

CARELESS LIVING.

The Awful Toll It Takes in Needlessly Shortened Careers.

There are more than 600,000 preventable deaths in the United States every year. There are a million and a half people lying on sick beds in the United States any day in the year who should not have been there.

While there is now a decreased loss of life from infection by the germ diseases, there is an increased loss of life after middle age from the degenerative diseases, such as hardening of the arteries or Bright's disease.

"The secret of life and of happiness," says Professor Fisher, "seems to be in taking one's life and work cheerfully. Almost any one can assume this attitude if the proper desire is present."

CADETS OF CHAPULTEPEC.

Heroism of Gallant Little Band of Mexican Schoolboys.

The defense of Chapultepec during the war between the United States and Mexico in 1847 was almost as gallant as was the attack. In this attack forty-eight Mexican cadets, among others, lost their lives.

For many years the celebrated castle of Chapultepec, where Montezuma held his barbaric court in the surrounding groves of cypress, where during nearly three centuries lived the successive viceroys of Spain and where Maximilian made his imperial home, has been the West Point of Mexico.

When General Scott had taken the place by storm and General Bravo had surrendered, a Mexican cadet only fifteen years old, seeing the flag of his country in peril, most of his comrades being already slain, climbed the flag-staff, tore the banner from its place, wound it around his body and slid down, intending to plunge over the precipice in order to save the colors from falling into the hands of the enemy.

That act of heroism being frustrated, the brave boy, with the banner still wrapped about him, fought until he was cut to pieces. Forty-eight of these schoolboys, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years, lie buried in one grave at the foot of the hill. Year after year the cadets of Chapultepec strew flowers upon the grave.

Finger and Toe Nails.

Finger nails and toenails are only another phase of the development of man from the animal that originally walked on four feet. Animals that walk on all fours use the finger and toe coverings, which in man is the nail, to scratch in the ground, to attack enemies and to climb with, and our nails of the present day are what the development of man into a civilized being has changed them to.

Livingstone's House Preserved.

Measures have been taken by the British government to preserve the remains of Dr. David Livingstone's house at Kolobeng, or Kolobeng, Bechuana-land, and the graves in its vicinity. Here Dr. Livingstone lived as a missionary among the Bechuana before setting out upon his great journeys of exploration.

Quick Returns.

At a Princeton reception a young sophomore said to the English poet Alfred Noyes: "After I graduate I want to go into some business that promises quick returns."

Tomatoes and Grapes.

An Italian grape grower accidentally discovered that the presence of tomato plants in his vineyard made short work of the phylloxera, with which his vines were infested. This insect destroys both the root and the stem of the grapevine.

Never Fails.

Bob (looking at the menu)—What is an omelet surprise? Rob—The surprise comes when you get your check.—Town Topics.

Duty puts a clear sky over every man, into which the skylark of happiness always goes singing.—Prentice.

Valuable Black Walnut.

Black walnut is the ideal wood for gun stocks, but it is scarce and high in price, and there are few of the trees left in this country. A single tree of this species can be sold for a good price, and a grove of black walnut trees represents a small fortune.

About the only black walnut trees available now are those on farms and private estates, and they are fast disappearing. The wood is hard and takes a high polish, qualities which make it desirable for the use to which it is put.

Some of the black walnut used is obtained from old furniture or wainscoting, stairways and interior trim of dwellings or churches. Many years ago black walnut was used extensively in the manufacture of the best grades of furniture, and in old churches pews and pulpits made of it can be found today.

Carelessness and Fires.

Little Horace, whose father thinks he is a second Edison, and his mother, who would like to use electricity for everything from curling her hair to stoking the furnace, do more to keep the fire engines busy than mice ever did in all the years they chewed matches.

Washington Devereux, chief of the electrical department of the Philadelphia Fire Underwriters' association, said 54,000 fires were caused last year by overheated electrical devices. The fault wasn't with the devices, he said, but with the human equation—the woman who turned on the "juice" in her electric iron and then went out for a social afternoon without turning it off.

Keep Up With the Present.

