

Ashland Tidings

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Bert R. Greer, - Editor and Owner
W. H. Gibbs, - - - City Editor
W. E. Barnes, - Business Manager

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THE SIX-YEAR TERM.

In a bill pending, Senator Works proposes a six-year term for president and provides that he shall be ineligible to re-election.

It is said the measure is regarded with considerable favor in congress. Such a law would have saved President Taft the humiliation of getting out and fighting for his life.

But would it benefit the country? Do the people really want to put the supreme executive power out of their hands for a longer period than four years?

If we are to have a longer presidential term hadn't we better take the precaution to reserve the power of recall?

France has a long presidential term, but her president is only a figurehead. The real power rests with the ministry and the ministry packs its baggage and moves out as often as it fails to command public confidence, even if that happens to be every three months.

The English government is also responsive to popular sentiment in the same way. The moment it tries to lead where the people don't want to go, it is compelled to submit itself to popular referendum, when it is voted in or out of office.

With such enormous power as the president of the United States possesses, a six-year term without provision for recall is practically a limited monarchy.

PHOTOGRAPHING EVIL.

It has been said that one big electric arc light in a hitherto dark alley is better than two policemen. Criminals, like certain insects, prefer the dark.

But electric lights do not scare away all the powers of evil. The social evil, for instance, flourishes where the lights are the brightest and the pianola sounds loudest.

And that is where some good folks down in Louisville have invented a new thing under the sun. In certain squares in the Kentucky metropolis questionable resorts were opened despite the protests of home-owners. The police were blind.

Then the home-owners got together and hired a staff of photographers, who by night and day snapped the habits of the places. Some well known men are said to have been caught by the camera.

We venture to predict right now that the folks who want to own homes in decent neighborhoods are going to win. Evil—even when protected by the police and the grafters—cannot stand being photographed and published to the world.

ABOVE THE FRENZIED HOUR.

Politics, nothing but politics. And yet the cattle graze on a thousand hills, the crops ripen in the sunshine, the boys dive and splash in the old swimmin' hole, the toiling millions of men and women go to their work in the morning and return to their humble homes at night, and everything moves on precisely as it would do if there were no such thing as the quadrennial frenzy of presidential politics. The universe grinds its kist. Men and parties are but chips on the tide that flows steadily onward toward the shores of the future.

NOT UP TO SAMPLE.

This is the way Canada absorbed new population in 1911:

Total gain, 353,000; from Great Britain, 138,000; from the United States, 133,000; from European countries other than Great Britain, 82,000.

A big proportion of these newcomers settled on homesteads in the Canadian west. While the United States gained six to eight new citizens from abroad for every one it lost to Canada, the quality is not regarded as quite up to sample.

DON'T BE AFRAID.

Fear is at the bottom of most of our troubles.

We are afraid—afraid that we shall be sick, afraid that hard times are coming, afraid that our coats don't fit behind, afraid that it will rain, afraid that it won't, afraid of being struck by lightning, afraid of our jobs.

We are afraid of something or other most of the time. And most of the time we are afraid without any reason for being afraid.

In a word, most of our troubles don't exist, outside of our own minds.

There is only one remedy for fear, and that is courage. Folks who read in the third reader of a generation ago will remember the incident of Harry and the guinepost; how Harry thought it was a ghost, and how, when he braced and "marched right up to it" he found that it was nothing more than a friendly guinepost.

Well, most of the things we are afraid of are merely guineposts, or even less. The only way to put them out of the bugbear business is to march right up to them and tag them. A bugbear or an incubus tagged is tamed. Often it is destroyed utterly.

The doctors say now that a large share of our physical ills are due to fear—that fear actually engenders poisons in our bodies, and that these poisons are as real and as effective as though they came from bottles with skull and crossbone labels on them.

So much the more reason why we should not be afraid, for we poison ourselves when we do.

When you feel fear taking possession of you, meet it squarely; show it up for what it really is. If it is well grounded, its terrors will be lessened. If it is unfounded it will be laughed out of court. For no fear without any foundation can stand the test of careful inspection and of laughter that such inspection inspires.

If you can't shake off the fear wholly, ACT as though you were not afraid anyhow. This will go a long way toward scaring the fear away.

FADING OF A HERO.

In October, 1907, the bulwark of American liberty, the New York stock exchange, shook like a reed in the wind. Brave men turned pale before the prospect of national ruin. It was feared that the sun would cease to rise, the tides to ebb and flow, the crops to spring from the ground, if anything happened to the stock exchange.

