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WOMEN'S WORK.

When you consider the horrors of wage slavery, white slavery, juvenile delinquency, child labor, and some more of our current customs, it is tolerably hard doctrine to accept that they represent the will of a majority of us in this, our homeland; yet it is so.

Ladylike loveliness has been, in part, a drag on human progress. But women did not know it. They believed what they were told, that their mission in life was to decorate it. It has taken a terribly long time and a terribly heavy toll to arouse them to the fact that always, somehow, somebody pays. The balance has to be adjusted.

"Well wadded with indifference" most of them were. But when it percolated to their understanding that an army of little children labored constantly to maintain them in laziness they rebelled, and the war was on.

The things she's finding out, the good she's doing, the glorious blunders she's making these days, God bless her!

She's setting a pace hard to make, and its safe to prophesy she will not abate a jot of it until good health and childhood are assured to every child, youth is safeguarded, and old age and helplessness protected; and any other little chores, by the way, that need it, she will attend to, such as making clean and beautiful our dwelling places.

This awakening process is mighty interesting to watch. The slogan of one of them is "not to love our own babies less, but other people's babies more," and to this end she advocates nurses and doctors as necessary in schools as well as teachers, to prevent illness. Sounds sensible, does it not?

One earnest group of devoted souls has at heart the spreading of the idea for a court of domestic relations in all large cities, for dealing with inharmonious households. The findings of this court in Chicago are, that want, more often than any other cause, brings cases before it. And they make it a municipal duty to help such folks regain a grip on decent living.

Another group is keen on vocational training, and still another is determined on pure food, and many of the best workers in the juvenile courts and playgrounds movement are women.

Not any of these are reforms, you notice. It's all new fashioned, even if the material is the same old fabric of humanity.

CUSSING THE BOOKS.

Every time the people make another step in advance in England the old Tory landlords and the dukes of privilege find a new excuse for "this terrible state of affairs."

Recently, what with Lloyd George, that great Welsh tribune of the people, clipping the wings of the lords, securing state insurance, old age pensions, and going on toward the Irish home rule goal, the old guard are having a sad time of it.

They have been holding an inquest to find out just why all these things have happened, and what do you think they found?

Why, that the pesky English publishers were issuing classics of literature at prices so cheap that the poorest laboring men and farm hands were reading them. Not the cheap slop in which some maudering novelist sentimentally adored lords and ladies and taught the people to have "due respect" for the same. Oh, no! This reading consists in histories of England, in discussions of economic subjects, in essays that set forth the inalienable rights of man.

Wherefore, in many a splendid city mansion and country manse you can hear the privileged rich growling at the times out of joint and cussing the books that have set a nation to thinking.

The man who is willing to do as he would be done by always wants to be done by first.

SUMMER VISITING.

One of the most marked social changes of the present day is the decline of hospitality.

Your mother will tell you that when she and Dad got a week off they would journey over into the next state and camp down on their cousins, frequently without sending them any notice.

And the cousins were glad to see them, too. The "spare room" was all ready. It did not cost much to live in those days. The provisions for the table were lavish, anyway. No more food was cooked, and about the only change was that there were more dishes to wash. Probably mother took hold and helped wipe them, so it was even up.

At the present time the housewife is frustrated if a new friend descends on her for over night. For the standards of life have advanced. The guest room must be swept, the bedding freshened, ice cream must be ordered, more substantial provender must be provided, and the servant, if one is kept, must be cajoled and coaxed.

In many families it is customary to write friends that they could be at liberty for a week-end visit on such a date, and to suggest with elaborate and tactful diplomacy that an invitation could be accepted at that time.

But the housewife feels so keenly the burden of our high standard of home upkeep that she often hesitates to do this. Visits are reduced to carefully arranged swaps of give and take. If your cousins have not been to see you for a year, you do not feel that you can invite yourself to their home for another twelve-month.

What is the result? This is a day when friends are scattered from the Aroostook to San Diego. Families have drifted to the four winds of heaven. Unless one takes pains to keep up the old intimacies, which are always closer than the new, the best friendships of our life are falling into decay.

There ought to be more pot luck in our goings and comings. The hosts should entertain more after the old easy going fashion, making not the least change in the ordinary routine, so that friends might know they could drop in any time. Friendship is better than household scrumpiness.

IN HONOR OF MARK TWAIN.

Plans have been made for the dedication in August of a monument to Mark Twain at Hannibal, Mo., though there has been some suggestion of a postponement on account of a technicality connected with the state appropriation. But whenever it takes place, it will be an event coming home more closely to Americans than most literary anniversaries.

Other authors sought their heroes and heroines in the gilded palaces of a foreign shore, amid the shadowy romance of history, or in the glitter of the aristocracy. Ordinary life seemed to them too dull and commonplace to furnish material for a good story.

