

ASHLAND TIDINGS

Established 1876
Published every Monday and Thursday by
THE ASHLAND PRINTING COMPANY (Incorporated)

Harvey R. Ling.....Business Manager
Bert R. Greer.....Editor
Lee B. Franklin.....City Editor

OFFICIAL CITY AND COUNTY PAPER.

TELEPHONE 39

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year\$2.00
Six Months1.00
Three Months50
Payable in Advance

No subscription for less than three months. All subscriptions dropped at expiration unless renewal is received.

In ordering changes of the paper always give the old street address or postoffice as well as the new.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertising—
Single insertion, each inch..... 25c
Six months, each inch..... 20c
One year, each inch..... 17½c
Reading Notices—5 cents the line straight.
Classified Column—1 cent the word first insertion, ½ cent the word each other insertion. Thirty words or less one month, \$1.00.
Cards of Thanks \$1.00.
Obituaries 2½ cents the line.

Fraternal Orders and Societies
Advertising for fraternal orders or societies charging a regular initiation fee and dues, no discount. Religious and benevolent orders will be charged for all advertising when an admission or other charge is made, at the regular rates. When no admission is charged, space to the amount of fifty lines reading will be allowed without charge. All additional at regular rates.

The Tidings has a greater circulation in Ashland and its trade territory than all other local papers combined.

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.



THE KING TRUST.

Now that the German political situation is attracting so much attention, it is well to keep in mind just how Germany is governed. Anybody who understands the political machinery of the German empire will not expect too much from the present popular clamor and the kaiser's pledges of reform.

Germany today has no civil government. It is a military dictatorship. And it is little else in times of peace. The kaiser and his ring of militarists needed no new authorization to grasp the power they wield today. They had it. And they are firmly rooted in it by the constitution.

The German empire is a federation of twenty-five states. Each state has its own monarch. Prussia, the biggest and most powerful state, is leader of the federation by common consent. Prussia's king is therefore emperor of Germany.

German government begins at the top, as ours begins at the bottom. Our country is a union of the people of our various states. Germany is a union of the monarchs of its various states.

Those twenty-five kings and princes choose the bundesrath, which is the true legislative body of the empire. It has not only the legislative power, but the executive and judicial power. Its meetings are secret. It is composed of sixty-four members, who are the personal representatives of the twenty-five royal houses of the empire. It is, therefore, to all intents and purposes, a "council of kings." The German empire is merely a great king trust.

The bundesrath derives its authority from the constitution agreed to when the federation was formed. The people did not write that constitution, and can not change it. The bundesrath is theoretically able to change it, but practically impotent. For no amendment can be adopted if there are twenty opposing votes, and the emperor absolutely controls twenty votes. The emperor, therefore, is the government. The bundesrath registers his will.

And the reichstag, about which all this storm centers? It is little more than a debating society. Its acts are subject to review by the bundesrath. It can talk, but not act. It can air public issues, but not decide them. It is not a parliament, not a congress.

There is no "responsible ministry" such as exists in England and other constitutional monarchies. The visible head of government is the chancellor. He is personally responsible to the kaiser. Von Bethman-Hollweg himself said once, "I do not serve the reichstag." Other members of the cabinet are only rubber stamps. They may be dismissed, but their dismissal doesn't necessarily mean a change of policy.

It doesn't matter much, either, how the reichstag is elected, seeing that it lacks power to act. The kaiser may make "goats" of unpopular statesmen, and throw sops to public

sentiment—and keep right on managing the war as he pleases, sacrificing the nation for the glory or safety of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

A DANGEROUS STREET.