Success and happiness depend upon the way in which we adapt ourselves to the realities of the objective life. If we fight against change—and change we must meet at every turn and in every department of life—we soon become exhausted, wear ourselves out and sink back into ourselves—into the subconscious—and fall and grow old before our time.

If we cling to past experiences, refuse to live in the present, let our faith die when disappointments come, the results are the same. The life forces ebb and we sink into the great sea of the unconscious and are on the road to being submerged.

Desire, will, concentration, purpose, faith—these can be applied to keep us living in the present, to keep our enthusiasms active and our creativeness expressing.—Nautilus.

What's the Answer?

Old elephant hunters who have hunted their quarry in India, Siam and the wilds of the Malay peninsula are agreed upon the following fact: Bury the carcass of a full grown tusker in any spot in Asia—it matters not whether the location be high and dry or low and damp—one year from the date of burial not a shred of hide nor a silver of bone can be found by digging.

The "Crowned Republic."

It was Tennyson who gave to England the phrase "Our crowned republic." It was the bill of rights, by which parliament voted "Dutch William" and his wife, Mary, joint sovereigns of England, which made Great Britain a "crowned republic." From the moment the bill of rights gave the house of commons the sole right to levy taxes and that house resolved only to grant the crown annual supplies the backbone of absolutism was broken.

Safety First.

"What is your objection to me as a son-in-law?" "I haven't any objection to you," replied Mr. Cumrox. "But I have trouble enough maintaining my own position in this household without assuming the slightest responsibility for anybody else."—Washington Star.

Life.

"Young man, there is nothing worse than high life on a low salary," said the wise man who is always giving advice. "Oh, I don't know," replied the young man who knew a thing or two himself. "It's no worse than low life on a high salary."—Florida Times-Union.

Her Choice.

"Does your daughter play Mozart?" we asked, displaying unusual erudition. "I believe so," she replied deprecatingly, "but I think she prefers eucbre."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If Useless, Quit.

"Oh, stop whining. Is whining going to mend matters?" "I suppose not." "Then if not, whine not."—Exchange.

Fussy.

"You're to be shot at sunrise." "That'll spoil the whole day for me. Make it sunset."—Lamb.

Mediocrity is excellent to the eyes of mediocre people.—Joubert.

Carpenter Tools—Here Is a Snap

We have a hundred different articles as good as new. You fellows who have been looking for something good but cheap had better get in on these right away.

Bargains in Deer Guns and other articles

Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Saddles, Churns, Single Harness, 1 big Hack for two horses, Violin and Case, Twin Motorcycle \$40.00

We Pay Cash for

Old rubber boots and shoes, lead, brass, zinc, copper, aluminum, rags, etc.

Bring your junk to us and get the highest price

Eastern Supply Co.

Opposite Public Library

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE GREAT NORTHWEST?

Speech of Bert R. Greer of the Ashland Tidings, representing the Oregon State Editorial Association at the Northwestern Buyers' week banquet, Portland, Oregon, August 10, 1917.

Mr. Toastmaster, manufacturers, jobbers, retail merchants of the great Northwest and citizens of Portland, its peerless hub, I congratulate you on this splendid occasion!

What an empire this great Northwest embraces! What vast and marvelous natural resources! Yet, resources alone do not constitute greatness. It takes more than mere territory to make an empire.

I came three hundred and forty miles to this meeting in response to an invitation to talk business of common interest, because my heart grew heavy contemplating impending danger to the future prosperity of my chosen country.

Fellow citizens, there is something the matter with this great Northwest.

I love its matchless, show-capped mountains—its fertile valleys—its vastness—its waving grain and luscious fruits—its crystal streams and boundless forests—and feel that its symptoms should be carefully and deliberately diagnosed and the seat of trouble certainly located, that such remedy may be applied as will bring it back to robust health, happiness and prosperity.

The fact is, in my section of the country, and I assume in many other sections, nearly three-fourths of the merchandise disposed of is Eastern made and comes through Eastern jobbers. That appears to me to be a bad symptom—one that, if let run, may result in complete ossification or hardening of the arteries, either of which ultimately brings death to the patient.

