

Ashland Tidings

SEMI-WEEKLY.
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Ashland, Ore., Thursday, Nov. 13, '13

NEEDED: MORE HYMNS OF DEMOCRACY.

One night at Rochester, N. Y., Dr. Samuel Crothers, who preaches across the road from Harvard and writes the best essays now coming from an American pen, listened for 30 minutes while 1,200 folks in a social center—Jew and Gentile, master and slave, but for that occasion all free and equal—poured out their souls in songs of democracy. Then he said:

"Do you realize what you have done? You have found a substitute for war. We peace fellows have had all the arguments but one, and that one has been unanswerable. The military fellows say it takes a war to make people really feel together, to know a common interest, to own a common country. And how do they prove it? They tell us that from '61 to '65 we were a singing nation, and that's true. Those were the days when we learned 'Marching Through Georgia,' 'Tenting Tonight,' 'Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory,' 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home.'

"I was a boy in those days and I never expected to hear such singing again. But I have heard it here tonight. You sang in that spirit. What does it mean? It means that, down underneath, you have been gripped by that same, throbbing common reality; not hate this time, nor fear, but love. You know a common interest. You own a common country. You've found what the military fellows say we can't get without fighting. You've spoiled the only argument for war."

The spiritual vibration which comes from fellowship on a level can't be understood until it is felt. It is the best thing in every enterprise in which men and women engage in groups. It is what furnishes the motive power for hymns and cheers and what stimulates those soul forces which make heroes and martyrs of folks ordinarily just like you and us.

All of which reminds us that there's a need for some more good hymn writing. The old religious hymns of selfish personal salvation are pretty well played out. Even the orthodox churches are casting them aside. The tunes may live, and many are worth living. But they require new words—words expressive of the new note of social service; words summoning not only man, but also society, to repent and be just.

Open social centers to the full call of democracy and you'll be astonished how soon a new crop of poets and hymn writers will grow up.

RECEIVING ELECTION RETURNS.

Although only about half a dozen states have held elections of any importance this year, the returns have been awaited with unusual interest to see how far the new party line-ups of last year proved permanent.

Every year returns come in a little more speedily. This is principally due to the existence of the telephone. It was only a few years ago that getting the returns from the back towns meant that a carrier must drive or ride from the polling place, unless the returns were to wait until the next day's mail. Now there are comparatively few precincts where telephone connections cannot be had.

Ballot officers who count the votes quickly and transmit them immediately to the nearest newspapers perform a real service. Elections upset business to an extent, and the quicker the agony is over and the result announced, the less friction is caused in daily life.

To beat the high cost of living three thousand students in the University of Ohio are co-operating in the buying of food and clothing supplies. Carload lots are the rule, and middlemen are being left out of the deals. Besides saving money, these students are making a practical application of the book rules of economics, which is a real educational triumph.

HAPPENING EVERY DAY.

In Tacoma the other day a woman was seized in a police raid. She had been traveling the easier way.

The judge was impressed by her lack of hardness. Something of the divine which is in all women still gleamed as a rainbow in the clouds of her miserable surroundings. She had the look of a mother. So he questioned her, and this was her story:

Married when young to a beast who soon deserted her, she had been left with two beautiful babes, no money, no relatives, no friends and no trade.

She went forth offering to do honorable work, household work, laundry work, rough, exhausting work, any work which a good woman might do, and all that she could earn was about \$6 a week.

But she could not take her babes with her when she worked and she could not afford to hire someone to tend them. The princely pay of menial toil left no margin for keeping mother and babies together.

However, she was pretty and not yet old. The world which would not give her a living wage for honorable work offered her ease, comfort, consideration and comparative riches in exchange for her honor.

She was not of the fiber of martyrs. She yielded. With her body she bought bread and shelter and pretty dresses for her little ones.

The police came with clubs and hustled her to prison. The men who had tempted her escaped. Society, which made that awful contrast between the wages of virtue and vice, shrugged its shoulder and politely decided that the subject wasn't profitable for discussion.

And this is happening in every city every day.

What are we going to do about it? If anything.

AT THE HUSKIN'S.

City people think of the country as horribly isolated and lonesome. Actually, however, village life is often full of social engagements. In many a crossroads hamlet the first event on the fall program is the corn husking.

Under ordinary circumstances husking corn is a laborious employment. The husks are full of stuffy dust which sets one coughing and dulls the energy of the workers.

But with the girls of the neighborhood at your side, the glamor of social pleasure surrounds even this tedious task. The tradition of red ears makes the occasion one of coquetry and romance.

Uncle Reuben is a pretty shrewd old fellow. "He has a good idea of the conditions under which work is done easily. No American custom shows a keener notion of how to get something for nothing. With an inexpensive spread of sandwiches, apples, roast corn and sweet cider, the mountain of stalks, the sight of which made the farm help so tired, is quickly turned to a heap of golden ears.

"ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE!"

"I have only been a bird in a gilded cage!"

That is the explanation a young New York wife gave for attempting her life. She wore eight diamond rings and had all that money could buy.

How many women there are, with apparently every conceivable want supplied, who are only "birds in a gilded cage!" How many women there are who, because their "place is at the fireside," have never had a chance to get into the broader currents of life!

How many women there are, denied by fate or self-robbed of the inestimable privilege of motherhood, who sit idly, hand in lap, and let their God-given faculties go to seed!

