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EARNERS AND KEEPERS

It is not what one receives but what one keeps that makes an individual's fortune or estate. Naturally the greater one's income the greater satisfactions one may buy, but unless the big earner be a capable manager as well he may find himself "broke" in the event that his income is stopped. We are reminded of this on reading that a popular entertainer, whose earnings have been estimated as high as \$1,000,000 a year, had a credit balance of \$100,000 with a firm of stock brokers that failed a few weeks ago.

Some of this sum will be recovered, very likely; possibly all of it. If the whole amount were lost, it would create no great hardship for the creditor, probably. Apparently, though, this man was engaged in speculation on a gigantic scale. He may have been among the lucky ones who send their money to Wall street or he may have been a "wooly lamb" and sheared often. The Wall street tradition hath it that no man can play the stock exchange for long without being sorry. Napoleons of speculation there have been who seemed to be incapable of picking a bad one, but all ultimately met their Waterloo. The more money they had to begin with, the longer they were able to last, but the "wolves" got them finally if they did not quit while still they had some money.

One whose income was a million a year might reasonably be expected to last as long as his job held out. That is, if his operations were of speculative kind. Going in on an investment basis, he might suffer many disappointments but hardly would be completely undone. A million a year must be rated "easy money," no matter how hard one works to get it, and the receipt of that kind ever gives encouragement to hopes that more may be had easier. So the million dollar man may reasonably be envisaged as one inclined to take big risks. We wonder how much this one's hundred thousand credit balance with his broker represents. And how much of the earnings of the last half dozen years he could muster for a "showdown."

Carnegie Heroes

MICHAEL J. RISCH, DECEASED
 (Widow), R. D. 6, Box 3, Connersville, Indiana

Bronze medal to the widow and death benefits to her at the rate of \$60 a month with \$5 a month additional on account of each of four children—Risch, aged 33, farmer, died attempting to save Bernard H. Daniels, aged 35, farmer, from drowning, Milton, Ind., July 31, 1921. Daniels, while wading in the Whitewater river, stepped into deep water about seven feet from the bank. Risch, who was on the bank, reached Daniels and got hold on Daniels' shoulder, and they were submerged. They rose and sank again, becoming separated. Daniels reached the bank. Risch sank and was drowned.

WILLIAM H. GOFF, DECEASED
 (Widow), 819 East Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

Bronze medal to the widow and death benefits to her at the rate of \$70 a month, with \$5 a month additional on account of each of two children—Goff, aged 43, superintendent of bridge construction, died attempting to save W. Allan Nottle, aged 26, carpenter, from drowning, Biddeford, Maine, September 24, 1920. While working on a bridge, Nottle fell into the Saco river, 40 feet from the bank, where the water was nine feet deep, and called for help. Goff, who was on the bridge, ran to the bank, dived into the water and swam 45 feet to Nottle, who had drifted with the current 30 feet. When Goff reached Nottle they sank together, and Nottle did not rise and was drowned. Goff rose, swam in a confused manner about 20 feet, and then sank and was drowned.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughros
 © Western Newspaper Union

We're so Flabbergasted We Can't Think up a Caption



The SANDMAN STORY

OLD-FASHIONED DOLLS

OLD-FASHIONED LITTLE GIRL in the frame over the fireplace had played in the room a long, long time ago, but never until this night had she done more than look out from her frame.
 But one night when the clock struck the last stroke of twelve, before any of the toys could move or speak out, from her frame on the wall leaned the Old-Fashioned Little Girl.
 On the edge of the frame she placed one little slipped foot, her little hands holding on to the sides of the frame. Then out came the other foot and this she placed on the shelf, and there she stood looking all around the playroom. "Where are all my old friends?" again she asked.
 Beautiful French Doll, dressed in the latest style, replied: "I don't believe they are here, unless it is Teddy Bear. He has been here longer than any of us."
 "Teddy Bear?" the Little Girl repeated. "I never heard of him. It was Nina, a big rag doll, and Lydia, a wax doll, who were my friends in the



She Placed One Little Slipped Foot on the Frame.

old days, and, Oh, yes, there was a dear little china doll, with black hair and blue eyes, named Betty. Oh, I do wish I could find them."
 Then all the toys held their breath, for right off of the big shelf jumped the Little Girl, landing on the floor on her feet, safe and sound.
 "Oh-oo," gasped all the toys.
 "Oh, that is nothing," laughed the

