

ASHLAND TIDINGS

Established 1876
Published every Monday and Thursday by
THE ASHLAND PRINTING COMPANY (Incorporated)

Harvey R. Ling.....Business Manager
Bert R. Greer.....Editor
Lee B. Franklin.....City Editor

OFFICIAL CITY AND COUNTY PAPER.

TELEPHONE 39

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year\$2.00
Six Months1.00
Three Months50
Payable in Advance

No subscription 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.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertising—
Single insertion, each inch.....25c
Six months, each inch.....20c
One year, each inch.....17½c
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, \$1.00.
Cards of Thanks \$1.00.
Obituaries 2½ cents the line.

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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.



THE I. W. W. PROBLEM AND A SUGGESTION.

In dealing with the I. W. W. propaganda, what consideration is due the individual follower of this radical organization? He certainly is entitled to SOME consideration. It seems to be a fundamental weakness of mankind to be inconsistent. Just glance back over American history. Our pilgrim forefathers came to the New World seeking political and, more than all else, religious freedom. They obtained what they wanted. Next we read of their radical views regarding any religion or creed that differed from their own! These pious Puritans of early Massachusetts resorted to shocking outrages upon those they chose to persecute. Men and women were even burned at the stake!

Later, when the slavery question became the burning problem of the day, when the "abolitionist" became the target of public criticism, just think of some of the awful crimes committed in the name of American principles. We read of William Lloyd Garrison being dragged through the streets and tortured by a mob—an angry mob of American citizens! Coming down to a later period, we see emblazoned on the pages of American history the names of Frances E. Willard and John P. St. John, leaders who dared strike out along new paths, but who paid dearly for their courage by long and bitter criticism on the part of "inconsistent" American people.

Today, as we read history in the making, we read of the outrages perpetrated upon innocent citizens by the Industrial Workers of the World. Then we wonder what sort of creed this latest reform propaganda represents. All precedent in this case has been upset. The would-be reformers, who boldly claim to be revolutionists, themselves are the "inconsistent" element in the problem; they themselves are the law breakers, the committers of the outrages upon society of which we read every day. In our endeavor to understand the typical I. W. W. and his methods, we are lost. The public officials of the state and nation, in trying to understand their novel methods and their extreme radicalism, find themselves baffled. No sane or just cause or reason is available for the peculiar methods of the I. W. W. Workers, as they are often called. So we find that it is one of the puzzles that has not yet been solved that confronts us today, both the public official and the private citizen.

Chief of Police Atterbury of Ashland, who has handled hundreds of these I. W. W. men, believes he has found a way that will at least reduce the vexing problem to a more simple form. Chief Atterbury has had years of experience as a police officer, having served for a number of years on the Portland police force. Here in Ashland we are at the "gateway leading north or south" on the Pacific coast. Thousands of hoboes, a large percentage of whom are members of the I. W. W., pass through this gateway every year; so Mr. Atterbury

knows the true I. W. W. type. However, he firmly believes in dealing with the individual man in a manly, considerate way—first. Appeal to his honor, manifest a genuine interest in him—a kindly, personal sort of you-are-my-fellow-citizen interest that will bring out the finer, nobler principles of the man. For an example, only last Wednesday Mr. Atterbury caught an I. W. W. down at the depot. Instead of arresting him and locking the man in jail, he led the man into a frank, friendly conversation in which they discussed, as man to man, the I. W. W. problem. This man soon owned up that he was getting sick and disgusted with the way the organization was doing in destroying property all over the country. While he believes in much of their teachings as regards reforms needed in the government, he was not a man who could approve their radical methods. When he was appealed to as a man not without honor, he frankly admitted that he was disgusted and ready to leave the organization. Mr. Atterbury succeeded in encouraging this man to tear up his card and drop the outfit entirely. Wasn't that better than "jumping onto him roughshod"?

Chief Atterbury could have "run him in," abused him and made a mortal enemy of this man. But do you think that that would have led him to see the error of his way?

As it is, the man has ceased all connection with the organization. He will doubtless become calm in his thinking, settle down and earn an honest living, thus becoming once more a respectable citizen and a producer instead of a disgrace and an expense to the public. Suppose that all of these men were dealt with in the same manner. If so, you would soon have the better element segregated from the real radical type that Mr. Atterbury believes is, as the I. W. W. said, a much smaller per cent than the public realizes. In that way a big part of them could be persuaded, no doubt, to become law-abiding citizens, producing instead of destroying. Besides, the radical element, the men really wanted by the authorities, would be segregated and ready to deal with as the emergency may require.

It is certainly a fine suggestion on the part of our chief of police and is well worth thinking about, to say the least. And our way of thinking will help to mold public opinion. Let us remember to not forget that American history is filled with "inconsistent" doings of our American citizenship.

From the frequency with which those little red fountains are installed all over the country, one might conclude that gasoline had become the national beverage.

The fact that a legislator is very jealous of the rights of his state does not prove that he is irrevocably opposed to a federal appropriation.

If our boys are to dig in France, the taxpayers must dig into their pockets.

THE ART OF AD WRITING. NO. 2.

