

Ashland Daily Tidings

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AUGUST 28 THE BEST GIFT:—Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.—Acts 3:6.

DAN CASEY'S HANGING

Dan Casey's life paid for the killing of "Buck" Phillips, carrying out the age-old law of "an eye for an eye, a life for a life." Casey's execution was carried out after an urgent appeal from hundreds for a commutation of his death sentence to that of life imprisonment. Governor Pierce gave many hours to the consideration of the proceedings of Casey's trial and to the appeals of those who would have saved his life. The failure of the Governor to act in the dead man's behalf was due to his respect for the laws of the State of Oregon. By a substantial majority the people of Oregon voted to restore capital punishment. Casey was convicted of murder in the first degree the penalty for which is death. In allowing Casey to go to the gallows, Governor Pierce carried out the mandates of the people of Oregon.

The Casey incident is significant in the fact that hundreds of letters and appeals were directed to the Governor in the hopes of saving Casey's life, and although it is not possible to prove it, it is not far from the truth to say that of the hundreds who acted to save Casey from death and the disgrace of the hangman's noose, not a few voted to restore capital punishment. They voted to hang men, yet with a man doomed to die and within hours of the fatal moment they forget the vote that gave the law authority to take life and hurried to his rescue. The incident is only another illustration of people not voting their honest convictions. It is not the purpose of this article to argue either for or against capital punishment, but if the voters of Oregon expect death condemned men to escape the gallows they will do well to resort to the ballot and not insist on the governor overruling the verdicts of juries and the vote of a majority of the people.

APPLE SELLINGS PROFITS

Apples grown on the Pacific Northwest coast last season sold in New York City for from 10 to 15 cents each. A student of economics followed up these apples and found that the apple growers received one cent each for them and the railroad received one cent and a half a pound for hauling the fruit from Oregon to New York City. Let us suppose that these apples ran 100 to the box, which is an extra big size. In trade apples run from about 72 to 163 to the box, the trade usually preferring size 125 to 150. For the purpose of this calculation, we will take a big apple. The grower, therefore, got a dollar for his 50-pound box of apples, and the railroad got 75 cents a box for hauling it. The truckman who hauled it from the team track in New York City to the warehouse of the wholesaler in the same city got 75 cents a box, the same as the road got for hauling it 3000 miles. This big apple cost about 2 1/2 cents laid down in the warehouse of the wholesaler. Somewhere between him and the consumer the other 7 1/2 to 12 1/2 cents was tacked on to the price. If these big, fine apples had been laid down free in the warehouse of the New York wholesaler, they would probably have cost the consumer 10 to 15 cents each just the same. The little matter of 2 1/2 cents is a mere bagatelle with the fruit stand man. He prices his wares at what the trade will stand for. The most of his trade is

sold to the eye of the passer-by who lives mostly from a paper bag and a pint can. If the change is in his pocket it goes just as readily for a 10 cent apple as for a 5 cent one. He will have another dime tomorrow.

What happens to apples in New York City happens in Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver, San Francisco and elsewhere. Not growing nor hauling apples, but selling apples is the money making end of the apple industry.

Millions of city people buy their apples by ones, twos or, at most, by the paper bagful. These and those who can buy more should be enabled to get what they want at a fair price. If they could get their fruit at half the price they now pay the fruit stands, there would be a much larger consumption of apples, and for this reason alone a better demand and a better price at the orchard.

But the grower should take this matter into his own hands. He can put up his fruit in smaller packages for little buyers. The raisin growers made a 5 cent package that sold by the tens of millions and at a profit to the grower. A dozen big apples in a box, ten pounds in a box, a half standard weight box—all these should bring a larger demand, and apples thus packed should be sold direct to consumers by a growers' organization through stations established in all the larger cities and towns.

This is by no means a simple problem which the growers face. It is not at all sure that the fruit stand man who sells apples at 15 cents is becoming rich. These are problems of good merchandising and good management not easy to solve. Still the grower must increasingly work to control his own distribution and market. The spread between the grower's price and the retail price indicates an opportunity for the grower.—Evening Portland Telegram.

BUT FEW REMAIN

Not many years ago, when members of different political parties were about as friendly toward each other as a resident of the Rhineland is with a French soldier, it was common for newspaper editors to heap all the abuse and personal insults at the command of their pens upon the editors of opposing political faith. Especially was that true with respect to editors of the same and neighboring towns. The incessant fight was not limited to politics, however, but branched out into skirmishes between neighboring towns and communities. It was not uncommon for the editorial writers of that age to go well loaded, and the bulging hip pocket often indicated that a gun was ready for instant use.

