

Ashland Tidings

SEMI-WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1876.

Issued Mondays and Thursdays

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year \$2.00
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Entered at the Ashland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Ashland, Ore., Thursday, Jan. 21, '15

PENALTY OF LEADERSHIP.

In every field of human endeavor, he that is first must perpetually live in the white light of publicity.

When a man's work becomes a standard it also becomes a target for the shafts of the envious few.

Jealousy does not protrude its forked tongue at the artist who produces a commonplace painting.

Whatever you write, or paint, or play, or sing, or build, no one will strive to surpass or to slander you, unless your work be stamped with the seal of genius.

Long, long after a great work, or a good work, has been done, those who are disappointed or envious continue to cry out that it cannot be done.

Multitudes flocked to Bayreuth to worship at the musical shrine of Wagner, while the little group of those whom he had dethroned and displaced argued angrily that he was no musician at all.

The little world continued to protest that Fulton could never build a steamboat, while the big world flocked to the river banks to see his boat steam by.

The leader is assailed because he is a leader, and the effort to equal him is merely added proof of that leadership.

There is nothing new in this. It is as old as the world and as old as the human passions—envy, fear, greed, ambition and the desire to surpass.

Master-poet, master-painter, master-workman, each in his turn is assailed, and each holds his laurels through the ages.

That which is good or great makes itself known, no matter how loud the clamor of denial.

PROHIBITION STATE FIGHTS.

This year state-wide prohibition campaigns in Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and possibly other states are in prospect within the near future.

The time for holding statewide fights in other states mentioned is as yet uncertain. They will hardly come this year unless it be in Michigan, but they may be expected in 1916.

We got into an argument with a fellow yesterday and tried every conceivable way to get him to disagree with something we said.

THOSE WHO FIGHT IN THE OPEN

The other day the Tidings editor met H. G. Enders on the street and greeted him with a "Good morning, fine morning," at which Mr. Enders responded and unconsciously tipped his hat to Mr. Greer.

Every man has a right to his opinion and to advocate it. Messrs. Edwards, Bressler and Enders differed from Mr. Greer and six out of seven of the voters, but they got out in the open, as good men always should, and made their fight to the finish.

They had a right to do that and there are no sore spots on the Tidings editor over that fight.

SING IT! SHOUT IT!

Never had a small city such an undeveloped asset as Ashland. As the turtur unfolds and we become better informed on the value of our mineral waters, the plainer it is to be seen that if properly developed these waters will make Ashland a resort of great popularity.

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT, THOUGH MUCH ALIKE.

In one respect Ashland and Medford men are much alike. They both lie continually about their town. The Medford fellow lies in favor of his.

Fellow citizen, it's not your town; it's Y.O.U. Don't lie at all. The truth alone will make Ashland great.

A PARABLE.

Judge Watson says of a cow stuck in the mud: "If you put a rope about her horns and pull her out, you must be ready to get out of the way, for if she has power enough left to do it, she will at once take after you and horn you to pieces."

Give us men with public spirit; with the welfare of the whole community at heart; with encouragement for every laudable enterprise; with assistance for mankind and with a feeling of pride for the town in which they live, thrive and gain wealth;

Country merchants are smiling up their sleeves at the predicament of the millionaire head of a great mail order house, who has been indicted by a grand jury for tax dodging.

Through the kindness of Representative F. D. Wagner the Tidings is now receiving copies of all bills introduced in the Oregon legislature.

If a stranger cannot get a few smiles and a happy look in Ashland he is going somewhere else to settle.

Some men will only loosen up when they are tight. Are you that kind?

THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE HOUR.

Chicago's oldest book shop has sought refuge in bankruptcy because its rich patrons did not pay their bills.

But Chicago is no different from other parts of the country in that respect. It is the way of a queer world.

The poor man pays his taxes, because he must pay or lose his few possessions.

The rich man hides most of his wealth and dodges the majority of his taxes, because under our political system his millions place him practically above the law.

Of course officials whose business it is to enforce the law will take issue with this statement.

But it is true—and they know it, and you know it.

And the common people, who are vastly in the majority, are becoming weary of such practices, and the murmurings and mutterings are becoming louder day by day.

I stopped on a street corner some time ago and listened to a speaker harangue a crowd.

His insistent demand was for an equal division of the wealth of the country. In other words, he would have the man who has worked and accumulated a competence divide his gains with others who are too lazy to work.

Judging from his personal appearance (he was well dressed and spoke like a fluent demagogue) he was one of those who do not practice what they preach.

He prefers that the flow of gold be always in his direction, and diverts public attention by raging at Big Business.

But Big Business has made this country what it is today—the richest on the globe.

The fault of our system is not with Big Business.

When we send men to congress who think more of country than they do of self, and who have the nerve to enact just laws for the regulation of Big Business, we will then have progressed far toward the solution of the problem.

And when we elect states' attorneys, and assessors, and sheriffs and other officials who will ENFORCE those laws, IRRESPECTIVE OF PERSON OR WEALTH OR POLITICAL AFFILIATIONS, we will have solved the problem and will cease to have any just cause for complaint regarding Big Business.

Marketing and Distributing of Farm Products. (By T. N. Carver, Professor of Economics, Harvard University.)

