

Classified Advertisements

(Continued from Page Three.)

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

FOR RENT—New house, four rooms, all modern; four acres; fine place to raise chickens. \$6.00 per month, or \$8.00 and cut your fuel from the place. 564 South Liberty St. 11-2t

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE—If you want a homestead with 50 acres good, level, open land near railroad, call 129 Fourth St., or address Ashland, Ore. 11-6t

STRAYED—Bay horse, right ear split, branded XX and lazy Y on hip; has bell on and shod all round. Anyone knowing whereabouts, please notify W. S. Countant, Grants Pass, Ore. 11-3t

MUNICIPAL WOOD YARD

J. F. Rocho Has Plan for Settlement of the Tramp Problem—Has Seen It Successfully Carried Out.

J. F. Rocho is working on a plan for the settlement of the tramp problem, which he says will do away forever with the nuisance. Mr. Rocho has just entered the wood business and intends to present to the council a plan that will work to the good of the city as well as furnish him labor at all times in his wood yard. He says the scheme was tried in his former home, Greeley, Colo., and worked so successfully that he has no fears for it here.

The plan is simple. Tickets are made out, each of which is good for a meal. These tickets are distributed among the residents of the city and when the hobo calls at your door for a bite he is given a ticket which entitles him to a meal after he has shown his deservedness by sawing wood for an hour or so. Thus the deserving ones are furnished with the needed employment and the worthless are sent out of town by the police. The feeding of hoboes by residents is prohibited under the system.

FINDS VACANT LAND.

Thomas Peterson Files on Forty Acres Near Ashland.

Walter Brisbane of this city discovered 40 acres of valuable government land eight miles out on the Dead Indian road, part of which was fenced and used by ranchers for growing crops.

Thomas A. Peterson of Salem, in looking for a home in the Rogue river valley, was shown this tract and jumped at the chance to file on it. After he did so he purchased over \$200 worth of lumber and supplies in Ashland and hauled them to the land, where he was threatened with arrest for trespass and ordered not to unload his lumber, etc. But Peterson would not be bluffed or scared and secured the county surveyor, who located his lines, and now he is going ahead to build on and improve his homestead with the government of the United States to back him.

The time has come when ranchers can no longer keep valuable government land covered up with fences, crops and bluffs. Open farm land is too valuable to be overlooked much longer. This is an example of the opportunities still to be had in southern Oregon.—N. F. Throne.

WILSON RECEIVES NEWS.

Says He Hopes Party Will Never Regret It.

Sea Girl, N. J.—Governor Wilson was seated on the veranda of the "Little White House" with Mrs. Wilson and his daughters when he received news of his nomination from his managers.

"The honor is as great as can come to any man by the nomination of a party," he said, "especially under the circumstances. I hope I appreciate it at its true value; but just at this moment I feel the tremendous responsibility it involves even more than I feel the honor.

"I hope with all my heart that the party will never have reason to regret it."

Kaiser's sixteen-button long silk gloves, \$1.25 values, now 98c the pair. Ferguson's, the Bargain Store.

Business Lunch

Served daily at

HOTEL ASHLAND

From 11.30 A.M. to 2.00 P.M.

It will please you.

Price 25 Cents

A QUESTION OF PATRIOTISM BY CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright, 1912, by American Press Association.)

ABEL HODGE lifted thoughtful eyes from his plate and encountered the curious gaze of his housekeeper. Sarah Gaines' long sheeplike countenance took on an expression of playful interest.

"I hope you'll be a little more sociable after the Fourth is over, Mr. Hodge," she smiled.

Abel Hodge frowned heavily as he passed his coffee cup to be refilled. "I've never been one to dawdle my time with sociability. There's too many important questions to be settled in this world. There's need of reforms everywhere."

"That's so," returned the housekeeper amiably. "It's surprising how much good a man can accomplish when he

like a little son to me!" he blurted as he turned hastily away.

"Perhaps we will come," said Mrs. Allen calmly, and it was that "perhaps" which troubled Abel Hodge. The picnic at Fort Island would be a dreary entertainment indeed without sweet Rose Allen's face. There was a shady glen on the island, where Abel had planned to lead the little widow and ask her to become the mistress of his comfortable, square, cold house and his equally comfortable, square, cold heart.

The Fourth of July was a cool, clear day, with a bright sun overhead, grass green from recent showers and the bay sparkling with a thousand shimmering lights. The village was strangely quiet for the anniversary of a nation's independence. A number of youths were missing from the bosoms of their respective families, and sundry toy banks had been emptied of their contents, and far away, down along the shore several miles away, came the distant sound of small cannon.

The whole village had trooped in decorous order down to the landing where the oyster steamer lay, trimmed with flags and awaiting the picnicers.

Over on Fort Island Abel Hodge watched each trip made by the little steamer from the mainland, but nowhere did he see the sweet face of Rose Allen or the fat brown legs of Little Horace.

