

Ashland Tidings

SEMI-WEEKLY.
ESTABLISHED 1878.

Issued Mondays and Thursdays

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

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., Thursday, April 3, '13

REACHING THE HIGHER-UPS.

The California legislature has passed the "Red Light Injunction and Abatement bill," which is patterned after the Iowa law. Iowa nearly a generation ago conceived the idea of making it unprofitable to rent buildings for blind pigs or other immoral purposes by not only holding the owners for the penalties for violations of law, but by closing the buildings under seal of the court for violation of the law. It has worked well there. The man who secures inordinate rental for a building because it is used for unlawful purposes only too often is the man higher up, whose unseen influence balks the attempt to enforce the laws.

In Iowa all that is necessary is for anyone to serve written notice upon a landlord that his building is being used for these unlawful purposes and any subsequent conviction not only holds the property for the fine imposed but compels the court to close and seal the building for one year, during which it cannot be used for any purpose whatever.

The law seems drastic, but it has proven successful there and has made the property owner think twice before permitting his buildings to be unlawfully used.

RAILROADS AND LABOR.

The agitator who harangued on the streets of Ashland in behalf of the I. W. W. Monday afternoon declared among other things that labor built the railroads and the railroads should be owned by labor.

If that is so, if labor alone can build railroads, why don't the I. W. W. come to the relief of Grants Pass? Grants Pass is suffering for a railroad. The I. W. W. are apparently suffering for the opportunity to build a railroad. Why don't they get together? If labor is the only factor in building a railroad there should be no trouble in the I. W. W. forging to the front as railroad builders. They are all well rested up. They have been doing little labor except with their mouths, and should be in prime condition to help Grants Pass or any other town out on railroad building.

But the chances are that if railroad construction once commences at Grants Pass or elsewhere, that the members of the I. W. W. will be scarcer than hen's teeth.

Such men bear the same relation to honest American laboring men as the British suffragettes do to American women. They are at the other end of the line.

A WELCOME INVASION.

According to last Saturday's Evening Telegram, Oregon is facing a foreign invasion. This threatened invasion is nothing less than an influx of Scandinavian immigrants. Let them come. The writer has lived a large portion of the past 25 years in communities where the Scandinavians were an important if not a major portion of the community, and he wants to go on record as saying that a Scandinavian invasion would inside of a couple of decades shove Oregon well to the front as a state of wealth and substance.

The Telegram need not worry about "where we are going to place these people properly," as they will place themselves and will start, not to be kid-glove, white-shirt farmers with automobiles, but to wrest profitable farms from the hills and forests of Oregon, and they will do it, too.

These newcomers may not know all there is to know of the theory of supply and demand, nor how to make money without work, but they do know the worth of industry and thrift and are willing to practice them. Welcome to the invaders!

Consul General Snodgrass in Moscow reports that great interest is being shown in a new invention called "minus ice," which represents a frozen solution of salt of various grades of concentration.

HAZING, NOW AND FORMERLY.

Four months jail sentences have just been handed out to three University of North Carolina students, convicted of manslaughter of a fellow student whose death was caused by hazing. Not merely is such a fatality very unusual, but one hears almost nothing nowadays about hazing of any kind in colleges. Are the ancient terrors disappearing that once surrounded the freshman's entrance to the classic shades of alma mater?

Probably old-fashioned physical hazing is pretty much gone by. It seems as antiquated as the ancient town and gown fights. Once the sophomore dearly loved to range himself in battle against the young plug-uglies of the town slums. An exchange of bloody noses was looked at as the Germans regard student duels and their resultant scars.

Today the college youth is too splendidous a creature for such democratic brawls. His way of getting even with the "mucker" is to pointedly cut him on the street.

Similarly, taking the luckless freshman from his downy bed at dead of night and giving him a bath 'neath the icy waters of the town pump would be considered a "prep" school trick.

The one thing which the college student is most anxious today to demonstrate to the world that he is a man. For that reason he has a dignity which must be maintained. That dignity would be very much jarred and dented by the hazing of former years. As the lower schools imitate college fashions and attitudes, so even they show a tendency to look at old-time hazing as too childish for "men."

Hazing exists in colleges today just as it exists everywhere in social life, but it is more subtle. It lies in wait for any individuality on the part of the student and pokes barbed arrows of ridicule at his last year's hat, or his association with the wrong set of fellows.

