

Ashland Tidings

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

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Harvey R. Ling, Advertising Manager
Lynn Mowat, City Editor

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Payable in Advance

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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., Thursday, Jan. 11, '17

ON ASHLAND'S AIR.

E. V. Carter has been visiting some time in Houston, Texas, but is now in southern California. In a business letter to the Tidings, mailed from Houston, he says: "Houston is a growing, thriving city and this place has many attractive features, but, believe me, I would give a pretty penny this afternoon for a glass of Ashland water—lithia preferred—and to be able to fill my lungs with southern Oregon air." Mr. Carter voices the sentiment of all who have lived in Ashland and are now away. They want to get back. So with thousands and thousands of others, when they are once induced to come, this invigorating air and the splendid mineral waters will present a charm that will hold them. That is why Ashland will have more than twelve thousand population before December 31, 1918. We are going to let the world know about it, attract them here, then our natural resources of climate, scenery and mineral waters will hold them here. If every citizen would screw up his courage to the working point and whet his vision to the seeing point, twelve thousand population of happy, healthy and contented souls could be realized in Ashland even before the day of our prophetic limitation. Who says it can't be done? Let him get busy and he will see.

TAKING STOCK.

As the newspaper man goes his rounds at this time of year, he finds more or less of the business men "taking stock." It is a tedious and dusty job, but a very vital one. The merchants approach the final additions and subtractions with anxiety, not knowing what they will show for profit and loss.

With a great many of the older stores stock taking was often much neglected. Many businesses have always run for many years absolutely without the custom of regular inventories. The proprietor would figure out prices that seemed to give him a profit, but he never verified them by the test of an account of stock. If

he could draw every week enough for his support he felt satisfied. He felt that stock taking involved an enormous amount of labor, and produced no results other than his own satisfaction.

Modern business, however, is more closely analytical. It not merely seeks to know periodically whether the business is profitable as a whole, but it analyzes every feature of the business. It demands to know whether each particular line is showing a profit or a loss. The results are often surprising. Goods that seemed to pay are revealed as merely a drain on the concern. Expenses are apt to be higher than was expected, and the overhead charge is constantly exceeding forecasts.

These better methods work out for the advantage of the consumer. They lead merchants to turn their stock more frequently, to keep closer watch of their lines, to clean out unprofitable material, and to specialize on what the public wants. The logical outcome of stock taking is a newspaper advertisement, to clean out overstocks and get the business on a closer cash basis.

AS TO GRADE CROSSINGS.

Portland Telegram: Unprotected grade crossings will ever claim their toll of human life. In the latest local fatality, on the Estacada district line, there is illustrated, for the thousandth time, the spirit of public indifference toward reasonable protection. This crossing is incredibly dangerous by reason of a billboard which completely obstructs the view of approaching trains. After legal investigation we shall doubtless have the stereotyped verdict, "No one to blame."

But some one is to blame, and that some one is society. It has not brought its sentiment to bear on the unsolved problem of grade crossings. The ultimate solution is the abolishment of grade crossings. Meantime it is the duty of society to protect them by warning signals. This duty has been neglected too long. Not perfect protection but a measure of protection is afforded by mechanical devices which, arresting the eye and the ear of a vehicle driver, warn by night and by day.

In other states railway managers and state authorities have got together on the important matter of abolishing grade crossings or giving better protection. Oregon should act. This month is the time. The legislature which meets next week will have ample time to confer by committee with the railroads on the question of joint effort in the interests of public safety. If the railroads should hold aloof (a contingency not to be expected) the legislature can proceed without them. No rational citizen will oppose the urgently needed reform.

MODERN ASTROLOGY.

People who have a leaning toward the occult have been talking about the death of Madame de Thebes, the famous Parisian astrologist and clairvoyant. The most rational skeptic can scarcely account for some of her forecasts. Among her claims of correct predictions were the European war, San Francisco earthquake, and Galveston flood. But she went wrong on forecasting the death of Kaiser Wilhelm September 29, 1914.

In this scientific age astrology is regarded as a remnant of superstitious lore. Yet the number of people who believe in it and follow the practitioners of the art is more than most people realize. The occult, the dark side of nature, the unseen forces of the world, have for them an endless fascination.