Mark Twain had that supreme instinct that can see picturesque material and dramatic elements in the every-day life lying at his door. While others traveled the world in search of a literary El Dorado, he found the hidden gold at his own feet.

He always celebrated the typical American qualities. His characters had common sense, energy, enterprise, good humor. They never turned up their trousers because it rained in London. Nor did they go to dances at 10 p. m. because that may be a fashionable hour in New York.

Mark Twain won a great audience by those boisterous qualities of exaggerated humor which are typically American. His remark in speaking of the peace given by religious faith, that he had been often impressed by the confidence the Christian felt when he held four aces, was an aphorism that could never be spoken by an Englishman, a German or a Frenchman. You find its parallel, in an imitative degree, in every newspaper.

Twenty years ago Mark Twain was regarded by the literary critics as one who appealed merely to the desire for temporary amusement. His books were about like the comic paper that you buy to read on the train, but never take home. The pilgrimage of literary notables that will be heading for Hannibal will show how the final estimate of Mr. Clemens has changed.

It is surprising how cool a girl feels out in the hot sun when she is playing tennis with the fellow from college.

Remember that politeness is an investment that is often overlooked, but it yields big dividends.

The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

This is about a New Young Woman. If you don't know the difference between a New Young Woman and just plain Woman, I shall not attempt to tell you. This New Young Woman belongs to the Progressive Party, and is glad of it, though she has not a vote for two reasons, one being that she lives in darkest Missouri, and the other being that she is too young to vote, even if the hateful old men gave her a chance. She has been heard to state that she is a glist, and not a gette, but she has such strong convictions that I believe she would not hesitate to use force to obtain what she wanted, if it came to a pinch.

But it is not of her political convictions that I am here to speak, but of her love affairs. Oh, dear, yes, the New Young Woman has love affairs the same as the Old Young Woman, but of a different variety.

The difference might be defined as the difference between the waltz and the tango, the old fashioned and the new.

As you know, the Old Young Woman waltzed in this manner: The man put one arm lightly around her waist, holding her at arm's length. Then they slowly and gracefully waltzed to the dreamy music of the Blue Danube and other waltzes of like character.

The New Young Woman now grabs—no other word will suffice—the New Young Woman as a bear might grab its cub. Both arms encircle her in a close embrace, and her arms find their way around his body. And then they writhe through what is called the Tango, or the Turkey Trot, or the Grizzly Bear, or the Fuzzy-wuzzy, or What-not, or Dear Knows What, with inimitable awkwardness.

But you all know it—possibly some of you dance it, if dance is a word that can be applied to the convolutions of the modern movement, and a glimpse of which would send the shade of Terpsichore scurrying for cover.

Neither did I start out to describe the indescribable, but to point a difference in the Now and Then.

The Old Young Man and the Old Young Woman used to go star gazing together, and in spirit wander hand in hand along the Milky Way. They talked as they strolled, of the heroes and heroines of fiction, and of their hopes and aspirations, and—oh, well, you of the Then know what they talked about, and, what is more to the point, what they did NOT talk about.

The New Young Man and the New Young Woman talk in Tango parlance, with an ease and freedom and lack of conventionality that sometimes brings a blush to the cheeks of Middle Age.

The particular New Woman I have in mind came avisting a friend of mine, who was some kin to her. The New Young Woman had small patience with her kinswoman, who belonged to the Then. She thought her narrow and prudish and stupid, and she did not approve of her cousin's John.

John was too old-fashioned to suit the New Young Woman. She believed in the Right of Individual Expression and all that sort of thing, and she pitied John's wife, who was too engrossed in her husband, her children, her house and her soul's good to give two whoops about the ballot, or to worry about microbes.

She did a good deal of talking about her "Sultor," as she called him. John's wife, who had married her ideal, after having duly fared forth along the Milky Way with him, was somewhat awed, and rather dreaded meeting him. She hardly knew what to expect, but she was led to believe that he would be at least seven feet tall, and that he would combine the wisdom of Socrates, and the power of Julius Caesar, and the beauty of Apollo in his make-up.

He came, she saw, but he did not conquer. To the eyes of John's wife he was just an ordinary youth. He wore clothes that screamed, and he blew his nose frankly and noisily. He talked in modern, up-to-date parlance, so much so that Wife of John could not always follow him. You see, it was a different language from that spoken along the Milky Way.

To the Wife of John it all seemed so different, and it did to me when I began to tell about it. But the Wife of John has just come in with the shining eyes of one who loves a romance, and has told me she was mistaken, after all.

It seems that she had inadvertently started out to the porch where sat the New Young Woman and her "Sultor." They had not seen her. His arm was about her waist, and her head was resting against his shoulder, as together, just like all the lovers of all time, they wandered

RESENTS LOBBY PROBE

Ex-Congressman Watson Bitterly Attacks Senate Committee Hearing Mulhall Charges.