What "Ben Hur" Did for Author.

Detroit Free Press: "Before General Lew Wallace went to Turkey he had achieved literary fame through the novel 'Ben Hur,'" said an old-timer. "His reverent and effective treatment of a delicate theme and the marvelous pictures he revealed of the people and customs of the Nazarene set him at once before the world as a student and a genius, and entitled him to a place in the world's gallery of immortals."

"I have often thought that it was the reading of this book which induced President Garfield to appoint General Wallace minister to Turkey. One of the Harper brothers confirms this in the following conversation:

"I called on President Garfield one evening. He came into the room with the book 'Ben Hur' in his hand and fingers between the pages. "Do you know anything about the composition of this book you have published?" asked the president.

"I think I do," I replied. "Well," said Garfield, "it has made a good impression on me. I offered Wallace a place in South America, which he would not take. I think I will send him to Turkey in the place made vacant by Horace Maynard's death. 'Ben Hur' indicates that he can improve his opportunities in the east."

"I do not doubt in the least that this conversation actually occurred, for the general himself once told me that if there had been no 'Ben Hur' he probably would never have had a chance to see and study Turkey as minister from this country."

"The general liked the dark-skinned people, and deep Christian that he was, he never wounded their tender religious feelings and sympathized with them in all their human weaknesses, which would make him a man of great service at this time when poor Turkey is being pressed so hard by the Balkan allied states."

American Extravagance.

Leslie's: High living! Extravagance runs riot in a country where prosperity prevails. The moving picture business is the most profitable of all our industries. It threatens to cut out the theaters and the circus. While demagogues prate about the suffering of the poor and the spread of poverty, the commissioner of internal revenue, in his annual report, emphasizes the fact that Americans are drinking more whiskey, smoking more cigars and cigarettes and chewing more tobacco than ever before in our history. We are having a gay and hilarious time. Nobody works but father and high living is in vogue as never before. The motto of the day seems to be, "Eat, drink and be merry; bust the trusts, smash the railroads and tinker with the tariff." Let the people rule and "the devil take the hindmost."

Phone No. 39 when in need of job printing. Work and prices are right.

The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

April Fool.

Who can count up the generations of youngsters that on this ancient festival have traveled far in search of strap oil or have bitten into wool doughnuts? Some people say the custom goes back as far as Noah, commemorating the blunder he made in sending out the dove before the waters dried up from the face of the earth.

Youth acquires some valuable information on April 1 and gets it very cheap. The time that is spent in going to the neighbor for the round square is not very costly. But the fruitless trip was well worth while if it stamped the fact clearly on the boy's mind that there are a great many jokers in the world.

Many people do not cease being April fools when they attain the stature of mankind. They are ready to pick up bricks done up in neat packages 365 days in the year. During their lifetime they acquire an interesting and extensive collection of left-handed screwdrivers, for which they have paid down large amounts of good money.

Two Women.

A woman I know had been called away on a sad mission, not long ago. Upon the day that she and her family were to return, her friends were busy planning things for her comfort. It was their intention, if they were able to get into the house without resorting to burglary, to have a fire going in the furnace to warm the weary bodies of the travelers. There was to be a blooming plant in the living room, and in the larder were to be bread and cake and pie and salad and meat, and everything needful for a day or so, until the housewife could get things going and begin the business of living again.

So much of love and thought went into that planning that an acquaintance who did not know the woman said to me, "Why do they do so much for her?"

With her question my mind went back over my acquaintanceship with her, this woman who was the beneficiary of so much love. And clearly I saw the answer to the question.

I recall seeing her on her front steps one day, a short time ago, sending off a market basket of goodies to a friend who had sickness in the family. I remembered the times that she had sent pie and cake and other luscious dishes that she had prepared with her own hands, to a neighbor who felt that her burden of work was more than she could bear.

The thought of her sweet cheeriness, her brightness, the warmth of her friendship, the love she daily reflects, brought the answer to the other woman's question, "Why do they do so much for her?"

In contrast to the love she inspires by reason of her own personality, I thought of a woman I had known many years ago—a woman who is now dead.

She was moving from the town where she had been born and reared, and in which she had vainly supposed herself to be fairly popular. She pictured to herself the attention she would receive when she left this, her girlhood home, for another city.