Time has wrought a great change of the former condition. In this age, newspaper men are fellow men, exhibiting interest in the profession as a whole and are ever alert to lend assistance of a professional nature. Imbued with a broader spirit, the newspaper man of today, looks beyond the question of politics and beyond that of sectionalism. He is interested mostly in the development not only of his own community, but of his county and his state. Instead of being on the alert for an excuse to shoot cutting remarks at those of different political faith and of communities other than his own, he is ever ready to advise, to help and to sacrifice. There are a few of the old school remaining, but thank Providence they are few, and those remaining will soon pass on, either through old age, or be trampled under by the hordes who believe in good fellowship and who are joined with a common desire in moral and material development.

The newspaper man, or publishers of so-called magazines, who still resort to the dirty, underhanded principles of attacking towns and communities is held in just as much respect as the average man holds for a rattlesnake. He is a sore not only to the community that he attacks, but he is a rotten spot in the community where he resides. They deserve more of sympathy than of censure. They have fallen behind the ranks of the modern, progressive newspaper men, who believe in fairness in dealing with other communities.

Those of the human race detest the leech that obtains sustenance only through sapping the strength of that on which its sucking tentacles become fastened. There are leeches in the humanly family, who exist through the same methods. They take all from their town and give nothing in return. The only difference is that possibly the former is of slightly lower animal organism than the latter.

Many newspapers of the state are coming to the rescue of August. Why not? It is a month affords the majority greater pleasures than any other of the year. It is a month of picnicing, fishing, boating, swimming, hunting, and of many other outdoor pleasures.

A look at some of the heriesses won by needy bachelors proves that brave men still live.

A canoe in foolish hands is the nation's greatest tipping evil.

Daily News Letter

PARIS, Aug. 28.—Mimi Pinson and all her sister midinettes will have a holiday in winter or summer if the plans for taking over a large hotel at San Salvador can be realized. A vast property, near Hyeres, taken over from Sister Candide ten years after her trial, has, up to the present moment, been turned to little use. One corner has been converted into a children's hospital, and it is now proposed to make the remaining part a holiday hotel for the little midinettes of Paris. Here they will find rooms for not more than five francs a day. In winter they can take the sun cure in this charming spot and in summer revel in sea baths and the blue Mediterranean.

One lone American is on the list of 3,217 foreigners who became naturalized French citizens during this last year. Of this number there are 1,069 Italians, 982 Belgians, 179 Russians, 184 Spaniards, 102 Turks, 66 Poles and 23 British. The statistics just published show a remarkable increase over those of recent years and include 143 Germans, of whom 114 fought in the French army during the war.

Open-air school is a necessity in a little village of the department of Drome which is built on the summit of a high hill and counts no more than 10 houses, a few stables, 14 voters and several hundred sheep in all. In winter bad weather renders the roads impassable and the few children there are find it impossible to descend into the valley for school. Summertime finds them too busy tending the sheep and, as a consequence, their education is neglected. Authorities, recently looking into the matter, have decided to send a schoolmistress up the hill as soon as fine weather begins in May, who will teach the little shepherds and shepherdesses while they tend their flocks.

The celebrated cook-stove of the French Bluebeard, Landru, is having almost as checked a career as its former owner. Taken to Italy soon after the execution, its present possessor was prohibited from putting the much-talked of object upon exhibition. He transferred it to Marseille, where it was kept in a little tent for curious onlookers. Night prowlers recently got into the tent and would have carried off the stove if the police had not surprised them in their work.

The little "bateaux-mouches," the fly-boats which ply up and down the Seine River at Paris, are not making their expenses. Repainted, entirely renovated, furnished with much more rapid machines and having just doubled their pre-war staff, they have not been able to regain their old-time popularity. At certain hours of the day many of the graceful little boats move along with only the conductor on board. It is difficult to put one's finger on the exact trouble, but it undoubtedly lies in the fact that the boats do not lead to the large centres of work. One cannot complain of high prices. Before the war, one could cross Paris by boat for two sous, today it costs 25 centimes, which means that it has just more than doubled. This is the cheapest method of communication in the French capital today and certainly the most agreeable, but unfortunately the river does not flow through the main boulevards.

"I was put out in the 'semi-finals,'" dictated a client of a large American banking house in Paris to a pretty French stenographer. He was writing to a friend about a recent golf competition, but evidently Mademoiselle's knowledge of the game was a bit limited, for what the recipient of the letter read was: "Just pulled out of my summer flannels."

