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A WAR-TIME THANKSGIVING.

The day after the battle was Thanksgiving, and we had services in Chattanooga—sad, solemn, grand. The church bells hung dumb in their towers, indeed, and you shall know why in its time, but for all that, there were chimes so grand that men uncovered their heads as they heard them. At 12 o'clock the great guns at Fort Wood began to toll. Civilians said, "The guns are not shot, and the sound is too regular for work." I hastened out to the fort, and the guns chimed on. A dim impression I had received before brightened as I stood upon the parapet and looked over the scene. What it was like flashed upon me in a moment: the valley was a grand cathedral, Fort Wood the pulpit of the mighty minister, and far down the descending side in front rose Orchard Knob, the altar. The dead were lying there, far out to the eastern wall, and God's chandelier hung high in the dome. They were the accents of praise I was hearing; thirty-four syllables of thanksgiving the guns were saying: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever!" And the hills took up the anthem and struck sublimely in; from the Ridge it came back, "Give thanks unto the Lord," and Waldron's height uttered it, "for His mercy endureth," and Lookout valley sang aloud, "forever, forever," and all the mountains cried, "Amen!"

And the churches of Chattanooga had congratulations. Those who composed them had come silent and suffering and of steady heart; had come upon stretchers; come in men's arms, like infants to the christening; ambulances had been drawing up to the church doors all night with their burdens, and within those walls it looked one great altar of sacrifice. The nearest of these edifices is hardly a dozen paces from my quarters, and I go out and sit upon its step in the sun. It is the same building wherein the gifted Murdoch, only a few days before, had given his splendid renderings of drama and lyric. I do not hear the music of his voice, neither do I hear a moan. The doors are noiselessly opening and closing, and I see pale faces—bloody garments. Right hands lie in the porch that have offended and been cut off; castaway feet are there, too, but there is nothing about sinning feet in the Sermon on the Mount! It is not the house of walling on whose threshold I am waiting; it is the house of patience. Five still figures, covered by five brown blankets, are ranged on the floor beside me. Their feet are manacled with bits of slender twine, but a spider's web could hold them. I lift a corner of the blankets and look at the quiet faces. By the gray coat I see that one is a dead rebel. Do men look nearer alike when dead than when alive? Else how could it have chanced that one of these sleepers in federal blue should resemble him nearly enough for both to have been "twinned at birth"? They are not wounded in the face, and so there is nothing to shock you; they fell in their full strength. Tread lightly, lest they be not dead, but sleeping. The silence within oppresses me; it seems as if an accent of pain from some sufferer in that solemn church would be a welcome sound, and I think of a brave bird wounded unto death, that I have held in my hand, its keen eye undimmed and full upon me, throbbing with the pain and dying, and yet so silent—B. F. Taylor.

LEST WE FORGET.

Elsewhere on this page appears an article on "A War-Time Thanksgiving." Everyone should read it, especially those who are inclined to think that they have nothing to be thankful for; that their lines have fallen in unpleasant places. We all have times when it is hard to "count our marbles," as our forebears used to say; when it is so much easier to see the sparkle on the other fellow's

glass and think only of the dregs in our own cup. At such times it is well to turn our minds upon the trials and hardships not only of those who founded our country but of those who fought, bled and died that our country might be and remain a country of freedom. The small deprivations and trials of our life are nothing as compared with what they suffered and the men at the front were no more heroes than were the women at home who supported the little ones while the father was at the front, all too often never to return. Lest we forget, let us read what they endured, then "thank God and take courage" to carry our little burdens.

POLITICS AND LANGUAGE.

People who think that latter day politics have been productive of harsh language should open their histories in 1803 and see what John Giffard said in the Irish parliament in open session about his political opponent.

"He is the hired traducer of his country, the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens, the regal rebel, the unpunished ruffian, the bigoted agitator. In the city, a firebrand; in the courts, a liar; in the streets, a bully; in the field, a coward; and so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute."—Memoirs of Sir John Barrington.

Two Medford Views.

Governor West is said to have remarked that he was sorry the seating capacity for spectators was so limited that but few could witness the gruesome sight. It is too bad. Every advocate of capital punishment should be allowed to see what he voted for and to realize what an edifying sight it is to take human life.

Inasmuch as it is impossible for all to see the gruesome spectacle, the moving picture man should be called into requisition so that the advocates bloodshed in every town and hamlet can enjoy the thrill and satisfy his craving for the spilling of human blood.

Let the people see what they have voted for.—Medford Mail Tribune.

By all means. Let the people see what they have voted for. It was not for the retention of capital punishment alone, but for the protection of the home, the safety of women and children, the guarding of human life.

If the horrors of capital punishment need to be exploited by Governor West through a hanging day, and if we must parade the death chamber in moving pictures, let's give equal prominence to the other side of the argument.