Each day, when she read in the society column of the papers that some one who was leaving town, perhaps just for a season, was given farewell parties, "So it will be with me," she told herself.

She fancied that her friends would give farewell parties for her. There would be toasts to speed the parting friend—toasts given by lips that quivered, as she had witnessed many times in the case of others.

But this woman probably had not given of herself. Perhaps she had withheld love. Perhaps she had counted on the part she had played in the past, in the town's history. She may have thought that the popularity would be hers because she had helped contribute to the town's social life, in palmyer days.

She told herself afterwards that her failure was because her circle of friends respected and valued chiefly the things that money buys—told it in bitterness and tears.

However it was, the fault probably was in herself. When she left for her new home there was not one friend to bid her God-speed. Not only did her friends not give her any farewell parties, but they did not even call to say good-bye.

She went to the station alone—save for her broken-hearted mother, whose tears were as much for the loneliness of her child as for herself. Alone she boarded the train for her new home.

And such was her leave-taking of the home where she had spent all of her days!

Ah, well, she is gone, never to return. But because of her, and of her

failures, through pity for her and her mistakes, I thank God that my friend and neighbor is given the love she has earned by her own selfless love.

A Missionary Explorer.

David Livingstone, the centenary of whose birth has just been celebrated throughout the world, was a missionary of the type of La Salle and Marquette—stirred by two passions, one to take the word of God into the wilderness, the other to learn what the wilderness was like, what kind of human beings peopled it, what prospects it held out for a final Christianization.

The name of Livingstone is linked in history with the name of Henry M. Stanley. The two men might seem to have had little in common, for Livingstone was stirred by the spirit of proselyting, while Stanley, a soldier of fortune, felt only the stir and desire of adventure. Livingstone was a calm, even-tempered man, kindly and considerate by nature. Stanley, at least in later life, was irascible and impatient with opposition. Always he was ambitious for himself. Yet these two men became closely attached to each other. Stanley wrote to a friend: "Four months and four days I lived with Livingstone, in the same house, or in the same boat, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault with him." Which was the journalist's way of giving high praise.

The dark places into which the missionary penetrated at the risk of his life are as safe today as the police-guarded street of a great city. The tourist is taken by rail to the falls of the Zambesi, which Livingstone was the first white man to behold. Cattle feed upon the long grass he had to push his way through. And here and there are spires showing against the horizon, such monuments to him as the strong and gentle missionary-explorer could scarcely have dreamed of appearing within a hundred years of his birth.

Apple Rust.

Harper's Weekly: When the cider press is in operation there may be observed certain deep, rich, golden brown or golden red colors assumed by the juices of the apples as they gather in the receptacles. This characteristic hue of cider is almost as pleasing to the eye as the flavor of the fresh, sweet juice is to the sense of taste.

A French chemist has shown that the apple containing an oxidizing ferment which produces the brownish or reddish color of the cider. The manner in which this substance produces oxidation can readily be observed by any one who cuts an apple open and leaves it exposed for a short time to the air. The cut surface gradually turns red as the oxygen of the air unites with the juice; in a word, the apple rusts.

Rusting of an apple may also be brought about by simply bruising the fruit without breaking the skin. Everybody knows that apples that have fallen violently to the ground show red or rusty spots underneath the bruised rind. In this case the oxygen is derived from the air contained in the ducts or interstices among the tissues of the fruit, and it becomes active through the breaking of the cells that enclose the oxidizing ferments.

If an apple is cooked before its skin is broken its tissues do not oxidize when exposed to the air. This is explained on the supposition that the oxidizing properties of the ferment are destroyed by heat.

Why Living is Higher.

The tremendous crops of last year fell short of being as tremendous as they should be, if one judges by the statistics just issued by the government.

These show that the supply of corn per inhabitant has fallen off 21 per cent in ten years, the supply of wheat 14 per cent. In the same period the price of corn has risen 44 per cent and wheat 47 per cent. As a corollary to a decrease of 8 per cent per inhabitant in the yield of cotton, the price has risen 80 per cent. For every 100 acres in cultivation ten years ago, there are now 115 acres. For every 100 bushels, bales or pounds of the ten principal crops of a decade ago, there are produced 109 bushels, bales or pounds. The government points out that, measured per ton mile, the work of the railroads increased 40 per cent, but measured per acre, the output of the ten crops averages a decrease of about 1 per cent.

