

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

MASONIC CALENDAR

Ashland Lodge officers will meet for practice this week.

Malta Commandery meets this (Wednesday) evening.

Siskiyou Chapter meets Thursday evening for work in Past Master degree.

Shrine meets Friday evening in stated session.

Dollar Days—Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Hand work and stamped goods.

Weed tire chains at less than cost just when you need them.

Will Attend Conference—A number of the B. Y. P. U. of Baptist church will attend the conference of the Rogue River association.

Our spring clothes pins are still selling, three dozen for 19 cents.

New Incubator House—W. D. Booth recently completed a new incubator house on his property on Weightman street.

Health Bread, Pure Malted Milk Twins—10 cents

Orres cleans clothes. Phone 64.

Weed Visitors—Mrs. Phillip Mugler and daughter Lucile, of Weed, Calif., were in town the first of the week.

Moves of the Day—Victor Mason has moved into the property at 515 Liberty street.

Remember that our windows represent the price of other articles in our stock.

Will Play U. of O. Freshmen—The local high school basketball team have scheduled a game with the freshmen team of the University of Oregon.

H. R. Adams, plumbing, contracting and day work. 248 Fifth St., phone 166-J.

TO THE PUBLIC

Realizing the need in Ashland of a druggess physician who is free to respond to out-of-office calls at any hour of the day or night.

I wish also to announce that in again taking up my work in Ashland, I shall specialize in neuritis cases and those troubles originating in the cervical and upper dorsal regions of the spine.

MAUD INGERSOLL HAWLEY Visiting Chiropractic Physician (Holder of chiropractic physician's license No. 165, issued August 28, 1915, by the Oregon State Board of Chiropractic Examiners.)

Residence, third house to the right on Walker avenue South. Telephone 367-J.

J. Wesley Safford will begin his course of lectures on Saturday evening, February 4, instead of Sunday, the 5th, as announced in last Saturday's Tidings.

A few used cars for sale at a bargain. 1919 Chevrolet, good Dodge. See W. E. Snider at Schmidt Auto Co.

Parents of Baby Boy—Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hartzell, 667 Beach street, are the parents of a bouncing boy who arrived at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, January 31. Mother and baby are doing well.

Special sale at Orres' Tailor Shop. Suits tailored to order with extra pants free.

Dollar Days—Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Hand work and stamped goods. The Needle Craft Shop at the Dew Drop Inn.

Called to California—Mrs. Charles L. Hanson, 63 Pine street, was called to Lodi, Calif., this morning on account of the severe illness of her cousin, Mrs. R. Hackle.

Standard makes of tires and tubes, Weed chains, etc., on sale at a very low price. Schmidt Auto Co.—Overland cars—Shook building.

10. It's the simplest thing in the world to use Hyomel and end catarrh. Breathe the medication through the little inhaler in every outfit and you will get relief at once.

Social Meeting—The Sperry class of young people meet at the Baptist church last evening and engaged in a social evening by playing various games.

Schmidt Auto Co.—The Schmidt Auto company, also known as the Overland company, has moved their stock of tires, tubes, new and used cars across the street from their former location.

Called to Idaho—Mrs. E. W. Erickson, who is employed at the Tidings office, received a telegram yesterday from Caldwell, Ida., announcing the death of her sister at that place.

Prices always the lowest at Detrick's—not up today and down tomorrow. We buy for cash and sell for cash.

Jacksonville Woman Buried—Mrs. Martha W. Thompson, of Jacksonville, who died Saturday evening at her home in the county seat, was buried Tuesday in the Jacksonville cemetery.

The Ashland Realty company has house to rent unfurnished all over town, and a few furnished. Have a few extremely good buys of residence property that one rarely hears of.

Medford Service Station Robbed—The Willard battery service station at Medford was entered Saturday night and office fixtures and automobile accessories were stolen to the amount of \$1000.

We still have a large stock of peaches, pears, apricots in regular 2 1/2 cans, four for 90 cents at White House Groceria.

Spring woollens and styles are in at Orres' Tailor Shop.

Get your corn flakes at 10 cents per package, regular size, at the White House Groceria.

