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SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION.

After having lived, as a republican, in a solid south state for fourteen years, and having had the steam roller pass over our remains at least fourteen times, we somewhat appreciate the position Teddy occupies in the present national convention.

When we consider that the steam roller process is only made possible because delegates elected from such states represent not real republican organization but a federal pie counter machine, we do not blame Teddy for resenting it.

The solid south republican delegations can always be depended upon to stand hitched to the administration, because the organization has no existence outside of federal patronage.

When there is any dirty work to be done these delegations can be depended upon to do it, because it exists only in corruption through dirty political manipulation.

The republican machine of the southern states is the most corrupt, un-republican organization on earth. It has done more to keep the solid south wholly in the democratic column than all other agencies combined.

It has made it disgraceful to be a republican in the south, because the organization is not respectable. It has no purpose in the world except to control federal patronage.

In order to keep its hold better on the offices its policy has been always to discourage white affiliation with the party in the south.

The desire of the organization is only for enough white adherents to fill the federal offices, and all others are discouraged and browbeaten until they become discouraged and lose interest in the party or are cheated out of representation until they give it up.

There has not been a delegation seated in the national republican convention from the south since reconstruction that was not a stolen delegation.

It exists only to be bought by patronage or cash as seems most expedient and has been one of the main corrupting influences in the republican party.

Southern republican organization, in the interest of decency, should be blotted off the face of the earth. If it proves a dominating factor in the national organization, as it is proven to be in the national convention just closing, it is well if the whole republican party be destroyed rather than be dominated by such a force.

The Tidings is strictly with Teddy in his denunciation of corrupt southern domination in the national organization. We know the things Roosevelt says about the theft of delegates are absolutely true.

SITTERS IN THE SHADE.

When you come home in the evening, as the last rays of the warm June sun are gilding the tree-tops, observe those old people sitting there. They are people of some means. They are enjoying life as the shadows close in.

Observe the men as they puff at their cigars; observe the women as they chatter over their eternal knitting. They are happy. Old age has no terrors for them. Their roof-tree is secure. Their meals are pleasant. Their beds soft.

We prate a lot about progress and fighting for humanity and the square deal and equal chances for all. We have much work to do. We must work so that each of us may have leisure in the sunset hours.

In the world of the future there must be no almshouses filled with old men and women worn out in the industrial struggle and then tossed aside as things foredone. There must be no bitter bread of grudging charity. There must be no salt tears over the might-have-been.

In that future world each earnest laborer in the industrial vineyard must get a fair share of the product of his toil. For when the blood runs slowly, and the bones begin to stiffen, and the muscles to ache and the hair to whiten, we all have a right to peaceful rest before the eternal night falls. We all have a right then to be simply sitters in the shade.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE BOOK-SHOP?

Mayer Gaynor of New York, in an address delivered the past week to the Booksellers' Convention, deplored the passing of the old-fashioned book-shop. His regret is shared by many.

It takes a pretty good sized city nowadays to maintain a book-store that shall stand on its own feet, minus artificial help from lines of sporting goods and cheap candy.

The second-hand book-shop as you find it on the side streets of large cities, amid inglorious companionship of junk-shops, its location known to a select circle of book-worms, is the closest approach to the old-time book-store, which once was found in comparatively small towns.

The news stands of today keep paper novels, but the sales are more dependent on the orange and blue pictures on the covers than on the brains of the writer or his place in the Hall of Fame.

The old-time book-store was kept by people who loved books. There might not be much money in it. But they gained a certain satisfaction from intimate communion with the great men of past and present through the printed page.

At dull hours and rainy days they could be found in secluded alcoves browsing among old favorites.

The clerks might be pale and spectated young persons who needed a course at dances and football. But at least they were book-lovers too. They ran their hands with an affectionate caress over the backs of their cherished volumes as they passed.

They so hated to let a favorite go from their shelves that they did not push the sales of their wares with success. But if you wanted an opinion about what to read, they could give you an offhand judgment that had authority.

