

The People's Forum

TALKS TO LITTLE FOLKS.
Number 1.

(By Henry G. Gilmore.)

My Dear Young Friends: I have lately been reading about India, which, as you may perhaps know, belongs to Great Britain. The people in that great peninsula are for the most part densely ignorant and worship idols. They look upon much of the animal creation as sacred and have a special reverence for snakes and things of that sort. India is a wonderful country in many ways. It is triangular in shape, as you will see by a single glance at the map; nearly 2,000 miles in length, and the highest mountain ranges in the world are to be found in the extreme northern part of the country. We know in our own country that there are many high mountains such as Mts. McKinley, Baker, Shasta, Ranier, and so forth, but great as they all are in the matter of going skyward they are as nothing compared with the immense peaks to be found along the whole range of the Himalaya mountains, one of which is more than 30,000 feet high, or, in other words, if we had to ascend this particular spur before breakfast our little trotters would have traveled something like six miles! Just think of this nice little trip before sitting down to a basin of porridge (Quaker oats, if you like), a couple of eggs with toast and anything else to satisfy a ravenous appetite brought on by your six-mile nearly-upright climb.

In comparing the heights of European mountains with those of India, the other day, I found that, even putting the Pyrenees on top of the Alps, I should have to add seven thousand feet to these two mountain ranges before reaching anywhere to the highest point of the Himalayas. Just think of that and how cold it must be, in that region, 365 days in the year. In summer it is awfully hot in the plains of India and people who can afford to do so go to the Punjab and other mountain passes in order to get away from the scorching rays of the sun, which literally burn everything which come in their pathway.

Charming snakes, with flute playing, is both a business and a pastime in India, and the horrid things (as I call them) dance about with delight when they hear the music. Fancy some fine artist spending his or her time in doing these reptiles with entrancing strains from Mendelssohn, Beethoven and Chopin to soothe their snakish feelings before retiring for the night! The boys and girls of the United States desire no such company.

Now I intended from the very first to say more about the wild animals of India than anything else, and I proceed at once to do so. I am not going to trust myself to tell you the story about the snakes and wild beasts of India, but give you all the interesting facts and conditions related by a great traveler and lecturer in the person of Mr. J. L. Stoddard, who some years ago delighted the public with most instructive illustrated lectures upon his journeying in foreign lands. This is what Mr. Stoddard has to say about the snakes and wild animals in India that devour so many poor suffering people every year:

"The majority of people who die from snake bites in India are peasants (poor indeed), whose naked limbs and feet are exposed to attack while working in the fields. No other country in the world affords such opportunities for snake stories, but I shall confine myself to facts. According to the official reports, more than 19,000 human beings died in India in 1892 from snake bites and 947 people were destroyed by tigers, 260 by leopards, 182 by wolves, and



At Vining Theatre Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 16 and 17.

that more than 80,000 head of cattle had been killed by serpents or wild beasts. In 1888, a government report says, over 20,000 deaths were caused by snakes and 975 by tigers. Every shoe in the morning must be 'well shaken before taken' on account of scorpions, who delight to pass the night in warm, comfortable quarters, and worse than all when a boy or girl retires for the night he or she is as likely as not to find a deadly cobra (the largest of Indian snakes) coiled up in a corner of the bed."

Now doesn't all this show how contented we ought to be to live in a country like our own, free from every sort of danger that comes from living in parts where serpents and wild beasts are almost as numerous as the birds of the air and fishes of the sea in our own favored land?

I have got to the end of my letter in this little essay, and desire to say that the following are the titles of some of the subjects I propose treating in my Talks to the young and school-going readers of the Tidings, viz.: "God's Beautiful World," "The Golden Rule," "Little Samuel of Old," "My Country 'tis of Thee," "David and Goliath," "Why I Go to Sunday School," and "How to Make the Most of Myself."

Travel Stories.

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 8, 1917.

Editor Tidings: Here we are in this thriving city of Omaha after a very interesting and pleasant journey over the Southern Pacific lines from Ashland. I was asked by your paper to write something of my impressions of the financial and business conditions of this section of the country, but, like all other one-horse Methodist preachers, I find it difficult to keep to the main issue. However, it would be a dull person indeed who would fall in passing through to see something of the great movements of the middle west.