Here on Business—J. V. Dollahite, of Berkeley, Calif., who is connected with International Distributing company, is in town for a few days taking care of the interests of the company here.

Congratulations, old boy. I hear you've sold another story!

"Yes, and darn lucky I did, too! I was getting pretty hungry! But how's yours coming on?"

"Not coming at all. I'm still hunting for the Big Idea!"

"Well, you can afford to take a rest—that last check of yours was fat enough! The ones I get are usually just about enough for a feed or two."

"I know, Phil. That's why I've been trying to get you to put some time into your work. Mold it, build it. Honestly, now, how long since you've had an acceptance—before this one, I mean?"

"Oh, not since February, but—"

"And this is May! Good heavens! But how many have you written?"

"Oh, one a day. Well, not on an average of that, of course. I do write one in a day, but sometimes I do not write a thing for a week or more."

"That's no way, Phil. A writer should work systematically. He should plan, then construct, and reconstruct, and, finally, polish."

"Say, I'll tell you! If you've nothing much to do, just hop on this bus with me, and I'll show you how to harvest a whole crop of ideas!"

It was the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth street bus, and went via Riverside, and it also became crowded before it reached Fifty-ninth street.

"Wait, we'll go back!" he reassured, optimistically.

At One Hundred and Sixty-eighth street everyone but the two ladies ahead got off the bus. Phil and Al changed their seats. A woman and a child got on. A man. Another woman.

"Well, Phil, here we are at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth. There are six people on the top of this bus. Now, where's your story?"

"I defy anyone—" began Phil, when the bus stopped for a moment and a man and woman staggered down the aisle on the roof and fell into the seat just in front of them.

"They could see the bit of her superbly tailored back not hidden by the magnificent fur she wore."

"Oh, boy, she's a pipkin!" exclaimed the Impressionable Phil, but in a disreputable whisper. "I say, there's your story! Beautiful, cultured girl, forced by family into marriage with newly rich but otherwise impossible man, twice her age!"

"Another man, if you will! Real love for purity's sake, if it suits you better! At last, rebellion, which brings forth the man's brutality! (Observe the thick black, cruel jaw.) Then, either spirit broken and resignation to a life of ugliness, slowly pining away from spiritual and mental starvation, or an uprising—creature at bay, you know, and all that sort of rot—courageously effecting a release from bondage!"

"Or if you don't want that line of stuff—the beautiful daughter, reared among the highest culture in the land, at a fashionable finishing school, say; then forced to home life with uncouth, coarse, crude father, who believes that his millions more than justify his manners—or lack of them! Daily humiliations! Private indignities! Public demonstrations! Friends visibly amused, patronizing or disdainful! All attempts to humanize the brute, civilize the savage, unavailing! How's that, Al? There are a hundred and one ways it might end. Say, look at him now. Beauty and the Beast. Innocence, refinement, culture, sensitiveness—"

Phil was interrupted by a voice in front. She had not spoken before, but now that the sudden lurching of the bus had threatened to roll her burly companion into the aisle and he had moved closer to her side to prevent such an indignity, she offered vocal objection and in no uncertain terms.

"Hey, shove over there, Bull! What d'yer think I am, anyway!"

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," returned the big man quite politely.

"That curve nearly set me off the seat. 'Twa'n't built for folks my size, anyway. Well, I'll sit across the aisle there—reckon you're safe enough. Not apt to jump off the top of this bus, eh?" laughing.

"Huh! Better tie us together with them bracelets, hadn't yer? I'm some little escaper, yer know!"

"I'll tell the world you are! But I guess you're caught this time. I'll take a chance, anyhow." And he moved across to the seat that had just been vacated.

Al chuckled incessantly. Phil sat in flushed silence. When he could stand it no longer he burst out: "Don't care, Al, the ideas were there, just the same. Fiction's fiction, isn't it?—not fact always. But I'll make this very fact fiction, see 'f I don't! I'll make a story out of it just as it is!"

And he did. This was it.

THAT GIRL MELISSA

By MOLLIE MATHER.

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One went down to the ravine by a path leading from the sunny roadway. Melissa loved to follow this path, though her aunt argued against it.

