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SAFETY IN THE STREETS.

In spite of all that is said about careful driving of automobiles, every few days one reads of children, and sometimes older people, who are run over in the streets. In large cities heavy truck wagons are also a cause of much fatal injury.

Various agencies are at work to compel drivers to maintain due vigilance. But laws and regulations are difficult to enforce. There are all kinds of human tyes at the steering wheel. Officers of the law do not always want to see too much.

The street is not the safe place it used to be. Before motors became numerous the public highway was a kind of a common playground. Drivers of horses waited tolerantly while the kidslet reluctantly suspended their baseball game.

The hoofs of an approaching horse gave warning long before a carriage was near. Now the motor slips up from behind with swift and deadly speed. While you are looking to the right the machine has dodged out from some side street on the left.

Every child ought to be carefully warned of the dangers of the street. On streets where there is any considerable traffic he should never cross without looking both ways.

Many accidents could be saved if people were not in such a hurry. Some persons seem to dislike to show reasonable caution. It takes but a few seconds for a motor to pass, while a broken leg would mean a month on your back.

The manner in which some motorists expect every one to make way for them is irritating. Still human nature is at it. One must adapt oneself to modern conditions.

If the pedestrian gets too wrathly over the arrogance of his automobilizing friends he may very reasonably reflect that it is much easier for him to stop than it is to bring a heavy machine to a standstill. That, however, does not excuse the motorists, who should never run at a speed which he cannot check in time to prevent injury.

THE VALUE OF SOLITUDE.

"The average American does not," says George Brandes, the Danish critic, "seem to have the slightest idea of how necessary solitude is to the formation of an opinion."

Haven't you, as you've talked with farmers, been impressed with the "sotness" of their opinions?

There are stubborn city men, of course; but the mixiness of life in a city tends to a certain versatility in thinking—you might almost say tends to substitute impressions and emotions for thinking.

The farmer, on the other hand, working for the most part alone and quietly, has ample time to assemble and digest his thoughts and to arrange them into a definite philosophy.

Hence what sometimes seems like stubbornness in him is, indeed, merely the confidence with which he holds to an opinion upon which he has done a careful and, so far as he was able, a thorough job of thinking.

The great works of literature have mostly been written in the country. For that matter, most of the world's big men have been country born. In the arms of nature and amidst her silences they have wrestled with life's problems and wrought out guiding ideals and visions.

Much as we regret to have to admit it, we guess Brandes is right.

The Claflin failure opened the eyes of a lot of country banks that had been in the habit of buying "commercial paper" instead of lending the money locally, on the theory that they wanted liquid assets. The thirty-five million of notes of Claflin were altogether too liquid.

Phone news items to the Tidings.

HOW ABOUT SPO PEE'S LOST LIFE?

Spo Pee, the Indian, was imprisoned for 34 years. He was pardoned as an act of grace, by the president of the United States.

But what shall we do about this man's lost life? For as a matter of fact we put Spo Pee into prison and then forgot him. He was really imprisoned because he was poor and friendless. Had a man of standing and influence killed a man belonging to a poor and outcast race or class under the same circumstances he would not have been convicted, and if convicted he would have been pardoned long ago—as Charles W. Morse was pardoned.

What right have we to put people in prison and forget them?

A South Dakota town marshal a few years ago put a drunken tramp into a town caboose, locked the door and forgot all about him. There came a blizzard, the poor fellow was frozen—I believe he lost his feet and hands, and was so weakened that he died.

Even though the man was an outcast, the people were shocked at the cruel neglect with its tragic consequences. When we forget a man forever, when we allow him to spend all the remainder of his life in the spiritual cold and darkness of the living death of a prison, there is no public outcry, because nobody knows.

How many Spo Peees are there in our prisons?

Ought there not to be some agency for seeking them out and doing them justice?

Spo Pee may have been guilty, but men are frequently liberated from our prisons because it has been discovered they are innocent of the crimes for which they have been convicted. They are then "pardoned." Pardoned for what? Rather ought the government which has wronged them seek pardon of the wronged. But we do nothing for such victims of our institutions save to liberate them into a world for the battles of which they are unfitted. We turn out these poor frozen souls, robbed of hands and feet, without kind permission to work.

Satan must bow his head in humility when he notes how superior in cruelty to his devilry are the naked stupidities of man.

In really civilized nations such men are remunerated, so far as remuneration can be given, for the wrongs done them; but in our unfair land we "pardon" an innocent man for the wrongs we have done him, and make him no amends.