An ad should be regarded as a selling agent. Some merchants seem to think all they have to do is to put in their name and line of business. So they get up an ad about like this:

Fine Footwear.
JOHN SMITH & CO.
Call and See Us.

Now if a salesman were to stand up behind a counter and simply say, "Shoes, fine footwear, call and see us," he would not sell many goods. Yet that is what some merchants expect an ad to do.

A. E. Edgar, author of "How to Advertise a Retail Store," urges ad writers to go more into detail and give their readers something to think about. He illustrates in the matter of shoes. He would take up a separate ad for each of his subjects, such as fit, style, comfort, wearing qualities, etc. He would state the detailed points in which superiority was claimed. Here is an illustration of how the idea can be worked out:

GOODYEAR WELTED SHOES AT \$4.00

Will wear as long as a \$6.00 hand-sewed shoe, and be equally flexible on the feet.

Wear longer than ordinary machine sewed.

JOHN SMITH & CO.

Other ads could be written dwelling on the fact that the shoes are made with genuine sole leather inner and outer soles, heels, counters and boxes. Others could talk about quality of stock, how by using perfectly tanned leather the sweating and burning of the feet are avoided. Others could feature the idea of fit, how by carrying a big range of sizes and widths all feet could be fitted. Still another could bear down on the holding of the shape of the shoe, accomplished through correct lasting. There is no end to the ads that can be written on these lines about shoes and any other kind of goods.

VENISON FOR MEAT.

A recent writer in the New York Sun, commenting on the need for new sources of food supply, favors growing venison for meat. He remarks that the flesh of the deer family is most appetizing, and epicures pay high prices for it. Yet it has never been raised for its food value, and is considered of use purely for sport.

The deer family range through rough lands good only for what timber can be grown. Deer can get their living there, and add to the product of this only slightly used soil. This writer notes that under domestication elk increases rapidly and that 90 per cent of the females produce healthy offspring.

In states that have been protecting deer for game purposes it is found that they multiply very fast. It takes an open game season lasting a week or two with gunners in every thicket to keep them down. Enormous quantities of the most toothsome meat are dragged home in triumph and are a prize in this day of scarce cattle. No costly barns or expensive feeds have to be provided.

The objection will be raised that wherever deer are protected near to a farming country they come out of their cover and do much damage to crops. Fruit trees are a favorite food for them, and they will strip a promising orchard nude in a short time. The state of Massachusetts has for fifteen years protected deer and a very large amount of deer meat has been secured by its hunters. But to reconcile the farmers to their protection, it has proved necessary to pay large sums in damages to the food producers, which must largely offset the value of the meat.

Of course deer might be confined within their ranges by systems of fencing. Anyone who ever saw an athletic deer make its peculiarly elastic leap in the air will recognize that it must be a very high fence. The subject is worth consideration in a time when we pay high prices for tough old beef infinitely less desirable than deer meat.

If you want to know how the boys feel in the trenches, just stand up at the picnic to bat the delivery of the sophomore pitcher home from college.

There is a tremendous outcry against pork barrel methods, but no congressman is reported to have lost votes by money secured for his own district.

One person in each 35 has an automobile now, and of the other 34 three are tolling on the back seat and 31 are dodging.

An enormous amount of shoe machinery is being turned out to produce hand-made shoes for the army.

Also the cotton factories are getting ready to turn out lots of woolen goods for the soldier boys.

HOW PEOPLE GET BY.

In these high-price times it is certainly a mystery how some families manage to get by. When you consider how prices have risen from 50 to 100 per cent, while wages and salaries have not gone up in that proportion, it is a problem how some families manage to exist and keep together.

For a great many people it has been solved by the ability of their children to get work and help support the family. There is such a demand for work of all kinds that almost any young person of the most middling intelligence can find things to do. It sometimes seems foolish for so many girls to train for stenographers, yet the demand for them keeps up. As fast as one lot gets able to take positions, a previous group of them have been married.

A young man who can't get work today must be either incurably indolent or incredibly stupid. An examination of a leading metropolitan paper the other day showed about six columns of advertisements of help wanted, and only a column of situations wanted. Usually the proportion is reversed.

So when one wonders how the man who is getting \$2.50 and \$3 a day can get along, it must be considered that frequently he has several children working and turning in money toward family expenses. The whole family may have resources of \$2000 a year. The people who have courage to marry and have children often get the most comfort out of life.

Of course the young married man with a family of little ones has a heavy burden. If the wife goes out and helps earn, the family suffers and the children run wild. The garden and the chicken house are a wonderful help for such people. They must be content with smaller space than their fathers had, but they need a roomy and well-utilized back yard. The outskirts of any town supply that, and an inexpensive bicycle will enable the head of the house to get to his work easily.

The People's Forum

Not "The Greatets Living Basso,"
(By H. G. Gilmore.)

July 20, 1917.

