

EDITORIALS

Ashland Daily Tidings

FEATURES

Ashland Tidings

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Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second-class Mail Matter.
No power in death shall tear our names apart,
As none in life could read thee from my heart.
—Byron.

Maderia, from present indications will be to former Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary what St. Helena was to Napoleon. The fallen Hapsburg monarch will not be so lonely, however, as the deposed Corsican genius. Maderia is not out of the world, by any means, and the former Empress Zita will share Charles's exile, which should be a sweetening, consoling factor.

Some kind of tax-revision actually put through by congress is better than dallying over revision. Time will develop the merits and demerits of the measure as it was enacted. But the fact that it is enacted will enable business and industry to adjust themselves and to find a basis for operations on a larger scale.

There is no virtue more splendid than loyalty. Loyalty to country, loyalty to family; loyalty to friends, loyalty to good principles—these loyalties are the noblest adornments of human character.

Of the few billions of currency in circulation in this country, who gets the little residue that is left after the baseball players and moving picture stars are paid off?

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM.

The writer has been in four noted American health resorts. They are Hot Springs, Ark., Hot Springs, Mo., Hot Springs, S. D., and Colorado Springs, Colo. All four have large tourist hotels, all four have had their waters commercialized.

To the Mothers of Ashland:
I don't agree the editor of the Tidings to agree with much of what I have to say, but if he believes in an actual square deal, he will pub-

lish what I have to say, nevertheless. The people I am really desirous of addressing are all the mothers in Ashland.

I refer to the recent more-than-usual agitation toward changing our little Ashland town, that at present might be likened to a fresh, innocent girl, into a mature and also blase beauty of a "tourist center." It's curious, to the average observer, who has time to spend a few minutes in the much-neglected business of "thinking," how the hard unintelligence of the modern mind is easily led astray by a wily suggestion. I can think of no other reason than that Ashland (at present) is an essentially religious town, why the general public should fall for Mr. Reed's clever Biblical suggestion, "One thing thou lackest," and its follow-up of commercializing the local beauty of scenery and purity of water that God put there without any thought of making a lot of money out of it.

About six centuries before that quotation about "One thing thou lackest" was written, an old fellow by the name of Aesop wrote a lot of fables—and strange to say, they still make good reading. One of them goes like this: A dog with a piece of meat in his mouth was crossing a stream of water on a narrow plank. It wasn't a very large stream—probably something like Ashland creek—and the water was quiet but deep just below the plank. The dog saw his own reflection in the water, and naturally the reflection of the piece of meat in the water was much larger than the actual, real piece which he had in his mouth. So the dog in his eagerness to grasp the larger, illusive piece of meat, dropped the real piece in the water, where it quickly sank beyond recovery, and so lost both substance and shadow.

Now, it seems to me, Mr. Editor, that that fable applies to me and the several other hundreds of mothers in Ashland who are engaged in the business of raising boys and girls. At present this town can't be beat for a good, clean place to raise a family in. That is its substance. Remember, I'm not talking about making money. I'm talking about the moral and physical atmosphere of the place.

The Women's Civic Improvement club has a motto attached to their salvage tent that reads, "Help make Ashland the best home town in Southern Oregon." Well, let me tell you, you won't be doing that by putting up a big hotel and otherwise making it a "tourist center," and I'll tell you why:
The writer has been in four noted American health resorts. They are Hot Springs, Ark., Hot Springs, Mo., Hot Springs, S. D., and Colorado Springs, Colo. All four have large tourist hotels, all four have had their waters commercialized. True, in all of them the hotels and the local tradespeople were making a fair amount of money—but would

Apologies Accepted



GLIMPING FASCINATIONS OF THE MODERN BLOUSE



Oh, WAD some power the giffle gie us," to find words to convey the glories of the modern blouse. Borrowing the language of an old English chronicle of the early Sixteenth century, we would describe the modern blouse as "Some of cloth, silk, velvet, taffeta and such like. . . . Some short, reaching to the girdlestead or waist, some to the knees. Then they are guarded with velvet guards, or else faced with costly lace, either of gold or silver; some embroidered with pearl." All this, and more is true of the blouse of today.
An ideal fashion has come to pass, that of keeping the skirt and suit coat classically simple, reserving wealth of color, of embellishment, of extraordinary handicraft for the under blouse. Thus the woman of fashion goes demurely on her way, conservative in dress to a degree, to all outward appearance, when en route to matinee, afternoon tea or club. However, arrived at her destination, behold a revolution!

