

Ashland Tidings

SEMI-WEEKLY.
ESTABLISHED 1876.

Issued Mondays and Thursdays

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year\$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50
Payable in Advance.

TELEPHONE 39

Advertising rates on application. First-class job printing facilities. Equipments second to none in the interior.

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Ashland, Ore., Monday, July 15, '12

BUSY LITTLE COUNTRIES.

All of us, more or less, are fascinated by the glamor of bigness. We are proud to be inhabitants of great countries like the United States or Great Britain—countries with vast resources and millions of population and mighty navies—countries that are "world powers."

But, after all, one sometimes wonders whether the little countries are not in happier case; the little countries that are maintained as buffer states, or by mutual agreement because of the jealousies of the big nations.

At one blow the little countries are relieved of the tremendous expense of big armies and navies. All government is conducted on a simpler and more economical scale. The people have more time for industry and the arts.

Purely a theory? Well, let's look into it. There is Belgium, for instance, which Germany could gobble tomorrow if it chose. Belgium is one vast workshop. On every hand the sky is rendered murky by clouds of smoke that come from huge factories. The little country is rich.

Or take Denmark, another land that Germany could absorb if it chose. Denmark is one immense market garden and dairy farm. The making of butter and cheese has become a science. The people are prosperous.

Nor is the prosperity merely a financial and commercial one. The arts are not neglected. Belgium has produced Maurice Maeterlinck, one of the world's greatest modern dramatists and essayists. Emile Verhaeren is admittedly the greatest lyric poet now using the French tongue. Little Denmark keeps up her end of it by producing George Brandes, the greatest living critic of literature.

So you see, these little countries are really big—big with prosperity, big with productions of hand and brain.

BIGGER THAN A SENATORSHIP.

Massachusetts now has the senatorial primary and Louis D. Brandeis is talked of as successor to Murray Crane. The two facts go together. Without the primary, Brandeis wouldn't even be mentioned. It would be impossible for a man of his type to get any votes in the legislature under the old system of machine rule, with the machine owned by the interests.

It would be a good thing for Massachusetts to send Brandeis to the senate. It is not, however, of great consequence to Brandeis himself. As a private citizen he weighs more than a carload of Murray Cranes. Anyone who has ever heard him hurling the thunder at a public hearing, with Crane and others of his kind shriveling up in their chairs before him, must realize how little the senatorial toga would add to the stature of a real statesman, patriot and lover of his kind.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Madero won the presidency of Mexico upon his promise to cut up the big estates and give the common people a chance at the land. The new revolution started because he did not immediately redeem his promise. Now he is ready to act. He has worked out a scheme of land purchases through a commission and a land bank, and nearly 4,000,000 acres have already been acquired for distribution among the people.

Sounds good, doesn't it? But there is a fly in the ointment. It is said that the price which the government pays for the land is about five times its true market value, and that somebody is going to get millions of unearned profit at the expense of the multitude of small buyers.

It is a long, long way to the promised land in Mexico.

HOW "SUNNY JIM" MAY BE CHOSEN PRESIDENT.

A possibility of the present presidential campaign is one that has never occurred heretofore and one that the makers of the constitution have not provided against. That is the failure of election of a president by any and all of the alternatives provided.

The failure of any candidate to carry a full majority of the electoral votes, which must be recognized as a veritable possibility this year, considering what happened in South Dakota, where the republican state convention refused to mention Taft's name, and considering the uncertain factors in the contest, throws the election of president into the house and of vice-president into the senate.

But in that case the members of the house vote not individually but as joint representatives in every delegation of their respective states, every state being equal and having one vote, but every senator having one vote in the senate in the election of vice-president. A majority of all the senators is necessary to elect a vice-president, and a majority of all the states necessary to elect a president in the house.

The curious situation exists of a deadlock in the house. That is, there are 23 republican states, 24 democratic and one (Nebraska) divided, having an equal number of republicans and democrats in the house. The democrats would not have a majority in any case, unless Nebraska should join them to make an election.

With a deadlock in the house, the constitution provides that the vice-president elected by the senate would succeed, precisely as in the case of the death of the president. The senate is republican, but is bound by the constitution to vote for the candidates in November's election for vice-president, so that the senate could not elect as vice-president a man who ran for president.

While the contingency is remote, yet the senate election for vice-president—in this case "Sunny Jim"—would succeed to the presidency.

WOMAN AND THE AEROPLANE.

If many women had it in mind to go into aviation, the death of Miss Harriet Quimby must make them think a bit. In so far as alertness of thought goes, there is every reason why women might fly even better than men. Women soar through the circus arena as acrobats with ease and safety. The treacherous quality of the air calls for instant estimate and decision on physical forces, and a woman's quick wit ought to serve her well.

But as in all outdoor labor and sports, the aeroplane seems to call at times for great strength, to meet the terrific rush of air at high rates of speed? Here is where Miss Quimby's frail muscles may have failed at their task.