The good people of Ashland, the Rogue River valley and sundry other outlying districts, bent upon their annual visit to the go-ahead lithia city of southern Oregon, have nothing but words of praise and admiration for the managers of the Southern Oregon Chautauqua Assembly for the splendid bills of fare furnished at its sessions daily for the season of 1917. All things considered, the managing committee have abundant reason for congratulating themselves in bringing the "Chimes of Normandie," the Smith-Spring-Holmes orchestral quintet and the Musical Arts quartet to Ashland, very largely so in the Goddard combination so far as it relates to Miss Ruth Ray, violinist, and Robert Yale Smith, pianist, while, in anticipation of so much that was excellent from Mr. Goddard himself—which was never realized—the vocal offerings were very much a failure, and all this in face of the fact (according to newspaper announcements) that the Chicago Grand Opera Company, Covent Garden Theatre, and the Royal Opera Company, Vienna, have had the professional services of this vaunted singer. Even the critical London Times is reported to have gone so far as to say that it is altogether doubtful if there be a living soul who possesses "a better natural basso" than Mr. Goddard. All this is very uplifting, but the concert given in our Chautauqua on Thursday evening revealed a situation that brought much vexatious disappointment to the lovers of true music. Mr. Goddard has, confessedly, the physique of a modern Goliath, and the assurance of being Mr. James Goddard and nobody else. His accompanist is, physically speaking, simply a Zaccariaeus as compared to himself, but, nevertheless, an accomplished musician who understands that it is his business to support the voice and not encumber it by endless vagaries and intrusions. Mr. Goddard's voice has an extensive range from, probably, double D flat in the bass proper to G in high baritone, and he uses it in such a manner as to suggest that there is very little in male vocalization that can escape his utterance. Mr. Goddard has been denied the great gift of absolute pitch and can not, therefore, always exactly tell where he is "at." When dealing with a high note in full fortissimo force he literally tears the music into shreds, with a wabbling finish anything but pleasing to an acute musical ear. His voice is tubby as well as throaty and the average listener gets very little that is tuneful and inspiring from the performer.



COUNTRY AND SELF

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Mr. Goddard's numbers included renditions from "Old Black Joe" and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" (sung occasionally by ungodly persons to the well-known hymn, "O for a Closer Walk With God"), but, familiar as his music is to the multitude, neither of these "old timers" succeeded in creating any striking enthusiasm in the savage breasts of the audience, and largely because of the faults I have been at the pains to point out. If Ashlanders only heard, as I did some years ago in Boston Music Hall, the magnificent rendering of the two arias, "Roaming in Foaming Billows" and "The Trumpet Shall Sound" (oratorio numbers), sung by Mr. Whitney (basso) in a most masterly fashion, Ashlanders would understand what it was to listen to the "greatest living baritone." To hear Witherspoon, too, in the role of "Elijah" would furnish another opportunity of listening to greatness personified in one of its most attractive forms.

It is but proper to remark that the Goddard concert was made most enjoyable by the artistic performances of Miss Ray—a violinist still in the bud—and whose finished playing secured her double encores from a delighted audience. The "greatest living" violinists are, undoubtedly, Fritz Kreisler and Elma, and if they had only heard Miss Ray on this occasion, they would have applauded her with a sincerity as genuine as that accorded her by Ashland and its neighbors.

My one object, in this article, is to correct wrong expectations and in nowise to defile the good name of an artist who, no doubt, has worked hard in his profession and, in spite of certain personal defects, "turned out" pupils of no mean reputations.

Loss of Life By Drowning Accidents

It is queer how public sentiment will overlook great losses of life that happen in a regular way. A few years ago there was a terrible air because a score or two of young men were killed annually at football. But every summer between 5,000 and 6,000 are drowned, and no one gets excited about it.

The careless way in which many people who don't know anything about the water will act in boats and canoes is amazing. They come from inland places where there is not much water, yet they like to astonish the natives at the summer resorts with their impromptu skill and daring. They undertake to sail boats with no conception of the enormous leverage given by a high sail, and the ease with which sailboats topple over. An illiterate sea captain watching their

motions once remarked, "Them that know nothin' fear nothin'."

They go out in row boats and change places as nonchalantly as if on a dancing floor. By and by they fall in, and all they can do is to yell for help.

In the cities tanks are becoming common, and chances to learn swimming are multiplied. Often the most accidents occur in country towns where there is every chance to learn swimming but where no one supervises the learners. Some parents turn their boys loose without oversight to learn among their mates. Usually they come through all right, but often they don't. Others go to the opposite extreme, and a boy is told not to go near the water until he can swim. Some day he breaks loose, gets into a canoe, and never comes back.

Swimming can easily be taught. In many places volunteers could be secured to give lessons to the children of a neighborhood. Considering the great loss of life, it is a thing for parents to consider more carefully. Those who find no good opportunities to learn at home commonly get chances while they are on summer vacations.

The men are not expected to do much cooking nowadays, but if they make an effort they may be able to get out a pitcher of ice water without calling on their wives for help.

INTERURBAN AUTOCAR CO.
Leave Ashland for Medford, Talent and Phoenix daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. and 1:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday night at 6:30. Sundays leave at 9:00 and 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30, 6:30 and 10:30 p. m.
Leave Medford for Ashland daily except Sunday at 8:00 a. m. and 1:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday night at 10:15. On Sundays at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 5:30 and 9:30 p. m.
Fare between Medford and Ashland, 20 cents. Round trip, 35 cents.

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