

Ashland Tidings

By
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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 17½c
One year 15c
Reading Notices—5 cents the line straight.

Classified Column—1 cent the word first insertion, ½ 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, Jan. 8, 1917

DESIGNS—CROSSING AND FLORAL.

The county judges of Oregon in session at Salem arrived at the opinion that the designing of grade crossings should be placed in the hands of the public service commission of the state, and a bill to that effect may be presented to the state legislature. At present it seems the county courts have to settle upon the designs.

And in the meanwhile, the Interurban has had to back down Billings hill once or twice, several cars have been stuck in the mud on the hill, and the amount of profanity distributed into the atmosphere down in that vicinity would provide liberal material for a textbook, should the subject ever be introduced in the schools. The hill has been, first, a slippery, icy, dangerous slant, then a deeply rutted, bumpy succession of auto-damaging ruts, and is now a sea of slush, mud and slipperiness. That there has not been an accident is a dispensation of providence.

And the Billings crossing, the designing of the substitute for which seems to be requiring years, regardless of who is doing it, remains at a right angle turn at the foot of a hill and is one of the most dangerous crossings in Oregon.

There is more travel over the road between Ashland and Medford at this season of the year than any other country road south of the Portland vicinity. The paved highway presents no winter difficulties, but the Billings hill does, and the auto owners of the valley will heave a sigh of relief when the first shovelful of dirt is taken out in the construction work to eliminate the hill and the crossing. The particular design does not worry the autoist, but it is to be hoped that some design will be carried out before the florists of the valley are called upon to design floral wreaths for the grave of an unfortunate automobile load of folks.

THE HOME CALL.

Resounding across the span of countless centuries is heard the heart-call of home and country. It is as old as the written history; older than the Christian religion. It was the cry of Jacob who, after years of successful exile, in which he had gathered that which he sought, turned in his thoughts to the old home and the scenes of his youth.

It has been the cry of all men throughout all ages, the cry of the human to get back to the days when his brain and heart were receiving those indelible marks that go on through life. Neither success nor failure can banish it, for the instinct

of home is a primal instinct, reaching deep within the wells of life.

It is deeper than civilization; more lasting than culture. The Indian longs for his wigwam; the city boy for the paved streets; the country boy for the green fields and babbling brooks. Men have ever loved the spot of their infancy. To the child of the midnight sun the snows are beautiful and the cold that chills the stranger is a pleasing phase of Nature.

With our American traditions the home instinct is stronger, for it is cast on firm foundations. Long before the days of luxury, conditions themselves forced to its full this plant of home love. Perhaps the most abiding memory of that old home is the element of hard work. When the ideal of the home had been moulded into indelible form, firm against any invasion of temptation, life was not of ease. There were no lazy members in the home family. The mother wove the cloth, the father subdued the forest and made way for the crop and harvest. The child had his or her part to perform in the home economy. There were tasks for all and life meant productive work. The summit was ever ahead and there was always a nearer and newer goal to reach.

The ties of love grew strong and pure and sturdy in that old home. There were times when the love of father might have seemed cold and distant. But it was a love that was ready to sacrifice and fight for its own. The mother love and the ties that existed between brother and sister could be found nowhere else.

These were the glories of that old home which ever lives in the memories of so many, the ideal which time nor place can change, nor age diminish. It is the home that has kept alive the far distant cry of Jacob, and it is the home that beckons today to the hearts of millions of red-blooded men and women. Its cry, stifled, perhaps, and unuttered, is none the less powerful, growing deeper and deeper enshrined within the confines of our hearts as age mellow and cherished memories become more sacred.

KEEP GOING.

Don't try to hide it. We saw you fall down. What's the sour face about? Discouraged? What if you did take a fall? That's nothing. Don't stay down. Get up before the crowd walks all over you. Smile! Laugh hard!

Now forward with your left foot. That's it. Now your right foot. Fine! Keep going!

Don't try to stand there. You'll go down again if you don't keep moving. Come on! Walk! Progress!

You're tired? Already? Forget it! The hill is steep? Certainly it is. It's full of rocks, too. They can't stop you. There's nothing to them.

Adversity besets you? Of course it does. Are you afraid of it? Come out of your fear! Rise above your doubt!

Domination is part of you. Get the best of your cowardice.

A good strong "I will" is all you need to obliterate and eliminate failure.

Get busy! Get busy now! Fight your belief in adversity. Trouble has no reality. If it did it would last forever.

Reality can't be destroyed. Reality annihilates trouble.