There is an increasing tendency among dry goods and department stores to keep books. They ought to be patronized by their towns people, for the more books are bought the more thought and attention will be given by the merchants to making good selections.

The experience of buying a book in the great metropolitan department store is quite a contrast from the dusty but romantic flavor of the old-time book-stall. The counters are carefully dusted, the books glitter with their bright covers and titles.

But if you want a bit of advice, the fluffy haired clerk might know a good deal more about the last burlesque show at the theatre than she would about Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray.

THE CITY RECORDER.

Recorder Hurt has nearly completed the checking up of water consumers. He found that \$9 1/2 acres were being irrigated which had failed to get onto the city books, thus losing to the department \$716 per year from that source.

It was discovered that 44 homes and business houses were getting the service but were not paying, thus losing \$633.60 per year on that score. Then there were 120 of those who were paying on a less rate than the ordinance provides and losing to the department from that source \$336.60 per year. Total increase per year, \$1,686.20.

Some of the consumers had not been on the books at all and others had not paid for as long back as twelve years.

We have wondered why more of the water bonds had not been retired from the income of the department. The above shows part of the reason, at least.

Mr. Hurt is to be congratulated on his splendid showing in getting the departments of the city onto a substantial business basis. We have heard he has met with some opposition from the citizens as well as from some members of the council. We cannot see why any citizen should be opposed to installing good business methods in the city departments, unless he was expecting some undue advantage to accrue to him by lax methods, or why any councilman should stand in the way of a thorough business system unless something was to be gained by such laxity.

Recorder Hurt has had too much fighting to do in establishing the reforms he is accomplishing. He should have the hearty support and co-operation of the citizens as well as the city administration. He is doing splendid work and the Tidings believes is responsible for thousands of dollars in saving to the city during his administration.

Congress refuses to reduce its mileage pay. The congressmen of course don't want it, but feel they must have it to prevent Uncle Sam from getting into trouble with it.

Anybody can order, but to serve with grace, tact and effectiveness is a fine art.

The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

Reforms and Reformers.

In our grandmother's day, before a frock could get frayed, shabby, or in any wise unseemly, they used to refashion it—"make it over." They achieved real triumphs, too—back breadths to the fore, hem ripped out and the whole thing reversed—that is, top became bottom and the inside was turned out.

This procedure applied especially to Sunday silks, mohairs, lusterings, poplins, cashmeres and brocades. And you wouldn't believe it, if told, how many years a "best" frock served, adequately and honorably.

Besides, there was the remodeling of elders' garments to fit out the little folks, with whom the acquisition of a whole really, truly new suit was so unusual as to constitute a memorable event.

When one thinks of the love and care that went into this refashioning, and how snug and safe they fitted the sole needs of little chaps, and the joy mothers had in the work, nobody can pity either party to the transaction.

But ways change as days change, and we must keep pace with the times. Nowadays nobody willingly tolerates a last season's frock or a remodeled one, and while there's much waste that soon or late we all must suffer and pay for, still, if our mental and physical habits harmonize, we are, as Dooley says, "all right, or nearly right."

But do they? Seems like most folks these days waste a tremendous amount of effort to fit us into outworn, or outgrown, or shabby, or shoddy outcast beliefs of one kind or another that should go into the dust heap. They're not fit even for a rummage sale of cast-off ready-mades for those too thrifless for any but hand-me-down faiths.

Anyhow, it is what you do, and not what you believe, that counts.

Women, in particular, want to insist on the old ways of the old days, and it might be a good thing if every woman convicted of advocating any old fashion less elemental than breath, death, wisdom, honesty and gentle speech, should be condemned to wear garments that would fit the crime, of as many years' antiquity as the reform she advocates, and of her own fingers' fashioning.

Nobody cares so much as yourself whether your clothes and your faiths are fit and becoming and up to the minute, but if you take note you will find it is always some other fellow the zealous want to reform, not themselves; they wouldn't tolerate dictation in the relatively unimportant matter of clothes, but they insist on certain formulas that will cure all the ills we suffer from if THE OTHER FELLOW will follow the rules.