"The ravine is such an isolated spot," Aunt Melissa objected, "if anything should happen to you no one could hear your cries for help. And they say, now, that an escaped convict is hiding around down there."

"I will take the hill walk," Melissa would cheerfully evade, for her aunt's comfort. She, herself, was afraid of nothing. And her promise was partly true. Melissa did take the hill walk, but it was from there that the little adventurous path led down to the heart of the silently glowing ravine.

Truthfully, it was Aunt Melissa who busied herself happily over the sewing, while Melissa, with her old bent, roamed the countryside. Today the forbidden retreat seemed more than ever inviting. She put aside her magazine for uninterrupted pleasure in the view. A bird near by perked its head curiously at Melissa and, imitating, Melissa turned to perk her head at the bird. Then she saw the man. He was stretched upon the ground near by, just around behind the tree. This man's face was white, with its great burning eyes staring at her in hostility. His clothing was rumpled and shabby. After a moment of meditative silence, Melissa smiled. "How do you do," she remarked. "Are you the escaped convict?"

The man jumped to his feet and came towards her.

"Where did you hear that?" he demanded.

"Oh, one hears all sorts of things," Melissa calmly said. "Perhaps the report is untrue. Some one told some one else, I believe, that a man resembling a former resident of the village, who had been committed for a crime, was seen hiding around this ravine. When you appeared, I thought that you might be that man."

Hostility left the haggard face. The man settled himself abruptly at her side.

"I was that convict," he quietly told Melissa, "but I have not escaped; I am discharged. The sentence was found, after my second year of imprisonment, to have been a mistake."

"Please tell me all about it," she invited.

The man hesitated. "You live here?" he asked.

Melissa shook her head. "Just visiting; tell your story."

"I was convicted for embezzlement and given a long sentence," the man spoke slowly. "The proof of the theft was indisputable; it occurred in the City Trust bank, where, at the time, I was employed as assistant cashier. The money was supposed to have been gambled away, though no evidence to that effect was found. I made no defense of any kind, or no denial."

The tense line fastened again about his lips. "Yet all the time," he added, earnestly, "I was as innocent of crime as you are today."

"Then why," asked Melissa, quickly, "did you make no denial?"

His answer came with difficulty. "Because my own father was the criminal; also, he was the long-trusted cashier of that bank. He had fancied urgent need of the money to pay an accumulated debt. He was, you see, old and very weak, and not himself. He came to me, crying like a child. He spoke of my dead mother, and of his inability to endure the hardship of a prison sentence, and he was cowardly, willing that I should suffer that sentence in his place. So, I suffered. That is all. Now that my father is dead, it seemed unnecessary to longer continue the sacrifice of punishment. I spoke, and my release was found to be justified. With freedom came a home-sick longing for the old associations of my village home. But fight seems to have gone from me, even confidence, to set myself right in the eyes of my friends."

"So," asked Melissa, softly, "What are you going to do?"

He replied, "I do not know." The eyes of Melissa took on their thoughtful light, reassuringly she smiled upon him.

"Wait," she requested, and bent to her writing pad. With awakening interest he watched her flying pencil. When she had finished she leaned back in content.

"There!" she exclaimed, "that's a real story. One of the best I have ever done. It's for the City Herald, and will be lined front page. Your own story. No, don't object, you owe it to yourself to be right in the eyes of the world, and you shall be, when these facts are proven correct. I am late of the Herald staff, and this article makes the announcement that you are returning to service at once in the City Trust bank. Grasp your chance, my friend, and make good."

Stammering, the broken man stood before her. "But," he murmured, confusedly. "It is all right," explained Melissa, "I am going to marry John Frawlings—John Frawlings of the City Trust bank. He has confidence in my judgment, and he happens to be fond of me."

"That girl, Melissa," admiringly exclaimed the managing editor, as he looked over the hastily typed pages, "could find a ripping story in the loneliest spot on earth."

"That little girl, Melissa," tenderly mused John Frawlings, as he read her letter, "can find some human being to help, wherever she goes."

FRENCH YOUTH CHANGED BY WAR

Treat Girls as Comrades and Disdain Officialdom and Professions, Says Writer.

