

AN EXCITING CONTEST

O. H. Barnhill Describes a Recent Basketball Game at the High School.

I have been asked to give my impressions of the Ashland-Yreka basketball game, not because I know anything about this athletic exercise, but because the way it impressed a tyro might be interesting.

All work and no play makes Jack a good clerk, but why saw wood when you can saw the air? Why punch tickets and cows when heads are waiting to be punched?

This game of basketball is quite different from what its name had led me to expect. The players do not carry the ball around in a basket, but endeavor to throw it through rings, one of which is fixed at either end of the ball.

Another surprising thing about basketball is that special uniforms are worn by the players. At the high school where the writer absorbed knowledge—it was just an ordinary school located high up on a hill—the pupils never thought of changing clothes in order to play games—not even hooky.

These basketball suits deserve more than passing notice and should be of particular interest to dress reformers. Those worn by the girls do not require tight lacing, being designed to put corset-makers out of business.

The feminine basketball costume somewhat resembles Turkish trousers, being inclined to bag at the knees like the bathing suits worn by society queens at Palm Beach the past season.

When the masculine players emerged from their dressing room I at first thought they had absent-mindedly forgotten to don their outer garments. As I realized that their garb of abbreviated underwear was the regulation basketball suit I blushed for my sex and endeavored to hide behind a large iron pillar near which I was sitting.

Such economy of clothes may be all right in warm countries, but I could not help feeling sorry that our boys were forced to appear in such scanty garb in the dead of winter, with the ice frozen ten inches thick at the plant on Water street and nine feet of snow in the mountains.

Basketball is something like football, with the prize-fighting features of the latter game eliminated. When two players get hold of the ball the umpire blows a whistle, whereupon they are forced to break away.

is permitted to pitch the ball from position. Pulling hair, whether it be false, ratted or real, is considered a foul, and so is kicking shins, swatting another player in the eye or dealing him a solar plexus blow.

The boys' game was a veritable slaughter of the innocents, the home team representing the meat men and the visitors the victims. It seemed like taking candy from a baby, so easily was the victory won. The girls' game was somewhat different, the teams being pretty evenly matched.

The Ashland boys were a husky lot, averaging six feet in height and 150 pounds in weight. By getting up on his toes the star player could almost reach the basket, which enabled him to put the ball through the ring like a cat playing with a mouse.

The rooting of the fans, the high school yells and other sounds which emanated from the onlookers at first seemed rather superfluous. However, as I became interested in the game I got to making so much noise that I didn't notice the racket the rest were producing.

As our boys warmed up to the game and began to play ball in dead earnest most everybody stood up and laughed and hollered to beat the band. In order to obtain a better view of the contest, which grew more and more exciting, I climbed the cast-iron pillar, gracefully twining my limbs around the classic column.

Has Narrow Escape. Mail Tribune: A valuable horse was lost and William Walters, 16, had a very narrow escape from drowning when he attempted to ford Rogue river a short distance below Gold Ray Sunday afternoon.

The accident was witnessed by Leon Field of this city, who assisted Walters ashore. The horse was washed down stream several hundred yards. Walters resides in the Sams valley district.

Australia is irrigating more than 2,000,000 acres of grazing lands with artesian wells.

STORIES OF SHERIDAN.

The Great Writer Had a Hard Time Dodging His Creditors. Like many a brilliant man before and since his time, Richard Brinsley Sheridan had a habit of resting on his oars a bit too long when he thought himself tired.

Benjamin Robert Hayden, who was himself woefully addicted to the same bad habit, tells with evident glee two stories of his fellow sufferer. A butcher one day brought a leg of mutton to Sheridan's house.

But the laugh was not always on Sheridan. A creditor whom he had successfully avoided for some time came plump upon him as he emerged from Pall Mall. There was no possibility of dodging, but Sheridan did not lose his presence of mind.

The creditor was pleased—even flattered. He told Sheridan he should see and immediately urged the mare to do her prettiest. But long before the animal's best pace was reached, Sheridan had turned again into Pall Mall and was lost in the crowd.—Exchange.

NEATNESS IN ATTIRE.

It Not Only Impresses Others, but is a Factor in Self Respect.

The fixed habit of presenting always a neat and cleanly appearance to the world is sure of a double reward. It not only creates a favorable impression, but begets a sustaining self respect. It is scarcely reasonable of a man who does not respect himself to look for much consideration from others.

Style in writing, as defined by the fastidious Chesterfield, is the dress of thoughts, so the true style of the average man may be correctly surmised from the care he takes of his personal appearance. He needs not be finicky, but should always be free of grease spots and dust.

A One Time Literary Mystery. In the Newry Telegraph, an Ulster (Ireland) tri-weekly, on April 19, 1817, under the simple head of "Poetry" appeared what Byron called "the most perfect ode in the language"—"The Burial of Sir John Moore." Byron or Campbell or any of the others to whom this poem was variously ascribed would doubtless have been proud to claim it.

By breaking open rotten logs one can find in midwinter the grubs or larvae of many of the wood boring beetles, and beneath logs and stones near the margins of ponds and brooks hordes of the maggots or larvae of certain kinds of flies may often be found buddled together in great masses.

The Perverse Sex. "I thought you had such a good mind coming?" "I did. But when she called up on the phone my husband answered her."

Turn About. "The doctor made me show him my tongue, and it cost me \$2, but I got even." "How?"

Permanent. Maud—Are you engaged to Jack for good? Ethel—It looks that way. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me.—Boston Transcript.

LADY MARY'S DIET.

It Was Entirely Too Dainty to Suit Her Italian Doctor. That recipe of the tallest Scotsman in London—two meals a day and live forever—would not have appealed to the Englishman of the eighteenth century nor yet to the man who lived abroad.

Even then the day was not done. Lady Mary goes on: "At 5 in the afternoon I take another dose of asses' milk and for supper twelve chestnuts, one new laid egg and a handsome porringer of white milk."

The eighteenth century Italian was not so easily satisfied. The parish doctor marveled how Lady Mary managed to survive with such a flinching appetite.—London Chronicle.

THE COUNTRY LAWYER.

A Legal View of Him as the Slave of His Clients.

"A professional baseball player in part bases his claim for a large compensation upon the theory that in accepting service he surrenders in a great measure his liberty and becomes the property of his employer," writes Almond G. Shepard in "Case and Comment."

"If this was the basis of compensation for the lawyer in the rural districts he would speedily become a millionaire. For he is the property not only of one individual, but frequently of a whole community, and the greater his success, the wider his reputation, the more abject is his slavery.

Gallant Unto Death. When Sir Ralph Abercromby was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir he was carried on a litter on board the Fondroyant. To ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head. He asked what it was.

Black Opals. Black opals seem almost misnomers, for while some of the stones are actually black and all of them have a dark body or underground they are really wonderful, fascinating, changing masses of color.

A Rare Film. "Madam, I understand that your daughter helps you daily with your housework." "It is true."

The Helpful Man. Any man who, by sound thinking and hard work, develops and carries on a productive industry and by his good judgment makes that industry both profitable and stable confers an immense benefit on society.—Charles W. Elliot.

He Told Her. She—I wish I knew how I could make you extremely happy, dear Karl. He—Well, write to your father and ask him to double your dowry.—Megendorfer Blatter.

An Old Joke Retold. Friend—The public will miss you now you have left the stage. Actor—That's why I left. I dislike being hit.—London Standard.

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