We should reinstate the case in court and allow the tribunal which condemned him to record the fact of its shame, in lieu of him.

We should then pay him for his lost time, and if he has been unfitted for labor by our injustice, we should pension him. In short, we should try to do him justice.

If we try, we may get some good out of the case of poor old Spo Pee.

PRESIDENT HADLEY'S "SOCIAL OSTRACISM."

President Hadley of Yale went to Denver in the winter of 1900 and made a speech on trusts in which he put forward the remedy of social ostracism. "Where it is shown that a man is engaged in an unworthy enterprise the people should have the courage to refuse him social recognition. I believe the time will come when they will do so."

The time came for Dr. Hadley himself to apply his sovereign remedy when he entered the New Haven directory and a little later learned officially that the railroad had been plundered of many millions of dollars, to the cost of the university among other stockholders, in one of the most obvious and aggravated violations of the anti-trust law ever recorded.

It was a rare chance. Most of the responsible persons in that unworthy enterprise were still sitting in the same board. The physician with his new remedy and a bad case of the disease to be cured were brought together at last. We had seemed to see him getting busy. He strikes the names of these respectable directors from his list of acquaintances. He refuses his hand as William Rockefeller comes in. He turns his back when Charles F. Brooker enters. He ostentatiously leaves the room and slams the door as the other offending trust-builders troop in, and they all shrivel up and proceed to works meet for repentance.

Does he and do they? Alas; like many another discoverer of great cures, Dr. Hadley himself fell a victim to the disease and we see him in the front rank of the movement to break up a peaceful dissolution of this trust and resist a government prosecution. Social ostracism may exist in New Haven, but the great New Haven trust evidently has no part in its deadly work.

Phone job orders to the Tidings.

The Home Circle

Thoughts from the Editorial Pen

To Boom Your Town.

Talk about it.
Write about it.
Elect good men to office.
Be friendly to everybody.
Keep your sidewalks in good repair.
If a poor man starts a project, help him.

If a rich man starts a project, encourage him.
Sell all you can and buy all you can at home.

Don't talk the town down to strangers.

If you are rich, invest in something; employ somebody.

If a project to improve the town comes up, don't hoot—investigate.

Don't let your personal antipathies get away with your business judgment.

Follow the men who have the vim and energy to go ahead—and "saw wood."

Be courteous to strangers who come among you so they will go away with good impressions.

If you don't like your town well enough to speak well of it, get out of it and make room for better men.

Always cheer on the man who goes for improvements. Your portion of the cost will be nothing but that which is right.

Do not kick at any proposed improvements because they are not at your door, or for fear that your tax will be raised fifty cents.

Don't be afraid to stick your hand down in your pocket for money to help a public enterprise. You owe something to the community for being so kind as to patronize you.

Don't! Don't!! Don't!!! For heaven's sake don't think your ideas are the only correct ones as to what improvements are needed and how they should be obtained. We heard an old man say once that his name was written down on every paper that came around with the word "temperance" on it. Let your name be written down to every paper that has "improvement" on it.

Since July 1 money orders may be cashed at any office regardless of what office drawn on, but must be presented within thirty days. A contemplated change is in a new telephone postal card, which has your telephone number on and the postmaster calls you up and tells you of the contents and it is then delivered in the regular way. It is an entering wedge for the postal telegraph.

Why is it, it is often asked, that people in small towns can find no better business than prying into other people's business and then exaggerating the truth in regard to the same? People who pretend to be Christians, who attend church regularly, who in the sight of their neighbors are generous and charitable, yet who, without the slightest provocation, pick up some little mistake, or more, often, at nothing, will so scandalize one as to ruin his or her reputation for life.

No, the dearest man on earth is not numbered in Father Time's harvest. You cannot find his tombstone in the cemetery, neither does a mossy mound mark his lowly bed. His last resting place was on a cracker box in the grocery, and there he will remain dead to everything good, dead to all activity, dead to friendship and dead to his home ties until Gabriel shall awaken him to a more active life in a future world.

We happened into a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red. "What is Home Without a Mother?" Across the room was another brief "God Bless Our Home." Now what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad"? He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg and wipes the dew off the lawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand-out to the butcher, the milkman and the baker, and his little pile is badly diminished before he has been home an hour.