In Hickshaw the Mail Tribune has an amateur detective who not only prints the details of crime as they occur, but sometimes before. Why not arrange for the next murder and have the movies on hand? Get all the ghastly details. Show the bestial fiend cutting the senseless man's throat from ear to ear and kicking the carcass under the barn; take the murderous assault on an Albany woman the other night, put the machine to work in the blood-smeared kitchen of the farm house where an old man, a young wife, two children and a baby are found murdered.

Don't do things by halves. If we must have part of the story on the film, let's have it all. And then let the people see what they have voted for.

Perhaps then the cheap sensationalism of our youthful governor will not be as effective campaign material as his impassioned followers suppose.—Medford Sun.

Bryan for Premier.

Portland, Nov. 27.—That the secretary of state will be offered to W. J. Bryan and that Wilson will make good as president, is today the opinion of ex-Chairman Norman E. Mack of the democratic national committee, who visited here with the New York delegation to select the Empire state fair site in San Francisco. Mack is chairman of the delegation.

"No distress is being observed in business circles as a result of the democratic victory," Mack declared. "The people generally have great confidence in Wilson and we are now too far advanced to harbor the idea that a democratic administration and a business depression go hand in hand."

Belmont's Son Weds Show Girl.

New York, Nov. 25.—Despite the denial of August Belmont that his son Raymond Belmont was married to Miss Ethel Lorraine, a show girl, late of the Winter Garden, the pair were really wedded, according to a copy of the marriage license which was obtained here today.

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The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

Our National Holiday.

There are holidays and holidays. Christmas and New Year's are cosmopolitan—are the property of no particular people, but yet are joyously observed by many. But Thanksgiving is purely an American holiday, original in conception and growing from a small beginning until it has reached the dignity of a national event. Its first celebration was by the Plymouth colony in 1621—those sturdy pioneers whose piety was as pronounced as their pluck, who honored themselves by honoring their Deity. The custom soon became more general, spreading all over the New England states. After the revolution it gradually extended to the middle states and later into the west, growing more slowly in the south. In 1868 the patriotic Lincoln forever established it in the list of holidays by proclaiming a day of Thanksgiving. His action being promptly followed by the individual proclamations of the governors of the states, who named the same day. Since then, by common consent, the first announcement of the day is found in the president's proclamation, and the day so named is also named by the states.

The turkey is a bird among birds, a dish among dishes, and a dream among dreams.

The first Thanksgiving having occurred in 1621, it seems strange that the turkey did not then and there become a national bird. The turkey may not equal the eagle as a Fourth of July minstrel, but as a biped calculated to gild the fleeting moments of the Thanksgiving feast, he so far outsoars the eagle that too compare seriously would be like casting oxalic acid upon the ox.

Where will you spend Thanksgiving? It is a common interrogation. The wise fairies say, "Spend it in doing good."

It is believed by many people that Thanksgiving was invented to give the turkey a distinction and a prestige and to give us a medium through which to offer our gratitude while experiencing perennial thrills of pleasure. The selection of the turkey for the star part was happy, because every one likes turkey, be it hot, cold or canned. Unlike veal, canned beef or fish balls, the turkey is a concrete symphony that causes every soul to ripple in song. Old and young alike are victims of its peerless quality. The young eat it with their first teeth, the middle aged attack it with their second teeth, the third masticate it with their third or store teeth, and it is even more toothsome to the toothless. The cranberry's chief distinction is that which it enjoys in being the tail end of the Thanksgiving ticket.

The supply of turkeys on Thanksgiving day this year will be limited. The simple fact that the raisers of turkeys in the country assert the price will reach "steenty" cents a pound is sufficient to warrant that the turkey will not grace the tables of many on the festival day. It is predicted that the "steenty"-cent sign will stare the wives in the face along about the time the birds are to be purchased for serving on Thanksgiving day. The killing of many of the young turkeys is given as the cause for the high price. The present summer as a whole has been a somewhat wet season and the young birds cannot stand this. They cannot strut about in the damp barn yard and live. Havoc was played among the flocks lately when the continued heavy rains struck the centers where the turkeys were raised. This depleted the number and size of the flocks considerably. Forty cents is predicted as being a reasonable price at Thanksgiving time, considering the size of the supply.

Saving is a habit, and it must be admitted that some get the habit hitched onto them too strong, just as some have the habit of spending every cent they make soon after they make it, or perhaps a little before. When saving becomes such a habit with people that they will deny themselves even the simplest things because of the cost, of what value is that person's life? Is the satisfaction of property accumulation worth the cost of food necessary to sustain life?

The Thanksgiving of a nation is an act truly impressive in its significance. The more thoughtful leaders of our people will lay emphasis upon the material prosperity of the United States than upon its tremendous social and moral opportunities. For

bountiful crops and heavy exports, for high wages and increasing values, it is well to be thankful insofar as these things minister to the life of the spirit, the making of manhood, the enriching of the average experience. But for the enlargement of our ideals, the raising of the standard of public duty, the increasing care for the weak and immature, the recognizing of responsibilities higher than the mere piling up of individual fortunes and a government surplus—for these things we may well give thanks.

A cat seldom loves a dog much, but a cat will learn that she must endure the presence of a dog on the premises, and will conclude to make the best of it, in which it shows more sense than some married people do.

