

Ashland Tidings

By THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO. (Incorporated) ESTABLISHED 1876 SEMI-WEEKLY

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Official City and County Paper
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TELEPHONE 39

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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.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

News print has doubled in price the last four months. It necessitates an advance in advertising rates, or we will have to quit business. Following are the advertising rates in the Ashland Tidings after this date. There will be no deviation from this rate:

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display Advertising—
Single insertion, each inch. .25c
One month. " " 20c
Six months. " " 17 1/2c
One year. " " 15c

Reading Notices—5 cents the line straight.

Classified Column—1 cent the word first insertion, 1/2 cent the word each other insertion. Thirty words or less one month, \$1.

All written contracts for space already in force will be rendered at the old rate until contract expires.

Fraternal Orders and Societies. Advertising for fraternal orders or societies charging a regular initiation fee and dues, no discount. Religious and benevolent orders will be charged for all advertising when an admission or other charge is made, at the regular rates. When no admission is charged, space to the amount of fifty lines reading will be allowed without charge. All additional at regular rates.

The Tidings has a greater circulation in Ashland and its trade territory than all other local papers combined.

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Ashland, Ore., Monday, Dec. 11, 1916

THAT SANITARIUM.

After decrying Mr. Greer's disposition to keep the sanitarium details from the public, the Ashland Record proceeds as follows:

"In the absence of more definite information, many people believe the proposition is merely in the promotion stage—that Mr. Greer as yet has no proposal from anyone, but merely hopes to tie up a sanitarium site and then secure control of the mineral waters and take the two into the investment market and find a buyer—thereby securing a sanitarium for Ashland and a block of stock therein, or emolument, for himself."

Suppose the thing to be "only in the promotion stage." Is that a good reason why the city should not bend every effort to help the "promotion" through? Grant that Mr. Greer, in the "promotion," should get "a block of stock" or "emoluments." Is Ashland more interested in keeping a citizen from making a legitimate fee out of a fair promotion than it is in getting a first-class sanitarium and helping the springs project forward? Such argument is common in Ashland, but it is mere sophistry. It has been used by so many citizens so many times that the life is nearly choked out of the city.

Here is the truth in regard to the sanitarium. Mr. Greer had capitalists who were ready to put fifty thousand dollars, or more, into a sanitarium if the charter amendment which was defeated was carried and a fair arrangement could be made with the city for the use of its mineral waters for sanitarium purposes. The site had been selected—in fact, two sites, either one of which Mr. Greer had authority to close immediately upon the passage of the amendment and suitable contract for the water.

Whatever arrangement Mr. Greer had with the financiers was private. It was between him and them and was none of the public's business. The thing Ashland should have been most interested in was getting the investment, and not what connection Mr. Greer, or anyone else, had with the investors. These financiers did not even ask the people to pass the proposed charter amendment. They merely said: "If the amendment carries we will have confidence enough in the future of the enterprise to invest fifty thousand dollars, or more, in a sanitarium in Ashland." The "supposed" investors have not yet even asked the city of Ashland for the use of its mineral water. They have simply said: "If we can get the use of the mineral waters for sanitarium purposes on favorable terms we are ready to enter into negotiations to build the sani-

tarium. Mr. Greer, will you ascertain upon what terms the water may be had?" That, and that only, is what Mr. Greer is now attempting to do. When he has done that, if the terms suit, it will be time enough to come forward and disclose the detail of the plans and enter into a contract with the city. Until then there is no reason why the details should be peddled about. To do so might appease someone's curiosity, but it would likely greatly hamper the consummation of the deal.

Since the charter amendment was defeated, Mr. Greer has no assurance that his investors will build the sanitarium. One of the terms upon which they proposed to invest has already vanished. Yet, Mr. Greer hopes that if suitable terms can be made for the use of the water he will be able to overcome the loss of the amendment and secure the investment.

