

Ashland Tidings

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Ashland, Ore., Thursday, Aug. 31, '16

DO YOU FEAR HAPPINESS?

Remember O. Henry's neurasthenic? The one who, just as soon as he began to feel normally content with the world, said to himself, "This won't do. I'm a sick man. What right have I to be happy?"

Well, be assured O. Henry took that character from real life.

There's the business man who pauses in the midst of unparalleled prosperity to indulge fear of a slump when the war ends. There's the mother who, with her children rosy-cheeked and chubby-limbed, shudders at the colds they are sure to have next winter. There's the man with a good job who can't shake off the thought that a younger chap will push him out ten years hence. There's the young wife who wonders if John will love her when her hair turns gray. And there's John himself, who is convinced Young Wife will be cheated out of his life insurance in case of his death. The fear of unhappiness is no more widespread than the fear of happiness! Thousands and thousands of well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed folk, fortunate in their work and in their friends, seem to regard their well-being as a sort of a charm that will be broken if for but a moment they give way to rejoicing. They are afraid to be happy.

Now you can point out an elevator shaft and say to a man, "Don't fall down that shaft." But obviously it isn't so easy to say don't to a thought, a habit of mind. Resolving not to think a certain thought may serve only to fix that thought all the deeper in the mind. And so, if you would erase fear thoughts from your mind, you must reject the "don't" resolution and adopt the "do." You must entertain those positive thoughts that, of themselves, contradict your fears. You must resolve to have confidence in the future. You must resolve to have faith, without which all the good fortune in the world can not make you happy! The deluge may indeed descend. If faith has made you brave you will build yourself an ark. But if on the other hand lack of faith has made you a coward, even a ready built ark won't help you. In the fear it will sink, you'll refuse to board it!

Afraid of happiness? Faith, active, positive belief that the good of the present is prophet to the good of the future, alone can rid you of that fear.

VIOLET RAYS PURIFY WATER USED IN BATHING POOL

Ultraviolet rays are being employed to purify the water used in a large natatorium at a St. Louis amusement park. The September Popular Mechanics magazine describes this unusual method of water purification. The water is taken from the deepest part of the pool, passed through a series of filters that remove the suspended matter, and then subjected to the bactericidal influence of the light.

Theoretically, at least, all germ life is destroyed by this process. As the water passes the source of illumination it falls in a cascade, so that it is thoroughly aerated before reaching the tank below.

The swimming pool contains some 400,000 gallons of water, which is continually being drawn from one end, cleansed and returned at the other extremity.

The Bon Ton bakery, on Fourth street, has installed an up-to-date delivery car. Proprietor Muller is to be commended for his progressive-

CHANGED METHODS OF CAMPAIGNING.

The seasoned observer of political battles can remember methods of conducting political campaigns that would seem very archaic in this fall election.

The most typical feature of the campaigns of thirty years ago was the torchlight procession. A small town might get up such a parade bigger than its entire population. If it had a well-drilled company it could attract detachments from miles around, on the understanding that it was to send its company for a return engagement.

Some terribly long marching jaunts were taken. If a loyal party member and contributor was not rewarded by having the boys march past his house in their flaring glory, he might get sore on the ticket. The marchers cheerfully tramped over the whole town for the reward of doughnuts and coffee and the general romp of the thing.

Not the slightest appeal to public intelligence was made by this form of campaigning. If the parade wound up with a rally, as often occurred, the speaking was mostly funny stories. These could be supplied equally well to the other side by changing the name. Yet these parades made votes. The side that produced the longest line and the most skillful marchers gave an impression as winners.

If a fellow had drilled and paraded with the republicans, he voted republican, not merely that year but for several years, and similarly with the democrats. The political managers understood perfectly how to use these associations for political value.

That these parades have so largely been given up is due to common sense. It was a foolish expenditure. People became unwilling to burn up money for something that added nothing to education, gave no information about issues, and turned out no more intelligent voters. Today the newspapers are the real political educators, and campaign funds spent in print go farthest.

VICIOUS MEASURE

There will be found upon the ballot this year the most vicious single tax measure ever presented to the voters of Oregon.

It will appear under the title, "Full Rental Value Land Tax and Homesteaders' Loan Fund Amendment."

While the wording of the measure is somewhat indefinite, its enactment would undoubtedly mean the substitution of a full rental tax on all land in lieu of all other taxes.

It would make no difference whether or not such a tax raised twice as much money as was needed, or whether it produced only one-quarter the necessary fund.

What would be the results of such a tax?

Suppose you own 160 acres. Under this measure you would pay to the state the full earning capacity of the land.

Therefore, the land would be worth not a cent to you. The man who rented a piece of equal value would earn just as much from his rented land and would have no investment.

If you should rent your land, the full rental would go to the state.

If the full rental tax was not paid the land would become the property

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of the state, and could never again pass into private hands.

If that isn't pure, unadulterated single tax, what is?

But that isn't all. It is the tendency of renters to improve land, or to let it deteriorate? The latter, of course.

So our lands and farm buildings would gradually deteriorate, would become less productive, and we would go backward, instead of forward.

Under this measure the full earning capacity of the land goes to the state for tax. Therefore, there is nothing left with which to take up the mortgage. The mortgagor could not pay the mortgage, so the mortgagee would have to take the land, and the land would be worthless to him, for its earnings would go to the state.

Therefore, this measure would rob all those holding mortgages of all the money thus invested.

Is it any wonder that with such freak laws coming up at every election people hesitate to put their money into Oregon lands or to loan money on Oregon lands?—Elbert Bede in Cottage Grove Sentinel.