Washington, Aug. 4.—Stinging condemnation of the senate lobby investigating committee was voiced here today by former Congressman James Watson of Indiana, in a letter withdrawing his request to appear before the probers.

"I have decided to take my case to another tribunal, where the law will be impartially weighed," wrote Watson.

Watson did not appear at today's hearing, but in his letter bitterly denounced statements summing up the lobby testimony which appeared in a New York newspaper Saturday signed by Senators Overman, Reed and Walsh.

"These statements plainly show," wrote Watson, "that a majority of the committee, without waiting to formally report, voluntarily rush into print and render a decision and pronounce judgment before a single defense witness has been heard or a syllable of testimony in rebuttal offered.

"I submit that you have prejudiced my evidence. You have passed on its character and sufficiency without having heard it, for while you do not specifically mention a name, yet you have privately determined and publicly announced that Mulhall has made out his case.

"I have no connection with the National Association of Manufacturers, but these statements make it clear that even if I prove Mulhall a perjurer the case will not be helped. Therefore, senators, in my judgment it would be merely a farce for me to appear before the committee, for no matter what evidence is given, you have so strongly foreshadowed your report and so unerringly forecasted your decision that I could not hope to change either or make any impression whatever on your minds."

Senator Townsend of Michigan appeared before the committee today at his own request and branded Mulhall as a "liar and corruptionist."

Girl Accused of Mutiny at Sea.

Chicago, Aug. 2.—Mutiny on the high seas is the charge faced here by Miss Lillian Clarkson, aged 22 years, because she balked at passing the hash "to a bunch of red-necked sailors."

Seeking adventure, Miss Clarkson, pretty and high-spirited, deserted her occupation as typist to ship as a waitress on a lake steamer. When the ship sailed out of Duluth one of the sailors asked Miss Clarkson to darn his socks. That settled it.

"No more work on this tub for me," shouted Miss Clarkson. "I'm going to quit now." And she did. "Send her below," ordered the captain. Miss Clarkson went, but by the suffragette route. She will be given a hearing before United States Commissioner Foote.

Isaac Woolf, Pioneer, Dead.

Isaac Woolf, who had resided in Rogue River Valley for nearly 40 years, died at his farm near Medford Saturday night, of heart disease, from which he had been ailing for some time. He was 76 years of age and is survived by his widow.

Mr. Woolf was a veteran of the civil war and an organizer of Chester A. Arthur post, Grand Army of the Republic. He was also a charter member of Medford lodge of Odd Fellows and Olive Rebekah degree lodge.

Diaz Gives Slip to Frisco Reporters.

San Francisco, Aug. 4.—Newspaper men were given the slip here today by General Felix Diaz, who left his hotel at an early hour this morning on an automobile trip. He left no word at the hotel regarding his destination or when he would return. It is believed he is making a tour of the bay cities. Diaz arrived here Sunday morning from Los Angeles, en route for Vancouver, B. C., whence he will sail for Japan.

Federal Probe of Calumet Strike.

Washington, Aug. 4.—Secretary of Labor Wilson today detailed Walter Palmer of the bureau of labor statistics to go to Michigan and assist in settling the copper mining strike in that state.

NOTICE.

Please get your items for the Tidings in the day before date of publication, if possible. All matter must hereafter be in type by noon on publication day.

out into the Milky Way, and he whispered to her the magical words that, uttered by the RIGHT ONE, have thrilled and will continue to thrill through all the ages—the three glorified words—"I love you!"

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LIND SUCCEEDS WILSON

Former Minnesota Governor Goes to Mexico as President's Personal Representative.

Washington, Aug. 4.—Secretary of State Bryan announced this afternoon that he had accepted the resignation of Henry Lane Wilson, United States ambassador to Mexico.

No statement was issued as to the exact cause of Ambassador Wilson's practical dismissal, but there is no doubt it was due to his almost open antipathy to the government's course in Mexico, to his close relations with Huerta and to the hand he is believed to have played during the days when the forces of Huerta and Diaz assassinated President Madero.

Later Ambassador Wilson said:

"I have no information regarding the president's proposed plan for the solution of the troubles in Mexico, but I am sure that he and Secretary Bryan are actuated by the best and most patriotic motives and have in

view only what they deem best for both countries."

The ambassador insisted that his recommendations represent the view of 98 per cent of American and foreign population of Mexico and the entire diplomatic corps there. He said he hoped the president's plan would be successful in solving the problem.

Coal River Miners Approve Agreement.

Charleston, W. Va., Aug. 2.—All union locals in the Cabin Creek and Coal River coal districts of West Virginia, except one, have ratified the agreement recently signed by representatives of the strikers and mine operators, according to announcement here today. The miners are granted better working conditions and increased wages by the agreement.

While men are not expected to do much cooking nowadays, it does seem as if they ought to be able to get up a pitcher of ice water without calling in their wives to help.

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