That is what he is now trying to accomplish, with little hope, of course, because of the ill-timed and spiteful criticism, reflection and suspicion cast about the attempt by those who have never themselves tried to invest capital in Ashland's project, but who hope, by innuendo and insinuation, to make it impossible for Greer, perchance, to get a meed of credit by landing an enterprise absolutely essential to the success of the springs project.

Ashland eternally bickers over non-essentials. That is her habit. She stops to split hairs and loudly haggle over whether it is tweedle dee or tweedle dum, instead of grasping the main chance. She is prone to harken to the doleful wail of do-nothings rather than stand behind those who are, at least, making an attempt to put the city forward. That is the discouraging feature of the whole matter. That is why few men will persist long enough to accomplish substantial good.

Ashland has entered on an undertaking that calls for courage. She must look forward, not backward, and have substantial faith enough in the future to invest her money, not upon what she has, or has had, but upon what she hopes to be. She has a large enough foundation to warrant such courage and she must not lag, as she has been lately prone to do, or she will find herself with a burden too great to bear—the hour of opportunity past—back-steppers like Enders and his cohorts in the saddle—Lithia park destroyed—the city split in two with selfish desecration and jealous spite—heavy burdens and dwindling fortunes, and no man with courage enough to breast the waves of vilification and slander that come with public service in Ashland, to take the lead in a forward movement that will raise the burden. This is an hour sublime with overhanging fate. Is Ashland strong enough to breast the wave? Will it be a victory or a cataclysm?

FEMINE INGENUITY UNEARTHED A "NEW ONE."

Did you, Mr. Husband, expect as your premier Christmas gift this year a lovely new oriental rug, a tea-table or a charming silk kimono, perchance? With a card attached, of course, reading "To dear hubby from his loving wifey."

Lay aside your fears. Very likely instead 'twill be a very fine set of tools in a wooden cabinet, one of those ingenious contraptions with a place for everything so that there's never an alibi for "leaving tools lying about the house."

For your wife has been reliably informed (we wouldn't for a moment think of accusing those Keen Kutter tool cabinet ads which have been appearing in our columns) that a fine set of tools will tickle your fancy immensely. In fact, she has heard that "most men would rather work with tools than eat."

No, she doesn't intend to cut down on your bill-of-fare even though that is a tempting argument in these days of expensive living. She simply has it figured out that next spring there will be quite a bit of fixing up around the house, taking off storm windows, getting the screens ready, putting up shelves, making flower boxes, etc., that you will gladly do for her because by that time tinkering with tools will have become a sort of hobby for you.

AFFIDAVIT STAGE.

The Enders campaign is already to the affidavit stage. Mr. Lamkin declares that he will not appoint J. O. Rigg chief of police or J. A. Lemery city attorney if he is elected, and is willing to make an affidavit to that effect.

Should Mr. Lamkin deny making the above assertion, the Tidings stands ready to produce affidavits to prove that he did.

We are featuring wrist watches. Largest line in the city. More than twenty different kinds. \$2.50 to \$50. Johnson's Jewelry Store. 55-14

PAGE Medford---Southern Oregon's Greatest Place of Amusement 3 PERFORMANCES Wednesday Night, Dec. 13, Thursday Night, Dec. 14 Matinee Thursday

Nights Doors Open 7:30, Curtain 8:15; Thursday Matinee, Doors at 1:30 Curtain 2:15

Mail orders accompanied by remittance billed in order of receipt. Seats on sale for the three performances Monday, December 11, at 10 a. m. Phone 418.

EVENING PRICES: Lower Floor \$1.00; Balcony, first four rows 75c, next four rows 50c, balance 25c. **MATINEE:** Lower Floor 75c; Balcony, first eight rows 50c, balance 25c.

Direct from 8 Weeks at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco. Medford the First City In the States of Oregon or Washington to Play This Gigantic Spectacle

INTOLERANCE or, The Mother and the Law

It took three years time, 2 million dollars, the genius of Griffith to make. A story of loves struggle throughout the ages. Terrific in action, eye-staggering in magnitude. 30—Grand Symphony Orchestra of—30 Attention, Children in Arms Not Admitted

A FOUNDATION ONLY.

