

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 \$1.00 Six Months .50 Three Months .25 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, July 3, 1916

Heard and Overheard

Wyn Crowson says, "B. W. Talcott's car is like a dollar watch. Sometimes you have to shake it before it will start."

The Sardine creek correspondent to the Gold Hill News finishes up a new letter with the following: "Nobody sick, born, died, married or likewise afflicted at this time."

Homer Elhart says: "I see by the Medford Sun that 'with the grim prospects of war with Mexico the Red Cross unit of the Greater Medford club have redoubled their efforts and will put on a bridge tea at the Holland hotel.'"

Howard Barrett, who sells suits that suit, said, "Rowdy down" at the races at Medford recently. Now everybody says "Rowdy dew," although no one knows what it means, not even Howard. It is the consensus of opinion that the new saying means anything and at the same time nothing.

The Central Point Herald says: "Albert Daugherty and Miss Pearl Hartley will be united in mirage," which leads us to wonder if that is what the writer's marriage turned out to be. Upon referring to old friend Webster, we find that a mirage is something seen double, so maybe he did not miss it far after all.

Benton Bowers says that if Fred Herrin will ride in the coach as ballast he will sure drive a six-horse team in the stage coach race on the Fourth. Fred suggested "that usually have six or eight fellows to swing on the circus". B. Bowers came back with, "I don't know but you and C. V. Beeler will do me."

One of the Pendleton boys says, "From the way people treat us they must think that we dress and act like this at home." As a matter of fact many of the Pendleton boys are business men just like you or I, but happen to be proficient at some wild west line and are down here principally to have a good time. From the way they spend money the economical calamity howlers can rest assured that they won't take anything out of the town.

We notice by the Ashland Record that "a little child was knocked down by an automobile on the Boulevard at the foot of Ashland street one day the past week and quite severely bruised. Parents should keep their children off the pavements."

We would suggest handling the next accident more like this, just for variety: "An automobile was rammed by a little child at the corner of the Boulevard and Ashland streets bending the fender and getting blood all over the windshield. Automobile owners who wish to avoid soiling their cars should avoid this portion of the city, as several of the people living in the neighborhood are so un-thoughtful of an automobile owner's rights as to have children."

THE EIGHT-HOUR CONTROVERSY

In another column appears a 20-inch advertisement from the Associated railroads setting forth their side of the railroad eight-hour controversy.

The Tidings prints this only as a paid advertisement. This paper is not taking sides in the controversy. We have not had time to study the case; it is not our fight and we will take no part in it except to print the paid advertisements of both sides if they desire it.

Talks With Screen-Struck Girls



Beatrice Michelena

In motion pictures, as on the stage, one of the leading requisites to success is the knack of close and penetrating observation. There are a hundred little peculiarities that under the character of practically any type of person, and it is the effectiveness with which one grasps, understands and utilizes these peculiarities that makes him or her a great dramatic artist.

It is not merely a question of being able to outwardly mimic these peculiarities. The truly great actress must somehow have a feeling within herself for them. She must not only recognize the traits as she sees them outwardly manifested, but she must also get beneath the skin and recognize the conditions of thought or emotion that give rise to them. Then—and this is the really great test of her talents—she must so lose herself in those conditions of thought and emotion and feel, through them, that her mimicry of their outward mani-

festations comes naturally and without conscious endeavor. One, for instance, would have to throw herself into an independent and belligerent state of mind in order to adequately act the part of the haughty and outraged Irish servant girl. Otherwise the tilt of her chin and even the swish of her skirt would be apparent and unconvincing in their artificiality. In other words, anything that registers real on the screen must have come from inside the actor or actress. To make a convincing imitation of the bows and scrapings of the Japanese, the stealth of the Hindu or the gesticulations of the French peasant, one must actually become for the time in temperament and thought a Japanese, a Hindu or a French peasant.

The more I study different types and conditions of people, the more firmly convinced do I become that every peculiarity of bodily movement or attitude is caused by a corresponding peculiarity of mind or soul. And it is our success in getting into this state of mind or soul that counts for or against us in our interpretations for the screen.

TAKING ADVANTAGE.

Farm Trade Chats: The editor of Farm Trade Chats hasn't enough hair left to hold even a light color, and it wasn't red when he did have hair. "By that we mean that he has never been accused of having temper, easily riled, but last week one day, while telling a prospective customer of the qualities of some material the listener finally looked up and said, "Yes that is what you say, but you're selling it." What undue advantage taken in calling one a liar in this left-handed way, when he is in position where he must be a gentleman. Yet how common it is for many men of the buying public, to take it for granted that a salesman is always ready to overstate, to mis-represent, to lie about his wares, in order to effect a sale. This belief is one without a point, though emanating from pinheads. A real salesman is too honorable to lie to a customer and a shrewd one is too wise to do it. It is bad policy. It is bad business.