Mr. Retailer, no matter what section of the great Northwest you come, the profit derived from jobbing trade with you will never build a paved highway from Mexico to Canada, or level grades over these rugged mountains, if it goes to manufacturers and jobbers of the East for commodities that can be manufactured in the West. Please do not complain of high taxes, poor roads and bad business until you have done your full share in upbuilding the industries of the Northwest.

It is of common remark that little is manufactured in the West. That is of shame to us. We do not properly support the ones we have. Our immediate danger is not from foreign foes. It is from within. There is dearth of community spirit. We lack cohesion, sympathy and co-operation among our own people. We seem still to have the great lesson to learn that lasting prosperity comes to the individual only through the advancement of his neighbor.

In Southern Oregon we have learned the lesson so poorly that nearly half of our citizens make their purchases through mail-order houses.

Buying away is a withering and foolish, though almost universal, habit. The Ashlander buys his supplies in Portland instead of at home. The Portlander goes to Chicago for his. The Chicagoer buys his in New York. The New Yorker goes to Paris and the simple Parisian comes to Ashland to get the best that can be found on the round globe. We have simply formed a mania for sight-unseen buying. That is but its natural exemplar and it fatuous cycle.

"The mill will never grind with the water that's run by," nor will the dollars shipped to the far east for merchandise ever build big industries and happy homes in the Northwest.

The best and quickest way to develop this section is to keep our dollars, as well as our energy, turning to account in our own country.

Representing, as I do on this occasion,

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

Ashland Transfer & Storage Co.

C. F. Bates, Proprietor Wood, "Peacock" and Rock Springs Coal and Cement

PHONE 117

Office 99 Oak Street, Warehouse on track near depot.

Ashland, Oregon

tion, the retail merchant's greatest ally, the weekly newspaper, I can not refrain from calling your attention to the powerful, persistent insistence of the country press against mail-order buying. The newspaper clearly discerns the tendency of the habit to destroy thrifty community life by crushing out the retail merchant who makes community life possible.

The thrifty citizen keeps his money at home where he can get it again. But, gentlemen, this applies not alone to the ultimate consumer—the customer; it must apply as well to the merchant. I knew a dry goods merchant who complained that the people were becoming mail-order buyers, and the next week sent away for a suit of clothes for himself. That won't do. Gentlemen, it is not high taxes that cramp us. We are not victims of our own folly and lack of interest in the prosperity of our neighbors. Let's reform, and be loyal to each other. That will help to cure the patient.

Be loyal to your home merchant, and your home jobber. I am talking now of the whole Northwest. Your interest lies first in your home, then in your state, then in your nation. Do not let your commercial loyalty extend beyond that. Whatever is better than American-made goods is too good for a common American citizen. Always keep your money as close home as possible. That will help the patient.

Stimulate Northwest industry by buying from Northwest manufacturers and jobbers. You may have to give up some widely advertised lines, but it will pay to evince a spirit of home co-operation. Say to the traveling salesman: "If your house will create a demand for your goods by using space in the local papers, like the Eastern manufacturers do, we will put in your line." Sometimes, you know, it is necessary, as well as helpful and religious, to induce sleepy manufacturers and jobbers to wake up and adopt modern, competitive methods. If they do, and show game enough to accept your proposal, tie to them. They are bound to succeed. As soon as their wares are as widely advertised, in this field, as the Eastern-made goods, they will sell as readily. The Western quality is O. K., but the people have yet to be convinced of that truth. It is your duty, my duty and the manufacturers' and jobbers' duty to educate the people on the subject.

Where is the school boy or girl who does not know that Royal baking powder is made from pure cream of tartar, or that alum risin' is bad for bread? Every American cook, and every embryonic cook, and every one who eats doughnuts like mother used to make, knows perfectly well that you had as well make the doughnut all hole as to leave out the Royal baking powder or fail to fry it in Crisco. How and why does everybody think that? Royal, and Crisco, and Aunt Gemma and a thousand other Eastern manufacturers have educated the people to think it, and these brands the people buy.

If Royal stopped its educational campaign for six months the "twenty-five-cent-for-25-cents" kind would get the American pantry shelf, because, without proper education, quantity goes before quality, and the Royal manager would be left wondering what in the devil had hit Hanna. But Royal knows. Experience has taught its lesson. Royal keeps on educating and gets the business.