At noon dinner was served on long tables to a crowd of discontented adults and clamorous children. Mr. Hodge and Dr. Bemis had made long, dreary speeches interrupted by feeble cheers and lusty yawns.

"Seems like I miss the smell of powder," complained old Mrs. Brown as she carefully removed a caterpillar from her ham sandwich. "In my day we wa'n't stingy with neither powder nor fire—but real patriotism is dying out!"

"Abel Hodge don't seem to be taking any great mite of comfort outer watching folks feed," said another caustically.

Sarah Gaines overheard this last remark and smiled enigmatically. Later she followed her employer down to the sandy beach that encircled the island.

He was standing, one hand shading his eyes, watching a salboat dipping and skimming on the blue surface of the bay. A man and a woman were outlined against the snowy sail, and in the stern a boy sat throwing lighted firecrackers into the dock trailing behind. The faint "smack" of the exploding crackers came across the water.

"Those boat is that?" asked Abel, peering around at his housekeeper.

"Will Malvin's," returned Sarah Gaines drily.

"Who's in it?"

"Him."

"Who else?" he demanded impatiently.

"Looks like Widow Allen and her boy; they're celebrating the Fourth out there, I reckon."

After a long silence Abel turned back toward the wooded slope of the island. "You needn't save no supper for me,

nobody—understand?" he snarled as he left her.

Sarah Gaines stared after him as if petrified. When she found her voice he had reached the summit of the slope.

"Who asked you to?" she shrieked hysterically.

At dusk Abel Hodge sought the Widow Allen's cottage. An eager crowd surrounded the gate, and in the road Will Malvin's tall figure was discerned arranging a display of fireworks. Little Horace Allen danced happily around the master of ceremonies.

Abel found Rose Allen in the shadow of the porch. "You didn't come to my picnic," he said accusingly.

"No; Horace was heartbroken because he was not permitted to fire off his crackers today, and Will—Mr. Malvin offered to take him out in the boat where the noise would not disturb any one," replied Rose quietly.

"And this display—it's a sin and shame to burn up all that money, ma'am. Mrs. Allen, I'm disappointed in you. It's a bad example. It's undoing my work," growled Abel as a cheer went up from the crowd and a monster glowing balloon sailed above the trees.

"I'm sorry, but you see, Mr. Malvin is furnishing the entertainment. He brought his fireworks over from Meadville. He thought our village might enjoy it, as we haven't had anything of the sort today."

"I was going to ask you to marry me today," remarked Abel importantly. "I'm surprised you can be interested in those fireworks when I'm offering you the finest position in Hodgeville. My house has twelve rooms, and—"

"And you have made a whole village unhappy today, Mr. Hodge," interrupted Rose hastily. "Watch those faces in the crowd. See the fun they're having. Hear them cheer the flag. Surely these beautiful set pieces are harmless, and they are inspiring. Ah!" She leaned forward as a large piece suddenly flamed out of the darkness—a pair of entwined hearts and the flickering end of the stars and stripes.

Out of the darkness a harmonica struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and then came a ripple of laughter.

"I'm going to marry Will Malvin," said Rose kindly as a tall form came up the path toward them.

When Abel Hodge reached home that night Sarah Gaines was sitting on the doorstep watching the distant reflection of the fireworks on the sky.

She followed him into the house, and her look of interrogation became so exasperating that at last he turned at bay. "This town can keep the Fourth any way they like after this," he choked. "I ain't going to waste my intelligence trying to better conditions!"

"Then she is going to marry Malvin?" hazarded Sarah Gaines.

"I ain't going to marry nobody—nobody! Understand?" bellowed Abel Hodge from the head of the stairs. Then he slammed his bedroom door.

TEDDY STILL FIRM.

Action of Democrats Will Not Stop New Party.

Oyster Bay, July 3.—"I shall of course continue to stand for the progressive nomination," said Colonel Roosevelt after he heard last night of the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. The former president stated his belief that events in the democratic as well as in the republican convention demonstrated the need of a new party.

The national convention of the new party will be held in Chicago. It was decided yesterday, probably during the first week in August. Colonel Roosevelt declared that the democratic nomination could "after all be obtained only by the support of men like Taggart of Indiana and Sullivan of Illinois, and the success of the candidate at the polls without regard to his personality would be conditioned not only upon the party support of Taggart and Sullivan and their colleagues and representatives in every other state from New York to Colorado, but also be conditioned upon their several state tickets and perpetuating themselves in the control of the democratic party."

Don't Blame Him.

If a dealer declines to give you a written guarantee on his paint, do not blame him. Perhaps his paint is not made for this climate. If you want a guaranteed paint, buy GOLD SEAL. Price \$2.25 per gallon. Swenson & McRae.

Money to loan on improved ranches, first mortgages; mixed farms preferred. W. D. Hodgson, Ashland, Phone 427-J.

Ashland Market Retail Prices.

