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Bert R. Greer, Editor

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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 rate. 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 Jackson county papers combined.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Behold, his faults were written in the sand but his virtues in the heart of the whole American people.

We are struck with the greatness and fire of his life and the simplicity of his death and obsequies. He needs no eulogy. We bow our head. The great American Citizen has gone to his reward. History will rank his public life and service with that of Washington and Lincoln.

"UNEARNED INCREMENTS"

There is neither logic or reason in the few bearing all the burdens of town building. If a city goes forward it favorably effects the fortune of every citizen. Some day everybody will acknowledge that proper publicity is as necessary to the health of a community as good water and lights. When that day comes taxes will be levied and paid willingly for the purpose of keeping the assets of the place in the minds of those wishing a change. Cities grow dull and taxes burdensome when they cease to go forward, no matter whether taxes are high or low, so long as there is not ready money in the community to meet them, and the city that lies down when adversity comes and tries to offset the lack of activity by parsimony in public affairs will find business slacking, money growing scarce and taxes a burden. What if taxes are but five cents a year on an empty building? Better pay one hundred a year and have it profitably rented. Every day people are moving away from every city in America, prosperous or slow, it matters not, and the duller a town grows the faster they vacate it. Without effort on the part of citizens any city will decline. Where everybody's business is nobody's business, with every citizen pinching and squeezing the neckle, it declines rapidly. Many of them have already decayed and are forgotten. There should be as much system in keeping the city attractive and keeping it before the people as there is in keeping the electric plant, or waterworks in proper function. Most people now understand that, but every community has its slackers, who wish to ride to prosperity on the backs of the townbuilders, without contributing either money or effort to the advancement of the place. They should not be allowed to do it. Their mite should be forced into the budget.

There is a tide in the affairs of cities, which, if taken at its flood, leads on to fortune. Every city should be prepared to climb on when the tide is at full flood. Systematically, intelligently, persistently. To do that it needs better preparation than catching-as-catch-can when the tide comes in.

Heads of utility companies, who prosper greatly from advancement of cities, are never found by soliciting committees. They ride to opulence on the backs of the townbuilders. However, the tax collector can get them. Why not give him the opportunity? And how about non-resident realty speculators? Soliciting committees never find them. It is not so strange, after all, to hear the wild-eyed soap-box socialist berating "unearned increment." We need better system in our activities.

Marvelous how closely words are related to attraction and repulsion. The house pet responds readily to the epithet "kitten," but runs away when I say, short and quick, "cat." She does not take time to argue the case. She just up and "kitts." How much like human sensibility is that of the cat.

IS IT WORTH CONSIDERING?

Fine compliment if all persons could truthfully state of any man that in all his life they had yet to hear him utter an unkind or bitter word against another. Such an one would surely be unusual, but he would not need fear for his destiny, either in this life or that to come. He would stand a living, breathing exemplification of the purely divine spirit and would find himself the most universally loved person of record. Therefore he would be the happiest man alive because he would escape all the bitter stings incident to wounds from a poisoned dart intended for an adversary that always recoils to torment its projector. Experience announces as an absolute law of life and society that the back-biter never goes unscathed.

We are led to these considerations by the awful agony of a friend deeply wounded from unkind words coming to her ears, thru a third party, which had been spoken of her in her absence. Her hurt was deep and her anguish heart rending for the offensive words reflected gravely on her life and character.

We know her very well. She is a woman of spirit, of keen intellect, ambitious socially, and, withal, tinctured somewhat with envy and spite, like the rest of us. Often we have seen her wag her head and heard her say this or that unkind thing regarding this very third person who now has wounded her. They happen to be social rivals with the mistaken notion that one can popularize herself by tearing down the other. Each mistakenly thought the many-headed multitude were drawn.

By Brutus' speech that Caesar was ambitious.

But, When eloquent Mark Antonie had shown

His virtues, who but Brutus then, was vicious.

Neither reckons rightly the many-headed multitude's ready change of front and both are wounded, mortally wounded. They forget the very common human characteristic which carries biting tales with swift alacrity that gather volume as they gain momentum and strike home at last with withering force.

Each is exceedingly anxious now that the other be reformed; indeed so solicitous are they that the criminal law may be invoked to accomplish it. Foolish women. What an odoriferous and curiosity provoking mess it would prove aired in court. If it comes to that, we will freely undertake to find a thousand persons in Ashland willing, and who spend much time trying, to invoke criminal process for the reformation of the other fellow, with never a thought of self correction in matters equally as material to wholesome spiritual life and resultant peace and happiness.

It's easy enough. You need not invoke the law. Just quit backbiting.

Howard H. Hays, of the United States Railroad Administration, has this to say on the matter of community advertising: "It is up to the communities to advertise themselves as never before to take the place of former railroad promotion of the tourist regions. The Northwest has been the beneficiary of hundreds of thousands of dollars of railroad promotion. Since this is withdrawn no stone should be left unturned to provide funds to sustain the travel which these roads have featured."

Hood River county is to increase its taxes six per cent in 1919 for good roads work.

DREAMERS OF THE PAST

Strange it would be, surely, to live in a town of age and decrepitude, where old men and women sat dreaming of the past and wagging their heads at the dreams of the present and the future.

However, in their backward dreams there is hope: A faint outline of old Spedunk, the scene of their early marriage and youthful ambitions, might come to view.