No doubt the poetry of aviation appeals to women even more keenly than men. The dust and ponderous machinery still make automobiling somewhat earthly. Such factors are wholly or partly absent in the great man-made birds that are beginning to obey human intelligence. The elation of speed, the companionship of the clouds, the sense of escape from prosaic earth, will no doubt appeal more and more to women. One imagines a grim series of feminine tragedies reaching out into the future.

HARD LINES.

Hard lines for old Abdul Hamid, ex of Turkey. They took all but six of his wives away from him, and put him in a villa prison at Salonika, wherein the only fun he has is beating his wives and painting red pictures while reclining in a bath tub. And now the Italian fleet threatens to bombard Salonika, including Ab in his bath tub.

The march of progress certainly is running all the sunshine out of the infamous old scoundrel's life. It will be just like those Italians to shoot up that bath tub first thing.

Many years ago Mrs. McCall planted a little twig in her yard on Oak street. It grew and grew until it developed into a magnificent magnolia tree. Thursday she plucked from its branches a blossom of wondrous size and beauty and aroma. Now it rests on our editorial desk, a perfumed testimony to the richness of Oregon soil and salubrity of Oregon climate. What a wondrous country this, where the pine and the palm meet, and where the magnolia rears its beautifully blossomed form toward the sky. Sunny Southern Oregon, the land of the blessed, where God reigns and bestows his blessings numberless as the stars; where man basks in the pleasures and providences of God and is satisfied.

The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

Once upon a time there was a woman whose plight was similar to that of the old Mother Goose woman who had so many children she didn't know what to do. This woman I write of had not so many children, but she had so much money that she didn't know what to do. Had she had children, she could have followed the illustrious example of the Mother Goose woman—an example which has been pretty generally copied throughout the generations since the solution as to what to do with children was expounded. She could have whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

But unfortunately for this particular woman, she could not easily dispose of her treasures when they came unruled. For her treasures were not warm, loving and lovable little children, but money, jewels, houses, bric-a-brac, clothes, servants and social position, treasures which all will admit cannot be dealt with in the manner prescribed for children.

She would have told you, if pressed to do so, that she was very charitable. She did, indeed, give money. It was all she had to give. She deserved no particular credit for giving money, for it was the most plentiful, therefore the cheapest, thing she possessed. Also, it was a satisfaction to her to see her name at the head of every subscription list. Little did she wot that the modest sum which usually brought up the tag end of the list, given by "A Friend," was a bigger gift than her own munificent subscription, because it represented sacrifice on the part of "A Friend."

She did the best she could, according to her light, but her light was sometimes rather dim, for she did not always keep her lamps trimmed, nor were they filled with the Oil of Love.

She went on her ceaseless round of pleasure, going without ever having learned that pleasure and happiness are not one and the same thing. She had married a man who was as busy accruing money as she was in spending it. Needless to say, she had a wide circle of friends, bound together by a common ambition—that of spending money with her. Yet all their efforts proved unavailing, and corroding care sat heavily upon her heart, but she never guessed the reason for it.

Her sisters married and had children. She, from the height of her material wealth, looked down on them and pitied them. When she paused in her busy life of doing nothing, to visit them, she wondered at the obvious joy conveyed by sticky kisses from little lips. She could not understand the palpable thrill experienced by the pressure of the soft little arms.

Then she would go home to her treasureless orderly, empty mansion, and tell herself how much more fortunate she was than her sisters. There was a struggle with poverty—and with seeming limitations—and she asked herself why they should appear to be happy, lacking all that she had to make life worth while.

Sometimes, following her reflections, the silence of her house oppressing her, she would persuade herself that she needed a change, and would cross the ocean, seeking for the treasure which always eluded her. True, she would bring back rare paintings to further add to the beauty of the place she called home, and new gowns that made her the envy of her friends. She even occasionally indulged a generous impulse and brought home rich, unsuitable gifts to her nieces and nephews.

After a lapse of years her home became still more silent, her husband going to that bourne where the man who has done nothing but accumulate money must learn a new vocation. Her hair whitened, and the youthful lines of her figure changed. Wrinkles appeared around her eyes and her mouth sagged at the corners. Old age had crept up on her while she was not looking and left her unlovely and lonely. She found that a life of social excitement palled, after the glamour of youth had departed. Her sisters became grandmothers and she observed where her mouth sagged at the corners, theirs had upward tendencies, as though spontaneous laughter or soft lullabies.

Gradually she became conscious that for the first time in her life she was envious. She had never envied her sisters their children, but she envied them their grand-children.

While she had been young and while the pleasures of youth had beckoned her, she had not missed the clinging touch of baby fingers. And now, in her old age, the nearest she could come to that bliss was in borrowed treasures. The love that she lavished upon these borrowed grand-children was pathetic, for in it was revealed the barrenness of her life.

This must not be construed as criticism of the woman who is so unfortunate as not to achieve motherhood. It is intended simply to convince those people whose treasures are not commercial commodities, but precious responsibilities, that they have a more solid foundation for the structure of happiness than the merely rich.

Fireweed Makes Honey.

Hoed River, Ore.—W. W. Dakin, one of the largest honey producers in this community, is planning on taking his hives to the range of hills west of the valley, that the bees may be near to the large fields of fireweed growing on the burnt-over areas there. He declares that his bees will fill the hives quickly in these locations. Fireweed honey is considered better than that produced from any other flower.