The first thing that impressed me upon arriving here was the keen interest that friends and relatives seemed to take in our arrival, with automobiles waiting at the station and everything arrayed in gala attire. This I was at a loss to understand, as the only distinction that I was conscious of possessing was the mere fact that I lived in Ashland, Ore. I at once attributed it all to that fact and announced that I thought it was quite a showing in honor of the place where I happened to live. But that whole idea soon was set at naught and went glimmering as but a memory, for I discovered that this is their ordinary way of doing things. They put life, energy and an all-absorbing interest into whatever they do. And, by the

way, there is something here worth thinking about. You will find this principle in operation in the office of every great business man, in the pulpit of every successful preacher and in the home of every man who knows how to entertain his friends. This sort of a spirit is life in action, and when properly directed knows no such thing as stagnation or defeat.

Now just think of the difficulties these people have to contend with. Last night we had a frost that laid everything low; the wind has been constantly blowing, so that the heaviest overcoat could find did not afford protection from its constant blast. During the winter water pipes freeze at a depth of four feet below the ground, and the changes in temperature are sometimes so rapid that the mercury runs up and down the scale with almost lightning speed.

Only three years ago a cyclone struck the city and mowed a path six miles in length right through its center, killing 143 people and injured 350 others, destroyed 550 houses, eight schools and eleven churches, left 2,500 people homeless and destroyed \$5,000,000 worth of property. These people buried their dead, cared for their helpless and relieved the suffering, then went right on advertising that Omaha was the safest place in the world to live, with the result that today she stands as one of this nation's most prosperous cities. It's the spirit that you cannot defeat, that's all.

Omaha's bank clearings for 1916 were \$1,277,158,591, factory output was \$268,057,715, wholesaling \$183,759,493. Livestock receipts were nearly eight million head, grain receipts 75,169,140 bushels, smelter output \$46,019,279. The amount that went into new buildings last year was \$7,226,107.

Omaha's population is 189,000, with a commission form of government. There are nine trunk line railroads running into this city, with 22 distinct branches. They have 52 public schools, three universities and 152 churches.

There are other towns just as well located as Omaha near here, but they do not have the business. The secret of it is they do not have the spirit. We pay for what we get and we get exactly what we pay for. Eternal vigilance is the price of success.

Are we anxious that Ashland shall be a great and splendid city? If so, let us pay the price. There is nothing impossible. Pay your money and take your choice. M. C. REED.

Tidings "For Sale" ads are active little real estate salesmen.

Trench Life is Hell On Earth

Glen Mahan, who is fighting in France, has written this interesting letter of his experience abroad that is published in the Times of Phillips, Wis.:

"Life at the front is a living hell. The crashing of the heavy bombardments, the staccato fusillade of the smaller guns, the moaning and the groaning of the wounded, all create a pandemonium which taxes the stoutest nerves. While in the front line trenches the tension is never relaxed, and so severe is the strain that it has been found necessary to work the men in six-day shifts, so as to provide relaxation and recuperation. Six days are spent in a front line trench, six days in a support trench, six days in a reserve trench and six days back of the entire line at complete rest. At the outbreak of the war the celebrated Buffs regiment of England lay in a front line trench for 39 consecutive days without relief, the longest period of continuous active fighting in the history of the British army. While the life of a soldier in a front line trench is at all times strenuous, there are often periods of unusual stress. On one occasion I lay for 15 minutes serving a machine gun directed at a massed formation of attacking Germans. The assault was finally repulsed, but after it was all over I found myself considerably weakened and wringing wet from the exertion.

"The frightful loss of life among the allied forces at the outbreak of the war was due to their unpreparedness. The disparity in the casualties sustained by the opposing armies must not be attributed to any superior fighting qualities of the German soldier, but was due to the superior German armament which that country had been perfecting for over forty years. Gradually, however, the allies have been perfecting their military equipment until today our big guns surpass in execution those of the enemy. The smallest cannons of the allies are placed 1,500 yards back of the front line, while the largest 12-inch naval guns are situated from 10 to 12 miles to the rear, intermediate callbers being stationed in between. These big guns do some terrible execution.