Hunting down causes for the rising costs of living is a foolish waste of time when the real cause, like a house struck by lightning, flares out of such figures as these.—Exchange.

Previous to 1906 Morocco had practically no public improvements, but the international conference of Algieras has forced them upon it. Now it is to have harbors, light-houses and roads.

If You Would Be Prosperous---Do This

Guide your footsteps to this bank this very day—for your own sake. Your prosperity begins the minute you open a Savings Account. Even the smallest savings have often been the means of grasping opportunities that lead to wealth.

ONE DOLLAR—if you can't spare more—opens an account at this bank.

The most successful men in town have money on deposit here—why not you?

Granite City Savings Bank

ASHLAND, ORE.

Test for Color Blindness.

The various tests for color blindness have come into practical use in the examination of railroad engineers and the like, where the ability to distinguish colors is necessary, so that these tests are no longer peculiar to the laboratory. But it is not generally known outside the laboratory that everybody is partially color blind—that is, in certain parts of the field of vision. The most normal individual can see all the colors only when he looks directly at them. If looked at from an angle of about 15 degrees, red and green can no longer be seen, but in their places will appear shades of yellow or blue. This region of the eye is known as the yellow-blue zone. If the color be moved still farther to the side, the yellow and blue will disappear and only gray can be seen. This region is known as the zone of complete color blindness. An interesting theory in regard to these zones is that every normal eye represents three stages of evolution. The zone of complete color blindness is the lowest stage, and appears in such animals as the frog, whose vision is known as shadow vision. The blue-yellow zone is one step higher in the scale, although not clearly marked off in the animal kingdom. And the appearance of the red-green zone marks the highest stage of evolution. Cases of color blindness are, according to this theory, a lack of development beyond the early stage in the individual life.—Professor Poffenberger in Strand Magazine.

From New York to Hawaii by the present all water route is 12,800 miles, but by the Panama Canal this will be cut down to 7,000 miles.

The PORTLAND EVENING TELEGRAM and Ashland Tidings one year, \$5.00.

Seven Thousand at Work.

San Francisco, April 2.—Seven thousand men will be at work on the exhibits palaces of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition before the summer is over. As high as 10,000 men will be employed when the labor peak is reached. This number is exclusive of those who will be employed in the construction of state buildings and foreign pavilions. The states and foreign nations, it is expected, will conform to the pace set by the exposition company in the work of construction.

The plans of the magnificent courts, the designs for the imposing sculpture and the sketches of the mural paintings and decorations are nearing completion. Contracts for many of the groups of statuary and for many of the mural paintings have already been let to prominent artists and sculptors in San Francisco, New York and other cities of the United States. The direction of the color work has been entrusted to Jules Guerin, and Karl Bitter has charge of the sculpture.

A Transfer.

Judge: "Among the tenements that lay within my jurisdiction when I first took up mission work on the East Side," says a New York young woman, "was one to clean out which would have called forth the best efforts of the renovator of the Augean stables. And the families in this tenement were almost as hopeless as the tenement itself."

"On one occasion I felt distinctly encouraged, however, since I observed that the face of one youngster was actually clean."

"William," said I, "your face is fairly clean; but how did you get such dirty hands?"

"Washin' me face," said William."

Scale receipts at Tidings office.

Good Work Done Promptly N. & M. Home Laundry

AT THE

Rough Dry at Reasonable Prices. New Machinery.

J. N. NISBET, Mgr.

Office and Laundry 31 Water St.

TELEPHONE 165

Our Special Offer

La Follette's Weekly

is the one paper that can be depended upon to print absolutely unbiased news of current political movements. Senator La Follette, personally, contributes a weekly article on the inside workings of Congress that alone is more than worth the subscription price. Through special arrangement we are in a position to offer

LA FOLLETTE'S

ASHLAND TIDINGS

BOTH FOR \$2.60

As we approach a radical change in national administration La Follette's is doubly valuable. No matter what your party affiliations, you are interested in broad-minded discussions on topics of public interest. You get this in La Follette's. Send your order today to

The Ashland Tidings

LaFollette's One Year, \$1.00 Our Offer:
The Tidings One Year, \$2.00 \$2.60

To new or old subscribers who pay in advance.

Address all orders to the Tidings.