Faded flowers cover the tomb of the Divine Sarah, buried just four months ago, and the family lot of the Bernhards has a pathetic look of abandonment. These apparent signs of forgetfulness have stirred one of the great actresses' admirers, a native of Holland, to urge the foundation of a special fund in order that the tomb shall never lack fresh flowers. "Every time I come to Paris," she writes in "Comodia," "I make a pious pilgrimage to the tomb of the illustrious Frenchwoman. It seems to me incredible that the last resting place of the great Sarah should ever be bare of flowers. I am ready to offer 100 francs yearly for this purpose, and I am certain that any number of loyal Frenchmen will follow my example. Be generous to her who said: 'I make to the living promises which I can keep only to the dead.'"

Springfield—Extensive improvements made at Booth-Kelly saw mill.

SOCIETY

MRS. GRACE E. ANDREWS, Editor Phone items to her at 345-R, between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. and evenings.

Union Services—The Union services as announced were held at the Christian church Sunday evening, Rev. E. P. Randall, representative of the American Sunday school union, as the speaker of the evening. Owing to fortuitous circumstances Mr. Randall was detained past the opening hour, which was occupied by a song service led by the choir.

The Rev. Mr. Koehler led in prayer and Rev. Mr. Chaney read the scripture, introductory to the evening's theme. Mr. Randall gave a brief outline of the work of the Sunday school union, which body he represents. The organization is 106 years old. Its headquarters are in Philadelphia. There are 219 Sunday school missionaries in the field, and their objects are to plant Sunday schools in the otherwise unoccupied districts; every child in the rural districts in Sunday school and a Bible in every home.

The work of these missionaries is to visit homes, hold meetings, and organize Sunday schools. There are thousands of them in Jackson and the other counties that Mr. Randall has as his territory. There is much to be done right here in Jackson county, since the number of rural schools have dropped from thirty to a very few at the present time.

The past year there has been organized under the Union, 1145 Sunday schools and 47 churches of various denominations; over 5000 conversions and thousands of Bibles and Testaments distributed. Mr. Randall brings a very earnest enthusiasm to his work and from the interest manifest in the briefly sketched work that has been, and is yet to be accomplished, he will have the hearty support of those who are alive to the situation, as it is in our country.

Mr. Randall's headquarters are in Medford and he expects to remain there for some time. Yesterday there was a group meeting at Williams Creek conducted by Mr. Randall. It was an all-day gathering and there were a goodly number present. Sunday school was conducted in the morning and a wonderful dinner under the trees at noon.

There were a number of speakers on the program. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Howell, pastor of the Christian church at Medford, spoke, most convincingly, on the "Need of Bible Study" and Rev. Mr. Koehler of Ashland on "The Authority of the Word."

There were a number of from Ashland. From this group meeting, the speaker, Mr. Randall, came to Ashland in the evening to make the address at the Union services. An Interesting Trip—Rev. and Mrs. Chaney and children have just returned from a most enjoyable vacation. They spent a week at Diamond Lake, that most popular resort; then motored on to Spring Creek, a most delightful retreat where they stayed a little time.

Klamath Falls claimed a share of their holiday. They visited their friends there, before returning to Ashland the last of the week. Guests at Gilmore's—Mrs. Frank D. Black and son Harold, have returned to Seattle, their home, after motoring down to pay a visit to Mrs. Black's parents, Prof. and Mrs. Henry George Gilmore at Elderlea. Mrs. Black, as many are aware, is a musician of note and a well-known composer.

She has written a great many most beautiful things. During her visit, Dr. Mattie Shaw entertained very delightfully Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore and their guests Mrs. F. D. Black and her son, Mr. Harold Black, at an evening party. Mrs. Black added much to the pleasure of the guests by playing many of her own beautiful compositions.

Go to Crater Lake—A party composed of Miss Bernice Meyer, Miss Hattie Hodges, Mrs. Ruth Wallace, and Mr. Clark of Medford had a most delightful trip to Crater Lake this last week end.

Aside from the enjoyment in the visit to the Lake, the party visited friends at Prospect. They returned Sunday evening to Ashland. Goes to Klamath Falls—Mrs. O. A. Stearns, who has been entertaining Mrs. E. W. Agger, her daughter, and children of Klamath Falls, for the past fortnight, expects to return with her to her home to spend perhaps a couple of weeks there, visiting relatives and her many friends in Klamath Falls and vicinity.