The other day a bad accident occurred on Main street just north of the Plaza. A lady driving a car, to avoid crashing into another car coming around the curve in the opposite direction, swerved to the right and hit the rear wheel of a buggy standing by the curb, in which sat an elderly gentleman. A wheel was taken off the buggy and the old gentleman was pitched out on the hard street, receiving a fractured kneecap and other less serious bruises. Fortunately the frightened horse was caught before any further damage was done to the buggy. This is not the first accident that has occurred on this particular part of North Main street. The difficulty lies in the fact that the street, being the main thoroughfare through the city, is too narrow at this place. It is recognized as a dangerous meeting place for vehicles by all. The street bending as it does just where this narrow portion begins, adds to the danger, for vehicles approaching each other from opposite directions are unable to see each other until the corner is reached—and that is often too late. Besides, the bend is at the foot of the hill on Main street proper and that makes the temptation for auto drivers coming down the hill to turn the corner at a too rapid rate, oftentimes. The addition of the new "iron policeman" at the intersection of the bend in Main street and the Plaza has doubtless been a big safeguard, yet the danger is too great.

The city of Ashland is too fine a city to let such a serious matter go neglected longer. With the addition of the great Chautauqua auditorium to the many rare attractions of our beautiful city, with the increase of "auto tourists" to and through our city, with the growing "summer trade" of noted people from distant points who are year by year spreading the fame of Ashland as a real "summer resort," we can not afford to neglect to widen this street connecting with the Pacific Highway at both the north and the south limits of our city. The longer this problem is put off, the greater the problem will become. It will cost less today to widen this portion of Main street than it will tomorrow. Why delay?

I've seen women strike out blindly to cross a street and, when they reach the center and the vehicles were trying to dodge her, she would begin to jump first in front of one car, then another. If she lived through it she was usually about ready to faint from excitement by the time she got across to the other side. Several did.

Never cross a bridge before you get to it; nor should you ever cross a street before you get your eyes open.

Phone news items to the Tidings.

A Day at Ashland As Told By Visitor

Boston, Mass., July 25, 1917.

Dear Friend: This is the first good chance I've had to redeem my post-card promise to write you about my day at Ashland, where I stopped on my way to the N. E. A. convention at Portland. George Goodfield lives there, as you know, and for years he has been pestering me to come and see the wonders and beauties of his Oregon home. George is a great booster, as all westerners seem to be, but from what I saw during my short stop at the Granite City his peans of praise seem justified.

Having been told to be on the lookout for Mt. Shasta if I came in on the morning train, as we were climbing the mountains near the state line I got out of my berth and into my clothes and went back to the observation platform, where I enjoyed some splendid views of one of the world's greatest mountains.

As we slid down the Siskiyou into the beautiful Rogue River valley, at the head of which Ashland is situated, we dropped 2,000 feet in a dozen miles. After crossing the burning sands of Arizona and southern California, the green hills of Oregon looked mighty good to me. Here and there we caught glimpses of the Pacific Highway, a wonderful road which Jackson county spent half a million dollars to build across her borders and the paving of which the state is finishing.

George met me at the depot with his auto and soon whirled me to his home on a hillside overlooking the city. While his wife put breakfast on the table I went out onto the front porch and took in the magnificent view of the city, valley and mountains beyond. George says the view alone is worth a thousand dollars, and if inspiration has a monetary value I am inclined to think he is right.

After breakfast we went downtown, stopping at the Commercial Club to register and look at the small but excellent exhibit of local products. One can not imagine what really first-class fruit looks like until he has seen samples of that which grows in the Rogue River valley.

Some of the places of interest which we next visited were the Chautauqua building, an architectural marvel consisting of a great, white dome nearly ten rods across; the Vineyard theater, which is a model of beauty and comfort; the Elks' building, city library and high school the latter looking like an old Spanish mission. Over the Boulevard, a miniature of the Champs Elysees of Paris, past the city hospital and normal school, past orchards of peaches, prunes and pears, we rounded the "Horn," past the Homes farm house, which looks like an old Virginia homestead.

Returning to the city along the rich Bear creek bottom, past dairy and alfalfa farms, we came to the round-up grounds, where some 30,000 people see a wild west show every Fourth of July. As we crossed the railroad track a heavily loaded freight train was just starting on its long climb over the mountains, propelled by four huge engines which simultaneous puffing furnished a fine exhibition of strength and power. Near the depot is an immense tank which contains enough crude oil to supply every person in Oregon and California with a gallon of grease.

