

**Ashland Tidings**

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

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Ashland, Ore., Monday, July 24, '16

**THE SUMMER HOTEL BUSINESS.**

It is quite an eye-opener to travel around to the summer resorts and see the lavish and enormous palaces built for the summer vacation business. When you consider that most of these places can do a good business not over two to three months in a year, it does seem as if many of them must be run at a loss.

Not merely do they have as heavy an operating expense as a fine city hotel, but they must pay interest on capital, depreciation, repairs and taxes, out of the profits of a very short season. The managements may save something by transferring their force of employes from winter resort houses run alternately with the summer places, but at best there must be long between season periods when things go slow.

The modern wealthy American is a free spender, and he demands and is willing to pay for high standards of service and luxuries. Probably the servants in these places get their pay legally out of the free tipping prevalent, which must help a lot.

Smaller hotels run for people of moderate means look like a less risky proposition. There are very apt to depend for their service on school teachers or college students living near by, who can be hired at moderate rates and need be engaged only for a short season. Their equipment seems rather primitive to people used to high-class hotels. There may be no electric bells and the guests may have to depend on oil lamps. But at the present cost of living a great many people are willing to put up with the lack of modern conveniences.

There are thousands of these small hotels in attractive scenes that get just about the same crowd of people year after year. If they provide good home cooking, comfortable beds, pure water and good sanitation, a great many other lacks are overlooked. People return year after year, and the pleasure of meeting old friends counts more than the niceties of service.

**FLOWER PICKING.**

Pasadena, Cal., has originated a plan which is working out so well and would seem so aptly fitted to Ashland's park that it should be given serious consideration. A few years ago a poppy field was planted in Pasadena, a large amount of seed sown and the public invited to come and pick all the blossoms it liked.

According to the Los Angeles Times of July 12:

"The success which attended this effort was so great that it was decided by the Pasadena city commissioners to carry out the idea on a large scale. There are to be 400 varieties of wild flowers in this park. The flowers will be planted in plots arranged in an attractive color scheme and they are such that there will always be some in blossom. Everywhere the visitor will be reminded by signs that he may take some home with him."

Might this not be a good plan for Ashland? The acres upon acres of virgin woods above the formal park and camp ground, which with the exception of the clearing out of the poison oak and the building of trails are just as they always were, if planted thickly to wild flowers should and an attraction to the park, unique and yet easy of contrivance. The instant success which has followed the planting of the various varieties of flowers in profusion in Lithia Park proper, and which now make the park a kaleidoscope of beautiful colors, augurs well for a wholesale planting of hardy wild flowers over the hills.

Remember the joy of going flower

pickings? Who does not? Why not make it possible for visitors to enjoy a pleasure which civilization's advance has made almost extinct?

**Heard and Overheard**

Unc Rose says: "Doc Hall is so kind hearted he would sympathize with whipped cream."

A letter to the First National Bank from a Portland bank says: "We have not enough silver to supply our correspondents." We suffer from the same trouble the first of every month, but our shortage is chronic, while the bank's shortage is merely acute.

Monte Briggs says: "I know a dozen fellows who spend three times as much money buying smoking tobacco as they do paying taxes, and yet whenever anyone says 'public improvement' they go straight up in the air and holler about waste and extravagance."

The speaker was a sixteen-year-old boy, trousers torn, grimy with soot and grease, who, to use his own words, was "makin' his foist trip over de road," and who had been "kicked off" a train at Frederick while en route to his San Francisco home and was hiking it into Ashland. He was kneeling down on the bank of the hot sulphur pool on the Jackson place alongside the highway below town and removing some of the traces of travel. Rising, he dried his face on a bedraggled cap and remarked: "Gee, won't de kids down at school rise up when de teacher has me read me composition on 'How I spent me summer vacation.' I lived in de city all me life and I never dreamed of seeing anything like dis."

**Twenty-Five Years Ago in Ashland**

(Taken from the Files of the Ashland Tidings of July 24, 1891.)

One hundred and fifteen people were killed by the Southern Pacific railroad trains during the year, according to the annual report of the company. Forty-six of these were employes. This was before the day of "safety first."