There will be added pleasure in mercantile life when buyer and seller meet as honorable men and so regard each other. When buyers do not assume that men are willing to sell their birthright for a mess of greens. In other words, mis-represent for the sake of an order.

The People's Forum

Buck Lake and Beaver Creek

Editor Tidings: In a personal letter from Mr. Fred N. Cummings, dated May 20, 1916, a copy of which he said would be forwarded to the Mail Tribune with the request to give it publication, stated in part:

I was not at Beaver Creek reservoir site, nor have I ever been there, and I did not learn until sometime after the close of our work, that there was such a place, which would naturally account for the reason why it was not reported by me. Yet on page 56, of Rogue River Valley project, by John T. Whistler, engineer U. S. reclamation service, dated 1916, we find a full description of Beaver Creek reservoir site, and a map of same, showing the recommendation for withdrawal of public lands for said reservoir. Mr. Whelan, and ex-manager of the Rogue River Canal company, Fred N. Cummings, and the engineers employed to do this work for the government, Engineer, Mr. Whistler.

Nothing should be published in the government report except work done by engineers hired by the government. The supposed canal survey made from Buck Lake to Green Spring mountain by the ex-manager of Rogue River Canal company, Fred N. Cummings, and Mr. Whelan, was never completed, because they surveyed on the east and west end of said canal lines.

Between these two lines there are miles and miles that were never walked over by these said engineers. How could they guess at or approximate the cost, this being the case?

Questions in regard to the merits of Buck Lake irrigation project and Beaver Creek project, I would refer you to the following citizens of Jackson county:

- Squire Parker, a well known resident of Jackson and Klamath counties for 40 years, has a home at Johnson Prairie also a residence in Ashland.
- George Dunn, ex-judge of Jackson county, and stockholder of the First National bank of Ashland.
- George Hargadine, ex-game war-

den of Jackson county, and lived for five years on a homestead on Beaver Creek.

F. D. Swingle, retired stockman, a resident of Klamath and Jackson counties before the Southern Pacific railroad was finished, now a resident of Ashland.

Mr. Coleman, merchant of Phoenix.

Furry brothers, cattlemen of Phoenix.

I could refer you to a hundred more. Very truly yours, J. J. CAMBERS.

LET FUN AND FROLIC REIGN SUPREME

(By an Unprejudiced On-looker) Give me the man of honest heart, I care not who he be And if you visit the Bungalow, How many such you see.

How many think they know, they know, Because they are told it's so and so. But truth compels us to relate That the well-kept Bungalow deserves no such falsifying fate.

To indulge the light fantastic is no sin, Provided all are carefully gathered in. And if wicked souls are to be released Send for Porter—the chief of police.

"Evil to him who evil thinks", Is a doctrine that no man blinks; So to the Bungalow wend your way Where fun and refreshments have come to stay.

The 4th, 5th and 6th are days of jubilation, When Ashlanders are primed with sweet elation; Welcome all guests with a hearty handshake And note the grand history our city will make. N. B.—A ten dollar gold piece will be handed the composer who furnishes the best music to this "taking" contribution.—Editor.

WHY DON'T YOU LET GO?

By C. B. Watson Talk-Enders shouted, leered and grinned, "A Reed was shaken by the wind," A person said some one had sinned And a Wolf howled loud behind them.

'Twas a fearsome time I'm sure, With Enders, Reed and Simon Pure Prescribing nostrums for a cure, While the Wolf howled on behind them.

The self-styled Pure was struck with fear At the push and pluck of Bert R. Greer, And Enders stopped to shed a tear, But the Wolf howled on behind them.

"Recall the Crook," they shouted loud; "Pison the breath of the motley crowd; Throw truths to the winds, tho' it bring a shroud," And the Wolf howled loud behind them.

We must disgrace the man who'd bring The waters from that living spring And build a park where birds will sing; The Wolf still howled behind them. They tried; and I feel inclined to tell, How the calumniating faddist fell From a place of grace, to the pains of—well, Where Wolf waits low behind them.

MY FRIENDS, I THANK YOU.

My friends, God bless you, I love you. Not those who, in the hour of triumph, seek me. Not those who crawl and fawn at my feet when I am high on the ladder of fame. Not those who would lend when I have not need. Pathways of glory are teeming with such.

When the dark clouds of adversity close over me—when my honor is attacked, my integrity assailed until hope is almost vanished—then comes my friend with tones of sympathy and confidence and offers help for which I stand in need. Before his beneficent smile adversity recoils, dark clouds disperse, and hope again ascends the throne. My friends, God bless you, I love you.

But, since I have no gold to give And love alone must make amends, My only prayer is, while I live, God make me worthy of my friends.