It is an amusing side of human life, except that many people are forever rushing to the astrologist and the clairvoyant for decisions in doubtful matters, when they ought to think things out for themselves. Before making any improvement or business change they consult some of these veiled prophets. The seer being a person of keen perceptions, can make a shrewd guess from the facial appearance and mannerisms of the client, what kind of work he is fitted for. In many cases the opinion proves to be correct, but it was the astrologist's reading of human character rather than the occult influence of Jupiter or Saturn.

Of course, there is a twilight zone of intuition where human powers have never been quite defined. The possibility of thought transference is maintained by many scientists, and many singular co-incidences suggest that it may be a reality. But when people have a difficult problem in life, they can find wiser advisers than the dumb voices of the silent stars.

Instead of paying a fee to some mystic prophet, let them consult their own intelligence and that of their friends, and there will be fewer foolish mistakes in life.

—Here in the Tidings.

Heard and Overheard

(By Lynn D. Mowat.)

A Puzzle For the Vicar.

A Welsh vicar, who had been advertising for an organist, was very much bewildered on receiving the following among his replies:

"Dear Sir: I notice you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I beg to offer you my services."

This visitin' a battleship
Is just a graft, by heck.
They charged me half a dollar cash
To see the quarterdeck.

You Know Him.

Another pest is
William Blinks,
Who talks much faster
Than he thinks.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Another pest is
Frederick Stead,
Who always hears
More than is said.
—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Another pest is
Horace Hay,
Who says more than
He has to say.
—Oakland Enquirer.

Another pest is
O. R. Quoops,
Who talks and talks
And never stops.

Out in Society.

Whenever we determine that
We'll laugh and grin and be quite
gay,
We spill the punch or fall down flat,
Or else a garter gives away.

New Year's is now eleven days past
and it is on longer safe to offer to
buy cigars for the house, anywhere.

Where Are They?

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course, the main theme of his address was himself.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Purity.

An eager crowd of highbrows flocked up to the Vining to be shocked, on Monday and on Tuesday too. The good folks kicked up such ado and raised their voice in surety against the film called Purity. And as is generally the case, those who kicked hardest led the race. Determined that if came a row, they'd have a front seat, anyhow. And every one of those who came, expecting that they'd blush with shame, found out soon after they were seated, that they had been most sorely created. All left declaring it was fine and spouting of the "form divine." The talk of fault was mostly slush and no one blushed a single blush. And some few left the Vining knocking because the film had not been shocking. And it will be forever so, because many nice folks you know—yes, and including you and I—some idle gossip magnify, until a thing that is not wrong is jabbed by scandal's poison prong and dragged into the mud until the rankest filth would not fulfill conceptions held throughout the town, because a lie is hard to down. Then when the show-down comes, kerplunk, the howls of naughtiness prove bunk.

Living On Fifteen Cents a Day.

The experiments of the Chicago diet squad in living on forty cents a day awoke in us a smoldering ambition to emulate, and more, to go them one better. So we entered into one of the greatest physiological tests of the modern age. We planned to exist on fifteen cents a day. Moreover, we finally accomplished it. Here was the how. It was a thrilling tale of hardship and almost unquarable obstacles surmounted.

The first morning we started out bright and early, full of ambition and breakfast.* (See N. B. 1.)

All went well until we dropped into the barber shop for our usual shave. A shave costs fifteen cents and we felt safe, but we went to sleep and by the time consciousness came Jean had given us a hair cut shave and shampoo, and six bits was all shot to pieces. So ended the first day's attempt.

The second day our good resolution and our fifteen cents lasted until 11 o'clock, when Brick Moody, who is left handed and erratic, beat us three games of pool, usually an impossible feat.* (See N. B. 2.)

Thirty cents gone.

The third day we almost con-

quered. We had breakfast at home and Howard Barrett paid for our lunch, having won an election bet.* (See N. B. 3.) This carried us well into the afternoon, when we were forced to drop into Butler's on business. Well, doggone it, we never could resist Butler's chocolates, and then some sportive highschooler appealed to our sporting blood to match for the drinks—with the inevitable result. We never could match anything, not even thread.