An all-Jackson county baseball team defeated a team from Josephine county by the score of 28 to 8.

W. P. Squire opened a real estate office.

Eber Emery and Mrs. Sarah Ball had passed away during the week previous.

Lawn tennis had been raging at the Wagner soda springs, which in those days was the favorite resort of the valley.

The Ashland woolen mills, which burned down a few years later, had shipped a record shipment of blankets and flannels to Portland.

S. F. Morine was kicked in the face by a horse and said it might have put him out for good if he had not been so "hard twisted."

The mud and vapor baths and the mineral waters at Tolman springs attracted a number of health seekers. Tolman springs was a public resort in those days. A few years ago it was closed and finally sold to M. G. Lawrence, who made a beautiful country estate out of it. The place is now closed, Mr. Lawrence being obliged to remain in a lower altitude.

The White Sulphur Springs Hotel had just been leased by H. F. Cook. Sulphur baths were a feature offered. The hotel building, or rather what remains of it, is used for a storehouse at present. It stands at the foot of Pioneer avenue.

The "baldheaded" and other spectators on the depot platform remarked a company of 75, members of the Lilliputian Opera Company, to be "the homeliest and the rankest crowd of stage artists that have passed up to Portland for a long time."

Many thousand gallons of blackberries were predicted by B. Beach as the season's crop.

Early Alexander peaches dropped to 35 cents a box in Portland owing to an overcrowded market due to lack of co-operation in marketing. This evil remains until today, although the government bureau of markets is making an effort to establish a needed system in the northwest.

Ashland baseball fans supported a

junior team as well as a town team that year.

Orchardists who "did not believe in spraying," a variety almost extinct today, were complaining because the codlin moth was getting their trees.

A clothespin social was given at the D. L. Rice home.

Headers and harvesters were busy all over the valley and a large grain yield was predicted.

**The Ashland Celebration**

(By George E. Bradnack in the Merrill Times.)

From July 4 to 7, Ashland, Jackson county, Oregon, celebrated the biggest day in her history, and one that will go down in the minds of the people of Ashland as the successful culmination of hard work, a hard-fought bond issue, and the unselfish efforts of one man, who subordinated personal work and interests to the culmination of what will prove to be the biggest asset and glory of Ashland and make for her future and prosperity.

Extending from the beautiful Chautauqua Park in Ashland is a ravine, beautiful in its ruggedness and through which a stream of sparkling mountain water runs to the valley below. Off in the mountains, nine miles distant, were the famous lithia springs, sulphur and sparkling mineral waters, that needed only to be brought to Ashland and its beautiful natural park to make it the playground and wonderland of a happy, prosperous and contented people.

These possibilities, shadowed as they were by a lot of unsightly buildings covering the grounds, were apparent to the vision of one far-sighted man, a stranger there, who said that these natural wonders, developed and brought to the city to give to its people the life-giving waters and playground, would make it the mecca of tourists and people looking for rest and health.

Publicity was given the project; the people were interested; a bond issue for \$175,000 was voted; and it was determined that Ashland should condemn the unsightly buildings in the beautiful place; that the landscape gardener should be brought in; that the waters from the springs in the mountains should be brought to the city for the benefit of the people and future generations. How well this has been done in the face of all the opposition and discouragements that have arisen, is the fulfillment of these ideas that the people now unite in saying was the creation of a master mind, that developed it after these years of obscurity. Ashland entertained in one day 30,000 people who went away exultant over the fulfillment of this dream and the reality that has been brought to pass.

Beautiful landscaping has made a veritable paradise out of what was at one time an undeveloped but beautiful natural woodland. Flowers, ferns, rustic bridges, paths through a wonderful grove and by the streams of pure mountain waters, the beautiful glass fountains spouting forth the sulphur and mineral waters from the far distant springs, have made this a paradise that took the creative hand of man and the wonders of nature to perfect.

Ashland has for years enjoyed the benefits of her Chautauqua sessions and her Chautauqua Park, where people have come from long distances to camp and enjoy the advantages that the Chautauqua programs have brought to them.