No lie can exist in the presence of truth. No obstacle can militate against the power with which you're endowed.

Use that power! You can. Freedom is your birth-right. Accept your freedom. Loosen the shackles that bind you.

Your only captivity is your lack of self-confidence. Your slavery exists because you're afraid to use the strength you've got.

You're afraid there's greater strength elsewhere. Use your own. Prove your mettle. You can. It's in you.

Quit your doubting. Don't stoop to worry. Use the energy that's within you, crying to be applied to some worthy purpose.

Don't try to hide it. You can't lie to yourself forever. Admit your mistake. Correct it. Use it, grow, expand, develop.

The world needs you when you become a man. Get busy. Try it again. You're game. You're coming. Now for the home stretch.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" may be true—to a certain extent—but the pessimist will return a frown for every laugh you give him.

Many a man who hands you good advice does not know it is good or he would have used it himself.

Those who pay as they go can travel on rubber tires most of the time.

THE CONDUCTOR'S RESOLUTION.

(By Mary E. Sullivan, Marcola, Ore.)

The conductor passed through the cars one day,

Trying to pass the time away,
And as he passed along the aisle

A sweet face met him with a smile,
At first he glanced in a careless way,
For such things happened every day,
But something which he could not explain

Caused him to wish to look again,
Her cheek took on a deeper hue,
And he gazed in her eyes of blue.

His heart seemed to beat in a hurried way,
And he thought for a moment of what he could say

To engage in conversation in a proper way;
But instead he passed to the smoker for a while.

Still he was haunted by her smile—
Haunted by a vision that filled his brain,
And he longed to go back and view it again.

To look in those eyes of azure blue,
To see those lips of cherry hue,
The rounded cheek with dimple sweet.

The dainty hands and little feet,
But, hardening his heart in a conductor-like way,
He concluded that in the smoker he would stay.

But now they are nearing the station of Ains,
Of course it was his duty to collect the fares.

So with assumed dignity and a deepened frown

He took up the fares and chalked them down,
And had quite forgotten the pretty lass

Until a sweet voice accosted him as he passed,
"Excuse me, conductor, how far is it to Cash?"

And he bent down low and stroked his mustache.

"The second station, Miss. Do you get off there?"

You remind me of some I have met before;

Not that I have met, but that I have longed to meet."

Whispered the con in tones most sweet.

"Thanks," said the maiden, and raised her eyes,

Blue as the far off Italian skies.
The con quite forgot his task,
His wife at home, his hidden flask,

As he took the seat across the aisle,
Bewildered by her ardent smile.

Who would blame him as he sat there,
To forget the two men riding on one fare?

The check in the wrong hat
Was a thing too small
To enter his whirling brain at all.

The con took from his pocket a paper white,
And on his book began to write,

"Oh, sweetest of maidens, angel fair,
I love you madly. Can't we meet somewhere?"

Meet me, oh darling, is my maddening wish,
For I love none but you, W. L. Fish."

"Dash!" shouted the brakie in a withering tone.

No time for her to answer, and the con is left alone—
Alone for all else but her beside.

Seemed but a desert vast and wide.
As the maiden rode to her home that night

She took from her pocket the paper white
And read the words, but with great surprise

Beaming from her long-lashed azure eyes.
A different writing on the reversed side

Caused her to open them strangely wide.

It read as follows, or in some such way:

"W. L. Fish: Oh, husband dear,
I wish you a happy New Year.
Be sure to bring the baby's new shoes,

And oh, darling, can you guess the news?
He's got a tooth on the lower side.

That you would come home is my earnest wish.

Your loving wife, Della G. Fish."

She folded the paper and laid it away,
And when her husband in a future day

Wanted to take a trip on the train,
She took it out and folded it again.

This time it was the other side out,
And when the con came around with a pout,

"Tickets here, tickets, sir, please,"
A paper was handed that caused him to cease.

When he came to the signature,
"Della G. Fish,"

He punched it and said, "Ride as far as you wish,
And here is the price of your dining car."

And he went to the smoker to enjoy a cigar

And to resolve on one thing,
If it splits the earth,

In the future to give all the ladies
A wide, wide berth.

Heard and Overheard

(By Lynn D. Mowat.)

Sad Tale of a Man Who Died a Cheese Hero.

There was a man about the town, as dapper as you please,
Who made a lot of money selling various kinds of cheese

He'd peddle cheese from house to house and carve it by the pound,
And women used to worry when he didn't drop around.

