



Marguerite Clark in "Still Waters" at the Vining, Tuesday, March 14.

In the Social Realm

Eleven O'clock Club.

The Eleven O'clock Club will hold another of their bi-weekly dances at Memorial hall tonight.

"Only Girl" Good.

A good sized delegation of Ashlanders attended the musical comedy, "The Only Girl," at Medford Friday night and report a bright and interesting show.

Civic Club.

The regular meeting of the Civic Improvement Club will be held next Tuesday afternoon at the city library at 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. Briscoe will lead and the topic will be "Compulsory Education."

Dance.

About twenty-five young people of the high school enjoyed an hour and a half of dancing at Memorial hall following the basketball game Saturday night. "Pepful" music and a general feeling of hilarity over the basketball victories lent a great deal to the jollity of the "stepping party."

Christian Church.

Bible school each Sunday at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 11 o'clock. Junior Endeavor in class room during morning service. Senior Endeavor at 6:30. Preaching at 7:30. William Vallandigham, minister. Choir practice each Thursday night at 7:30. Visitors gladly welcomed to each service.

Surprise Party.

At the Bushnell home on Garfield street last Tuesday evening a surprise party was given Misses Bess York and Norma Smith. It was a real surprise to the girls, and games, lunch and a good time were features of the evening. Those present were as follows: Neil Larson, Orvil Tarsbell, LaVerne Buck, Oliver Morton, Helen Eske, Bob Willet, Clyde Wade, Verl Rigby, Myrtle DeCarlow, Marie Holmes, Hazel Wright, Aubrey Reddifer, Bess York, Norma Smith, Chester, Lydia, Calvin and Brittelle Bushnell and Neil Peachey.

Lodge Directory.

The Ashland Masonic bodies have just issued their annual lodge directory. It is a thirty-two-page booklet containing the official roster of the Blue Lodge, Chapter, Commandery, Shrine and Eastern Star memberships, together with schedules relating to meetings and general information concerning the local and state jurisdictions of the order. The booklet was printed in the shop of the Ashland Printing Company.

Nazarene Missionary Meeting.

The meeting was led by the pastor, Mr. Langdon, at the Nazarene church on Thursday. The following program was rendered: "Enlarged Missionary Ideas," Mrs. Warren; "Who Chose the Best," Mrs. Yeo; "Investments," Mrs. Burnett; "How Much Shall I Give to Missions?" Mrs. Harris; "Do Missions Pay?" Mrs. Peffley; "Dollars for Self and Cents for Christ," Mrs. Fraley.

Lent.

Last Wednesday was Ash Wednesday and the beginning of the forty days of the Lenten period preceding Easter, which comes on April 23 this year. This is about the latest date that Easter can come. All faithful observers of the Lenten period forego some phase of social life or some frivolity, and as a result the social columns of the papers are a little slimmer this month than is usual.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Upon returning home from Medford Saturday evening Mr. B. C. Tabor of 459 Morton street met with a very enjoyable surprise in finding his house filled with a number of his church people and friends, who had come to celebrate his 66th birthday. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all, and just before refreshments were served, Mr. Tabor was blindfolded and some usual and unusual stunts pulled off before he was invited to be seated. The blind being removed, he found himself in a very nice oak upholstered chair, the gift of those present. His surprise was manifest

and his appreciation shown by a very modest little speech.

Siskiyou Social Circle.

The Siskiyou Social Circle will meet at the Congregational manse Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. Mrs. Farquhar, Mrs. Rand, Mrs. Hoag and Mrs. Harrison are hostesses. All members are requested to be present and a very cordial invitation is extended to strangers.

Break Training.

The girls' and boys' basketball squads of the high school celebrated victory over Medford and "broke training" in a grand, glorious "round of pleasure" at the Chappell home Saturday evening after the basketball game. Dancing, games and a general good time lasted until a late hour and great quantities of eatables, which have been on the prohibited list for the players for the past three months, were devoured.

Upper Granite Club.

The Upper Granite Street Embroidery Club met Friday afternoon, March 10, with Mrs. Routledge, on Nutley street. It is to be regretted that so many were unable to be present as the discussions on William Dean Howells were exceedingly entertaining and instructive. Mrs. Whittle presented the character sketch of the author and Mrs. Holly extracts from his works. Delicious refreshments closed an unusually profitable afternoon.

Entertain at Cards.

The Misses Rose and Lillian Patterson entertained with cards at their home on North Main street Friday evening. The color scheme of violet and pink was carried out in the decorations and dainty refreshments were served. The invited guests: Mesdames Ella Mills, Gertie Barclay, Elsie Churchman, Will Mitchell, J. N. Hindman, O. A. Paulserud, Genevieve Tiffany and Waldo Klum; Misses Lydia McCall, Bessie Dunham and Emma Joeretz.

Impersonator Pleases.