I raise my boys and girls in one of them? Well, hardly, so long as I retained my reason. For besides making money all four of those towns, to my personal knowledge, also had this in common. 1. There was a quiet but persistent form of gambling going on. 2. There was a quiet but persistent selling of liquor going on. 3. There was a quiet but persistent class of immoral women who plied their trade quite successfully. Be it said to our shame, but it is a fact that the wealthy-idle, semi-invalid class of Americans require amusement, and you just bet your life it is some other kind of amusement than looking at old Grizley or strolling in the park, at least before 11 o'clock p. m.
Now, mothers of Ashland, you and

people that the proposed new hotel and sanitarium, "with full privilege of using our unexcelled mineral waters" are trying to attract here, and they've got nerve enough to say ALL the people of Ashland should "come across" and help the bonus. Well, I guess not. Isn't there really ANYTHING left in the world that's worth doing, but making a lot of money? I realize that that's a man game, and from a business standpoint I don't blame them.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

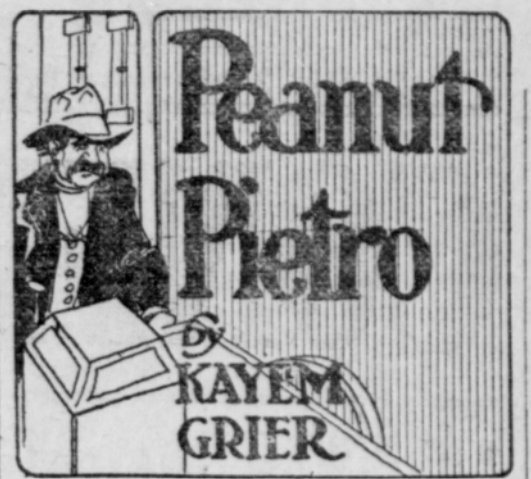
AH DODGED A MAN FUH DE LONGES' T KEEP OUT DOIN' SOME WORK FUH 'IM EN NOW ATTEH AH'S DONE DID DE WORK HE BIN DODGIN' ME!



Pretty Clothes!



The stubbornest woman likes pretty clothes. So Rudolph Valentino discovered Agnes Ayres, star in George H. Melford's Paramount production of the popular novel, "The Sheik." Agnes, didn't like the masterful Sheik at first, but when he gave her pretty Oriental clothes, in addition to using "cave man" methods, she learned to love him.



I GOTTA one frien whosa been play een da band for longa time een da olda country. Lasa week he come to Uniteda State. He say he trow up da job maka da music and now he ees looka for work.

My frien, say he gotta too moocha tough luck maka da leeving dat way. He play do peecaloe een da band and he sure maka swella tune every time. Weeth da music he maka dat bassa drum looka seekk. He tella me one day a king was feela preety good. Da king wanta beega celebrash and he senda for dat band come play een hees house. You know was preety bad een olda country eef you fool da king, so da band learna plenta new music, and veesit dat place.

My frien tella me every body sure maka swella tune for da king. He say da king lika so mooch he wanta geeva every body een da band som-ating. So da king tella one da guys wot worka for heem taka da band out and filla all da instrument weeth money.

And dat was where my frien gotta sore. He say dat beega bassa drum holda too moocha money. Da bassa horn holda plenta money and da feedle and alla dat rest holda plenta cash. But my frien say when eef come hees turn getta paid dat son-of-a-gun of a peecaloe only holda dolla sexxa bits smalla change. Eef I no gotta more luck as dat I queeta my job, too. Wot you tink?



Never try to bear more than one kind of trouble at once. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.

For a nice little cake to serve at tea or with a cup of hot chocolate or cocoa there is nothing more satisfying than:
Date Bars.—Take one cupful each of nuts and sugar, two well-beaten eggs and one cupful of flour with two level tablespoofuls of the flour removed. Add one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, the same of cinnamon and one cupful of dates which have been washed, dried, stoned and quartered. Mix all together and bake in two small dripping pans or square cake tins. Dust the tins after greasing well with flour, spread the mixture evenly over the tins and bake in a slow oven twenty-five minutes.

Baked Ham.—Parboil a thick slice of ham from the center of the ham, place in a deep dish or in a fireless cooker dish, cover with one-half cupful of brown sugar mixed with one teaspoonful of mustard and pour around it milk enough to cover the sides of the ham. Bake in a moderate oven for an hour or in the cooker for four or five hours.

Round Steak Birds.—Cut strips of round steak, flatten by pounding until quite thin. Place upon each strip a slice of bacon, a slice of pickle and a slice of onion. Roll up and tie with a string. Dust with salted and peppered flour and brown in a little hot fat. Simmer until tender, never allowing the meat to boil. Serve with the gravy poured around the rolls, after removing the string.

Cream Prune Pie.—Put through a sieve a cupful of stewed prunes, add a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of cornstarch, a third of a cupful of sugar, the yolks of two eggs well beaten, a pinch of salt, mix well and pour into a pastry-lined pie plate. Cover with a meringue and bake all together or cook the filling, bake the crust and cover with a meringue and brown in the oven.

Graham Bread.—Take two cupfuls of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, three cupfuls of graham flour, two-thirds of a cupful of brown sugar, a pinch of salt. Mix all together and bake in a slow oven one hour.

Parisians Pet Carved Cats. Paris.—Finely carved in some dark handsome wood and polished till the brilliant surface draws the hands to a caress, a sleeping cat is the latest accessory in a modern Paris salon. She lies not on a pedestal but on a rich cushion and has become a craze with smart women.

Nellie Maxwell