Help your public school teacher by helping the children to attend school regularly and instilling into their little minds a love of education. Teach them to respect the teacher.

MR. BROOKS' VIEW.

Ashlander Tells of Desirable Changes in Plans.

To the Editor: I noticed in a recent issue of the Tidings a communication with reference to a letter received from a party in Virginia who is making inquiry as to the opportunities in this locality for getting work, etc., and I take it, the chance to make a home.

Your correspondent asks, What has the Rogue river valley to offer this man? We might answer with more truth than poetry, not much at present in the Ashland district, unless it be the chance to chop up some of the fungus peach trees for stove-wood, ditto several of the worthless apple orchards as well.

Your correspondent's question is pertinent, one that should have been considered long since by the people of Ashland and vicinity if the town and surrounding country would progress as they both should be doing. The writer recalls an opinion expressed by the wife of a prominent business man in Ashland six years ago last spring, his first year in southern Oregon. This lady said with reference to newcomers, "We don't want anybody here who hasn't money." I regret to say that this seems to have been the attitude of Ashland ever since I've been here.

The writer doesn't know of a better home town on earth for people who have means to retire and live a quiet life among good people, but if city and country surrounding are to prosper there must be a payroll in the city and the adjacent country must develop with working people. There must be something grown in the soil other than the price, and for most of the time the past six years this has been the main crop.

Your booster and hot-air merchant have a part in the making of any country or city, as it takes hot air even to make an engine go, and that class of people have performed their duty most faithfully and nobly the past few years in this valley. Now it's time for those who are willing to take off their coats and go to work tilling the soil, working in the mill or factory. We have the soil, high priced too, but where are the factories? Well, a little coterie of business men, so called, have downed the flouring mills, temporarily at least. The same bunch tried to strangle the one co-operative institution which is still living and doing its best for the general good of this community. I refer to the Fruit and Produce Association.

Wheat will be grown and the mills will run again in this valley, but practical men have told us that even if wheat is shipped in and made into flour and by-products, the result will be cheaper flour and feed, etc., than under the present high-priced arrangement. Again, men have come here apparently in good faith, willing to take hold of and develop certain natural resources that would mean the expending of large sums of money; would employ labor and be the means of bringing people here who have money to spend and are willing to spend it if the resorts were here as they should be.

So it seems that while some of the citizens want only those who have money to come here, there also are some who are not willing to sell even at a good price to men who have the money to buy with.

The writer looks forward to an era of development notwithstanding the bursting of the fruit bubble. He believes that problem will be solved to the betterment of the industry so that there will not be so much disappointment in pursuing his favorite vocation. He looks for more mixed farming methods to be followed. The efforts already being made by Mr. D. M. Lowe and several others in the splendid region across the creek show the great possibilities in that section. He hopes also to see a greater inducement for farmers to come to

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Ashland. A feed yard or some convenient place to hitch a horse while in town, a rest room for the women folks who are now our fellow citizens. And he even dares to hope for a payroll in the city, so it may be a commercial city as well as an educational center, and a place where an honest working man, whether from Virginia or elsewhere, may obtain employment and be welcome along with the high-priced tourist who may some time find here the accommodations he is willing and able to pay for. When that time comes the colored plates and booklets will not be so necessary and they will be more truthful than they have been in the past. Respectfully,

J. M. BROOKS.
Ashland, Ore., Nov. 24, 1912.

A Good Suggestion.

Klamath Northwestern: The Eugene Register calls attention to some of the lying arguments that were used against the millage bill in the state pamphlet, and suggests that a censorship should be exercised over the pamphlet. We think that is dangerous. We would suggest, however, that a law be passed inflicting a severe punishment upon a person who puts something in the state pamphlet as a fact that is not a fact, whether this be concerning a person or a measure. It might be a good thing to require each person who uses space in the pamphlet to put up a bond, to be forfeited in case he be found guilty of starting untruths. What do you think of this suggestion, Brother Jenkins?

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The Married Woman in Texas. When a woman marries in Texas today, her husband has the sole management of all her separate property and of all her interest and community property, says Mrs. W. H. Ward in the Houston Chronicle. All her possessions and even her wearing apparel are absolutely under his control. He has the management of them without her consent and even against her will. He can draw out every cent of her money from the bank and do with it as he pleases, Mrs. Ward continues. She cannot even exercise a right of control over her separate property without his permission and then only as his agent, which permission and agency may be withdrawn at any time. He can lease or rent her real property and collect all rents as he sees fit. He may dispose of all her community interests without her consent and against her will, except the homestead. He may even mortgage or sell every piece of furniture in the home and she is helpless to prevent, even if her earnings have paid for every piece. He has the right to sell her dresses if he wishes and she cannot prevent. He may sell all the community property except the home, though she has earned every dollar by her own work. She cannot prevent him and, having disposed of it, the money is absolutely under his control.

In the production of rice and coffee the United States ranks tenth, compared with other countries of the world.

Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is manufactured in Iceland and none is imported.

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