There's one safe, sure and painless way to abolish all the troubles we think we suffer from. Only one. That is, for each one to expend all his capabilities for reform upon his own case. It will give him plenty to do, is he goes about it whole-heartedly and pushes it to the limit.

Our souls must tenant the garments we fashion for them, so it would seem to be worth while to be a leader of the fashion of casting aside all that is outworn or a misfit, wearing only what is appropriate and becoming, letting the world see us only at our best, and engaging strenuously in the pursuit of happiness—just personal happiness. The other fellow, not wanting to appear shabby or joyless, will follow suit, and the first thing we know everybody will be so busy doing good and being happy that wrong will go out of business, permanently and painlessly.

Practical Education.

While our schools are being conducted very satisfactorily, we believe many of the problems in mathematics are not practical. Why not have problems useful in every day life? For instance, like the following:

If it takes a boy twelve years of age twenty-two minutes to bring in six small sticks of wood, a distance of seventeen feet, how long will it take him to travel a mile to see a circus show procession?

A woman placed four pounds of cold meat and eight slices of bread before a tramp. At the end of twenty minutes how much was left?

A housewife sold a coat to a peddler for a vase worth nine cents, a pair of boots for a china dog worth six cents, and a vest for a glass bottle worth four cents; how much did she receive for all and how much over \$9 clear profit did the peddler make?

A man pays thirty cents for three pounds of evaporated apples and gets a \$14 newspaper puff for sending them to an orphan asylum. Does he gain or lose, and how much?

Two females, each thirty years of age, are sitting on a sofa. Neither of them has a husband. One is worth two hundred thousand dollars and the other teaches a district school. Which is the unmarried lady and which is the old maid?

A man winks his eye an average of 30,000 times a day, and a woman's tongue makes 78,000 motions every twenty-four hours. At this rate how long will it take the man to catch up?

If it cost \$200 for a young lady to learn painting, and she turns out two landscapes worth forty cents apiece, what is the net profit?

It takes twenty blows of a hammer in the hands of a woman to drive a tennipenny nail three inches. She misses the nail twice where she hits it once. How many blows does she strike in all and how far can her thumb be heard when she strikes her thumb?

Motherhood.

A little while ago I wandered down a quiet street far from the din of the mart. It was evening and dusk was scattering glowing embers in the sky. Gentle breezes touched and kissed the blossom-laden boughs. Now

and then a home-light cast its golden beams across the walk, and the happy noise of child's play came from the distance. I was lost in meditation. The sweet, measured lullaby of a mother burst suddenly from an open window. The words were familiar—that old cradle-song, "Rock-a-bye baby upon a tree top; when the wind blows the cradle will rock; when the bough bends the cradle will fall, and down comes cradle, and baby, and all." The music was not that of a trained voice, but it expressed the hope and history of the human race. I looked toward the window. I caught there Raphael's inspiration which culminated in his exquisite Madonna. I felt the mother's hope and pain, her joy and fear, and I thought: What grand possibilities inhere in that tiny sculpture of flesh and blood that now responds, in feeble complaisance, to mother's lullaby! There is the man to be. There is future government; future society; future commerce and future invention.

There is the possibility of the unfolding of the mysteries of God to finite mind. There is a prophetic forestalling of wealth; of power; of poverty; of righteousness, or of sin; and I said: Oh! what responsibility rests upon that mother. She will steady the faltering steps; she will direct the formative mind; she can place within those tiny hands the weapons of offense and defense so they may be wielded for the upbuilding of a loftier and grander civilization. As I looked I saw angels hovering round her. I saw them stoop and kiss the worry furrows from her cheeks, and I saw her smile, as they whispered to her, "Upon such as you rests all the hope of future years."

HEALTHFUL SIGNS.

(Medford Mail Tribune.)