"The fire of the Germans is not

only aimed at definite objective points along the allied lines, but it is often directed indiscriminately at any point they can reach behind those lines. In many cases hospitals have been struck by shells, killing wounded soldiers as well as doctors and nurses. I was spending my rest period of six days at Mount Kemmel, and was lined up with others for a cup of coffee at a restaurant stand when the fragment of a shell struck a woman standing nearby with a baby in her arms. The baby was thrown uninjured a distance of ten feet or more, but the poor mother was instantly killed.

"The bombardments are sometimes most appalling. One night while we were stationed nearly 15 miles behind the front lines the artillery fire was so constant and fierce that it afforded sufficient light for some of the boys to play cards. Words fail to convey any realization of the frightful holocaust. Every man at the front appreciates fully that his very existence is precarious, but, no matter what happens to him or those about him, his face gleams that dogged persistence and determination which says, 'It has got to be done.'

"The atrocities committed by the Germans in this war are almost inconceivable. They seem to have been bereft of all humane consideration. Many of the barbarities perpetrated by them are too inhuman to relate. Young girls have been fiendishly outraged within sight of their parents. At one place where I was stationed I carried water for a young girl both of whose hands had been cut off because she had resisted the British advances of a German officer. We continually come across such evidences of brutality and we frequently heard of others more revolting. Never before in the history of civilized warfare have such shocking cruelties been committed.

"The German soldiers of the rank

and file are being kept in ignorance of the actual events and progress of the war. German prisoners taken by the allies had been told by their officers that the German fleet had destroyed the allied warships and commanded all commerce on the high seas. Similar false reports had been circulated among them regarding the operations on both the eastern and western fronts, and it was with incredulity that they received a true account of affairs. However, they were not at all displeased at finding themselves prisoners and out of the carnage, and, judging from the manner in which they devoured the food given them at the army kitchen, they had not enjoyed a square meal for some time before being captured.

"The treatment accorded the allied soldiers is all that could be expected. They are furnished wholesome food and plenty of it, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The system of supplying food to the different lines of trenches is most systematic and methodical, but of course there are occasions when the regularity of the service is interrupted temporarily through some unusual activity of the opposing forces. The necessities are abundantly supplied, but the little comforts, such as tobacco, are often wholly lacking."

Trace-Chain Casing

I find that the best casings for trace chains, where they rub the team are common single-tube bicycle tires which may be cut so as to make two, three or four, depending on the length you desire to have them. They do not slip easily, and will outlast the leather ones because of the absence of the seam. Do not throw away the old tire next time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Weaver were in Ashland from their country home near Talent Friday.

MOVING NOTICE

WE ARE MOVING to the store formerly occupied by J. F. Patty

at 383 East Main Street

and are making a final shipment of all our old paper in a very short time. If you want to clear out your old magazines and newspapers bring them NOW to 135 Pioneer Avenue or Phone 79. Our price is 25c for 100 lbs. for No 1 magazines and newspapers.

WE ARE MOVING

Ashland Junk Dealers. L. Gartner, Prop.

Mass Meeting Wednesday Eve

Judge John H. Stevenson

and

Honorable W. S. U'Ren

Will Address the People of

Ashland and Vicinity

at

Chautauqua Auditorium
Wednesday, Oct. 17 at 7:30

A Good Program and a
Large Crowd Expected

This will be the formal opening of the subscription campaign to raise Ashland's quota of the Liberty Loan Bonds. No bonds will be sold and no collection will be taken at this meeting.

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

IT'S different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shine lasts four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on simple stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

All you ask is that you should use your Black Silk Stove Polish. If you don't find it in the best stove polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Inquiries on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—see quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works
Sterling, Illinois

The Black Silk Air-Drying from enamel on cast-iron, enameled, or painted surfaces. It is the only Black Silk Stove Polish for stoves, pipes, or brass. It has no equal for use on polished brass.

A Shine in Every Drop



This New Sack

will appeal particularly to the young man who would avoid the commonplace in his apparel.

The military lines of this belted model will give an ordinary man the carriage of a seasoned West Pointer. To be sure it will look just right, have it tailored to your exact measure by the House of Born.

A noteworthy offering of Born woollens—dependable weaves, modestly priced—is ready for your selection.

(Resident Born Dealer)

Paulserud & Barret