

**Ashland Tidings**

SEMI-WEEKLY.  
ESTABLISHED 1876.

Issued Mondays and Thursdays

Bert R. Greer, - Editor and Owner  
B. W. Talcott, - - - City Editor

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
One Year .....\$2.00  
Six Months ..... 1.00  
Three Months ..... .50  
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., Thursday, Jan. 30, '13

**EDITORIAL BRIEFS.**

The opium trust of China, which has thrived under the empire, is being fought to a finish by the new republic.

Eugene will vote at its next municipal election upon a tax levy for the support of a band and the proposition is to raise \$5,000 per year for that purpose.

Senator Brown of California has introduced a bill in the legislature of California to prevent charging an admission to a prize fight. That is giving the "manly art" a blow below the belt.

Did you ever stop to think how readily mankind will pay big prices for a luxury while kicking at fair prices for a necessity? It is this which makes largely for the high cost of living these days. Cut out the luxuries and you can live reasonably.

There should be no thought of the progressive party disbanding or coalescing with any other party until both the republicans and the democrats have made their records the coming four years. If the democrats fail to make good along progressive lines, then the progressive party is the only hope of the nation. The socialists are too closely allied with anarchy and dynamite in the public mind to ever become or remain at the head of the government, and the republican party, except as the conservative party has sounded its own knell in American politics. That leaves only the democratic and progressive parties as real figures in 1916, for the American people will never return to stand-paism.

**PLACING THE EMPHASIS.**

Probably many Tidings readers will remember the story of the two preachers. The younger one was telling one of the nestors of the clergy that he had received two calls and did not know which was the call of providence. "Accent it the other way, brother," said the elder of the one. "Which is the call of providence?"

More depends upon the placing of the emphasis than we usually stop to consider.

In business some put the emphasis upon the volume of business done, the wise ones upon the net profits for the year.

You fall out with a friend. You immediately emphasize the matter on which you differed, forgetting the many things upon which you have agreed in the past and upon which you still agree. You put the emphasis wrong.

In religious life the emphasis is frequently put on the wrong points. In Ashland there are over a dozen evangelical protestant churches. All agree upon the essentials of the Ten Commandments, yet they emphasize where one strong one could better advanced the Master's cause and inflict less burden upon its members.

We all learn something in the matter of placing the emphasis. Put the stress upon the good in the world instead of upon the evil. Fill the mind of man so full of love that there is no room for selfishness and sin and you have reached the millennium. Hate and fear are too near akin for man to be regenerated by the fear of a future torment. If he hates good he may fear punishment, but like the child he is, will try to evade the punishment while not giving up the sin.

If all who believe in truth, honesty, justice and charity as the basis of all true religious life would unite on that platform, instead of dividing on matters of ceremonial or belief as to the future state or the precise terms upon which it can be attained, this old earth would become so good a place to live that people would cease to long for a better land on high.

Chicago street railways yearly collect \$10,000,000 in fares.

**THE COST OF ARSON.**

It is astonishing into what remote ramifications you can trace the eternal cost of living question. Most people, on reading of some crookedness, smile tolerantly at the smartness of the man who "gets away with it." They don't realize that it is all footed up in the bill.

So it is with the alleged arson trust, now under investigation in New York city, representing a costly phase of human crookedness found everywhere.

The United States pays annually \$500,000,000 in premiums to insurance companies, to cover the cost of fires. The experts say 10 to 15 per cent of these fires are incendiary. So our bill for the smartness of the crooks and the morbid brains of the firebug is about \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000 annually.

After the insurance companies have installed the last fire sprinkler, and insisted on the latest perfection of fire engine and water pressure, there remains a vast twilight zone of moral hazard into which they scarce dare look.

There is more truth than poetry in the unlovely story about the precocious youth who was looking over his father's shoulder at his insurance policies.

"Why, father," he cried, "don't you see that policy runs out Wednesday?"

"Yes, my child," said pater, "but the firemen they runs out Tuesday."

A great many men, who never would dream of a criminal act, never get over the lure of the fire engine. They will drop a good dinner of a profitable business deal any time to run to a fire. There is a thrill in the combat between human skill and daring, and the untamed elements of fire and smoke, that stirs any man's blood.

If this battle between man and the forces of nature has this effect on a normal mind, it is not strange that there are so many weak-headed fools who find a consummate ecstasy in the tumult and battle of a fire. There are said to be enough insane firebugs in the city of New York to fill an institution.

**THE INVITATION TO CONTEMPT.**

The limitations to judicial power have been indicated by the case in Idaho where three newspaper men have been sent to jail on a contempt charge because they caused the printing of Colonel Roosevelt's opinion of the decision barring progressive candidates from the official ballot.

