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A TRIBUTE TO THIS VALLEY.

A little while ago a citizen of Ashland visited his former home in the middle west. On the occasion of a banquet set by the Chamber of Commerce he was introduced in the following words: "When the gentleman upon whom I am about to call lived here he was considered a sensible fellow, but now that he has gone from this land of plenty and settled in the far west, in the God-forsaken country of the mountains, I leave you to judge of the good balance of his brain."

To which the Ashlander responded in the following, which was partly an adaptation as a tribute to this valley, and is printed here because it may be found useful by other citizens on like occasions:

"Mr. Toastmaster: I gladly plead guilty to your soft impeachment. I did leave this land of plenty and journey toward the west, where the sun sinks beneath the waves and leaves its last full beams shimmering on the waters like a field of gold, gradually receding until its faintest ray fades beyond the horizon and leaves this globe shrouded in darkness, as if its creator had turned his face away in wrath and left it a God-forsaken country.

"I settled in the valley of the Rogue, on the banks of a beautiful river, on account of its turbulency called the rollicking Rogue. I have stood on its banks in the moonlight and looked down into its glassy waters where I saw a heaven below; then I looked up and saw a heaven above, each reflecting in the other like two mirrors their moon and planets and trembling stars. Away from its banks the laurel, pine and fir, of rock and cliff, stretches a vale as beautiful as any in Switzerland or Italy, inhabited by a people as happy and contented as the sun ever shown upon.

"Away toward the east rises Mount Shasta over fourteen thousand feet above the sea; to the south the great Ashland Butte, from whose perennially snow-capped summit the city of my adoption draws its domestic water supply, cold as ice, clear as crystal, and pure as the love of God. And to the north Mount McLoughlin—in the days when men knew majesty called Pitt—standing four square, like an Egyptian pyramid, its top piercing the clouds. These are some of the loftiest mountains in America, about whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord even on the brightest days. I have seen the lightning zigzag along the rugged sides for a hundred miles, or stand tip-toe on the mountain top and dance up and down to the music of nature's grand organ, as if touched by the fingers of divinity, resounding in tones of thunder throughout the universe.

"I have seen the storm clouds come forth from these mountain heights at midnight, like black giants refreshed by slumber, and cover the heavens with gloom and darkness. Then, I have seen them recede beyond the horizon, and the moon get up from her saffron bed and come forth from her palace in the sun, leaning on the arm of gorgeous, to brighten the vale where beauty lives and where the sunbeams kiss to ruddy redness the cheeks of the apple and the pear.

"O, gorgeous land of the mountains! O, exquisite valley of the Rogue, how can human tongue ever adequately describe thee?"

A GENTLEMAN.

A man that's clean inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich nor down to the poor; who can lose without squealing and who can win without bragging; who is considerate of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs.

A western railroad lends stump pullers to farmers at a nominal rental as one way of encouraging business.

TWISTING THE LION'S TAIL.

Twenty years ago a favorite sport of American statesmen was twisting the tail of the British lion, but "Westward the course of empire takes its way," and now it is the statesmen of China, the newest of republics, who are engaged in the pleasurable task.

During Queen Victoria's reign England forced India's opium on China. The Chinese are now showing great earnestness in their determination to stop the traffic. They have left millions of dollars' worth of the drug in the British warehouses, refusing to accept it, and are shooting citizens who persist in using it or in cultivating the poppy from which it is made. The Pekin Y. M. C. A. is trying to raise money to buy as much of the opium as possible, to destroy it, rather than have it again forced on Chinese markets with shot and shell. It would seem rather embarrassing to have heathen statesmen, and young men who have adopted England's professed religion, expose her, would it not?

It is over twenty years now since the Mohammedan empire of Nupe, West Africa, sent the following touching appeal to Bishop Crowther of the Niger mission:

"It is not a long matter; it is about barasa (rum). Barasa, barasa, barasa! It has ruined our country; it has ruined our people very much; it has made our people mad. I beg you, Malam Kip, don't forget this writing, because we all beg that the (Crowther) should ask the great priests (the committee of the Anglican Church Mission Society) that they should beg the English queen (head of the Church of England) to prevent bringing barasa into the land. For God and the Prophet's sake! For God and the Prophet, his messenger's sake, he must help us in this matter—that of barasa."