The Tidings is for sale at W. M. Pooley's Drug Store, 17 East Main St.

LOVE'S APPEAL.

(By Richard P. Campbell.)
Men of our state and country, men of our heart and home, filled with an earnest purpose and trust in you, we come, Prompted by love and duty and steadfast loyalty. We ask for equal suffrage, for right and liberty.

You know our hearts beat constant, our lives ring ever true, We face stern death unflinching for the love we bear to you. Our country's hope and promise lies sweetly on our breast, 'Tis motherhood appealing to the manhood of the West.

We feel our fair state needs us—the touch of woman's hand, In shaping the destiny of our beloved land, The blight of sins immoral, the curse of human greed, Have fastened on our statehood, it calls us in its need.

We know our limitations, our duties in the home, Our state is but a household, it beckons us to come, You led us to the altar in love and constancy, We ask a broader wedlock, bound in equality.

Our love will be the deeper as it broadens in its scope, Our lives will grow the richer in usefulness and hope, We pledge a proud allegiance to home and Oregon, Woman, full-wedded to the man, shall come into her own.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

National Educational Association Endorses Vital Needs.

Chicago.—At its annual convention here last week, the National Educational Association adopted the following resolutions:

Woman suffrage, "because women teachers realize the responsibility of training youth for citizenship.

Promotion of international peace. Investigation of teachers' salaries throughout the country with reference to the high cost of living.

Uniform federal law for marriage and divorce.

Promotion of plans for a national university.

Extension by congress of plans for training in agriculture, domestic economy and other industrial work. Greater attention in public schools to the health of pupils.

Extension by congress of the work of the National Bureau of Education, so as "to embody a group of competent men and women to study thoroughly the problem of rural education, city school administration, vocational education, hygiene and higher education, including the training of the teachers."

That school playgrounds provide at least one square rod for each pupil.

Schooners Collide.

San Francisco.—The sailing schooner Bertha Dolbeer collided with the British schooner Tuscarora off the lights near here early yesterday. The Bertha Dolbeer lost her jibboom and head gear and was towed back to port by the steamer Johan Paulsen. The Tuscarora was uninjured. The Bertha Dolbeer was bound for Grays Harbor. The Tuscarora was inward bound.

Pure Mountain Water Ice

Reduced Prices on Ice

FOR SEASON OF 1912

Save money by purchasing coupon books. Issued for 500, 1,000, 2,000 up to 5,000 pounds.

This is the cheapest way to buy your ice.

Delivery every day except Sundays.

ASHLAND ICE AND STORAGE CO.

TELEPHONE 108

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

German Emperor's Eldest Son and Crown Prince of Prussia.



\$1,900,000 Spent in 1904.

Washington, D. C.—The republican national committee of 1904 raised \$1,900,000 for Roosevelt's campaign, according to George B. Cortelyou, then chairman of the senate campaign contributions committee. "There were no promises or pledges given to donors of the money," said Cortelyou, and one contribution was rejected for that reason.

Ashland Restaurant

Roast Chicken Dinner 25c

Good Cooking Try Our Meals

86 NORTH MAIN.

OPERA HOUSE BILLIARD PARLOR

Cigars, Tobacco, Candy and Soft Drinks

J. P. Sayle & Son

Successors to Ruger & Sayle.

Practical Shoe Repairing

Done promptly, with the best materials obtainable, by

J. H. WILL

Cor. Fourth and Main Streets.

Phone 129 27 Main St.

C. H. GILLETTE

Real Estate, Loans, Rentals, Conveyancing

SEE ME BEFORE BUYING.

Attention, Wood Consumers

Sound dry red fir and yellow pine, 16-inch block body wood, delivered in your wood shed in orders for not less than 10 tiers to a place, at \$2.25 per tier.

E. J. MAHAN

Leave orders at office, 290 East Main st., or phone 168.

Scale receipts at Tidings office.

VAUPEL'S GREAT SALE OF CORSETS

Discontinued Numbers

\$3.50 to \$5.00 values at \$1.49

An unusual offer far below the manufacturer's cost of making these well known corsets. Every woman that has ever worn the NEMO corset buys another because it is the most comfortable and stylish fitting corset made. We have a lot of discontinued numbers which are absolutely as good as any we have in stock. But the Nemo manufacturer has discontinued making these particular numbers, so we offer these \$3.50 to \$5.00 values so long as there is a single corset left at only \$1.49. Come as soon as you can, as this lot will not last long. Sizes from 20 to 30.

The Crosby, a front lace Corset

\$3.50 to \$5.00 values at \$1.49

Forced to close these out at the small price of only \$1.49 because we cannot duplicate these numbers again. If you wish to try a front lace corset here is an opportunity to buy a high grade corset which formerly retailed at \$3.50 to \$5.00. Sizes 22 to 30.



All Our Parasols Reduced

Protect yourself from the scorching hot sun under one of our handsome parasols. We are now offering them at ridiculously low prices.

The Store with a Rest Room **VAUPEL'S** The Store with a Rest Room