At the critical moment a hero stepped forth and planked down an amount alleged to be \$25,000,000 (on good security) to save the nation from the threatened devastation. The hero was J. Pierpont Morgan. A mighty cheer shook the land. "Bully for Morgan, savior of his country!"

Now comes this pestilential money trust investigation, and what do we hear? Why, Mr. Cortlyou, secretary of the treasury under Roosevelt, testifies that Uncle Sam deposited \$29,000,000 in Morgan's banks the day before Mr. Morgan loaned the money (actually only \$18,000,000) to the stock exchange to save the nation from utter ruin.

Good Lord! We could have done it ourselves. Any time the United States treasury will deposit \$29,000,000 with us we will be tickled to death to loan Wall street \$18,000,000 on gilt-edged security. And we won't ask a word of praise for our heroism.

"Delightful! Grand!" were the words heard by the writer as he passed a group of visitors in the park on the Fourth. They were discussing the park, the celebration and Ashland generally. Said one, "Ashland always does things right," to which another responded, "Yes, and she is not all hot air and graft, either." The writer did not ask just what place the speaker had in mind when he drew his comparison, for no doubt there was a mental reservation in place, when he spoke, but it sounded good to us to hear such wholesome words spoken of Ashland. We appreciated it more because we knew it was all true, and we felt that the expression was altogether sincere. We learned the speakers were of a company of visitors from "near Medford."

We take this occasion to congratulate the Medford Sun upon its late evidence of progressive spirit. It is lately rubbing the political moss from its back and getting into line with the sentiment of its state. Now if the Portland Oregonian and Los Angeles Times will take their cue from the Sun the western press will be fairly well in line with the spirit of the times. Brer Ruhl writes freer when he discusses issues as he believes than when he spreads the policy dope.

THE TRAINED MOTHER.

Here's a new profession and a new school, the profession of trained motherhood and a school to do the training. New York has the first and only one.

What do they teach? The first year the pupils learn to take scientific care of very little babies, both well and sick, and to make their tiny garments. They also learn story-telling. Think of that! They become familiar with games and other simple amusements.

The second year they take up hygiene with special reference to the kindergarten age, child study, the work of the trained nurse, the principles of heredity and the routine of day nursery work.

The third year they get deeper into the study of hygiene with eminent physicians to lecture to them, and then adventure into the field of mental life from infancy to adolescence.

This is learning "mothercraft." Probably it will be a good thing for the fortunate kids who get trained mothers, though there have been some very good mothers in this world who didn't have such advantages. It is to be feared, too, that the new school will turn out a lot of fine trained mothers who will never have any babies to mother.

It is doubtful if there would be any more homes or husbands if every young woman were schooled in mothercraft, but there might be some happier and healthier children.

M. C. Edgington has captured the prize wheat of the valley. It was grown in the suburbs of Ashland. Thirty-seven stocks produced from one seed grain, bearing thirty-seven well-developed heads. The stocks are five feet tall. It would yield about one hundred bushels to the acre. Of course it was grown under favorable circumstances, but no more so than scientific wheat culture would generally produce. The specimen is on exhibit at Mr. Edgington's office and is well worth seeing. Oregon produces as good wheat as any state in the Union.

We congratulate the Fourth of July executive committee on the great success of the celebration. It took work and organization to get such splendid results. It was what we might term a "new blood" committee. They were all young business men, full of life and enthusiasm and ability for the occasion. They have fairly introduced themselves to public service. Ashland will remember their good work, for they have stamped the occasion with a word in big letters, with which Ashland needs to grow more familiar: "SUCCESS."

The Medford Mail-Tribune has gone "plumb" daffy. It has the rabies against Ashland. One of its contractors gets in a row over building a certain bridge. He enjoins the payment of certain county warrants on the grounds of their illegality. By so doing he starts the roller of repudiation. Then the Mail-Tribune yells that the repudiation is all the work of an Ashland coterie. Too bad, too bad. The Mail-Tribune should get its head fixed.

HAVE ENOUGH SIGNATURES.

Roads Measures Petitioned for By 60,000.

"More than 60,000 signatures have been secured by the Oregon Association for Highway Improvement to the petitions for placing on the ballot six good road bills that were drafted by Governor West's compromise committee and fostered by the association. President C. T. Prall has checked over the names and finds that they are sufficient. The measures will be filed with the secretary of state, and then will begin a far-reaching campaign between the forces backing the association and the State Grange, to see which set of road bills is to be adopted by a majority of the voters next November.