Since these men have been imprisoned, thousands of persons have gone to much trouble and spent much time to show them honor. Their commitment to jail has been made a triumph for them. They have been feted, almost glorified. When they leave their cells it will be to go back to conditions that by comparison must seem almost tiresome and prosaic.

The court punishing these newspaper men for a fancied slight to its dignity has invited expressions of real contempt. Instead of checking free speech as it sought to do, it opened the floodgates of the freest speech in the world. It could punish a few individuals, but cannot punish an entire community. The boundaries of judicial power are far more circumscribed than many members of the bench are aware of.

**WRONG, WHATEVER HE DOES.**

The anti-Roosevelt press, recovered from the stresses of the campaign, threw one of its characteristic fits when Mr. Munsey proposed a "get-together" plan for the progressives and republicans. It was perceived at once—by the anti-Rooseveltiers—that the colonel was responsible for the suggestion, that he'd devised the plan and, perhaps, provided the wording. So whole oceans of abuse welled up and foamed over in the direction of Oyster Bay.

Then Mr. Roosevelt disclaimed any participation in Mr. Munsey's suggestion, and, chapter and verse, showed in his opinion wherein it would not do. Whereupon the anti-Roosevelt press dusted off the office floors and threw the vey wildest and most enthusiastic fit in its outfit. The colonel—this time—was wrong, egotistical, fat-headed, excessively violent and perverse.

It has been given to few men to be more everlastingly at fault than Theodore Roosevelt.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

All matter for the Tidings should be directed to the paper, rather than to any person connected therewith. When directed to a person it is apt to be sent to the home address, thus delaying its insertion.

Try Tidings job printing. The quality is remembered long after the price is forgotten.

**"ASHLAND."**

(By Mrs. Putnam.)

There's a little home in Ashland,  
Nestled down among the trees,  
And methinks I see the blossoms  
And I hear the hum of bees.  
Where the jessamine and hop vine  
Twine around the cottage door—  
There's a yearning in my heart—  
I must see it just once more.

When the noise is so oppressive  
And the world looks so forlorn,  
I will take a hike to Ashland,  
To the place where I was born:  
I will drink the health of mineral  
springs,  
And rest in shady bowers,  
I will live with nature all day long,  
And pick her lovely flowers.

There's where the sun shines brightest,  
Where the pine and palm both meet;  
Where the mountains climb toward heaven,  
Eagerly the clouds to greet;  
Where strawberries ripen reddest,  
Where peaches taste the best—  
My dear old home in Ashland,  
The gem of the west.

**THE "BLUE SKY" LAW.**

The bill introduced into the Oregon house of representatives by Mr. Hall, to regulate the selling of investment stocks, should pass. It eliminates the only objection honest men could find to the bill which was defeated by a narrow margin at the last election, that it created a new bureau to be maintained. The Oregon voters swiped every measure presented them last fall that created a new office, and they did well. The present bill puts investment corporations under the state banking department and imposes stringent regulations upon the sale of stock.

Certain mining promoters fought the initiative bill last fall under the belief that it would hinder the development of the mineral resources of the state, but others equally well posted believe that it will render it easier to get money for legitimate purposes than it is at present. It will certainly be a great protection to the investors.

**A Funny Twist of the Game Law.**

Gold Hill News: The idocy which doth hedge about the law and its interpretations at times is aptly illustrated in the case of the Multnomah county sportsman who was fined \$50 for having a wild duck in his possession during the closed season.

This judicial lollipop was handed the amazed nimbrod despite the production of abundant proof that the bird had been taken on the last day of the open season, and in full compliance with the requirements of the law.

Willy-nilly, under this construction of the statute, the unfortunate hunter who is successful in the chase on the closing day, must devour his birds a la natural, or consign them to the dogs. In any event it is a crime to retain them until the following morning.

There should be some limit to this legislative folly which does not make for game protection and invites injustice, as in this instance. As a matter of fact, the plainest rulings of common-sense indicate that when game is obtained in a lawful manner, by any citizen, it ceases to be in the state's charge, and becomes the private and exclusive property of that citizen—to be dealt with as he chooses.

This matter has before now been thoroughly threshed out in other states, with disastrous results to really beneficial provisions of the game laws. Repetitions of the Multnomah county incident cannot fail to incite similar action.

For the better protection of game, sportsmen are willing to comply with laws apparently beyond the ability of the state to enact—such as the prohibited shipment, the restriction of gift or sale, etcetera—but it is a safe assertion that they will balk at any interpretation that does not serve for protection and imposes an arbitrary and unjust obligation—  
Such as eating raw duck, for instance.