Where is the boy not familiar with the "Fish Brand Slicker"? Down in our country everybody has one. Not one "just as good," but a Fish Brand. Why? Because the manufacturers never allow a country newspaper to go to press, during the rainy season, without the old fisherman peering out at the reader from beneath his big fish, and everybody knows him.

Down our way in every issue of the newspapers flashes out: "Unless they are made by Levi Strauss, they are not OVERALLS." No wonder we buy our overalls from California. We can think of nothing else. Strauss won't let us. Do our merchants carry them? Of course. The people demand them and self-interest commands the local dealer to supply the demand. Is any such commodity made in Oregon? If so, we have never heard of it.

What is true of Royal, and Crisco, Fish Brand and Strauss can be made true of every ware manufactured in the great Northwest.

"Made in Oregon" is a fine slogan. Put to common practice, it will make the state great. "We use only Oregon-made goods" is a good running mate and, when adopted, it should stand boldly out on every country newspaper page until the people adopt and practice it. In the science of profit publicity is a tremendous factor.

A few years ago the Oregon Manufacturers' Association fathered a

"Made in Oregon" campaign. The idea was to educate the people to the use of Oregon-made wares. There was a deal of energy put behind it, but, because of illy matured methods, it succeeded better in educating country newspaper men than it did the consumer.

The association employed a very able and excellent lady to forward the campaign. She knew every newspaper man in the state by his first name. If the truth be known, no doubt that formed a high consideration in her employment. When she struck town she made a bee line for the newspaper offices and wrote them nice, and very extended, stories about her "made in Oregon" plans. She talked loyalty to Oregon industries and appealed to her old friends so strongly, and bewitchingly, that she got columns of free publicity in every town. She stayed a week in Ashland and got about fifty dollars' worth of publicity out of my paper—she was such a good and fulsome writer. She did splendid work. I commend her.

But, out of that success something happened that made it impossible to ever repeat the like in this state again. One newspaper manufacturer asked himself whether the other manufacturing industries of the state were proving as loyal to the newspaper factories as that industry was to them. Whether it was good policy and common fairness to solicit loyalty while begging free publicity from brother manufacturers. He brought the matter to the attention of newspaper men, in state convention assembled, and suggested that hereafter, unless the loyalty went both ways, there be nothing doing. His suggestion was unanimously adopted.

Yet, the campaign had at least one virtue. It demonstrated that Oregon manufacturers, other than newspapers, had a right notion about the value of advertising. If it could be had on their terms. But, I fear, such attempt at exploitation will soon drive the newspapers venal and selfish.

Maybe that is why Mark Woodruff and Clark are having tough sledding getting "Oregon-made" publicity into the country press. Possibly the newspaper manufacturers think they have done enough until there be something doing from the other side.

The newspapers wish to cooperate with the manufacturers of Oregon. They are willing to preach, in season and out, "Buy Oregon-made goods," but they do not feel able to supply all the loyalty, all the patriotism, all the publicity for the numberless industries of the state without stint and without price.

When Oregon manufacturers apply a fair per cent of their income to educate consumers, through the country press, Oregon-made goods will sell and Oregon factories will tremendously expand. Country merchants will handle the output because it means profit to do it, and the country newspaper will fairly teem with loyalty to "Made in Oregon" wares. You know, the editor is a peculiar cuss. He appreciates things.

Mr. Toastmaster: Representing the country press on this occasion, I am not unmindful that we are guests of the matchless city of Portland to-night and that I am now speaking in response to her kind invitation. It is highly important to us that Portland become the greatest manufacturing city on the Pacific. What I say here is with no spirit of criticism, or intent to offend. The country press is not altogether faultless. It has neglected, in a measure, educating citizens to broader action and closer brotherhood. But, the combination of mistaken action by localities and classes is a marked symptom in our ailment and should be touched on at this time.

We Oregonians are proud of Portland and pleased with the hospitality within her gates. She is a marvelous city. We look to her as the smaller does to the big sister, expecting to find her alert and magnanimous. Big sisters can well afford to be magnanimous. In fact, to feel otherwise is a shriveling omen.