But determination such as ours was bound to win, and on the fourth day we accomplished the feat which will send our name echoing down through the reverberating eternity of all time. In other words, we done it. It was easy, too—no strain at all. Being extremely tired when we went to bed along toward morning the night before, we left a note begging the folks to let us get our rest. They did. We awoke at 5 o'clock the next afternoon, hungry and dying for a smoke. Throwing our determination to the wind (the wind always appreciates having things thrown to it), we began searching for our apparel, only to find that our dog, now badly defunct, had chewed most of the seat out of the trousers. Also that everything else* (see N. B. 4) we owned had been moved downstairs into new quarters which we were planning to occupy. Also that there was company downstairs. We gave up, crawled back into bed, went to sleep, slept until the next morning and wrote our name on the pages of history by living a day on fifteen cents. It was easy.* (See N. B. 5.)

*1. This was along toward the last of the month when bill collectors are hibernating.

*2. We usually quit after the first one, when Brick has his eye with him.

*3. Very unusual.

*4. Yes, we have one other pair.

*5. Some folks never spend even fifteen cents a day and some folks haven't got fifteen cents and rarely have it. But they do not live. They merely exist.

And the Barber Kept on Shaving.

They are raising the cutest little mustaches. Yes. All three of them. It lends such a dignified air, don't you know, and goodness knows a professor should have dignity above everything else. And then, too, it will be easier for the fair young things (Ashland high has more pretty girls than any musical comedy that ever played Broadway) to resist the temptation to call their "dear teachers" by their first names. It all happened during the Christmas vacation and when school reconvened Monday, three downy mustaches adorned three upper lips. Embryonic, to be sure, but healthy and promising. It is only to be hoped that the epidemic is not contagious. Digie Gill would be simply irresistible with a mustache, and Joe Tinker—gosh, girls! But then all this is merely preliminary. The introduction, so to speak, to the thrilling story entitled Why Heine's Is Healthier Than Harmon's. You see at the beginning of vacation the three Profs. decided to grow 'em, and the one who first suffered to have his razored was to divulge with five hard dollars. Heine had five dollars for Christmas presents that was formerly Harmon's. Harmon meant well, you see, but losing his rest during the Christmas whirl, he passed quietly off into sleep one day in the chair at Nate Bates' barber shop and when he awoke he found that the barber, thinking the young mustache to be merely the evidences of a bad need of a shave, had cut it off. My, how sad! Harmon claims that he made the barber stand two and a half of the five.

The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

Children in a family should be treated as a gardener cares for his flowers. He realizes that they require different lights, soils, moisture, shade and attention. The treatment that would make a rose win a gold medal at a horticultural show might kill an orchid. He studies the plants, their habits, needs, peculiarities and individuality. He seeks to discover how each grows naturally. He does not force his process on nature, but seeks humbly to follow her guidance.

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and revelation. He realizes that Nature not only deals but leads. Parents do not always learn this lesson; they do not always realize that in showing us how children grow most naturally Nature is revealing to us the best methods of training them.

Nature placed somewhere in the heart of each of us a tender memory, which enables us to touch with a gentle hand or soothing word the heart of the afflicted. What a comfort to know that for every heartache there is somewhere in the universe a heaven-inspired soul to comfort those downcast. Let us make our words as dew from heaven, touching with gentle hand the withered flowers, giving new vigor to the hardy.

The great American sin is profanity. The use of profane language is not confined to the street loafer, the thug and the sot; men who move in good society, business men of standing and reputation, young men and old men, and even boys of tender age, are addicted to the inexcusable habit. There is nothing more disgusting than to hear a man punctuate his every utterance with lurid oaths.

If you have a home and are out of debt, don't fret and worry yourself and your good wife into the grave for the sake of making money. You have but one life to live and it is brief at best. Take a little pleasure and comfort as you go day by day, and try to do a little good to others. A morbid, insatiable desire to possess the earth, to grab everything in sight, is at the foundation of more misery than almost any one thing. Wealth alone will never keep your memory green after you are gone; a good life and kind actions will.

Never choose a friend who would urge you to pull out a single thread from the warp of character. Never choose for a friend one that you feel you have lowered your standard of purity and right one single inch to gain. If you can not step up in your friendships you need not step down. Raise your standard and stand by it.

The house and home require a head the same as any other business. No study is of greater importance to a girl. After marriage she often wishes

as she knew more of cooking and less of Latin. Money and love combined do not form a safeguard where there is domestic incapacity. A woman who is capable of filling her home in every sense of the word is worthy of more true applause than if she possessed many accomplishments.

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