**Ament Dam is Near Collapse.**

That the next high water in Rogue river will carry away the Ament dam is the belief of Sam J. Sandry of Medford, who has just returned from an inspection trip on Rogue river.

"The water is now rushing through a gap on the south side of the dam, having carried away the gravity ditch and a portion of the dam. As soon as high water comes again the entire structure will go down stream."

The Ament dam has for years been a barrier to the fish in ascending Rogue river. Conditions were somewhat improved last year by the installation of a fishway built under the direction of the state.

**The Home Circle**

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

**Labeling Jokes.**

The Springfield (Mass.) Union complains because some "irresponsible paragrapher" noting that the national wealth amounts to \$34.72 per capita, advises his readers to draw on the United States treasury for their share.

As a consequence Director of the Mint Roberts has been flooded with serious requests for the \$34.72. The Union says such jokes do harm and should be tagged.

Should they? Just think how easily a lot of simple-minded people have got by this time. It has cost them a 2-cent stamp, and probably their time is not very valuable.

The world is full of a great many very innocent and unsophisticated people. They are continually investing hard-earned money in rain-bows. If they got a little practical experience of life out of the newspaper paragraph column at no greater cost than a 2-cent stamp, it was a valuable preparation for the grim jokes and bunco games of modern high finance.

**A Lesson From the Birds.**

If you watch a flock of sparrows, now by grace of language metamorphosed into snowbirds, you will notice that they fly from tree to tree to ground, as if all were nicely adjusted parts of one bird, instead of individual birds. In the air they swirl in unison. None gets left behind, or overflies the course, or gets tangled and confused. Pigeons do the same thing, and wild ducks and geese.

Clearly, these birds do not move by signal. Some subtle sense seems to tel leach individual member of a flock how the others are going to turn, what suddenly sighted feeding spot they are going to descend upon, what moment they must take wing for safety's sake.

Would it not be a fine thing if human beings could cultivate this perfect harmony of action, this concord of thought, which needs neither leadership nor suggests the idea of blind following? It would not mean the suppression of all individuality. But it might mean that many things which must be done, such as obedience to the fundamental laws of life, might be done without foolish waste of effort, overrunning of the course, causeless entanglements and quarrelsome confusion. It may be that these great co-operative movements which mankind has taken up so energetically these recent years are some vague reaching toward the development of that sense of harmonious action which providence gave as a gift to birds.

**Pass It On.**

"It isn't the thing you do, dear, but the thing you've left undone that gives you the bit of headache at the setting of the sun."

That was often quoted by a gentle old lady, who lived and not so long ago died according to unusual standards, and who showed more happiness and harvest,ed more love than the average ones of us could measure. That is what makes it seem worth while to share her philosophies, to "pass them along" to you.

She taught in the public schools for pretty nearly forty years, and once when a pupil, in gratitude for an extraordinary kindness, said, "What can I ever do for you in return?" she answered: "Dearie, you can do this for me that will more than make us even: Remember all your life to pass along to someone else that needs it as much blessedness as you receive, a smile, a song, a word of cheer, or a helping hand. This kindness I have been able to do you is a little thing, but it has made you happy. Think of it when your chance comes to do the little things you can to make other people happy. Share your joys, you double them that way. Keep your sorrows to yourself; you halve them that way. Be sure no one in this world is ever too poor to give away a smile, and if you mean it, it is often worth more than the coin you may-be lack.

"Earth knows no riches that compare with the true and happy heart. One who lives like this can never be poor, though he may sleep with only the blue sky for his coverlid. There's gladness aplenty, if you but keep it in circulation. Do your part. Pay your debts of love as well as of money, if you want really to keep square with the world. Money, it may be, you will lack, but poverty of the soul, little girl, is voluntary. You may be rich as a king, if you will, in all things that really matter. Happiness never stays away from the heart willing to give it house room."

The Happiness of Uncle Sambo.

The happiest man we ever saw

**Our Special Offer**

**THE Ashland Tidings AND LaFollette's Weekly Magazine**

BOTH A FULL YEAR FOR ONLY

**\$2.50**

You can read every week what Senator Robert M. La Follette, the fearless champion of the people's rights, the leader of the progressive Republicans, thinks and says for

**ONLY 50 CENTS MORE THAN THE PRICE OF THE TIDINGS ALONE**

A stirring and momentous campaign is opening. You will want to be posted. You will want the record of your congressman. Does he represent YOU? You will want information about the great issues that you and friends are talking about. Senator La Follette knows what is going on at Washington. He is on the ground; behind the scenes. He tells you all about it in LA FOLLETTE'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE. Sixteen pages of crisp editorials and interesting special articles each week.