Now through the creative genius of Bert R. Greer, editor and manager of the Ashland Tidings, the semi-invalid and the tourist will stop for rest and recreation and join the multitude that will make their annual pilgrimage to Ashland. The Ashland Chautauqua lasts two weeks and their program is always of the highest order. The beauties of the place, enhanced as they are by the benefits to be received, will extend the time of this pilgrimage and Ashland will become famous for its Chautauqua, its mineral and sulphur waters and a resort for tourists.

After all the vicissitudes of the conditions brought forth, Bert R. Greer stands honored, and the thanks of the people of Ashland are generously extended to him for the work that he has done and the fulfillment of his ideas. It is not given to all men to see these things and to realize them, but a monument has been erected that will be known and understood in the years to come and that will be an appreciation of the people and the city for the fulfillment of the ideals and work that has been realized.

The celebration was given in honor of this great work that has been accomplished and to fittingly commemorate the nation's natal day. It had been carefully planned and was suc-

cessfully carried out in every detail. Most of the interest was centered in the roundup, which furnished four hours of entertainment each afternoon. This part of the celebration was ably managed by the following gentlemen, who personally backed it to the extent of \$10,000: O. T. Bergner, Monte Briggs, C. Adams, A. C. Nininger and Doc Helms. One hundred contestants from California and Oregon were entered in the events. Each day's program was full of excitement and thrills, the riding being all that could be desired by the many spectators who craved excitement.

**Africans Can Really Sing**

On Saturday evening C. A. Rexroad, the platform manager for the Ellison & White Lyceum Bureau, gave his valedictory. He said he had enjoyed himself very much during his stay and hated to leave. He found things in good order when he arrived, which made it much easier for him than it was in many places. He wished to thank the people for their patronage and help. Mr. Rexroad has been here about a week and has made more friends in that time than an ordinary man does in two or three months. Everyone was sorry to see him leave.

The Kaffir Boy Choir of Africa furnished the evening's entertainment. Mr. Balmer, who is in charge of the boys, told something of his work in Africa. He has lived there almost all of his life and for thirty years has made a study of the negro boy. He is not a missionary, but lives in Africa because he likes it there. However, he does missionary work on the side. There are many white people in Africa who live there, not because they have to, but because they can make a good living there. He also said that a great many lived there because they liked it there. The scenery is just as good in Africa as in America. In fact, a great deal of it, he thought, was better. (Of course we have to excuse that remark from him—he lives there.) The country, as we all know, is not all developed. There are many savages in those dark forests, and many wild animals.

Miss Clarke, who is also with the boys, said that she was raised there with no playmates except the little Africans, and yet she was not sorry for it. She seemed to think that she had as good a time with them as she would have had with white children. She also told something of the dress of the uncivilized African. She had on the dresses of several savage princesses—she had to wear several or she would not have been allowed to appear in public.

The boys were a very intelligent looking lot. All of them had grins reaching from "year to year." They were dressed in the native costumes, composed chiefly of skins. There were five of them, representing several tribes. The terrible Zulu was represented by the smallest—the one with the broadest grin. He was called at different times the prima donna, "Stick-in-the-Mud," and the great professor from South Africa. The Hottentots, the Fungos, and possibly two other tribes were there.

The first number on the program was a song in the native language with a name that for some reason we do not remember. When translated it was "O That Great God." The harmony was queer, for it must have been real Kaffir music, but it was pretty. Most of their selections were original. The oldest boy sang a solo in very good English. He was the only one who came to America before with Mr. Balmer. He was only five years old then. He was with them when they sang before some of the crowned heads of Europe. Mr. Balmer said that he was afraid of kings before he saw them, but he lost his fear the first time he saw one. He felt sorry for them.

One of the favorite songs with the audience was a banjo song in which one of the boys took the lead and the others joined in on the "ping pang."

The boys are good orators as well as singers. They depicted a scene in the jungle. The chief was trying to persuade his tribe to make war on a neighboring tribe, which was rich in order to get their cattle. Some of the members of the tribe did not want to go for fear they would get killed.