At home he kept a lot of holes to drive into the cheese,
And he would shoot them into it with polished grace and ease.

One day he took a bunch of holes, the which were overgrown,
And tried to drive them in the cheese by pounding with a stone.

It was a damp and gloomy day; the holes were oversize,
And so they slipped, or something, and the cheese flew in his eyes.

Now blinded for a moment, he began to wildly drive,

But he missed the cheese entirely, and so he took a dive

And fell headlong into the vat that held the unused holes,
And died of strangulation where the broad Pacific flows.

No more will housewives welcome him with cheery smiles and wheeze;

No more will he go peddling out his various kinds of cheese.

But on the spot where he expired they set upon his case

And built a monument to him within that holy place!

—Los Angeles Examiner.

The Seven Lies.

The Popular Magazine prints an anonymous poem, "The Seven Lies of Man," somewhat as follows:

Behold the seven lies of man,
And tell his age by that;

As soon as he can slip, he says: "It must have been the cat!"

Next, when the baseball team begins to make its thrilling score,

His well-loved grandmama falls dead a dozen times or more.

Third, like a furnace does he sigh; Of course, we know the gist.

He tells the maiden fair she is The first he ever kissed.

Fourth age, he comes home in the morn,

And gladness fills his cup— The good Samaritan has been

With sick friends sitting up.

Fifth, to the nurse he repairs, His hear to interview,

And says: "My son"—kerswat! kerswat!—

"This hurts me more than you!"

He next has leisure on his hands, And fills a can with bait;

He hooks a minnow, then he swears Ten pounds to be its weight.

Last age, when lean and slippered grown,

He finds his greatest joy In telling what perfection ruled

The days he was a boy.

—Popular Magazine.

The Seven Lies of Woman.

Man is not alone in deceit. We will rush to his defense:

The seven lies of woman, too, Denote their age, we think.

Beginning with, "It wath not me, But brother, spilt the ink."

Next at the age of pigtailed stiff And small lads pulling hair,

"I'll never speak to you again, I cross my heart, so there!"

Third, at the age of many beaus, And one boy in particular,

To whom she's lost her heart, she says:

"I will not let you kiss me, sir."

Fourth age, when hubby dear is asked

For cash for fashion's latest shout, She weeps, "I've not a thing to wear,

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My last year's gowns are all worn out."

Next at the age when through the nights

Dad paced the floor, she lies To visitors and sweetly states,

"Our baby rarely cries." And worst of all, when women's clubs

Demand her close attention, And gossips sip a cup of tea,

And (these we dare not mention). Last, when granddaughter's growing up

And in the merry whirl, She says: "Young girls were not so gay

When grandma was a girl."

Somebody told us a deucedly funny story the other day. But we can't remember who it was. It was something about a member of the school board who was examining the school

and asked the question, "Which is most valuable, the sun or the moon?" or something like that. Then a little boy frantically waved his hand, and when called upon emphatically stated that the moon was the most valuable.

The school board member surprisedly asked, "Why?" and the boy brought down the house with the answer: "The moon is most valuable because it shines at night when it is dark and we need the light most." Or something like that. But blamed if we can remember who it was that told us or just how it went, so we won't try to tell it.

CHEERFULNESS.

We should always find something to do to scatter sunshine where it is gloomy. A smile, a pleasant word or a hearty greeting will brighten the pathway of others and bring joy to yourself.

It is our duty to be cheerful, lest we rob others of their pleasures. Our greatest happiness comes from making others happy. There is nothing gained from being other than cheerful, and we owe it to the world, besides there is much pleasure in cheerfulness.

Opportunity—what most men miss.

Adversity—the acid test that tests the gold of resolution.

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(From Weekly Unity, published at Kansas City, Mo.)

There is a beauty of language, just as there is a beauty of face. There is a harmony of words, just as there is a harmony of sky and stars, green foliage and crystal waters. There is a delicacy of speech, just as there is a delicacy of tints in the masterpiece of canvas, in shimmer of light on the dewdrop, in the semi-transparent petal of the woodland flower.

Nature is beautiful because nature is the robe of God, woven in the loom of his everlasting Word.

The beautiful word is the picture of the beautiful soul. Kind words, firm words, tender words, righteous words, loving words draw on these elements of God, bringing them to bloom in human life, like the wick draws the oil and produces light.

Place the word Beautiful in the background of the mind, and it will color all the language of life.

Beautiful words actually make beautiful faces, beautiful manners, beautiful souls.—I. O. S.

Never despair—many a game is won in the ninth inning.

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