Inferior farming is being practiced more extensively in the Rogue river valley today than ever before. As yet only a small percentage of the available area is thus utilized, but with the extension of the irrigating system a great change will come.

The effect is already marked. Instead of having to send out money to secure produce we are beginning to send out produce to secure money, besides consuming our own production.

It is a healthful sign of the times and the most promising prospects that we face. A year ago at this time, several carloads of eggs had been shipped into the Rogue river valley. This year Medford alone has already shipped out two cars of eggs and as much more in smaller shipments.

Last year 43 cars of vegetables and fruit were shipped into the valley, not to mention daily consignments, by express. There was no encouragement for the farmer to raise vegetables, for grocers would not purchase his products. This year the Medford public market opens the way for him to dispose of what he raises, and the co-operation of the Southern Pacific has provided a special refrigerator car three times a week for produce shipments to Portland to enable the grower to market his surplus.

Last year 84 cars of potatoes and onions were shipped into the valley, despite the fact that the finest onions on the coast are raised here and our potatoes equal to any grown. Those who planted potatoes last year made a fine profit, yet did not begin to supply the demand. Double the acreage has been planted this year, and with irrigation, potatoes are always a most profitable crop. The valley instead of importing 84 cars, ought to be exporting a thousand cars of potatoes from its idle land alone.

A year ago 225 cars of hay were imported and 62 cars exported, 163 cars shortage of local demand. Imports of oats and barley totaled 48 cars, of flour and feed 432 cars. In spite of a favorable year and increased acreage, the local production of these staples will fall far short of the local demand. Idle land can be made to produce this shortage with several hundred cars for export, but irrigation is necessary to insure crops in unfavorable years.

Nature has done too much for the Rogue river valley. If the soil was less fertile, we would scratch it harder and make it yield more. If the climate was more arid, we would appreciate better the value of water and double our output. If we didn't have a home market, we would be striving to raise produce for both home and foreign markets.

Fruit should not be the only resource of the horticulturist. He should aim to make other crops, his vegetables, berries, corn, hay and produce, his cows, poultry and bees pay all the expenses of the family and maintenance of the orchard, so the fruit proceeds will be "velvet." It is done on some orchards now and can be done on every orchard with water.

When we are exporting a surplus of every crop possible to raise, when our idle lands are utilized by producers instead of by speculators, when these conditions shall have been realized by the extension of the irrigation systems, the Rogue river valley will be the most prosperous section in the entire nation and national panics can come and go without disturbing its prosperity.

THE THEATRE.

The theatre is a place inhabited by people who seek to drive dull care away and forget the size of their coal bill. Theatres usually have a stage with a growth of natural timber and a draft which causes the leading man to make love in tones bearing a close resemblance to the notes of an expiring pump. There is always a good deal of loose scenery in a theatre, and not all of it is confined to the stage. Some of this scenery chews gum and talks about the new styles in shirtwaists during the death scene, while another variety enters in the middle of the first act and makes everybody in the fourth row of the orchestra circle double up like a six-foot emigrant in a chair car. There is nothing that will bring back the mind of the absorbed spectator to this mundane sphere quicker than

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to have a stout woman enveloped in an opera cape and musk perfume balance herself on his right foot like a straphanger in the loop district, at the same time obscuring his view of the villain stabbed the leading lady or was followed by a cane setter. Some theatres are quite dry and elevating and give all of the Shakespearean dialect that has not been withdrawn from circulation by the board of health, while others make a specialty of moist and melancholy plays which cause large, dark tears to fall with a soft kerplunk on the bosom of a new shirt. People frequent the theatre for different reasons. Old men always have to sit on the front row because of not being able to read the town clock at a distance of more than three miles. Young men go in order to relax, and sometimes succeed in relaxing a week's salary to the proportions of a Mexican dime. Women go to weep and wonder whether the heroine will marry the Russian duke in white spats or unite her fortunes with the son of poor but honest parents and live on oatmeal and undying love.

A solid concrete dam is being constructed on the Degchutes river near the town of that name.

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