Paris.—A radical change has taken place in the youth of France in the last decade, according to a writer in the Paris Temps, who sees them, made materialists by the late war, inclined to treat the opposite sex as comrades and caring little for matrimony or courting, and much more interested in making money than in entering the professions.

"A very brief observation of our young men," he writes, "reveals how they have departed from the ways of their elders. The war and the moral and material overturn that it brought—abrupt changes in our mode of living that have come in the last 20 years, speed of communication by automobile and airplane, the depreciation of currency, calling for increased earnings—all this is acting upon the young folk and is creating in them needs and desires we never knew."

Disdain Officialdom. One of the most striking traits, and the most significant among them, is their disdain for officialdom and the liberal professions. The recruiting of functionaries, officers, professors, and in general all the careers with a fixed salary, is becoming more and more difficult. At St. Cyr (the French West Point) the number of candidates is continually diminishing. It is industry, commerce, finance, agriculture, colonization which attract young people. The love of risk and action is much stronger in them than in their forebears.

"Almost no one at present can live within his income, and in the best families of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie the boys are going bravely to work. The young Prince M— is in a large plumbing concern. Two of his relatives live in Morocco, where they are raising horses and pigs. In another large family the three sons are in banks and commercial firms."

Not Keen on Literature. "Literature, it is evident, attracts youth little. Many never even open a book; serious works, history, memoirs, etc., have more chance than novels, but not much. Love stories hold a lower place in their affections than in those of their elders. What they talk about is the automobile, aviation, boxing, mechanics. They marry young and treat young women as comrades, as in England and the United States. It is not rare at a ball to see one of them invite a lady to dance with him by a gesture from a distance, and to leave her when the dance is over without conducting her to her place, and no one seems to be particularly shocked!

"The number of marriageable men being less than that of women, it is the latter who take the initiative and conduct the lovemaking. Bernard Shaw, in 'Man and Superman,' develops the thesis that men never marry women, but are married by them. We reproach the Anglo-Saxon countries, and yet see ourselves daily proving the thesis of Bernard Shaw."

CROOKED NOSE HIS UNDOING Convict Could Get Away From Sing Sing, but Had to Take His Face With Him.

Brewster, N. Y.—John Miller's nose rambles south by southeast by southwest. It is the crookedest nose in Sing Sing.

So when Miller took French leave from the Sing Sing "country club," as the prison farm is known, the prison officials sent out a laconic telephone

call to police headquarters in surrounding towns. "Arrest a crooked-nosed man traveling fast and alone." Detective O'Connor of Brewster met up between Brewster and Klatonah with an impatient chap whose nose rambled south by southwest. O'Connor took the hiker in tow.

Woman's Long Hair. Norborne, Mo.—Mrs. Edna Deen Blackford, who lives in South Missouri, was in town the other day to have her hair photographed. It is 82 inches long from the crown of her head to the end of her braid. Until recently it grew at the rate of five inches a month.

Train Demolished Home Being Moved to New Site. William R. Smith, Jr., of Cornish, Utah, is without a home as a result of an Oregon Short Line train demolishing it. Smith was moving his three-room frame house across the railroad tracks to a new location when the train came around a curve and crashed into the structure.

STEPS LEAD TO NATIONAL PROHIBITION (Continued from Page 1)

tremendous interest in prohibition history.

"Finally the women of our fair land went to work. In 1873 a consecrated group of women in Hillsboro, Ohio, began the woman's temperance crusade. They held prayer meetings in the saloons, or on the street in front of the saloons, if they were not permitted to enter. One barkeeper, waving his big white apron at the women, said, "Shoo, shoo! Get out of here and go home and take care of your children." They decided to act upon that advice and did go home and did begin to "take care of the children." They put on a well-planned and most effective system of education concerning the evils of alcoholic beverages, in the day schools, in the Sunday schools, and in the homes. They despised not the day of small things, but worked with night and main at whatever task their hands could find to do, and they never forgot how to pray. And thus was ushered into existence in 1874, that mighty force for clean and righteous living—the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The activities of this organization would fill many pages of history. Suffice it to say that their work of education was so well done that 21 years later, when the boys had time to grow up and take a place in the affairs of the nation, there was organized the Anti-Saloon league in 1893.

