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What Constitutes Advertising
 In order to allay a misunderstanding among some as to what constitutes news and what advertising, we print this very simple rule, which is used by newspapers to differentiate between them: "ALL future events, where an admission charge is made or a collection is taken IS ADVERTISING." This applies to organizations and societies of every kind as well as to individuals.
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 All coming social or organization meetings of societies where no money contribution is solicited, initiation charged, or collection taken IS NEWS.

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RUSSIA'S PLIGHT

Russian and anti-Bolshevist leaders are circulating a protest against the new European policy toward Russia as adopted at Cannes. They assert the plan "tends to deride Russia to the state of a colony open to forcible exploitation," and declare "the Russian people are sure to resent this experiment as a new slavery for them." The authors of the protest advocate foreign adherence to the American policy as announced by Secretary Hughes last March, when he declined to consider resumption of formal trade relations with Russia until "conditions essential to the maintenance of commerce" has been established, which was tantamount to demanding a stable government based on the will of the people.

Americans generally support this policy. They are loath to recognize in any degree the government of assassination at Moscow. But the inertia of the Russian people and the incapacity of the anti-Bolshevist leadership leaves no choice as to how real help may be extended to the miserable millions. The condemned "foreign exploitation" will profit nobody if it does not make possible a revival of Russian industry. With such a revival the betrayed people may assert themselves and have a government of their own choosing. Without such a revival they will die. It is risky to recognize the Soviet, which is still committed to world revolution. But the Russian anti-Bolshevists do not propose anything practicable as a substitute.

Giving Him the Air
 Mandy—Rastus, yo'all knows dat yo' remin' me of dem dere flyin' machines.
 Rastus—No, Mandy, how's dat?
 Mandy—Why, shekaws youse no good on earth.—Ohio Sun Dial.

All At Once
 Sambo—Yo' jes' keep on pestleatin' me an' yo' is gwine to be able to settle a mighty big question for de scumtiffle folks.
 Mose—What question dat?
 Sambo—Kin de dead speak?
 —American Medical Journal.

Just Folks!

By JOHN HERBERT DORAN
 SUSANNE

The gospel of smiles is preached on all hands these days. We hear it from the pulpit, it is proclaimed from the lecture platform, we read it in the magazines, and see it on the screen. But it is more fascinating and instructive to see its incarnation in real life.

One who can be cheerful when things go wrong, and can greet an unsympathetic world with a smile, calls forth our hearty admiration, and makes us feel that life is not half bad, and is surely worth the living.

Such an angelic creature was Susanne. I did not have opportunity to get intimately acquainted with her. She was on the mail route for only a few weeks at a time, during the summer vacations, but she left behind a charm that lingered throughout the year, and I was always glad when the time came for her return. I often thought of her in connection with another young woman on the route whom I never knew to smile but once, and only then a faint flicker, a mere shadow of a smile. But when afterward I learned that this poor girl was suffering from an incurable malady, which later brought her to a violent death, her sad face called forth pity, and I realized how hard it is sometimes to smile.

The face is, after all, an index of the physical life within. But is more, it is a reflection of the soul. Such was the smile of Susanne. One felt instinctively that he was looking at the reflection of a noble spirit. The lines of her face have been so drawn by nature that the ensemble is most pleasing, and gives one a feeling of restfulness. I saw her one day trudging along a dusty road in midsummer, carrying a heavy suit-case. She did not see me as I was partly concealed by some trees by the roadside. Although the day was very warm, I could see a pleasant smile on her face.

I have often wondered what was the secret of that cheerful, hopeful, inspiring face. Is it the manifestation of a well-ordered physical life? It must be more. I have known many whose physical life seemed perfect, but whose presence was repulsive. While, on the other hand, I have seen a pale face on a pillow, the radiation of whose smile filled the room with a divine presence. Is it the reflection of her religious nature? This, no doubt, has much to do with it. Yet some of the most religious people I have ever known wore faces long and solemn. I know a minister of more than usual ability and of wide reputation, but the muscles of his face are atrophied. The skin has the appearance of some ancient parchment fashioned into the form of a human countenance, the lines of which could not be altered without breaking.

Susanne's nature is a rare blending of the true, the beautiful and the good, combined with a sublime faith in the inherent goodness of all creation, an imagination that thinketh no evil, and a love that seeketh not its own.