While in a neighboring city the other day the writer viewed a pile of granite beautifully cut, in a splendid foundation half completed. A church organization had laid the foundation for a new house of worship at great cost, and before even the foundation was completed had given up and quit. The material was of granite and the work was well done as far as it had proceeded, but it had been abandoned and let go to rack and ruin because the structure was not built upon it. Every penny invested in it was a dead loss. As I viewed this splendid wreck I thought of the sacrifices that had been likely made by members of that congregation in forwarding the work. Thought of the probable enthusiasm with which the work was started—the august ceremonies with which the cornerstone was laid—and then they quit. The splendid pile was transformed into a thing of worthless ruin, all because the structure was never reared on that splendid foundation.

Then I thought of the Ashland springs enterprise. There was a foundation of solid granite, laid at great expense and sacrifice, broad enough upon which to rear a splendid, substantial structure which would make the investors a large dividend upon their investment. But, it is only a foundation. Unless the structure is built upon it, it will prove a worthless burden, like the unfinished church foundation. It will decay and prove all a dead loss if Ashland quits.

Citizens of Ashland, there is still brick and mortar to be laid to make that foundation worth what it has cost. It will take money—lots of money—it will take untiring and intelligent effort—lots of it. It will require united effort, confidence in the future and confidence one in the other to save this foundation from decay and rear upon it a substantial and profitable structure.

You remember the tower of Babel. How tongues were confused and united effort throttled. What a splendid start! Unity might have reared it to the sky; yea, even to the gates of heaven, but disharmony and confusion in the work have left it but a memory—a gilded fable with a high moral and a tremendous lesson.

Will Ashland quit? Will confusion of tongues, suspicion, acrimony and slander so persist and set one citizen over against another until none can be found to lead in the work? Will our splendid foundation be allowed to go to decay for lack of spirit and confidence? Have the people of Ashland the courage to persist until the structure is crowned with success?

Citizens, it's time to pray for success, not curse your neighbor. It is time to work, not block progress. The crisis is at hand.

Rowena Roberts will have a special display of fancy work on sale at Mrs. Simon's Millinery store, Saturday, December 9. Prices from 10c up. 57-2t

OLD MEN AND THEIR JOBS.

A recent newspaper dispatch reports a movement to secure pensions for superannuated government employees. The graybeard of the departments has always been one of Washington's most perplexing problems. In spite of all the red tape that interferes with government efficiency, the government clerk is apt to be a hard-working man. He has at least done his best by Uncle Sam. It is a hard proposition to know what to do with him when he gets by the age of greatest efficiency.

In business it is much the same. There are a great many concerns that keep him long after the time when he really earns his pay. But in perhaps more he is coldly and curtly told that his place is needed by a stronger man. It is a bitter day when he is turned adrift. His heart and hands are as ready to work as ever, but the snap and vim of youth have gone. He absolutely is not worth a great deal of money, but the world seems to turn to dust and ashes when he is told of that fact.

The proposition in the movement referred to is to establish a government pension system for aged employees. It may be possible to work this out. But the taxpayers already regard the cost of government work as too high. If the departments could be systematized by the same kind of business ability that organizes a big factory, they ought to be able to pay their present wages, provide pensions and not increase the cost at all.

The individual worker needs to think carefully over this question of superannuation. Most men grow into elderly life without realizing that their power is gradually slipping from them. They spend money freely and then are out of sorts with the social system because some one does not supply the needs which they themselves have failed to anticipate.

In the long run it pays a business concern to have a heart. It can not decide all relations between its employees simply on the basis of buying so much labor for so much cash. It has to create favorable sentiment in its own workshops and in the community it serves. Where it can recognize long terms of service by special favors, it creates a sentiment of loyalty that does not otherwise exist.

Heard and Overheard

(By Lynn D. Mowat)

You go home at night to the Mrs. She greets you with kind words and krs. Don't it soak through your dome Why 't's peaceful at home, When it's quite near to Christmas like thrs?