Introspection has its good uses. It pays to frequently take a square look at one's self and discern, in verity, whether our habits of life are dwarfing or expanding. The agency that causes us to do that is not foe, but friend.

There are those throughout the state who feel that our big sister is neither so tall as her skyscrapers, or so broad as her proper trade territory.

The other day at Klamath Falls home trade was the topic. A prominent merchant of that place admitted that he was an exclusive patron of San Francisco jobbers, saying: "Yes, I buy in San Francisco. Why not? What cares Portland for Southern Oregon? Last month the Klamath country celebrated the most important event in its history—one in which, we felt, the whole state

should be interested—the starting of work on the Strahorn railroad. How much interest did Portland evince in us on that commonwealth-building occasion? Not the head of a Portland firm was there; just a few traveling salesmen buttonholing merchants for orders. No evidence of good will and goodspeed. We asked the Portland Chamber of Commerce to participate. Not a representative. Not an echo. That body seemed to think more of sixty dollars' expense the trip would occasion than it did of the Klamath country and her greatest enterprises. Purely selfish. Why should we act otherwise? Of course, I buy at the handiest market. Why should I inconvenience myself to favor a town that does not reciprocate? They all look alike to me."

I confess that rather punctured my enthusiasm, because the conversation called to mind that at the same instant Ashland was straining every nerve in pulling off the greatest celebration in her history. She had just completed her mineral springs project, a fine park and one of the largest auditoriums in the state, at a cost of over three hundred thousand dollars, and was celebrating that event. She felt she had accomplished wonderful things for a small community—and felt proud of her achievements. She had gone the limit in celebrating it. She had sent a delegation to Portland to extend an invitation and cultivate interest and good will. Portland Chamber of Commerce said she was with us—she would send a good delegation and a special train. The day arrived. The cannon booms. The fireworks flash out into the night. Wicked horses buck and the long-horned steers meet a magnificent foe. Where is Portland's delegation? Sound asleep in the shade of an empty skyscraper, wrapped in the gauzy filaments of its own satisfaction. At Ashland, not a happy how-do-do from a Portland manufacturer or jobber. Not a good will representative from the Chamber of Commerce. Just a few traveling salesmen engaged in their common pursuit. That was mere venality. We hoped for a more cordial and wholesome interest from our big sister.

Does the Rogue River valley trade with San Francisco? Yes, mostly. That's another symptom. Sometimes as great profit is derived from an exchange of good will as comes from an exchange of wares. Portland, to be robust and prosperous, needs to spread her great wings over the entire state of Oregon. Her trade territory should embrace more than Multnomah county and the Willamette valley. It should extend over Washington, Montana, Idaho and all of Oregon, at least. Is it not just possible that her trade territory has shriveled through a pinched policy of her own? If so, there is another symptom.

Portland can greatly prosper only by building up her trade territory. By taking it under her great wings, even as a hen taketh her brood under her wings. By helping to nourish her natural offspring so it will grow big, fat and sleek.

We Southern Oregon folks—so near the California line—need more or less coddling and courtesy, lest we forget whether, in truth, we are Oregonians or Californians. Besides that, we country dealers have observed, through long experience, that courteous attention and good will are as essential in holding the patronage of our neighbors as good goods and right prices. We visit considerably with our customers. That's why I am here tonight with this message of good cheer and good will.

I thank you.

Nearly everyone can keep a secret—if it is something good that is whispered about another.

WHY IT SUCCEEDS. Because it's For One Thing Only, and Ashland People Appreciate This. Nothing can be good for everything. Doing one thing well brings success.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for one thing only. For weak or disordered kidneys. Here is Ashland evidence to prove their worth.

Mrs. J. Galbraith, 136 Sherman street, Ashland, says: "Five years ago my kidneys were in a bad way. My back felt weak and lame and I was tired and languid all the time. Finally I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and they helped me wonderfully. They regulated my kidneys and since then I have always used Doan's Kidney Pills when I have felt my kidneys needed attention. They have always done me good."

Price 60c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Galbraith uses. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.