The last number on the Lyceum lecture course at the I. E. church Tuesday night was very fine. The impersonator gave a reading from each of the following authors: Victor Hugo, Bill Nye, Edgar Allan Poe, Mark Twain and Longfellow. During the reading he brought to our vision by artificial means a living likeness of the author he quoted until even the children recognized Longfellow before his name was mentioned.

Stork Shower.

Mrs. Clifford Jenkins entertained a number of friends last Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Fred Dodge. The color scheme was pink, blue and white and the tables were artistically and uniquely decorated. A dainty luncheon was served and a pleasant evening spent. Those present were: Mesdames George Gillette, Carl Murphy, Murray Murphy, C. W. Dunn, P. C. Garrett, Carl Harris, T. W. Sanford, Will Dodge, Charles Christensen, Fred Dodge and Clifford Jenkins; Misses Clayre Johnson, Emma Jenkins, Marian Huntley, Pearl Wilshire and Mayne Grainger.

Ladies, Attention.

Bring your last year's suit to us. We will make it over in an up-to-date style.

11 PAULSERUD & BARRETT.

Before buying tires elsewhere call and see the U. S. tire. Murphy Motor Car Co.

VINING

TUES. Only
March 14th

Marguerite Clark

'Still Waters' A part especially suited to her

Next WED. and THURS. March 15-16

Triangle Presents

Wm. S. Hart in the 'Disciple'

A big Western play you will enjoy. Also a Keystone comedy which is a knockout,

"SAVED BY WIRELESS"

ADDED ATTRACTION—Illustrated Song Slide
Vocal selection by Carl Loveland.

Admission 10-15c

Eastern Star.

The Eastern Star ladies will organize a fancy work club Tuesday afternoon at the lodge rooms. A pleasant social time is promised.

Pythian Sisters.

The Pythian Sisters and their invited guests enjoyed a pleasant social evening at I. O. O. F. hall Friday. Guessing games, progressive 500 and dancing occupied the evening. Dances of every conceivable sort, including square dances, round dances and oblong dances, were participated in by all who could dance and many who never attempted dancing before.

Auxiliary Club Will Move.

Within the next two weeks the Auxiliary Club will move from Ivy Cottage and take over the upper story of Chautauqua hall. The lease on the cottage expires this month and satisfactory arrangements were made with the Chautauqua people. The hall and rooms in the upper story of the building will be refitted and decorated and turned into a home-like club house by the club ladies. Heretofore all classes, such as the choral club and gymnasium class, have been forced to hire a hall, and the new building will be spacious enough to give plenty of room for all activities.

Elder B. C. Tabor of the Seventh Day Adventist church has been manifesting unusual activities both here and in Medford, opposing what is known as the Fitzgerald bill, now pending a hearing in congress; which bill provides that the power over the press be removed from the courts and placed in the hands of the postmaster-general, thus giving this one man the absolute censorship of the press, with no recourse to court proceedings, and virtually establishing a sectarian censorship of the press. This bill, if passed, would strike a direct blow at one of the most cherished principles of freedom, trial by jury. As a result of his labors many hundred signatures have been obtained on the petition opposing this measure.

At Bellevue.

Superintendent Briscoe spoke at the Bellevue school house Thursday night, at a Parent-Teacher meeting. The gentlemen of the district furnished the entertainment which consisted of a harmonica and piano duet by Messrs. Hunter and Gray, several songs by the male quartet, and a humorous reading by Mr. Hunter. Refreshments were cooked and served by the gentlemen, who were attired in dainty little tea aprons and bewitching caps, excepting one, presumably the chef, who was attired in a bun-galow apron and cap to match. Prizes were awarded for the best biscuits. Professor Buchanan receiving first and Charles Moore second. However, they were all so good that the three ladies who acted as judges had the hardest time of their lives deciding which were really the best. All pronounced this one of the pleasantest gatherings of the club and one long to be remembered.

W. G. Bell, a Southern Pacific brakeman running out of Roseburg and well known in Ashland, sustained serious injuries late Friday afternoon when struck by an automobile driven by Jess Hicks of Roseburg. He suffered several sprains and bruises which will keep him from work for several days.

The Springs Of Inspiration

(By Leonard Hinton.)

On the way back to town I was rather silent. I was listening to the facts, the romantic facts which comprise the history of Ashland's greatest commercial asset, her mineral water. The longer I listened the more I became impressed with the splendid foresight which has actuated the development of these priceless resources, that has conceived and executed the project of bringing the wonderful waters of the springs into the heart of the city of Ashland.