What European or American ruler ever thus appealed for the deliverance of the people? How evident it is that the religious pretensions of these governments are vain, and that what we need is the long-promised kingdom of Him who will lay justice "to the line and righteousness to the plummet."

MORGAN, ART AND THE AMERICAN MAN.

Perhaps the most wonderful phase of J. P. Morgan's genius was not his Napoleonic strokes of finance. The fact that he is probably the greatest art collector of all times is still more unusual distinction.

The American woman is much interested in art. Whether because she feels that culture is a good social investment, or from real liking, she is studying art wherever there is a woman's club. But if you provide a first-class lecture on art, you will find 25 women present to every one man.

Nevertheless, in the crowds that on a Sunday throng the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York and similar galleries in other cities, there are nearly as many men as women. They are not prosperous American business men who left their automobiles at the door. Rather they are Italian or German or other mechanics, in more or less shabby Sunday best, to whom a beautiful picture makes a bright spot of sunshine.

Not one in a hundred of successful American business men has any trace of that superlative judgment for art values that made Morgan a great collector. The American millionaires have commonly bought their pictures and rare books by the wholesale much as they select their brick and stone.

The American people will not always be so indifferent. Through the woman's clubs and school pictures and study, many young folks are coming along who can spot the more obvious varieties of artistic gold brick.

Art ought not to be confined to a few metropolitan cities. There is wealth enough for fine collections in every state. Mr. Morgan has gathered in about all the classic art that was not nailed down in Europe. But there is a world of beautiful pictures to be had at comparatively low prices today, that will become treasures for another generation.

LOCATE IT.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Wait-while flower fair,
And the Some-time-or-other scents the air,
And the soft Go-easys grow?

It lies in the valley of What's-the-use,
In the province of Let-her-slide;
That old "tired feeling" is native there;
It's the home of the listless I-don't-care,
Where the Put-it-offs abide.

AN EDITOR AS AMBASSADOR.

There are some people who, when an editor gathers in an important office, feel that it is not the most substantial and dignified choice. Some may thus criticize the appointment of Walter H. Page as ambassador to England. Nevertheless, journalism does give a man a unique training.

An editor has a pretty good opportunity to judge public sentiment. For years he has watched the turnings of that inscrutable weathercock, public opinion. Men whose business lies in other fields will stake their success or failure on propositions that are absolutely contrary to the prevailing modes of thought.

Of course, an editor who really edits is never afraid to speak his mind, even though he knows himself in a minority. But he does not cast away much of his life blood in the fruitfulness of forlorn hopes. He waits until he can see the fruit begin to ripen before he tries to pick it.

Most of the shams of life have to take off their masks before they reach the editor's chair. Which must be highly valuable in diplomacy.

Mr. Page, a magazine producer, has never known the hair-tearing of evening editions, nor of the day a semi-weekly goes to press. But his great success as an editor has come because he introduced newspaper methods into the formerly secluded peace of magazine work.

Mr. Page has had a sense for human interest that any newspaper thriller might envy. Instead of learned papers about the decorations on Cardinal Richelieu's snuff boxes or the miniatures of Madame de Maintenon, he printed articles about waterways and better farming and social settlements. Those articles had to be little cross sections of vital human experience. These are lessons that the would-be newspaper man needs to study.

THE CENTENARY OF THE HIGH HAT.

Sartorial and other experts have figured it out that the year 1913 ends a century during which the high silk hat has been in style. One sees considerable discussion as to the origin of this fashion.

According to one authority, it all comes from London, where a black frock coat and high black hat seemed the form of attire best suited for an atmosphere that was filled with smoke.

According to others, the real origin of the "plug" hat dates to a far earlier period. They attribute it to the Assyrians, and consider that the miter and robe of high priestly authorities were really the parents of the high hat and frock coat of today. The Israelites acquired the custom when they were captives of the Assyrians, and in the middle ages they brought these habiliments, somewhat suggesting present styles, to the ghettos of eastern Europe.

According to this theory, when later the Jewish people entered the great centers of population, and by their hereditary instinct for business became bankers and financiers, they still carried the custom of the high hat, derived from the miter of the Assyrian priest.