We started in to write a prophecy of the history of Oregon for 1917, but found it to be a very dry subject.

"Had a costly operation yesterday." "That so?" "Yep. Had my muffler cut out as I went through Medford and it cost me ten bucks."

The self starter on one of the new cars sold by Kenneth McWilliams was left turned on by the new owner recently, and naturally enough the battery ran down and the starter refused to work. Mac received a call from a farm house out in the country and the following conversation ensued.

New owner: "The dad blamed thing won't start." Mac: "Won't the self starter work?"

N. O.: "Not a single — turn." Mac: "Did you try cranking it?" N. O.: "I remembered you showing me the place where the crank goes, and the crankcase is down underneath there where you showed me and told me to keep it full of oil, but I'll be everlastingly hanged if I can find where you get into the crankcase to get a crank."

At this juncture Mac fainted and the telephone company had to send up their trouble man to see why the receiver was not hung up and no one answered the bell.

Substuff. The train slowed to a grinding stop. With sudden lurch and jolting jar. A wild-eyed man leaned out and yelled,

"A woman's fainted in this car. Although I know this state is dry And such appeals are risky, The need is great. In all this crowd Has anyone some whiskey?"

Involuntarily a few Hands flew to bulging hips, But fearing, no one dared, until— A girl with painted lips Thrust forth a dainty silver flask And sneered, "Here, I am game. I may be pinched for flashing this, But here goes, just the same."

A wave of pity swept the crowd, The man stretched forth his hand, Tears in his eyes, caressed her, Held high the bottle, and— He took two drinks, both long and slow, And said: "God bless you, girl, this ain't

Bad stuff. It does upset me so To see a woman faint."

Did you know that up until 6 o'clock Saturday the postoffice will sell twenty-six two-cent stamps for a cent and a quarter?

These blame dictionaries get a fellow into a peck of trouble. We are, or rather were, kind of partial to dictionaries for light reading in leisure hours, they not being cluttered up with mushy love stories like the magazines. While browsing around among the S's the other day we came across the word "shuffler," after which it says "prevaricate," "quibble" and several others as synonymous. Look it up yourself, if you don't believe it. It was a new one on us, but that word "prevari-

cate" kind of had a nice rolling sound and we stored it by for future use. We went to one of these five-hundred parties the next night and was playing at the same table with the hostess, who is an old hand at this society game and pretty well up on flowing language herself. It was her turn to deal and she was shuffling the cards, running them through pretty lively for a woman, too, and talking at the same time about how much some jewels of hers cost that her husband gave her. Came a kind of a lull as she finished, and hoping to fill in and at the same time pay her a compliment on her shuffling and display our high-falutin' grasp of English as she spoke, we burst forth with, "Mrs. E—, you sure are great at prevaricating." She gave us the stony glare, jumped up from the table and called to her husband, and—would you believe us?—we had to send that guy a marked copy of the dictionary before he would quit pestering us about a duel.

A New Branch.

When I went to school in the long ago, Jest about onct every year The school board would give us what we called "exams."

But times have much changed now, I fear. We used to be questioned on figures and sech, And spellin' and writin' and readin'.

But now they examine them twice every month On branches they'll never be needin'.

There's Latin and physics and geometry— The exams are few, they avoids— And now they want to examine my boy

On—this here note says "adenoids."

The 1917 magazines, like the 1916 magazines, will come to Oregon with the liquor advertisements cut out. A bootlegger took forty gallons of whiskey to Albany in the gasoline tank of his automobile. Why not pass a law requiring that all automobiles sold in the state in 1917 have the gasoline tanks removed?

Eat at the Lithia. 50-4t

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. Sundays leave at 9:00 and 1:00, 6:00 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 10:15. On Sundays at 10:30 a. m., and 2:00, 5:00 and 9:30 p. m.

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

NEAREST TO EVERYTHING

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. Management of Chester W. Kelley