Young men, and often young women, as well as older persons, perform acts which become legitimate items for publication and then rush to the newspaper office and beg the editor not to notice their escapades. The next day they condemn the same paper for not having published another party doing the same thing they were guilty of, forgetting apparently their late visit to the printing office.

"Is your father rich?" someone asked a five-year-old girl and the little one replied confidentially: "Why, of course! He's got me." And she was right, too, for the father of a sweet, loving, helpful little daughter is richer than some millionaires whose money cannot buy them the love of a single heart.

Royalty Makes Strange Bedfellows

Unless he has been removed quietly from his position in the last few days, a German prince will rule the fleets of England sent against the German navy.

And an English prince, who went to school at Eton, on whose playfields Wellington said English battles were won, will lead a German army against his English kin.

And in the palace of Peterhof, a German princess wearing a Russian crown may live to hear the guns of an army led by her own brother thundering under her windows.

During the last century the nations of Europe have exchanged many princes and princesses in matrimony to cement offensive and defensive alliances. Now the whole fabric of security built on the sacrifice of royal hearts has tumbled down. In London, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg are scores of royal applicants dividing between the land of their birth and the land of their adoption their prayers to the god of battles.

In the great and stunning shock of the war all little shocks are merged and lost. This revelation of the flimsiness of matrimonial bonds between the reigning houses of great nations is only a little shock. But in England the situation provoked is the most curious.

Prince Louis of Battenberg is a full admiral of the British navy and first sea lord of the admiralty, one of the little group of men in whose hands repose the conduct and destiny of England's fleets in war. And Prince Louis is a German born and German bred. His wife is German also, sister of the Grand Duke of Hesse, who holds a command as general in the German army and would lead German troops against his sister's England.

And still more curiously entangling, Prince Louis of Battenberg, England's first sea lord, is a brother-in-law of Prince Henry of Prussia, the ranking officer of the German navy, and the man who naturally would lead it into battle against the English.

The Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Albany, daughter-in-law of the late Queen Victoria and sisters of King Edward, are German princesses, German born and German bred. And Prince Christian of Schleswig Holstein, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, and now a naturalized Englishman and an English general, who may lead an army corps into Belgium, was a German until he married an English princess.

In Germany the widowed Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who makes her headquarters at Coburg, is a Russian through and through. She is the only daughter of Czar Alexander II, while the similarly widowed Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, mother of the German crown prince, is a daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael Michaelaivitch of Russia.

The reigning duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, sovereign of one of the German independent states forming a part of the German empire, is a general of the German army. Yet he passed the first sixteen years of his life as a prince of the reigning house of England, at the court of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, and was a

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schoolboy at Eton when summoned to a German throne.

Emperor William himself and his brother, Prince Henry, are the sons of an English mother, the eldest sister of Edward VII, and are both in line of succession to the English crown. Yet today the kaiser is leading his German armies and his brother Henry the German fleets against their mother's closest kin and kind.

In Russia the situation in which royalty finds itself is no less curious. The Empress Alexandra of Russia and her sister, the widowed Grand Duchess Sergius, are sisters of the sovereign Grand Duke of Hesse, who holds a command as general in the German army and who, as such, has taken up arms against his brother-in-law, the czar.

Grand Duchess Victoria, wife of the Grand Duke Cyril, who is second in line of succession to the throne of Peter the Great, is a daughter of the late sovereign of the German duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, while Grand Duke Cyril's mother, the widowed Grand Duchess Vladimir, is by birth a princess of the German reigning family of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and was so thoroughly identified with the land of her birth that the late Emperor Alexander III used to insist that she was the principal agent of Bismarck in Russia.

It is not difficult to see how painful will be the suspense of these princes and princesses during the war, particularly the German ladies

in Russia. That they will meet with popular disfavor (some of them already are not any too popular) is not improbable.

The German treatment of the late Empress Frederick during the Franco-German war indicates what possibly may happen. At the time the Empress Frederick, a daughter of the late Queen Victoria, was crown princess of Germany, England was a neutral power during that conflict, but was suspected by the Germans of supplying arms to the French and in sympathizing with them. Bismarck ordered that no military or state secret should be communicated to the crown prince, the heir of his king and commander of one of the principal armies in the field, for fear that he should communicate it by letter to his consort at Berlin, who would certainly, so Bismarck alleges, impart the information to her mother and her eldest brother in England, through whom it would reach the French.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Commercial Club is desirous of obtaining good specimens of grains and grasses for exhibit purposes. Will those who have such kindly leave at the Commercial Club rooms? tf

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