Thus a high hat became in the world capitals the symbol of financial success. It was not long before not merely the bankers but the bankers' customers, and all who hoped for a bank deposit, began to wear them.

The high hat custom has some decline of recent years. Business men wore them very commonly twenty years ago. Traveling salesmen used to feel that they added impressiveness and enhanced the idea of their importance entertained by the "prospect."

Today high hats are used principally by three classes of people: public functionaries of prominence, Indian doctors and circus press agents, and youthful male persons who wish to impress the other sex.

APPLES MAKE FAT.

Spokane Officer Declares He Has Proved It.

Spokane, Wash., April 15.—Preparations for observing the first annual "Apple Day" in Spokane gave inspiration to Sergeant Asa Watson of the local army recruiting office by which he claims to have increased his weight to a point eight pounds greater than it ever had been. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's statement about the apple's being the worst foe the doctor has excited the interest of Sergeant Watson. "I read this 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away' business and decided to give it a trial," he said. "Every evening just before retiring I ate an apple. This I continued for a month. At the end of the time I weighed 158 pounds. The most I ever weighed in my life before was 150 pounds."

OUT OF PLACE.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst has missed the vocation for which her strange, wild notions especially fit her. As a leader in the suffragette movement she is as out of place as a hawk in a chicken yard.

She should have been an I. W. W. leader. She is an out and out syndicalist. She is a believer in direct action. Her method of campaigning is to wreck and destroy. A peaceful conquest has no charm for her; she would convince her opponents by first ruining them, says the Register.

A few extracts from speeches that she has recently delivered are interesting because they afford an illustration of her warped and peculiar viewpoint:

"We shall resume guerilla warfare and continue it until this question is settled.

"Human life is sacred to us beyond everything else, but we are going to do as much damage to property as we can.

"For all that our women have done, for all they are doing, and for all they will do, short of taking human life, I assume full responsibility.

"We have to create a situation in which the ordinary business man will cry out: 'We will not have this state of things continue any longer.' We are not destroying houses, cutting telegraph wires and injuring golf links in order to win the approval of the people who are attacked.

"I have not only been breaking the laws myself, but I have been inciting and instigating and preparing other persons to do the same.

"I have advised, I have incited, I have conspired, and I say this: The authorities need not look for the women who have done what they did last night (referring to the blowing up of the Lloyd-George house). I accept the responsibility for it."

Mrs. Pankhurst was convicted of inciting her followers to blow up the country villa belonging to Lloyd-George, the chancellor of the exchequer. It is the sixth time she has been in the prisoner's dock since she began her career of militancy seven years. In these seven years it is estimated that the property-destroying activities of her followers have cost the English public more than \$2,000,000. It is a record that the wildest syndicalist might well be proud of.

The fanatical activities of Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers have set the cause of suffrage in England back uncounted years. John Bull does not yield easily to force. Instead of "creating a situation in which the ordinary business man will cry out, 'We will not have this state of things continue any longer,'" the outrages committed by this insane woman and her followers have aroused a stubborn and bull-necked opposition to votes for women that will not die out in a generation.

Mrs. Pankhurst should be driven out of the ranks of the suffragettes. Her place is with the Industrial Workers of the World. She would be in her element there.

HUMANE LAWS.

We herewith print a section from the humane laws of the state of Oregon. Whoever is inclined to treat his team with cruelty will do well to read and remember it, because Ashland will soon have a humane society whose votaries will keep an eye on such. The law:

"Whoever overdrives, or overloads, drives when overloaded, overworks, tortures, torments, deprives of necessary sustenance, cruelly beats, mutilates, or cruelly kills, or causes or procures to be so overdriven or overloaded, driven when overloaded, overworked, tortured, tormented, deprived of necessary sustenance, cruelly beaten, mutilated, or cruelly killed, any animal; and whoever having the charge or custody of any animal, either as owner or otherwise, inflicts cruelty upon the same, shall, for every such offense, be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding sixty days, or by fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or by both fine and imprisonment."

Progress of Exposition Construction at San Francisco.

San Francisco, April 12.—The contract for the Palace of Education has been let to Lange & Bergstrom and work on this building will start immediately. Contracts have also been awarded for the pile foundation of the Palace of Agriculture and for piling the foundation of the Palace of Transportation.