Think of the hell of continued inward chaffing over the absolute lack of incentive to the use of those faculties that distinguish man from beast!

Think of being a plaything for a man all your life!

Think of all these facts before you condemn this woman!

Lest we forget, make a note of the climate at Ashland last Sunday and Monday and compare it with that of the same date in the east. Then look up the temperature last July in the east and middle west and that of the Rogue River Valley on the same dates. When you have done this the question of exceptional climate for the Rogue River Valley will be forever settled. This much only because our people are so used to this fine climate that it takes a contrast of the kind to keep it in view. Again we arise to assert there is no better twelve-months-in-the-year climate in the world than at Ashland and vicinity.

UNCLE SAM AS BAILIFF.

Centuries ago, before railroads, telephones, hourly mail deliveries; when to travel by coach or horse meant to hazard holdups by highwaymen demanding your money or your life, it was quite a job to serve a writ of court. It meant a lion-hearted bailiff armed with pistol and sword; and it meant a mileage allowance and fees in proportion to the costs of travel and the risks.

Though those conditions have long since passed away, in most courts the old scale of charges remains, a dead weight tax on justice, a grim reminder of the resistance of court forms to the spirit of today.

But not in all. Cleveland's municipal court has just closed a month's experiment with service by mail. When a person is to be summoned, the bailiff fills in a blank on a typewriter, addresses an envelope to the person's legal residence, registers the letter and leaves the rest to Uncle Sam.

During 19 days in October, service in this manner was attempted upon 837 persons, of whom all but 14 were located. Under the old system, the bailiff assures us, about 68 of this number would not have been found. Uncle Sam's watchful letter carriers have the constable beaten to a frazzle for efficiency. The cost to litigants of personal service would have been \$270.12. The cost of service by mail was \$67.50.

Court authorities throughout the United States know of this Cleveland innovation. Now see how soon they will take advantage of it.

The Mexican so-called election occurred on Sunday, but the deed was no better on that account.

There can be fun in doing the things you can afford.

Again is a backwoods preacher in the toils on the charge of moonshining. This time the alleged infraction of the excise laws was practiced in the mountain districts of northern Georgia. Those mountaineers do not consider it a crime to manufacture illicit booze, any more than a drunken chauffeur thinks it a crime to run over a pedestrian at a street crossing. Much depends in this world on the point of view.

Let us teach our children to be lovers of the meadows and woods, the mountains, and of the whole earth. Students of all her moods, knowing that nature will be to them as Wordsworth the anchor of purest thought, the nurse, the guide, the guardian, of the heart, the soul, of the moral being.

Now that Ashland is fairly started on her way as a big summer resort why would it not be a good idea to have a rose-planting day and make it a bower of beauty as it will be a haven of health. The fall is a good time to plant roses. Let's hear from the Ladies' Civic Improvement Club.

Phone news items to the Tidings

NOTICE OF REDEMPTION OF IMPROVEMENT BONDS.

Notice is hereby given that improvement bonds Nos. 541 to 544, both inclusive, of the city of Ashland, Oregon, will be taken up and cancelled by said city on December 1, A. D. 1913, by payment of the face value thereof and accrued interest to said date, and that interest will cease on same from and after said date. Holders of said bonds will present same at this office for payment.

C. H. GILLETTE,
Recorder City of Ashland, Ore.
48-2t

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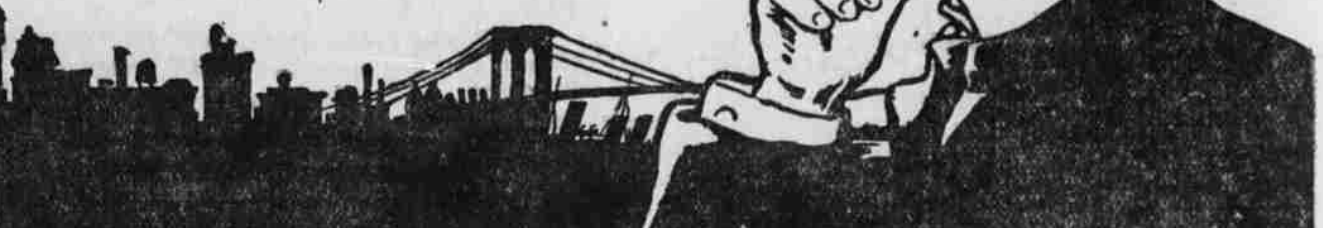
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Every person not in perfect health has incipient germs of some distressing ailment in his or her system.

Cold weather, over-work, excesses of any kind, are liable to bring about just the conditions under which those latent disease germs will get the upper hand, and put you on your back "down sick."

You who are run-down, tired-out, nervous — You who, though not sick enough to give up, still don't feel good —

You who are apparently well, and want to stay well — Take home a bottle of Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion today, and use it as a means to get well and keep well.

Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion is a real nerve-food tonic.

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Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion is pleasant to take. The Hypophosphites it contains tone the nerves. The pure Olive Oil nourishes both nerves and blood.

Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion strengthens you, puts snap and ginger and vitality into your system. It makes you feel better and stronger. It improves your digestion and your bowel action.

It contains no alcohol nor any dangerous or habit forming drugs.

It is guaranteed to be just as represented above — to do all that is claimed above — to satisfy you in every way, or your money back without quibble or question. Enough for full two weeks' treatment, \$1.00.

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