The Natatorium with its swimming pool looked mighty inviting. At the big cement warehouse of the fruit association luscious sweet cherries were being gotten ready for shipment to less favored regions. At another splendid plunge bath, Helman's, George and I peeled off our clothes and for a time imagined we were once more sporting ourselves in the "ole swimmin' hole."

Returning to the business district, past the beautiful, vine-clad North school, we stopped at a curio shop to see the interesting collection of curios, mineral specimens and game heads.

Leaving the Plaza with its historic fountain, we motored through lovely Lithia park, which equals anything found in many of our larger cities. Through it flows Ashland creek, a stream of rare beauty, its crystal waters foaming and dashing over mossy boulders, shaded by giant trees through whose lofty branches the shimmering sunshine softly shines on many a bosky dell. Fountains supply not only the purest of mountain water, but sulphur, lithia and other kinds of mineral waters, piped here by the city at a cost of \$175,000. Ashland expects to become a popular pleasure and health resort basing her hopes on an unmatched combination of natural and developed resources. At the upper end of the park there is what all motorists say is the best auto camp ground on the coast.

Leaving the city behind, we advanced between the narrowing walls of Ashland canyon, crossing and re-crossing the beautiful stream swiftly flowing o'er its rocky bed. Here is one of the city reservoirs and a mile or two farther the municipal electric plant. Just beyond we come to the heart of the canyon, the Shutin, where the precipitous, rocky walls approach so close together that there is barely room for a narrow roadway beside the brawling stream.

At Watson's falls, a miniature Minnehaha, we stop beneath a great fir tree and unpack our hamper, being in condition to do full justice to its contents. A long sleigh, with the music of the roaring, rushing waters ever in our ears, and we start home, regretting that we haven't time to go on to the top of Mt. Ashland, only thirteen miles from the city, yet more than a mile higher.

Shortly before reaching Ashland we enter Glenview Drive, a scenic street cut in the east wall of the canyon. Although the road is practically level, we soon find ourselves above the city, of which we obtain a magnificent view, a range of the Cascade mountains forming a mighty panorama in the background.

Again leaving town, this time by way of North Main street, my companion pointed out some of the fine residences we were passing. In all my travels I have never seen a larger percentage of pretty homes than there is in Ashland, which has no slums and where nearly everybody appears to take pride in the appearance of his house and grounds. Almost all kinds of trees, shrubs and flowers grow there to perfection, including fan palms and magnolias.

Crossing Bear creek, we pass a pretty country school house named Valley View and obtain a good view of Van Dyke cliffs; tens of thousands of apple and pear trees whose serried ranks stretch away in the distance, a sturdy army prepared to do their share in repelling the universal enemy, hunger, by firing an annual volley of big balls of fine fruit into the consumer's camp.

Near Talent we visited the Sun-crest orchard, a big fruit factory covering 400 acres. We next passed the county farm and hospital and the Southern Oregon experiment station. The latter contains the world's largest collection of pear trees, over 500 varieties, including one that is absolutely blight-proof. Leaving Talent, we pass through Wagner Creek valley, which contains some of the finest farms in the county. A short distance above the school house the valley almost pinches out, while fertile fields and comfortable country residences give place to rude cabins and tiny garden patches on the hillsides. The inhabitants are sturdy mountaineers, miners and woodcutters, whose lives of primitive simplicity remind one of the Cumberlands of Kentucky "befo' de wah." On our way back to Ashland we passed Jackson's hot springs, a real swimming hole where several small boys were bathing in the altogether.

In the cool of the evening we were taken for a spin through the streets, beautifully illuminated with cluster lights, into the park where the lights gleam through the branches of a big evergreen, like a gigantic Christmas tree, past the Chautauqua campers' tents, a ghostly army in the gathering darkness. The band is giving one of their semi-weekly concerts and for a while we listen to enchanting music amid ideal surroundings. An examination of the program of the Chautauqua, then in session, convinced me that Ashland gets some of the best talent in the country. However, we decided to go home and spend the rest of the evening in visiting, since we knew not when we should meet again.

