

The Gold Hill News

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Ben H. Lampman

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HOW CAN HE HELP IT?

IN DIGNIFIED DISTRESS the Portland Telegram laments that Chairman Walsh, of the federal industrial welfare commission, is biased in his bickerings with witnesses anent the investigation of Colorado's black shame of the coal fields. It is inferred that the chairman gets sultry beneath the collar whenever a disclosure of facts un-American and gorge-defying is made.

We lean toward Mr. Walsh in friendly fashion. He is human enough to hate fraud, distrust dishonesty, and shudder at the blank depths of corporate cowardice. The Telegram wants a machine—with appropriate findings to any investigation dispensed upon the insertion of a coin. Yet even the machine might slip a gear in righteous wrath if it were called upon to digest this statement—as Chairman Walsh was:

Marshall King, director of the industrial relations department of the Rockefeller foundation, replying before the industrial welfare commission—

"The will and conscience of young Mr. John D. Rockefeller is more powerful in Colorado than any other force that can be brought to bear at the time."

Neither God nor the elements excepted—this Ajax of inherited oil is supreme in an American commonwealth. Is the savor of that statement pleasant to dwell upon? Did Walsh like it—or pretend that he did—or preserve a wooden headed gravity? Thanks to the mother that bore a man—he did not!

He called the festive hiring of Rockefeller to a crisp turn.

ITALY DECLARES WAR ON AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Italian Warship Raids Austrian Port—Aeroplanes Shell Italian Towns.

Rome, via Paris.—Italy is at war with Austria-Hungary. With the issuance of the general mobilization order the Italian government issued a proclamation declaring war on Austria, which officially began Monday.

The following official statement was issued by the Italian general staff:

"An Italian destroyer entered the port of Buso, near the Austrian frontier, and destroyed the landing stages, the railroad station and barracks as well as all motorboats in the harbor. The destroyer was not damaged and none of the crew was wounded.

"According to supplementary information received the two enemy aeroplanes which appeared over Venice dropped 11 bombs without causing serious damage."

London.—The Austrian war office has issued the following official statement regarding the operations against Italy:

"Our fleet on the night following the declaration of war undertook action against the Italian east coast between Venice and Barletta and successfully bombarded at several points objects of military importance.

"At the same time our aeroplanes threw bombs on a balloon shed at Thiarvalla, military buildings at Ancona and the arsenal at Venice, causing visible damage and fires.

It is apparent from the foregoing dispatch that Austrian aeroplanes have virtually swept the entire eastern coast of Italy. From Venice, at the head of the Adriatic, they have made their way as far south as Barletta, a distance of 350 miles.

Fifty-seven accidents, none fatal, were reported to Labor Commissioner Hoff during the week from the various industries of Oregon. Eleven of those injured were employed on railroads, eight in saw mills and seven in logging operations, the rest being divided among many different kinds of labor. Hereafter all accidents will be reported to the state industrial accident commission, instead of to Mr. Hoff, a law so providing being passed at the last session of the legislature.

For Sale at 1-2 price the following articles of furniture—Library table, writing desks, rocking chairs, book shelves, dining chairs, dining table, kitchen table, kitchen chairs, beds and springs, dressers, child's bed, stoves, tubs, fruit jars, and other articles.

—BERT A. ADAMS.

Overdrafts (Secured & Unsecured)

B. H. L.

He Listened to the Brant

Belike you may have seen the lad at swagger down the street; belike you may have noted the rhythm of his feet; belike you marked him by his eyes, as blue and blithe as August skies; belike you heard his whistle up the lane rings sweet. Stranger, have you seen my son as went away last fall? He is lithe as any limb above the garden wall. Stranger, have you seen the boy on any road away? He is like the light at six that wakes to welcome May. It's lonely here without the lad, and not a word of good or bad—it's loneliest when the cricket folk are chirping from the hay.

Belike you may have known the south when all the flocks came back; belike you may have heard up north the night beseeching pack; belike you marked the swift foam slip before the yearning outbound ship; belike you may have known the lad as we folks love and lack. Stranger, you would know my son—he listens to the brant; he is like the silken colt you'd break, but, O, you can't! Stranger, you would know the boy to meet him in a dream—he is like the flood that laughs when April pours the stream. It's lonely here without the lad, and not a word of good or bad—it's loneliest when by lantern light I'm bedding down the team.

Belike you may have seen the boy, a twig between his teeth; belike you've heard him toss a laugh to greet his grief; belike you marked him wait to sup and share the bread and press the cup; belike you saw his wrath leap clean to work a friend's relief. Stranger, if you see my son as flamed and fled away, you will tell him that the folks are waiting for the day. Stranger, if you meet the boy by street or country lane, you will mind him of the latch that waits his hand again. It's lonely here without the lad; and not a word of good or bad—it's loneliest when the meadow frogs are shrilling through the rain.

Sleepy Hollow Ranch Mourns Death of Mr. Ensign's Sister

Mrs. Bertie Frances Warner, wife of Attorney Adam B. Warner, of Los Angeles, passed away at the Good Samaritan hospital in Grants Pass last Saturday forenoon, following an illness of but a few days.

Mrs. Warner was known in Gold Hill as the sister of H. A. Ensign, manager of the Sleepy Hollow ranch, and for the past several months had made her home there and assisted with the supervision and development of that splendid property. The ranch is located at the junction of Sardine Creek, one mile west of this city.

Mrs. Warner came from Los Angeles in February to spend the season here. The illness which terminated fatally was contracted a fortnight ago, but until a few days before her death was considered to be nothing more serious than a severe cold.