Spallier wrote and Mr. Spallier painted many beautiful bits of the Canyon. They made many friends here who will be glad to know that they are not forgotten. The Spalliers often long to spend a holiday time amid Ashland's beauty and renew acquaintanceships formed when they were here.

Mrs. Storm Entertains—Friday afternoon, Mrs. B. F. Storm, as hostess, entertained a group of congenial friends at cards for Miss Mae Horgan of Oakland, who is a guest in the P. S. Provost home. The rooms were bright with "Golden Glow" and the merry hum of happy voices indicated the thorough enjoyment of the guests.

Two tables of Five Hundred were played; Mrs. Domino Provost attained the first honors and to Mrs. Frank Dean was awarded the consolation. Dainty refreshments added a final touch to the hostess' gracious hospitality.

Those present of greet Miss Horgan were: Mesdames Domino Provost, L. Hilly, Karl Nims, Frank Dean, J. M. Hughes, Miss Horgan's hostess, Mrs. P. S. Provost and the hostess of the afternoon, Mrs. B. F. Storm. Miss Clapp Entertains—One of the loveliest parties of the summer was given at Memorial Hall Friday of last week, with Miss Velma Clapp as hostess. Miss Hilda Hayden was the inspiration for the delightful affair. It was in the nature of a "farewell" for Miss Hayden, who, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, are leaving very shortly for their home in Martins, California.

This most enjoyable of evenings was chaperoned by the Mesdames Hall, Ferren, Hayden, Crowson, Hughes, and Clapp. Memorial Hall was brilliant in the high school colors, crimson and white, and the high school orchestra furnished the inspiration for flying feet. The evening hours were winged and at a late hour deliciously dainty refreshments were served the happy guests.

Those who enjoyed the hospitality of the young hostess, Miss Clapp, were: the one in whose honor given, Miss Hilda Hayden, and the Misses Cecile Cook, Ruth Million, Mildred Ferren, Bronaugh Hughes, Louise Ruger, Delphine Sackett, Pearl Wardle, Genevieve Hensley, Gertrude Brown, Dorothy Hall and Thelma Herr. The Messrs, George Francis Barron, Robert Redwine, Fred Merrett, William Brown, Hal La Claire, Richard Crowson, Billy Heith, Glenn Sabric, Johnny Ralger, Ward Jennings, Harold Brullier and Paul McCarthy, Jimmy Riley and Orville Hall were unable to be present.

The Haydens have made many friends during their summer here who will regret their going very much and hope that they will come to southern Oregon very frequently. And so it goes, while here in the United States there is a telephone in almost every home and it is connected with every other phone in the United States.

McCoy's Return—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCoy and daughters, Margaret and Frances returned from a most restful and happy outing, Saturday afternoon. They spent perhaps a week of the vacation at Red Bluff, about two miles above Prospect. This was a wonderfully pleasant place to camp and not so well known as some of the other places along the Crater Lake highway.

From Red Bluff, they went to Crater Lake where they established headquarters for the remainder of the vacation period. A reminder of Kansas experiences, in the guise of a hail storm, added a touch of interest, and occasioned considerable excitement while it lasted. The stones came with sufficient force to go through a number of the car tops and this party was kept busy fending them from the tent. Altogether this trip afforded considerable variety in experience and was a delightful change from the usual home happenings.

fresh FROM THE FACTORY Tuxedo TOBACCO Now 15¢ ROLL YOUR OWN WITH RIZ LA CROIX PAPER ATTACHED

FALL OFF TRESTLE FATAL TO BRAKEMAN

McMINNVILLE, Ore., Aug. 26.—Harold H. Lainpart, 28 brakeman on northbound Southern Pacific train at Amity, lost his life Wednesday night by stepping off a high trestle as he went to flag the freight train at the rear. His absence was discovered at the next station and search was instituted. He was not found until the following afternoon, when Engineer Sweeney of the passenger train spied the body under the bridge as the train passed over the span. The body will be sent to Goldendale, Wash. for burial.

SUFFERED WITH BACK, RECOVERED

"I had a long spell of Typhoid fever which spayed havoc with my kidneys and I suffered a good deal with my back, lower abdomen and bladder. I went on in this condition until I used Foley Kidney Pills. I have never been bothered with my kidneys since," writes Mrs. W. T. Clary, White Plains, Va. For quick relief from backache, dull headache, rheumatic pains and kidney and bladder trouble use Foley Kidney Pills. Sold everywhere.

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