"The next 25 years witnessed a relentless and tireless siege. Local option campaigns were conducted in practically every section of the country. One small bit of territory after another was added to the "dry" map. One county and then another became 'white.' Finally, there were great state-wide campaigns conducted, with victory after victory for prohibition.

The close of 1917 saw the 18th amendment submitted to the states for ratification. They were given seven years in which to ratify, but such a zeal was aroused to be among the first 36 states, that only one year and one month passed till the necessary two-thirds was enrolled, and the amendment became a part of the constitution. Of the first 36 states to ratify, 29 were wholly dry, and the other seven had only a little bit of wet territory.

"The big victory was won. But it did not come in a single bound. The big victory was the result of patient and tireless effort to win the little victories along the way.

TO SPEND \$300,000 ON TRAIL-PROSPECT ROAD THIS SUMMER (Continued from Page 1)

tractors such a handling of the work as will interrupt the travel, especially during the Crater Lake season, to the smallest extent possible. The matter of the federal co-operation for the rocking of the road is left up in the air temporarily, but the highway commission has obligated itself to see that the work is done.

Both the highway commission and the forestry bureau evidence a disposition to go as far as they possibly can to help us with this road, and I feel certain the road will be completed promptly and in fine shape."

CARD OF THANKS We wish to thank our many friends for their sympathy and kindness during the sickness and departure of our beloved wife, mother and sister. Also for the beautiful flowers.—Edwin McNeil, Mr. and Mrs. James Doak, Frank Doak, Clarence Doak, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. King, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Crisler, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Nelson.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY WANTED—A man to cut 50 cords of wood. Apply at 275 Scenic Drive, Ashland. 1281*

FOR RENT—Furnished, four rooms and bath, close in. 29 South Pioneer Ave. 128-2*

LOST—Wool lined brown leather glove, for right hand, marked D. T. Finder return to Tidings office. 128-3

WANTED—To rent modern six room unfurnished house, two bedrooms, close in, three in family, will lease for year, highest local references. Address "R. W." care of Tidings. 128-2*

HOME FOR SALE—Any one wanting a place with one acre of ground, all kinds of fruit, good garden space, chicken lot, henhouse, garage, woodshed and storeroom, seven room house, all modern, with gas. Anyone interested can inquire of owners, at 710 Penn. Ave. Phone 349-L. 128-6*

FOR SALE—New six room bungalow, cheap if taken at once. Address 78 Sixth St. 128-6

FOR RENT—Large furnished sleeping room, close in, with heat and bath. Phone 206-R. 11 Beach Ave. 128-2

FOR SALE—Davenport, leather cushioned arm chair, dining table, and five leather bottomed chairs, book case, sewing machine, bed and springs, violin, four rugs and heating stove. Call 437-R or 63 Pine St. 1281f

CHILDREN'S SEWING done reasonably at 657 C St. 128-2

FOR SALE—Fresh young cow; also full blooded Dorset Jersey gilt, 7 months old. Cad Ellis, Talent. Phone 373-J-3. 128-2*

FOR SALE—One dozen full blooded Plymouth Rock hens, \$1.50 each. Phone 357-Y. 128-1

WANTED BOARDERS—Room and board for two or three persons. 725 Iowa St. 127-1f

LEONARD C. PETTIT—Violinist—Social and Dance Engagements; Teaching in Music History, Elementary Harmony; Violin. See Loveland's Orchestra or address Box 563, Ashland. 128-1mo

CHEERO CHUMES

Just wait, some time in this next year. Maybe, we'll have a little weather to warm the gas up and thaw out the pipe.

So that we can go shirt sleeves all that we like.

CHEERO FLOUR A Hard Wheat Flour of Famous Blend—Guaranteed

Advertisement for Dollar Day featuring a large graphic of the words 'DOLLAR DAY' and 'McGee's DRY GOODS'. The text says 'Continues until the end of this week' and 'McGee's DRY GOODS'.