Mrs. Warner was born in Greenwich, Conn., and was forty-eight years of age last January. For many years she had been a resident of Los Angeles. She is survived by her husband, by her mother, Mrs. A. D. Ensign of Sleepy Hollow, by a brother, H. A. Ensign, of Sleepy Hollow, and one sister, Mrs. Frederick Pelouze of Little Butte, this county.

The body was taken to Los Angeles for burial, departing on No. 13 Tuesday morning. Close by the Sleepy Hollow ranch, where the railroad crosses Sardine Creek, the trestle was decorated with flowers, and the engineer of the train whistled and slowed down as he approached and passed the ranch.

Boys' Gymnasium Opened With Great Glee Tuesday

On Tuesday evening the boys' gymnasium was opened to a horde of happy youngsters. The fame of the institution spread to such effect that on the following night over 50 boys were present. Two pair of boxing gloves, flying rings and trapeze, climbing rope and horizontal bar comprise the equipment at present which will constantly be added to and maintained. The necessity of a gym, of somewhere to spend an evening in clean and manly fashion, is justified by the enthusiasm with which the youngsters greeted the innovation. Splendid quarters are afforded in an upper room of the primary school building. The gym is sponsored by the Greater Gold Hill club, but it is to the earnest work of the committee, against odds and discouragement, that final success is due. C. N. Shaver, H. D. Reed and J. W. Hicks rendered such service. The project was originally presented to the club, and strenuously scrapped for, by Mr. Reed. A list of the contributors of equipment will be published next week. You can get in on it by acting now.

For hard or soft wood of finest quality order from John J. Ritter, Phone 3F21.

WATERED SECURITIES

By Peter Radford.

Much has been said and more written about the evils of watered stock in big business concerns and the farmers of this nation believe that every dollar written into the life of any business organization, should be able to say "I know that my Redeemer liveth," but farming is the biggest business on earth, and there is more water in its financial transaction than that of any other industry. There is as much water in a farmer's note drawing eight or ten per cent interest when other lines of industry secure money for four or five per cent per annum, as there is in a business paying a reasonable compensation upon the face value of securities representing an investment of only fifty cents on the dollar. The only difference is, the water is in the interest rate in one instance and in the securities in the other.

The promoter oftentimes takes chances and his success is contingent upon the development of the property involved but the usurer, as a rule, takes no chances and his success cripples the property involved. There may be industries that cry louder but none that suffer more severely from financial immorality in both law and custom than that of agriculture.

The farmers of America today are paying \$200,000,000 per annum in usury on real estate and chattel loans, and this interest capitalized at five per cent, represents \$4,000,000,000 of fictitious values which the farmer is paying interest on. This sum of money is almost equal to the annual value of crops produced in the United States.

The earning power of the farmer's note based upon his interest rate very nearly divides like the earth's surface—three-fourths water and one-fourth land. The largest body of water that floats upon the financial hemisphere now rests upon the farms and its waves are dashing and its billows are rolling against seven million homes threatening ruin and disaster to the prosperity of the nation. Will our public servants who understand how to drain the liquid off industrial properties turn the faucet and let the water off the farms?

This country is suffering more from tainted politics than from any other malady at the present time. There is scarcely a campaign speech made, a platform demand written or a measure enacted into law that does not carry the taint of personal gain of some politician or political faction thereof.

There is more "blue sky" in campaign promises of many politicians running for office than was ever contained in the prospectuses of the boldest promoters of chimerical business schemes. There are more secret combinations formed by politicians in the name of "My Country" than were ever formed under any and all other aliases. There are more political rebates hidden in the phrase "Be it enacted" than were ever concealed under any and all other disguises.

The inordinate thirst for political power and unrestrained passion for mastery has caused more distress in this nation than the greed for gold, and it ought to be regulated by law. No business combination ever pursued their competitors as relentlessly or visited more heartless cruelty upon their customers than a political party that seeks to make junk of an industry, or cripple a business for party success, through tariff measures, political supervision and oftentimes destructive legislation. Many political platforms are as alluring to the voter as the story of the rainbow with its pot of gold and their consumption about as far-fetched. Self-gain is the first law in politics. There are many men in office today who, if they could not shake plums off the tree of American liberty or cut a melon taken from Uncle Sam's commissary, would have less desire to serve the public.

The country is surfeited with patriots, who will bare their breast to bullets in defense of their country, but there are few men in public life who will bare their breast to voters or run the gauntlet of party disfavor in defense of agriculture or industry. No representative of the people, who will permit personal prejudice to de throne justice, party success to disfranchise reason or the rancor of a political campaign to influence judgment can render capable service.

The preservation of our prosperity depends upon wisdom, courage and honesty in government, and the American voter should seek these attributes as implicitly as the Wise Men followed the Star of Bethlehem and they will often be found to rest over the stable; the plow or the staff of the Shepherd. The surest cure for tainted politics and machine rule is fresh air and sunshine and these important elements are most abundant upon the farm, and when farmers, bankers and merchants are elected to membership in legislative bodies, much of the trouble in government will disappear.

Gasoline and auto oils always on hand and for sale at unbeatable prices, at the Darling & Hodges stable. Gasoline street pump, prompt, efficient service.

Butter paper, printed in accordance with the law, for sale on order at The News office.

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There isn't much entertainment in using flour but there is a lot of satisfaction in knowing that when you are making bread from CROWN that you are using the best flour on the market, and the Comus Theater will furnish you the entertainment.

From now on until June 5th we will give Free

with each sack of Crown flour, one 15c ticket, which will admit you to the big show at the Comus Theater, Saturday evening, June 5th.

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