Table listing market prices for various goods: Butter, ranch, 2 lbs. .55c; Butter, Ashland creamery. .60c; Butter, country creamery. .65c; Eggs, fresh. .17 1/2c; Potatoes, per 100 lbs. \$2.25; Onions, per lb. .3c; Cabbage, new. .6c; Spinach, 4 lbs. .25c; Rhubarb, home grown. .5c; Head Lettuce. .5c; Greenhouse Lettuce. .5c; New potatoes, lb. .5c; Bunch beets. .5c; Bunch carrots. .5c; Green peas, lb. .5c; Asparagus, lb. .10c; Strawberries. .12 1/2c; Currants, qt. .10c; Gooseberries, qt. .10c; Cherries, qt. .7c to 10c; Oranges, doz. .25c to 50c; Lemons. .30c; Bananas. .20c to 30c; Dates, lb. .10c; Figs. .12 1/2c; English Walnuts. .20c; Honey. .15c.



ARRANGING FIREWORKS FOR THE WIDOW, Sarah. I guess maybe I'll have supper with the Widow Allen," he said defiantly.

"You'll make quite a party, Will Malvin and all," said Sarah spitefully. Abel frowned. "I don't think there's anything in that," he said harshly. "If there is anything"—He paused and glared at her.

"If she does marry Will Malvin, you was going to say," added Sarah eagerly. "If she does I won't marry nobody—



Fred Emerson Brooks

TROOPS RAID ROADHOUSE.

Governor West Carries Out Threat to Stop Illicit Business.

Portland, Ore.—Headed by Governor West and Adjutant General Finzer, 50 national guardsmen armed with rifles Monday raided the Milwaukee roadhouse near here, closed it, and placed on it a proclamation declaring martial law.

The raid was made in fulfillment of the announcement made some days ago by Governor West that a number of resorts were operating in the vicinity of Portland in defiance of law and that if the civil authorities would not close them the military authorities of the state would.

After the raid on the Milwaukee roadhouse, part of the soldiers were ordered into the camp in the yard connected with the house to see that the governor's orders were carried out; part returned to Portland on the special train that took them out, and a detachment kept on with Governor West and General Finzer toward the Claremont Inn, which the governor declared he would close, together with a number of others.

"There is law in Oregon," Governor West said to A. J. Burns, proprietor of the resort, when, with the national guardsmen, he appeared at the roadhouse. "If the political authorities will not enforce it, soldiers with loaded rifles will."

Cooked Food Sale.

The Pythian Sisters will hold a home cooked food sale at Cameron & Patten's, July 3, beginning at 2 p. m.

Swell line of lightweight suits at the Hub.

80 Acres for Sale

I desire to sell my 80-acre place on Griffin Creek. Will give very easy terms to right party. There is a splendid orchard on the place, consisting of about 5 acres 20-year-old apples and pears, standard varieties, in fine condition; about 5 or 6 acres, mostly apples, 9 years old, and four acres apples set last December, doing fine; about 3 acres fine potatoes. A magnificent crop on the orchard. A neat cottage, team, wagon, survey, farm and orchard implements. Four acres good grain hay.

The west branch of Griffin Creek runs on place in large springs. Water piped into orchard and to house.

The very best of soil. Balance of place in fine wood timber, with good road to Medford all the year round. Wood very easy of access.

This is a good hard-times place. It will yield good money all the year round. Make a small cash payment and I will give you sufficient time to make the place pay the balance. This is a place where you can make good.

For full information see me. I am in Ashland for the entire Chautauqua.

R. P. Campbell

For Paint and Wall Paper, or work in these lines, see Wm. O. Dickerson. Residence phone 494-R. Store phone 172. We can save you money.

Preceding the electrical storm of a few days ago the thermometer hovered around the 100 mark at Pendleton for 48 hours.

When this big Fourth IS OVER

We are going to clean up on some lines of Hardware.

The backward season has left much stock on our hands and we have determined to carry none of it until next season, as we can use the money to much better advantage than to carry them longer.

Beginning Friday, July 5th

We will start this sacrifice sale and will continue until everything is cleaned up. Just a few of the items that will be sacrificed:

- One lot 3 in. Door Butts worth 15c pair, at. .5c
One lot 3 1/2 in. Door Butts worth 15c pair, at. .6c
One lot 2 1/2 in. Door Butts, plated, worth 15c pair, at. .6c
One lot Door Locks, mortise, worth 35c pair, at. .20c
One lot long hand, round point Shovels, worth 75c, at. .50c
One lot Cultivating Hoes, worth 35c, at. .20c

Whatever it is in Hardware or Plumbing lines, we have it for less.

We will meet prices of mail order or catalog houses, and we believe Ashland people are proud of their city and will buy their goods at home if given the right opportunity. We will be glad to have you call and give us the opportunity of figuring with you on your wants.

WARNER

The Low Priced Hardware Man

Phone 146

375 East Main