DISHONEST JOURNALISM.

(From Oregon Messenger, Salem.)

Staggered by the terrific indictment of the Wilson administration drawn by James E. Watson of Indiana in his speech at the Baker Theatre, the Portland Journal resorts to its usual tactics to save its face and bolster its cause.

It selects from Mr. Watson's speech a single, detached and relatively unimportant sentence and builds around it a column of sophistry, misrepresentation and hypocrisy, and sprinkles down the whole mess with a can of crocodile tears.

It quotes Mr. Watson as follows:

"If after we took possession of Vera Cruz and soaked its streets with American blood we had followed it up, that would have settled the Mexican question."

From this premise the Journal proceeds to paint a blood-bespattered chromo of our laborious progress to Mexico City and the subsequent conquest of the southern republic. Of course if the Journal had been honest it would have said that Mr. Watson made it evident throughout his brilliant address that he is not in favor of war except as a last resort, and that he is distinctly of the opinion that "a firm and fixed policy, with someone in the White House with backbone enough to work it out to its logical conclusion," would have prevented in Mexico the long series of bloody outrages and events that constitute intervention and a state of war between the two countries, the hysterical denials of the democratic press and politicians to the contrary notwithstanding.

We gather from Mr. Watson's remarks—which, by the way, made a tremendous hit with the big audience—that he would have recognized Huerta—whose title to the office, though defective, was as good as that of most presidents of Mexico—that he would not have flirted with one bandit leader after another; that he would have insisted from the first that American lives and property be held inviolate; that he would have exhausted the resources of diplomacy before invading Mexico and that as a last resort he would have blockaded the country and brought it to terms, as Wilson is now trying to do with the National Guard on the border after three and one-half years of watchful waiting—watchful waiting by the administration for a miracle to transform several millions of Indians and peons into college professors, and watchful waiting by the Indians for opportunities to lift more American scalps and loot more and still more American properties.

In fact, Watson made it plain that after seizing Vera Cruz he would have blockaded the country, preventing the landing there or elsewhere of the shipment of munitions which was the excuse for the battle of Vera Cruz and the loss of more than a hundred lives, and from that position on Mexican soil he would no doubt have dictated the terms of withdraw-

al, which no doubt would have included guarantees of a decent respect for the lives and property of Americans and other foreigners.

To find something upon which to hang another series of its blood-and-tears editorials, the Journal must needs give to Mr. Watson's language a meaning which he never intended it should have and which the Journal knew he never intended to convey.

But such is politics. Perhaps we should not complain that the Journal employs in defense of the party with which it is affiliated, and to which it owes its sustenance and its place in the sun, the scalping knife, the poisoned dart and the other weapons with which it is so familiar and which, after all, may be the best means of defending a party that must rely upon something other than logic and a straightforward exposition of its principles to maintain itself in power.

Friday, Sept. 15 To Be Ashland Day

On Friday, September 15, Ashland should send down an immense crowd to the county fair at Medford. Friday has been set aside as Ashland day at the fair. The stores of Medford will close on that afternoon.

Plans for the fair are going forward with a momentum which assures Jackson county of the greatest affair ever held.

The merchants displays will be located in the second story of the Vawter-Davis building, just north of Schieffelin's grocery in Medford. There will be 20 or 25 booths with all lines of trade represented.

The ladies' departments will be located on the first floor of this building and there will be orchestra music, style show on living models, and an entertainment every evening on the second floor.

The committee in charge of the entertainment is W. F. Isaacs, Jonas Wold, C. W. Whillock, W. A. Gates, C. Meeker, E. F. Schmidt and Mr. Hubbs.

Spratt Wells, of Bly, Klamath county, prominent stockman of that region, was here the last of the week visiting his father, John Wells, and other relatives. As a matter of business he invested in a new Ford car through the local agency.



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Classification Crew Moves to New Camp

The last of the land grant classification crew camps is being moved to the new location this week. Headquarters camp has been established on Lake creek, about 25 miles east of Medford.

The cruisers state that the new headquarters is a little bit too full of mosquitos to compare with the high mountain camps on the Klamath Falls road. They were located at an average elevation of about 3500 prior to moving camp. The new camp is no higher than Ashland.

E. R. Grieve and Spratt Wells left Saturday for Klamath Falls, making the trip in the latter's car.

Mrs. E. F. Smith, Bert Smith, Leonard Smith and little son, Emerson, Mrs. E. W. Flackus and baby, Dorothy, left Ashland Tuesday morning of last week in Smith Studebaker car and made the trip of 170 miles to Yoncalla in 10 hours. They returned to Ashland last Thursday evening and Miss Muriel Gibson came with them.

At The 5-10-15c STORE

The little necessities for the camping and canning season at

The 5-10-15c STORE



Fair Week

The Occasion of Occasions

JACKSON COUNTY FAIR

to be held at

MEDFORD September 13, 14, 15, 16

Largest premiums offered in the state on Horticultural and Agricultural Products

LIBERAL premiums on Stock, Poultry, Flowers, Minerals, products of Kitchen and Pantry, Embroidery and Fancy Work, Fine Arts, Children's Exhibits, School Exhibits, etc. Get a premium list and make some exhibits.

Big Free Barbecue and Community Day Thursday

Sports and Races of all kinds, including roping and bucking contests, bulldogging, ladies' and men's relay races, running races, wild horse races, goat roping contest.

Ashland Day Friday 15th

Full particulars regarding this next week.

The Biggest and Best Fair Ever Held in the County

S. I. BROWN, Secretary

A. J. VANCE, President