C. E. Spence, master of the State Grange, is also said to have his two measures in shape for filing. As soon as both sets are on record, the struggle by the two rival forces of good roads men will commence.

The principal point of difference between the two sets of bills is that the Oregon Association for Highway Improvement provides for raising a state road fund by sales of bonds, most of which is to be used in construction of state trunk roads. Both sets have an enabling act, giving the counties machinery for bonding themselves for county road work. The association bills have provisions for working state and county prisoners on roads. This same set also creates a state road commission, which shall have disbursement of the state funds. The association bills provide for a state road engineer, who has power under the board to direct all road construction of a state character, whereas the grange bills provide for a state engineer, who has merely advisory power in aiding the counties in their road work.

Because of wide differences of opinion between those in and out of congress, it is believed there will be no action on the grazing land bill at this session.

HAD HE FAILED.

Success Might Be Weighed By Different Standards.

"I have failed in almost everything I ever undertook. I hope that none of my children will have to make such a confession."

Thus spoke an aged man not long before his death. In youth he wished to be a minister, but could not get the necessary education. A severe attack of pneumonia left him subject to hemorrhages, and he was thought to have consumption. But he wandered out into the fields, gathering herbs for his own use and that of his neighbors; and whether the herbs did him good or not, the outdoor life certainly did.

He studied medicine with the local physician and became a doctor, but he could not endure the long, cold rides inseparable from a country practice. So he set up as a druggist, in the hope of finding time to study for the ministry; but he had to give up that hope, for his business proved exacting. Still, he taught in the Sunday school, often led religious services, and officiated at funerals.

When he opened his drug store, although he abandoned medical practice, he gave his services freely to the poor. He trusted every one, often to his hurt. After the Civil War he suffered from the fall in prices that culminated in the panic of 1873. Goods had first to be marked down, and then to be thrown away. He could not collect his bills; his debts accumulated. "He lost his store, his business, even his home. Then he met with an accident that almost cost him his life.

He toiled bravely on a new house, only to have it wrecked by a tornado. That night he and his family sat amid the debris in the cellar; the pitiless rain beat upon them, and the blackness was cut by blades of lightning that disclosed nothing but disaster. It seemed to him that his every hope blossomed only to be crushed. Nevertheless, this man, refusing any compromise, assumed the whole burden of his debts, and dollar by dollar he began to pay them. His children not only worked their way through college, but were about to help him a little. In a measure he recovered his health, and slowly but surely he reduced the burden of his debts. But youth and hope were gone; he was an old and disappointed man.

Still, his last years were years of peace. His home was modest, but it was his, and he lived in reasonable comfort. He owed no man, and he died free. His funeral was attended by almost every person in the community, and among them all there was scarcely one who was not indebted to him for some kind deed; who was not the better for his example of honesty and steadfastness and courage.

He felt that he had failed in everything, but he left an honored name and a memory of righteousness and integrity. That is not failure.

Bantam Lays Early.

Oregon City, Ore.—Oregon Washburn, a poultry fancier of West Oregon City, is the owner of probably the youngest laying hen in the state.

The hen was hatched March 8 and laid its first egg June 24, and has been laying daily since. Its mother has hatched two broods since March 8.

The chicken wonder is a white feather leg bantam, and under size even for that species. Mr. Washburn is confident the hen has established a new record for early laying.

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HERBERT S. HADLEY.

Governor of Missouri and a Strong Roosevelt Supporter.



Land Will Be Opened.

Washington, D. C.—Congressman Hawley has been advised that the secretary of the interior has finally designated a large area in Lake county, near Arrow and Fort Rock, to be subject to entry under the enlarged homestead law. The matter has been pending for more than a year, and the designation is beneficial to settlers in townships 26, 27 and 28, ranges 15, 16 and 17 east.

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Children's Oxfords at 75c

We have now on sale about fifty pairs of children's oxfords in black patent and kid leather, also white canvas oxfords, in sizes from 7½ to 2. These oxfords formerly sold at \$1.25 and \$1.50. Now at 75c.

Extra Specials in Dry Goods Section

Stripe tissue lawns in blue, black, lavender and gray, 25c value at19c

Light figured lawns, handsome patterns, special per yard10c

Women's silk lisle embroidered hose, 50c and 75c values at39c

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