It is not hard work of the exposure or even the poverty of the farmer or his wife which makes farm life so unattractive to so many of our people. It is the lack of team work.

Touch elbows with your neighbors, and get the sense of comradeship as soldiers do. Organize farmers' clubs, not merely for the sake of having clubs, but for the sake of team work, for the sake of accomplishing something for the building up of the rural community, for the study of the problems of your community.

We note with exasperating pain that congress shows signs of retrenchment in every direction except wherein their own interests are at stake.

Anthony Comstock was taken for a bomb thrower in New York. The mistake was in what he throws. Tony only throws fits.

AN ARCTIC SOLOMON.

It Didn't Take Him Long to Reach a Sensible Conclusion.

The "floating court" is an institution founded by the United States government for administering judgment in the far north. An interesting example of the unusual problems that confronted Captain A. J. Henderson, one of the first judges of the court, is told by Mr. Walter Noble Burns in the Wide World Magazine:

One day, at Point Hope, there appeared before the court held on the Thetis, Captain Henderson's ship, an old Eskimo and his wife. They were accompanied by their pretty daughter and two stalwart young men, who were suitors for her hand.

"This man, he say," began the interpreter, "these two feller want this gal for wife. One feller he offer a rife, ten pound walrusbone, six walrus tusk, a dog team and sled. The other feller, he give kayak, two reindeer, a bearskin and six fox skin. This gal the old man's only daughter. He old, and he want good trade. But he not know which he best take. He say maybe you tell him."

Captain Henderson is no Cupid—he stands six feet two and weighs 250 pounds—but he determined to essay the role of Cupid's first assistant.

"You love this girl?" he asked one suitor.

"Yes," replied the interpreter, "he love her."

"And do you love her?" the captain asked the other.

"Yes, he love her too."

The captain looked at the girl, who was a pretty little thing, something over four feet high, with coal black hair plastered down over her temples, and sloe-black roguish eyes.

"Here," said the captain to the girl, "which one of these men do you want?"

The interpreter put the question. The maiden's eyes grew brighter, her cheeks a deeper crimson and a coy smile wreathed her lips.

"This one," she said, and there was no need for the interpreter to translate.

"All right," said the captain, with a roar of laughter, "take him."

Where Moslem Pilgrims Land. Jeddah is a most important town for the entire human race, apart from being the principal landing place for pilgrims to Mecca.

Poor Egg! "Here's a Swiss named Egg who lives in New York petitioning to have his name changed."

Blamed the Planets. In the middle of the fourteenth century in Paris a new ordinance enjoining the cleansing of the streets and the shutting up of swine was carefully neglected, as usual, and a terrible plague was the consequence.

Carrier Pigeons. Pigeons were employed in early Egyptian days, navigators taking them on their galleys and liberating them when they arrived at their destination in order to announce their safe arrival to their friends.

Revenge. "Will you marry me, Miss Gussie?" "No, Mr. Jinks."

Domestic Discard. "My husband used to call me his lovely lute."

Where Truth delgns to come her sister, Liberty, will not be far.—Akenside

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NOTICE OF SALE OF AUXILIARY WATER BONDS.
Recorder's Office, Ashland, Ore., Jan. 1, 1915.
Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned up to 6 o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th day of January, A. D. 1915 (and not later), and the same will be opened and considered by the common council of the City of Ashland, Oregon, on same day and date at 7:30 o'clock in the evening of said 26th day of January, 1915, for the purchase of the following bonds of the said city, issued in accordance with an ordinance proposed by the initiative and adopted by the people of said city on the 9th day of June, 1914, in accordance with the general laws of the state of Oregon and the charter of said city as in such cases made and provided, to-wit:
One hundred and seventy-five bonds dated July 1st, 1914, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, interest payable semi-annually at the office of the Treasurer of said city, numbered 1 to 175, both inclusive, said bonds to be of the denomination of One Thousand Dollars each, and to mature in 45 years from date thereof.
The first 25 of said bonds will be optional and payable from and after ten (10) years from date thereof, and 25 of said bonds will (in consecutive order) become optional and payable each five years thereafter up to and including the 35th year.
These bonds will be sold to the highest and best bidder for not less than par and accrued interest from date of issue to date of delivery of said bonds.
Bids must be accompanied by a certified check for an amount equal to 2 per cent of the face value of the bonds bid for payable to the City of Ashland, Oregon, which, in case the successful bidder fails or neglects or refuses to take and pay for said bonds as proposed in bid, shall be forfeited to said city as liquidated damages for such refusal or failure.
Bids may be submitted for any or all of said issue, the numbers of bonds bid for being specified in the bid. The council reserves the right to reject any or all bids. All bids must be addressed to "City Recorder, Ashland, Oregon," marked "Proposals for purchase of Auxiliary Water Bonds."
The records of the above bonds have been passed on by Messrs. Dillon, Thomson & Clay of New York City, and pronounced satisfactory by them.
C. H. GILLETTE,
City Recorder.
We carry the finest line of railroad movements in the city. We make our own prices on railroad movements. If you don't buy of us we both lose money. R. J. Smith, Elks Temple, 1st

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