When I found myself again on the curbing of Main street my mind was full of queer, disjointed conjectures which I felt demanded my immediate attention. I am afraid I voiced my thanks to the courteous companion of the drive rather absently. Another moment found me alone, hurrying toward the entrance to the City and Chautauqua parks. And this time I prowled about in earnest. I begged conversation and paper drinking cups of everyone in sight. I drank lithia and soda from the fountains with the crowd, then, spurred to original research, went exploring. And I found a grotto cut in the granite of the hillside, from the mouth of which a stream of water ran in a channel of chipped rock and sank mysteriously from sight within ten feet of the entrance. Armed with my trusty cup I boldly entered—the grotto, I mean, not the water. The source of that I found inside, a stream that gushed from the side of the wall. A cautious taste told the story. I had discovered sulphur water. When I realized that it was quite different from all the other water in the park, I experienced all the emotion of a woman who finishes a day's campaign in the bargain trenches and emerges triumphant, her arms filled with seventeen-cent embroidery, three-for-a-dime mousetraps, and a new set of blonde hair effects. No two packages are alike, and the thought of each one brings its own distinctive thrill of pleasure.

But of a sudden I grew pensive. Considering everything, one might have expected worse. I had taken unto my bosom, or rather into it, with the reckless and impartial enthusiasm of youth, carbon dioxide, lithium chloride, sodium something-or-other, and sulphur something-else, to say nothing of a few more or less complex compounds with whom I hardly have a bowing acquaintance. Yet, as I said, I was only pensive.

To tell the truth, my condition of mind was in no way a reflex of the physical. My Department of the Interior is much better at chemistry than I, and since the memorable occasion when I outlived a combination of vinegar, vanilla and bay rum, which I had evolved in the hope of creating a new cocktail, I have given such matters little consideration.

But now there rose before the mind's eye pictures of other cities, bailed far and wide as great watering places, where crowds surge from the trains many times a day to drink from fountains of mineral water, fountains which offer not four or five totally different waters of pronounced medicinal value, but one kind only, of indifferent strength, whose nation-wide exploitation has

caught the eye and fancy of the tourist. But here, at Ashland, a jewel city of hills and canyons and tumbling waters, nobody had said Boobah-black-sheep about springs, when a Southern Pacific train threw me upon the unsuspecting community. Why, I might have been a dyspeptic millionaire, and walked up and down the station platform for an hour with agony all over my face, and the faces of whoever had to wait upon me, and no single soul would have led me to those revelations which hid among the trees of Chautauqua Park. Beyond all doubt I should have dragged myself back into a drawing room, and gone on, and died, maybe in Seattle, maybe en route. You can never tell about those things.

Once again I felt the overpowering desire to talk to someone. I saw a clerk, a young clerk, looking soulfully past me through a store window. I nearly burst in upon him with my burden of thought. But quite accidentally I caught and followed the focus of his gaze. She was wearing a changeable blue and plum-colored dress, all fluffy, and shimmery when the sun dappled on it. I walked on. It is wicked to interrupt people at their devotions.

Anyway, I had seen an expressman half a block away. I am sure my eyes must have gazed like an eagle's at the sight of prey. Next to a barber, a transfer man is the best informed of conversationalists, and the most obliging. This one looked a little dubious as I climbed to a seat beside him and asked if I might go with him for a while. A too sensitive person might have inferred from the expression on his face that he considered me—well, quite far gone as it was, if you get my meaning. But I was not to be discouraged with a look. I had business on hand and I proceeded to get to it. "Why," I demanded, after I had paid those respects to the weather without which no worthy conversation can exist, "Why doesn't this place advertise its attractions? I mean those springs."

The man beside me had evidently decided to let me live. I took up but little room and was better to talk to than the horses. Now he regarded me with positive approval.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "That's a question I've been asking people ever since I came here. And for a long time I couldn't figure it. But I finally found out. The plain fact is that people here have been so busy working at a thousand things that can be done, for themselves, that they've never properly realized that the springs development and advertising are things that have got to be done, for the sake of everybody, themselves included. On that question, I would say that people have been asleep."

"But surely they're awake now," I protested. "Look at the development that has already been accomplished."

The expressman smiled grimly. "Yes," he said, "they're awake, all right. But they're still layin' in bed trying to figure out whether to turn over and go back to sleep, or get up and get on the job."

(To be continued.)

Attention, Fishermen.

We are closing out our hip boots. Only a few pairs left and you can have them at cost. \$5.50 cash. Ashland Trading Company.

New Arrivals

Country Club Suits	New Percales	New Dimities
	New Colored Seed Voiles	
	New Verlain Printed Voiles	
Shadow Printed Silks	Kimona Silks	New Piesces
	New Imperial Chambrays	
New Spring Suits Silks	New Curtain Torchon Laces	
	Ladies' New Comfy Spring Vests	
	New Meadowbrook Shirtings	
New Printed Crepes	New Muslin Underwear	
Children's Belts	Crepe de Chene Corset Covers	
Children's Salcen Rompers	Children's Play Overall	
Men's Boss of the Road Overalls and Jumpers		
Men's Jean and Corduroy Pants		

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