Now, then, where else could you see as many beautiful and interesting

Inviting Your Business

UNDOUBTEDLY you are acquainted with various facilities of The First National Bank. Therefore in extending you a cordial invitation to open an account with us, we wish to emphasize our ability and willingness to co-operate with you in your business and financial interests.

If you cannot call personally, open your account by mail.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ASHLAND OREGON

E. V. CARTER, President
J. W. MCGOY, Cashier
C. H. VAUDEL, Vice Pres.
CLARK BUSH, Asst. Cash.

things in a single day as at Ashland, Oregon? Cordially,
FRANK MENDON.

Professor Fike Elected Supervisor

The Jackson county board of education, at a recent session, elected Professor Fike of Marion county to succeed Professor E. R. Peterson as rural school supervisor. Mr. Peterson has served four years in that capacity and has made an excellent record of accomplishment in constructive work in that line. He has been instrumental in adding many valuable features to the successful management of country schools and has interested hundreds of school boys and girls throughout the county in the practical phases of education and its application to constructive and productive progress. He will now devote three years in coast and eastern schools in perfecting himself in that particular work in rural schools, the course of training he will take being intended to fit him for the work of training others for similar duties. It has been discovered in recent years that rural schools may be immeasurably improved in systems and methods of teaching pupils the real, practical things of life, many of which have in so many cases been regrettably neglected. The rural schools of Jackson county will miss Professor Peterson.

What would you think if, the first night you attended divine worship in Ashland, you had to "crane your neck" to see around a hatrack?

Although it is a risky proposition, I have read of men who had no better judgment than to try to stop a moving street car in the middle of the block. In most of these cases I read of a funeral the next day. But in one rare case I read of a marriage the next day. A woman had saved the man's life, but I thought it a mean way to show his appreciation.

INTERURBAN AUTOCAR CO.
Leave Ashland for Medford, Talent and Phoenix daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. and 1:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday night at 6:30. Sundays leave at 9:00 and 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30, 6:30 and 10:30 p. m.
Leave Medford for Ashland daily except Sunday at 8:00 a. m. and 1:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday night at 10:15. On Sundays at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 5:30 and 9:30 p. m.
Fare between Medford and Ashland, 20 cents. Round trip, 35 cents.

Ashland Transfer & Storage Co.

C. F. Bates, Proprietor

Wood, "Peacock" and Rock Springs Coal and Cement

PHONE 117

Office 99 Oak Street, Warehouse on track near depot.

Ashland, Oregon

Comply With the Law

AND USE

Printed Butter Wrappers

ACCORDING to the ruling of the Oregon Dairy and Food Commission all dairy butter sold or exposed for sale in this state must be wrapped in butter paper upon which is printed the words "Oregon Dairy Butter, 16 (or 32) ounces full weight," with the name and address of the maker.

To enable patrons of the Tidings to easily comply with this ruling this office has put in a supply of the standard sizes of butter paper and will print it in lots of 100 sheets and upward and deliver it by parcels post at the following prices:

100 Sheets, 16 or 32 ounces	\$1.50
250 Sheets, 16 or 32 ounces	\$2.15
500 Sheets, 16 or 32 ounces	\$3.25

Send your orders to us by mail accompanied by the price of the paper and it will be promptly forwarded to you by parcel post, prepaid.

We use the best butter paper obtainable, and our workmanship is of the best. Let us have your order and you will not regret it.

Ashland Tidings
Ashland, Oregon

HOTEL MANK

Powell St., at O'Farrell
San Francisco

In the heart of the business, shopping and theatre district. Running distilled ice water in every room. Our commodious lobby, fine service, and Homelike restaurant will attract you. European Plan rates \$1.00 up.

Management
W. E. Jones

"Nearest to Everything"