The roadway and gardens in front of the Service Building have been graded and planting is now under way. It is understood that a fountain to be presented by a local civic organization will grace the lawn in front of this building.

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PERFECT PONIES SOUGHT.

British Polo Players Trying for Better Horses for Games.

London, April 12.—The Duke of Westminster claims that his stud for the challenging English polo team is fully equal to the stable which Harry Payne Whitney brought to England in 1909, but even so he is not yet satisfied, and he has issued an appeal to English poloists to supply several more ponies, preferably weight carriers.

If the English team that goes to America is again beaten this year, they will not be able to use the stereotyped phrase that the superiority of the American ponies caused their downfall. Among the volunteers who have stepped forward to provide the two or three weight carriers needed are Captain Edgar Brassey, who is lending his noted gray mare; Captain A. S. Willis, who has offered the best of his stable, and Lord Ashby of St. Ledgers, who has offered one pony.

With the idea of recovering the polo cup the Duke of Westminster formed a stable of 40 high-class ponies, but only 17 of these have come up to the standard required for international polo. A total of 37 ponies is now in sight for the work this summer in America, and only a few more are needed to make the stable complete.

SENT BY WRONG ROUTE.

Finnish Lad and Lass Are Billed Wrong.

Sent out of their way 4,000 miles by a mistake in the issuance of their tickets at Halifax, Nova Scotia, going to Winona, Wash., instead of Winona, Mich., Fulda Aart, 20, a pretty Finnish maiden, and her brother, John, 10 years old, arrived at the former place to find only strangers at the station—strange people, strange costumes and none who knew their tongue. Garbed in the showy gala peasant costume of their native country, the pair wandered about the town with their bundles. Finally an interpreter was found and through him the mistake was discovered. They were returned to Spokane by railroad officials who took up the case. The girl and her brother have departed for Winona, Mich., where friends await them. When the mistake was fully explained to her by an interpreter the young woman smiled, declaring it was a good joke. She said she was glad of the trip and that the only inconvenience was to her friends.

Not So Sick.

One of the stories around town concerns a man who caught a heavy cold during the changeable weather and concluded to take a spell in bed. His wife came into the room and said: "Jim, there's a visitor for you." "Oh, shucks," Jim growled; "I'm too sick to see anybody." "But it's our pastor." "Thunder! I ain't sick enough to see him."—Newark Star.

STATES WILL PARTICIPATE.

San Diego Exposition Plans Developing.

San Diego, Cal., April 15.—Special Dispatch.—Six states have made appropriations for the San Diego Exposition amounting to \$405,000, and two county organizations have appropriated a total of \$300,000, with a right to increase this, if necessary, to \$400,000.

Other states and governments have, through their legislative bodies, taken necessary action to appropriate a total of \$2,300,000 more. In all of these the appropriation acts have passed either the upper or lower houses or have been brought to a point where they are practically assured. To meet these overtures and offers of exhibits the exposition organization is bending every energy to be in position when the time comes to furnish the necessary information as to rules and regulations of the U. S. customs, railroad routes and rates, facilities for transportation, warehousing and multitudinous things that must be ready when the first commission comes here in May to start actual construction work and to arrange for assembling the exhibits.

BARS MUSICAL AUTO HORNS.

French Judge Says Law Requires Single Note.

Paris, April 16.—The musical automobile horns which threatened to fill the main streets of Paris with snatches of popular or classical airs instead of the usual "honk, honk" have come to a quick finish in France.

A test case was brought against two motorists of Douai, who enlisted the night trumpeting the leit-motiv of "Die Waukure," and it has been decided that these instruments are illegal here. The decision brought out a judicial definition of the word "horn," which had hitherto been rather widely interpreted.

"The latter," said the judge, "must be for the purpose of sounding an alarm and be used to warn the public, not to amuse it. It must give forth a single note which should be grave, even sinister, in order to call attention to the impending danger. The new fanfare horns," added the judge, "lack seriousness, and are therefore outside the meaning of the act."

Straight at It.

There is no use of our "beating around the bush." We might as well out with it first as last. We want you to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the next time you have a cough or cold. There is no reason so far as we can see why you should not do so. This preparation by its remarkable cures has gained a worldwide reputation, and people everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. It is for sale by all dealers.

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Turn About Is Fair Play

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