They might remember old Grouch; how he came to Spedunk in the early days and sat himself down on a large tract near the town. How he grumbled and predicted a sad end and sure bankruptcy when younger spirits, of which this old dreamer was one, the same year raised fifteen thousand dollars for a monument and celebration, twelve hundred dollars for an advertising campaign and voted fifty thousand dollars to augment the depleted water supply of the village. How old Grouch did groan. How he predicted financial collapse and bewailed the already high taxes. How he swore he would sell out and go where people had better sense, but never did. Instead, he bustled himself opposing every proposed forward movement, but when development began he proceeded to cut his tract into town lots and sell them at fabulous prices, soaking the money in his old sock and stoutly refusing to contribute any share to further advancement. How the forward spirit of the town made farther progress until the sale of Grouch's town lots left him rolling in wealth and howling louder than ever about ruination and bankruptcy. He was old and conservative so he started loaning his money where his conservatism could lean back and look like wisdom, still continuing to knock while the town advanced. He greatly hindered because he met every newcomer presenting himself with a suggestion, coupled with a groan, that taxes were too high and the town had no future.

But Spedunk advanced in spite of his warnings. Nobody paid any attention to him because they knew his protestation was in the hope of

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That's the only kind we handle. Wholesale and Retail. FISH ON FRIDAYS. OYSTERS AND CRABS IN SEASON. James Barrett, Prop. Phone 188.

dodging taxes and contributions. Of course, he was the last to remodel his buildings and they were left vacant until everything liveable in the town was filled and renters finally occupied them only because there were none better to be had.

Spedunk kept growing and rents advanced as the demand increased. Grouch then grew fond of telling how "we" did it—how he settled on the large tract and sold it in town lots, having paid two dollars an acre and sold at one hundred dollars a foot. He gloried in pointing out the spot where the largest skyscraper stood as the identical one on which he raised his first modest home.

Don't you remember, he never, to his dying day, awoke to the realization that his wealth came to him in spite of himself, because dreamers of the present and future were in action with forethought and courage enough to overcome his retarding influence and speed over the dire calamities he predicted.

Here the dream of the past ends. On this memory let us throw the mantle of charity over Old Grouch. He is long since dead. His unearned fortune served only as a bone for his children to fight over and most of it was spent for attorney fees in the litigation. His grandchildren still live in Spedunk and are thrifty and influential. They know that all the wisecracks of the realm predicted utter bankruptcy for England when she borrowed her first fifty million pounds, but found her more prosperous when she owed eight hundred millions. The compensations of wise advancement, even on credit, have been proven to them and they are leaders in progressive movement.

Old age must come. Wholesome visions are found in the past, but let us not wag our heads at the dreamers of the present and the dreams of the future and, whatever else, let us not be an Old Grouch.

The President could never have had the whole nation behind him in prosecution of war had it not been for publicity. Without such campaign American patriotism and sentiment would never have been unified. Liberty loan bonds, Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and other patriotic drives, would never have gone over the top but for the power of advertising. However much merit the cause, public attention and sentiment must be focused on it before it can go forward to success.

THE NEW ERA

What an age is this in which we live. Before the auto truck comes into general use, even, a dirigible is being constructed that will carry 200 passengers and thirty tons of read weight, and Henry Ford is coming out with a small plane that will arise or light in a country road, as easily managed as an automobile. The new dirigible and plane will be a direct compensation of the world war. Had it not occurred such transformation in transportation would yet be far in the future. Within two years passenger and freight aerial craft will be as common, and as practical, as automobiles are now.

With thirty-ton dirigibles in common action Blue ledge copper, all other minerals and timbers now inaccessible, will come flying over the mountains to meet the trains in the valley. Ashland may open markets, with two hour service, to Klamath Falls, both passenger and freight, and our fruit will be deposited for the trade in Idaho, Nevada, Montana, Utah and Wyoming before dinner of the day it is plucked. Wonderful age this, in which we live.

In southern California, south of Bakersfield, originally all a part of the great desert, there is now maintained a thrifty population of over two million souls. All the produce possible from the intensest culture of leguminous and citrus growths indigenous to that soil and climate would not maintain a population of five hundred thousand. That section has over twelve times greater income from another crop, seldom deemed worth intense culture, yet easily as sustaining and necessary to community health and progress in that environment. Not only has it proven profitable to plow and plant, cultivate and irrigate for the former, but vastly more profitable to invest great sums of money in preparation for and development of the latter. Two years ago the tourist crop brought to that section about two hundred and seventy-five million dollars in new money, while, on account of frost and other untoward conditions, ground crops produced that year less than twenty-two millions. The tourist crop yielded about twelve and one-half times more ready cash than the ground crops.

Since the recent cold spell nature has been busy constructing her marvelously beautiful crystalline forms about Lithia falls and the old S. P. aqueduct near it. It is not of the tremendous, awe inspiring type, but is beautiful. It is worth walking miles to view. Even the coldest weather is ample compensation for a stroll not only, but that society becomes delight. The walk is delightful not only, but healthful.

A good way to make Ashland grow. Make two men work where one worked before. Not in foreign mail-order houses, but in Ashland. You can help do that by buying home made commodities from local merchants.



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Management W. H. Jones



Ashland Transfer & Storage Co.

C. F. Bates, Proprietor

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PHONE 117

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Ashland, Oregon



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