**LaFollette's One Year, \$1.00 Our Offer: The Tidings One Year, \$2.00 \$2.50**

To new or old subscribers who pay in advance.

Address all orders to the Tidings.

was an old negro. He lived in a shack upon a river bank. He couldn't read or write. He probably never in his life saw a ten-dollar bill. His simple wants he supplied by pottering toil. Between tasks he fished or slept or sang quaint melodies to the accompaniment of an old banjo.

It is not our wish to hold this up as the picture of an ideal life. Uncle Sambo surely lacked ambition. If all of us took things as easily as he did there wouldn't be many mountains pierced many continents riveted by bands of steel, or many great skyscrapers flung upward to challenge the sun. In the matter of what our rushing civilization looks upon as progress—too largely the progress of a few to shove their property rights ahead of the welfare rights of the many—we humans would have little on the claims.

But Sambo's case points one moral. He shows us that happiness depends less on things than on interests, on spirit. He was interested brimful in the little happenings within his ken. He loved the fields, the flowers, the wild birds, all the living, growing things. The free joys of nature kept his spirit sweet. Had Rockefeller come along and offered him a cartload of money he would merely have grinned and asked instead for a new pipe and a fresh package of tobacco. For these were all he needed.

We think of Uncle Sambo as we

read about the multi-millionaire inner guards of the money trust. How many of them sleep as he sleeps, eat with the keen zest which attends his appetite or get from the great Giver of all good as much sunshine and cheer and unaffected human fellowship as that poor old negro?

No, it isn't things that count for happiness. It is spirit. And, thank God, no trust has yet put a monopoly noose about human spirit.

**Appeal Murder Cases.**  
A writ of probable cause has been granted the attorneys for Mike Spanos and Frank Seymour, now under sentence of death for the murder of George Dedaskalous, by Judge F. M. Calkins, which will automatically postpone the date of execution. February 14, for 60 days in order to give the attorneys time in which to perfect their appeal to the supreme court. As the supreme court will probably delay some time in passing on the appeal, the two will probably not be executed until late in the summer, even if a new trial is denied.

A transcript of each case is now being prepared. The appeal will probably be perfected some time late in February or early in March.

SUNSET MAGAZINE and Ashland Tidings one year \$2.75 to old or new subscribers. Regular price of Sunset Magazine is \$1.50 per year.

**WILLIAM P. STARK Offers for the First Time Commercially the "J. H. HALE" Peach**



**Third to Half Larger Than Elberta! No Fuzz! Perfect Freestone! Solid Enough to Ship Like Apples! Finer Flavor, Hardier Than Any Elberta!**

"In my 30 years' experience as a nurseryman and fruit-grower I have never been able to offer fruit-growers such a wonderful profit-producer as I do now in the 'J. H. HALE' peach. It has been tested and proven for eight years, in 3,000 commercial orchard plantings, to be by all odds the greatest peach for size, flavor, texture, hardiness, shipping qualities and saleability that America has ever known. I advise you to investigate it."  
William P. Stark.

**Experts Call It "The Million Dollar Peach"**  
The "J. H. HALE" peach is a perfect freestone with the fine, solid flesh of a cling, yet tender, juicy and melting. A round peach, solid enough to pack and ship like apples.

**Save 50 Per Cent Buy Direct from Nursery**  
I have no agents. You deal direct with me by mail. So you save the 30 or 50 per cent you would otherwise pay an agent or salesman, and you get better trees.

**Wm. P. Stark Nurseries; Stark City, Mo.**

Smooth skin, without fuzz! Brilliant color and most luscious flavor. One-third to one-half larger than Elberta and a better keeper and shipper. Tree is vigorous, hardy and an abundant bearer.  
Because of exclusive contract, we can supply trees propagated direct from buds cut by Mr. Hale from his bearing orchards.  
You can get the genuine "J. H. HALE" peach trees nowhere but from William P. Stark Nurseries at Stark City, Missouri.

**Be First in Your Section**  
There's fame and fortune for early planters of the "J. H. HALE" peach. Remember the enormous profits that came to early growers of the Delicious apple. Investigate now! Send coupon at once!  
**Book Mailed Free Only on Request!**

**Mail Coupon Today for Book and Prices**  
William P. Stark Nurseries  
Station X 5, Stark City, Mo.  
Please send me your newest Tree Book and prices and description of the "J. H. HALE" peach.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_