Little Girl, smoothing her flowered dress. "I have done that before. You can jump from high places and not be hurt a bit if you know how."
 "Oh, what a funny dress you have on," said the Little Girl to Beautiful French Doll. "And don't you ever go to sleep? My wax doll used to shut her eyes. She was the latest thing in dolls when I lived here."
 "I am the very latest style doll," explained French Doll, "and all the newest ones are like me."
 "Well, I'd rather have my Lydia doll," replied the Little Girl. "Now, I wonder where she can be."
 "If you cannot find Nina, and Lydia, and Betty, why don't you play with us?" asked Beautiful French Doll. "We never have anyone to sing to us, and rock us, and play house."
 So all the littlest dolls climbed into her lap and the big ones sat on the floor and Teddy Bear and Ba-ba Sheep and Woolly Dog and Calico Cat and everyone and everything got as close as it could to Old-Fashioned Little Girl and listened.
 All at once a ray of daylight peeped under the curtain and everybody jumped. Little Girl ran to the closet and opened the door. "The step-ladder—where is it?" she cried in great distress, and then she ran to the fireplace and looked at the empty frame, but it was no use, she could not get up there, for more daylight came into the playroom and ended the magic power given to those who lived there.
 When the little girl who lived in the house ran into the playroom that morning she stopped at the door and looked. Then she called to her mother, for there on the floor surrounded by all the toys was Old-Fashioned Little Girl flat on her face.
 "Oh, Great Aunt Abbie fell out of her frame," exclaimed the mother, picking up the broken glass that covered the picture. "I must have a new glass fitted and the picture put back in the frame."
 That night when the clock struck twelve all the toys looked at the empty place on the wall and they all said they hoped the man that fixed the frame would not fasten Old-Fashioned Little Girl in it so firmly that she could not get out at night when the magic hour struck.
 "For," said French Doll, "I like the old-fashioned way of playing better than the new."
 And all the toys said they did, too. (Copyright.)

CONTRACTOR SUBMITS REPORT ON COST CLUB HOUSE

By MARY WILSHIRE

Following is a report of the expenditures on the community club house to date, submitted by the contractor, A. L. Lamb:
 Oct. 14, 23962 feet of lumber at \$16.50 per M. \$395.37
 Hauling to the club house. 31.15
 Oct. 8, G. S. Butler, logs for posts under foundation. 5.00
 Nov. 5, Carson-Fowler Lumber company 148.50
 Nov. 12, Simpson's Hardware company 41.25
 Nov. 17, 45 rolls of three ply green slate roofing at \$3.75 168.75
 George Damon, ripping 5983 feet of 2x8 17.95
 T. L. Powell, sand and rock 14.00
 Ten gallons of gas for truck hauling materials 3.20
 Provost Bros. 7.00
 Nov. 12, 1603 feet of shiplap 48.09
 Carson-Fowler company, two rolls green slate roofing. 8.00
 Mike Morgan, rock and gravel for chimney 10.00
 Labor up to Jan. 1, 1922. 538.53
 State industrial tax 22.84
 Carson-Fowler company, ce-

ment 26.00

Total, \$1485.68
 Cash on hand \$ 14.32

This report has been examined and accepted by the auditing committee.

There is about \$30 worth of lumber left over that can not be used for the club house which the contractor will take at cost.

In addition to the recent publication of the donations to the club house fund, Miss Gertrude Engle gave \$5. Mention should also be made of the success attained by Mrs. F. G. McWilliams and Mrs. Lydia McCall in their management of Dr. Mattie Shaw's entertainment. The war tax of \$3 was paid by Mrs. McCall.

There is now in the general civic club fund \$199.43 which is separate and apart from the club house fund and no part of it so far has been used in connection with the new building in any way.

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GOOD TALES of the CITIES

Coed So Different From Other Girls



"I love my native costume and I do not think I shall be persuaded to adopt the styles of the American girls," Miss Rai has frequently told inquirers. She speaks English fluently. When questioned as to her opinion of American styles and American girls, Miss Rai replies: "American girls' clothes are appealing, if not carried to extremes, but I believe they are inclined a little toward mannishness and they are decidedly taking advantage of the freedom which has been accorded them." Apparently her observation of the matrimonial angles and ceremonies of the American has not changed her native viewpoints.

LINCOLN, NEB.—There is a coed at the University of Nebraska this year from Midnapore, sixty miles west of Calcutta, India, and her name is Khauto Bala Rai. Miss Rai is registered as a junior, following two years of study at Bethune college in Calcutta, and is enrolled in Christian and missionary arts.

Miss Rai is of the Bengali race. Her father is a Brahmin and was converted to Christianity shortly before Miss Rai was born. She appears on the campus and in the class room in her native costume, which consists of a separate waist and a "sari," which is made up of five yards of material so draped as to form the skirt of her costume, and caught at the shoulder.

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