SHADOWS OF EVENING BRING REST.

By Mary Agnes Daffy.

Shadows of eventide gently are falling, Birds to their little ones softly are calling.

Come and rest for it's best On your soft nest.

Little lambs frisk about, Soon they will be tired out, Then will their mammams stout Call them to rest.

The cows in the pasture are lowing and bawling, Now the farmer has milked them, to the calves he is calling.

"Come and be fed the darkness is falling, Soon it will be time to rest."

The workers return from orchard and field, Their patient endeavor will rich harvest yield.

From want and privation their loved ones they shield, Well have they earned their night's rest.

"My little one," mother says, holding her babe, "I love thee, my darling, and thy love I crave.

I'll hold thee and rock thee, from evil I'll shield thee, Thou'rt safe in thy mother's arms, sleep now and rest."

The sun up above us, whose beams shining bright Are flooding the universe with heat and light.

Out of the east he comes unto the west; Seems that he too is tired and sinks to rest.

Everything living in this world of ours, Bird, beast and human, and even the flowers,

Welcoming darkness and surcease from stress, Calmly, peacefully, thankfully rest.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

It's worry, not work, that shortens life? A cold bath every morning is the best complexion remedy? Poor health is expensive?

The U. S. Public Health Service has reduced malaria 40 per cent in some localities? The death rate from typhoid fever in the United States has been cut in half since 1907?

Pneumonia kills over 120,000 Americans each year? Flyless town has few funerals? The well that drains the cesspool is the cup of death?

THE OVERWORKED RECALL

Grants Pass Courier: Men who give of their time and their talent and their resources to the furtherance of the public interests often reap abuse and vilification as a reward. The city of Ashland has been put upon the map within the past two years through the enterprises based upon the springs development project. Before that the chief distinction of the city was that it had an annual session of Chautauqua. Since, however, it has become far-famed for the use it has made of the natural advantages at its door. These advantages have been present since the beginning of time, probably, but they were no asset till the enthusiasm and progressiveness of some directing force made them an asset. It happened to be one Bert Greer, a newspaper man, who grasped the idea and who became the directing force in the development of the springs proposition that has caused Ashland to be known as a city of enterprise. Like other men of force who accomplish things, Greer made enemies—lots of them. His mistakes were magnified and his successes were buried beneath abuse. Greer may be some of the things he is charged with being, but the fact stands that the Greer idea has made Ashland, and that it has more than likely unmade Greer. He escaped recall by a narrow margin, but could Ashland have recalled the man and with him the idea that he has fathered to success, Ashland would have lost more than Greer. Viewed at the distance of several miles, it has the appearance of an overworking of the recall meas-

ure. All the people of the valley feel a friendly and a personal interest in Ashland's Lithia park. They can not help but feel also some friendly interest in the man who has been the prime mover in making Lithia park possible.

Old Prospector Found Dead

George Washington Miller, prospector, was found dead Wednesday night on the floor of his cabin on Sardine Creek, nine miles northwest of Gold Hill. His body was brought to Medford Thursday.

Mr. Miller, who was about 80 years of age, lived for many years in Sams Valley. For several years he was at the county poor farm, but becoming disatisfied, he moved to Sardine Creek and built a small cabin, prospecting and receiving an allowance from the county.

He was seen Wednesday morning by Ralph Darling of Gold Hill, who telephoned to County Judge TouVelle that the old man was very sick. Judge TouVelle ordered him brought to Medford. When a car driven by Owen Woods of Gold Hill reached the cabin about 8 o'clock Wednesday night, the old miner was found dead.

Miller left no effects of any value and in the event that relatives are not found, he will be buried by the county. Death was due to old age.

The Chautauqua management has kindly tendered use of buildings on its grounds to the general committee having the celebration in charge. These accommodations include auditorium, reception rooms and dining rooms.

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 6:30 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.

J. P. DODGE & SONS

Undertakers

State Licensed Embalmer Lady Assistant Deputy County Coroner

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

in goodness and in pipe satisfaction is all we or its enthusiastic friends ever claimed for it!

It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smokeappetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

Will you invest 5c or 10c to prove out our say-so on the national joy smoke?

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

—its flavor is so different and so delightfully good; —it can't bite your tongue; —it can't parch your throat; —you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read: "PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

Copyright 1915 by R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Co.

TOBACCO IS PREPARED FOR SMOKERS UNDER THE PROCESS DISCOVERED IN MAKING EXPERIMENTS TO PRODUCE THE MOST DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME TOBACCO FOR CIGARETTES AND PIPE SMOKERS. PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907. R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY WINSTON-SALEM, N. C. U. S. A. DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE

This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tidy red tin. Read this "Patented Process" message-to-you and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.