**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.

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE SPRINGS WATER COMMISSION For Week Ending July 21, 1916.**

Date.	Vr. No.	Name of Party Issued To and Items.	Amount.	
7-15	2240	Frank Crowson, 48 hrs. labor cementing pipe joints at \$2.50 per day less 6 cents state insurance.....	\$14.94	
2241	F. E. Rosencrans, 48 hrs. labor repairing pipe line at \$3 per day less 6 cents state insurance.....	17.94		
2242	John Volpe, repairing motor at Lithia spring.....	2.00		
2243	Wells-Fargo & Co., express on valve returned to Crane & Co., Portland.....	.41		
2244	Ashland Bookbindery, to binding one volume of vouchers.....	1.50		
2245	Provost Bros.....	14.30		
6-21	17 ft. galv pipe.....	2.00		
	1 gate valve.....	2.00		
6-24	Padlock 35c, hasp 15c, strap hinges 25c, faucet \$1.50.....	2.25		
	Flag pole rope \$1.00, hook 10c, pully 5c.....	1.15		
6-26	Bushing 25c, hacksaw blade and frame 50c, 8 extra blades 30c.....	1.05		
	1x2 union 90c, 45 degree elbow 20c.....	1.10		
6-27	1 6 in. sewer cap 25c, st. elbow 20c, 2 1 in. elbows 40c, 2 nipples 20c, batts 5c.....	1.10		
6-28	1 in. tee 25c, 1x1/4 in. bush. 15c, 1 in. elbow 20c.....	.60		
6-29	Hose bib 85c, 3/4 in. elbow 10c, 3/4 in. tee 15c.....	1.10		
6-30	Globe valve 85c, plug 5c, nipple 10c, 3/4 red. 10c.....	1.10		
	2 couplings 20c, elbow 10c.....	.30		
6-3	Staples.....	.10		
6-10	Electric tape.....	.15		
6-30	1 in. tee 15c, 1x1/4 B 10c, 1 in. elbow.....	.35		
		\$14.30		
6-15	2246	Joe Kerr, six half days' work on fountains cleaning up.....	5.94	
		Total.....	\$57.03	
		Special Physical Plant. Fund.	Physical Plant Operating Fund.	
		Balance last reported.....	\$11,977.21	\$2,866.33
		Received from the sale of cups.....		17.85
		Total.....	\$11,977.21	\$2,884.18
		Disbursed as per statement.....	33.83	23.20
		Balance this date.....	\$11,943.38	\$2,860.98
		J. P. DODGE, Secretary.	BERT R. GREER, Chairman.	

It was worth the price of admission to hear them talk it out. If the neighboring tribe had been wise it would have crept up on them while they were wrangling and killed them all. It would have been easy enough. They were making so much noise that they could have walked out on them before they knew anyone was around. It was all in the Zulu language. The chief finally talked them out of their fears. The fact was that he talked such a stream and used so much that the others could not get enough to make a sound. The boys made a real hit and the people want them to come back some day. One thing the matter with Mexico is its leaders, and another thing is its people. Otherwise it is all right. More cooks are needed for the army. And, by the same token, more cooks are needed for the homes.

**Christy Mathewson by Walt Mason**

When Christy's dead a hundred years, the fans will still discuss his play, and sigh, while shedding briny tears, "There are no men like him today! He used the brains behind his brow, and gave the foe a grievous jar; the chroniclers have told us how he was for years and years a star. Great pitchers came and cut some grass, and died, and then forgotten were; he saw them come, and saw them pass, and still kicked up a mighty stir." The chroniclers will also tell how Christy, when a game was played, filled up the pipe he loved so well, to soothe his nerves, all tired and frayed. He smoked Tuxedo every time, the critic's smoke, the mild and rare, Tuxedo fragrant and sublime, the cool, sweet smoke beyond compare.



CHRISTY MATHEWSON Pitcher-New York Giants "Tuxedo gets to me in a natural, pleasant way. It's what I call good, honest, companionable tobacco—the kind to stick to."

**—it's cool down there at Newport OREGON**

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Write for booklets "Oregon Outdoors" and "Newport Beaches" and other information.

Coos Bay Railroad Celebration, Marshfield and North Bend, August 24th, 25th and 26th. Low round trip fares.

JOHN M. SCOTT, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, PORTLAND, OREGON.

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC**