pulling off next." And he said it just that way . . . You know.

An hour or two later I saw that fellow. But he was changed. Oh, yes, very. He was sitting on the grass, and his coat was on the grass beside him, and his hat, and he was playing with two children while the wind was playing with his hair. The grouch? It had faded. Yes, ma'am. Just faded. I heard him laugh as I walked past, and that laugh said that it was a beautiful day, and that a park like Lithia Park was the next best thing to being a boy again, and that the people who agitated for things like that were pretty rum chaps after all, and that he was going to come here often, by George, and everything.

Which was going some. But, believe me, his was not the only grouch that faded. A happier, pleasanter, comelier crowd you have never seen than the one Sunday. The folks didn't want to be fed, either, or entertained, or preached at. They were quite contented, thank you, with looking over their property, the park, with its fountains, at which they were eternally drinking, and lounging on their lawns, and admiring their lake and their shade trees. And they went home thinking pleasant boosting things from which a great many of them have not yet recovered, and from which we hope they will never recover.

The only pity is that everyone in Ashland was not there. For there are still some who did not go to Lithia Sunday, who still have venomous grouches hidden away somewhere under their hide. I should have said the ghosts of grouches. For a normal grouch cannot live where there is so much boosting. A few, pale wrecks of former animosities, we still have with us, but their voices are growing faint and far away.

CONSIDERED TRIFLES.

When you meet a stranger on your way to and from work, or when you are walking in Lithia Park, do you speak to him? Or do you pass him by with your eyes focused on a dollar that you have conjured into the air before you? If you do the latter you deserve to lose the dollar, and you probably will in the end lose a great many of them.

There are already in Ashland a great many people who are paying their initial visit to southern Oregon. They are the advance guard of the future. Upon their reception while here, and the impressions which they carry away with them, a great deal depends.

It is of no avail to send out literature descriptive of the beauties of this city and the curative powers of our mineral waters if the impression made upon our guests is one of cool aloofness and reserve. Great as the healing properties of mineral waters are, the pleasant nod, the morning greeting, the quick smile are more potent drugs than all those in the pharmacopoeia.

Never make the mistake of considering such petty kindnesses are wasted. Strangers, well or ill, are remarkably sensitive to impressions of people and places. The smile you gave this morning, and accompanied with a casual remark upon the weather, may mean a customer before night, a customer who approaches you in the best frame of mind, anxious to be pleased.

INTERURBAN AUTOCAR CO.

Leave Ashland for Medford, Talent and Phoenix daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. and 1:00, 2:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday night at 8:30 and 12:20. Sundays leave at 9:00 and 1:00, 4:30, 6:30 and 10:30 p. m.

Leave Medford for Ashland daily except Sunday at 8:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday at 11:15 p. m. On Sundays at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m., and 1:00, 2:00, 5:30 and 9:30 p. m.

Fare between Medford and Ashland, 20 cents. Round trip, 35 cents.

FRAGMENTS WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

The millionaire is a pauper, for he is supported at the expense of the public. It works, toils and sweats that he may live in idleness and luxury. You say he also works, and plans, and schemes, and is therefore not idle. Yea, but all is for self, not for humanity, for gold, not for the souls of men nor the good of the many, nor in necessity for those dependent upon him. The men bend to toil for him and get scant board and lodging for recompense, while he flouts his riches in the faces of his slaves, and as his wealth piles higher and higher he enacts more and more, and they get less and less. Yes, the millionaire is a pauper.

We hear much about the "nature lover" and are sometimes scoffed at for our enthusiasm in what is termed "sight-seeing." This is natural. We are all constituted with a faculty for loving something. Some lovable occupation or recreation is absolutely essential for us. It may be a book, or a flower, or a landscape, or a companion; but whatever it is, it is essential. Our capacity for loving may be broad, comprehensive; it may take in all of humanity, or be restricted to self. We may embrace half the poets, or a whole library, or, better yet, the great book of Nature, the world's library, read and understood in all languages and by all people, though the type from which the pages are printed are all taken from the same font. The most pitiable spectacle is he who only loves self.

There is little to live for, to work and to strive for.

If the making of money is the business of life.

Far better is it to love more, and work hard to learn more.

Than to gain wealth with bitterness and strife.

To gain alone what the world calls wealth, at the expense of wisdom and health.

Is to bow the neck to a servile yoke, and see one's strength go up in smoke.

To spend one's days in "dig and grind," while better things are left behind.

Will make one fear in days to come, a morbid fear of going home.

You can't take your gold as you go away, when you shuffle off this mortal clay.

Your love is anchored here on earth, with no hope of another birth.

There, gold and pelf, and the grosser part of your mortal self.

Will find the door shut close and tight, and no love to shed a ray of light. —C. B. WATSON.

Ashland, Ore., March 28, 1916.

GET THE HABIT.

Get the picnic habit. Did you notice the number of people who spread their lunches in the park last Sunday? Did you notice how thoroughly they enjoyed themselves? City dwellers have often been pitted for their lack of opportunity to get close to nature, but sometimes they have to be scolded into taking the opportunities that lie at hand.

Get the picnic habit. Forget for a day that you are a sophisticated citizen, and get rid of the notion that to eat a dinner on the grass is going to hurt your dignity. Forget, if possible, that you are middle-aged and fairly successful. Dignity and middle-age, when they become mental attitudes, are the rheumatism and neuralgia of the mind, false sensibilities and tensions which are unhealthy for you and unpleasant to those around you. Learn to slip into the old clothes of common cheerfulness and joy in simple things. You will find them worth a dozen physicians.

But anyway, get the picnic habit. Fill a basket some day, and wander off to some shady nook—and go back to the days of your last Sunday school picnic, when you pulled wishbones with that fellow or that girl whom you came so near marrying. Get the picnic habit.

Fifty cents invested in a Tidings "For Sale" ad often sells a \$5,000 property. Did you ever try it?

NEAREST TO EVERYTHING

Hotel Manx
San Francisco
Powell St. at O'Farrell
Oregonians Headquarters while in San Francisco

moderate rates
Running distilled ice water in every room. Special attention given to ladies traveling unaccompanied. A la carte dining room.



THE ASHLAND SCHOOLS.

(Oregon Journal.)

Ashland has made a sensible change in her public schools. The twelve years of the course have been divided into six of "grade work," three of intermediate and three of high school. We should not be surprised to hear in a few months that the pupils in the lower grades are working ahead under the new arrangement faster than ever before. They will probably now do as much work in six years as they used to do in eight. There are at least two reasons for this expectation.

The first reason is that they will be promoted by studies. When they have completed one subject they will go on to the next. No boy or girl will be held back in geography because they cannot pass in history. If they deserve promotion in mathematics they will get it, no matter how backward they may be in rhetoric. This is practical good sense applied to the schools, a rare and precious thing.

Another reason why the Ashland children will probably advance faster under the new arrangement is the added work in vocational studies. This work will not detract from the culture studies, as some persons unwisely imagine. On the contrary it will help them. The mind of a youth can not "intend" itself constantly upon grammar, literature and algebra. It must have variety. The vocational branches actually help forward the culture branches by providing the mind with that change of activity which means "re-creation" and fresh vigor.

It is likely, again, that the Ashland schools will gain in liveliness by making the big stages shorter. They now have six, three and three years instead of eight and four as under the old plan. The pupils will advance all the faster because the goal is in plainer sight. We expect to read of a fine spirit and a splendid vivacity of ambition in the Ashland schools. The city superintendent must be a man of ideas and wisdom.

The People's Forum

Park Drainage.

Editor Tidings: In considering the work which ought to be done in Lithia Park in the near future, the installation of a proper drainage system is of great importance. I shall devote this article to the outlining of such a system.

The two essentials for successful construction of parks, gardens and pleasure grounds are soil and drainage. In Lithia Park we have fair soil, but the drainage is very poor, and until this defect is remedied, few things can be grown to advantage on the wet land.

Lithia Park can be drained at a reasonable expense by laying one main drain on the west side of Granite street. Now that the grading, gutting and paving of Granite street to a certain point has been ordered by the city council this additional work could be undertaken with greater economy. I propose to have a six or eight inch drain tile laid under the gutter deep enough to rest on bedrock, then filled with a foot and a half of coarse rock and drained to the lower points. One section of this drain should start from a point one hundred feet south of Strawberry Lane and run north as far as Mr. Barber's residence, where a sixteen or eighteen inch storm sewer could be run to Ashland creek. This storm sewer would answer two purposes: drainage of the seepage waters and of the surface gutters. The other section should be run from a point opposite Mrs. Hatch's residence and run south to the park house, where there is already a storm sewer installed leading to the creek. If this system were installed the drainage question of Lithia Park would be solved for all time, as the seepage water in the park comes from the neighboring hills on the west. I am sure that our city engineer will agree with me that if Lithia Park is to be brought to artistic eminence some such system must be provided.

The city property on Mill street should be drained if it is ever to be parked. In connection with this property I want to say that a great mistake will be made if any of the top soil is removed from the bank along the west side, as the granite is only a couple of feet below the surface here, and any removal of soil will utterly ruin the park possibilities.

By cutting off the unsightly brush and leveling a little, that bank could be made beautiful as an entrance to the park. A couple of rows of Oregon maple (Acer Macrophyllum) or Norway maples (Acer Platanoides) could be planted on the lower slope of the bank and would attain sufficient size in a few years to shade and hide the back yards of the residences

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on Granite street that can now be seen by the passerby on Mill street. I have at hand a fine plan of Mr. McLaren's for a sunken garden on that place of land. This I would like to see carried out, especially as it would be just as cheap to build a sunken garden here as to fill it in.
P. H. GRAVES.
Superintendent Lithia Park.

MR. CRONEMILLER EXPLAINS.

Interest Was Rebated by Order of County Court and Says Transaction Was Legal.

Editor of the Tidings: In a recent issue of your paper appeared an article signed by Myrtle W. Blakeley, which while not directly charging fraud or gross neglect of duty, might lead the casual reader to think that I had connived with the Jackson County Bank to beat the taxpayers out of some \$525 in interest on deposits of county funds.

While some of the statements in the article are in, the main, true, only part of the story is told, and that is told in a manner intended to mislead the readers and injure me at the polls. The facts are as follows:

The county court at the beginning of construction of the Pacific Highway made an agreement with a cement company for the purchase of cement for the work, and in consideration of an advance payment or loan of \$25,000 the company agreed to furnish the cement at a considerable reduction from regular prices; the Jackson County Bank to advance the money for the purpose, and in consideration thereof the county court agreed to rebate to the bank the 2 per cent interest on \$25,000 for a time, the interest for which time would amount to about \$525, and the saving in cost of cement thereby would be several thousands of dollars.

About the time that the arrangement was made with the bank for advancing the money to the cement company, the county court made an order directing me as treasurer to rebate the 2 per cent interest on \$25,000 as stated above, and which order I obeyed. A copy of this order was left in the office when I turned it over to the present treasurer, and should be there now.

As to the legality of the matter, the court informed me at the time that they had consulted their attorney in regard thereto and he had advised them it was strictly legal.

I do not, of my own knowledge, know whether the advance was made or not by the bank to the cement company, but if it was not so made,

then the bank owes Jackson county interest on the \$25,000 amounting to about \$525.

JAS. M. CRONEMILLER.
(Paid Adv.)

Why Don't They Advertise?

Editor Tidings: One of the most unaccountable things I know of in a business way, is why ALL of the live real estate agents don't keep a card in the Tidings. I wanted to write a firm on corner of Main and Oak streets (I think Mr. Reed, a minister, is a member), and cannot recollect the firm name. A real estate agent in Red Bluff keeps a list card constantly in the paper here and sells more properties than all the others combined. He has just made one of the largest sales (5,000 acres) here this season. Respectfully,
CHARLES A. WILLIS.
Red Bluff, Cal., March 31.

Tidings "For Sale" ads are active little real estate salesmen.

Is it a Cold, Cough or Bad Blood?

Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery not only cures the cough but it is a wonderful alternative and tonic. It builds up the weak body!

Get it this very day from any medicine dealer, in either liquid or tablet form, or send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial package of tablets.

Contains neither alcohol nor narcotics. Its ingredients are made public and printed on wrapper. It's a pure alternative extract made with glycerine from native roots and herbs.

Have you become run-down, weak, emaciated, pale after a long siege of colds? Does the skin show that the blood is thin and watery? Spring is the time when vitality is at its lowest ebb—clean house now—by riding the body of its accumulated poisons. Refresh the blood with a stimulating tonic.

Profit by the experience of others. Build up the system with a reliable remedy, such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has stood the test of time, and for nearly a half of a century has sold more largely than any other blood remedy.

Take This Case for Instance.

Beaver, Oregon.—"I was suffering longer than 12 months with asthma, bronchitis and sore throat. I had a very bad cough, difficulty in breathing, tightness about the chest; could not sleep; had no appetite; was always tired. I was running down, from 158 pounds to 117. Every one told me I must die. I started to use the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and with the best of results. I used three bottles, which cured me. I have no asthma, no cough, no sore throat, no difficulty in breathing any more. Bronchitis is gone. I thank Dr. Pierce for his kind advice."—MRS. THERESA TOTZAUER.

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Wednesday, April 5, 1916

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11:50 a. m. Gardiner	1:00 p. m.
1:30 p. m. Reedsport	11:20 a. m.
3:15 p. m. North Bend	9:40 a. m.
Arrive 3:30 p. m. Marshfield	9:20 a. m. Leave

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