Some time ago Susanne, accompanied by some friends, visited Crater Lake national park. She rode her thoroughbred Morgan saddle horse, Jerry, a very fine animal of great intelligence. Crater Lake, in the heart of the Cascades, is one of the most sublimely beautiful spots in all the world. Lingered near the lake until filled with a sense of its divine beauty, Susanne bade her friends good bye and started to return by another route. Mountains, wild and precipitous rose on all sides, and not being familiar with the region, she missed the trail and had gone several miles out of her way before she discovered her mistake. Darkness dropped down suddenly as it always does in the mountains. Susanne knew that she would have to remain alone with faithful Jerry as her protector. She removed the saddle and blanket, and induced the animal to lie down. She placed the blanket on the ground close to the horse which seemed to take in the situation with almost human intelligence. It was a region known to be infested with wild animals, yet Susanne was without fear. Through the clear and crystal air of the mountains, the stars shone with a wonderful brilliancy. She lay there huddled close to the side of Jerry, her soul filled with the beauty of the night, until at last she fell asleep.

That night Susanne had a vision. She saw a mighty mountain rise grand, stupendous, awful, two thousand feet or more above the surrounding peaks, and from its summit there poured forth a mighty volume of smoke and molten lava. Then suddenly that lofty peak collapsed and sank within the seething

cauldron. Once more it started to rise like some powerful giant that seemed to defy the laws of death. But in the act of lifting its head, it expired. The snows of centuries filled this wondrous basin.

Then Susanne saw the heavens parted, and One looked down and said: "Where once there stood a mighty giant pouring forth a fiery deluge, I will make a thing of wondrous beauty. And men shall come from all the earth and worship at its shrine. They shall see the blend-

ing colors, the Phantom Ship, the Wizard Isle. They shall look and turn away with weeping eyes, and look again and in the placid water see my face, and know that God is good."

Then, as the first faint streaks of the morning were gilding the mountain peaks, Susanne awoke refreshed. The lost trail was soon found, and she finally reached home after riding through that wonderful forest reserve with its towering pines and hemlocks.

Wrigley, Who Built Great Business On Advertising, Sees Way to Prosperity

William Wrigley Jr., multimillionaire chewing gum manufacturer, owner of Catalina Island and proprietor of the Chicago Cubs of the National league, and the Los Angeles Angels, of the Pacific Coast league, was asked two questions by the International News Service. These were:

1. Are better times in sight for the United States?
 2. How can the average individual help in restoring prosperity.

Mr. Wrigley, who pays experts in every part of the country to keep him reliably informed on the business situation, sounded an optimistic note in his reply, which follows herewith. "The good old American dollar is coming back," he says. Here is his statement:

By WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR.
 Copyright 1922 by the International News Service.

CHICAGO, Feb. 11.—My large investments necessarily compel me to keep close tab on the country's economic situation, and I am glad to say I am informed business is getting better in the East and that this condition is spreading to the Middle West by degrees.

Investments necessarily compel me to From all that I can learn the good old American dollar is coming back into its own. People from one end of the nation to the other are getting around to the idea that the only basis for real prosperity is an honest day's work for a fair day's wage.

The United States, considered as a whole, has been on a "business drunk" for the last five years. Prices, up to recently, were out of all sense and proportion for the value received. Some fellows fell into a habit of charging three times what a thing was worth and when some poor devil paid what they asked, wanted to kick themselves because they didn't charge more.

The high value of our dollar has kept the foreign trade of the United States from expanding. However, I am selling more chewing gum in Europe as each month goes by, and I believe other American products will show a like gain in foreign favor.

Yes, I believe American prosperity will be back before long. No one can say just how long. But it is a cinch the richest, most progressive and most intelligent people on the face of the earth are not going to let a temporary slump in business hold them down. We have the men, the money and the material. So it is only a question of getting things humming again.

The year 1921 was regarded as a pretty bad period for lots of concerns in the east and middle west. For me it was the best year in the 31 years I have been established in the chewing gum manufacturing industry. One of the biggest factors for my excellent showing is advertising.

I am spending \$11,000 a day this year to push my chewing gum. I am also spending what would have been a fine ransom for a king in the good old days to popularize Catalina Island.

The judicious use of printers' ink is the greatest selling force in the world. If you do business on a world-wide basis, or even in the locality encompassed within a few blocks, you have got to keep the people interested or you won't sell them your goods.

I have tried them all and I know whereof I speak, that the only effective way to appeal to hundreds of millions, or just a few hundred people, is in advertising space.

The International News Service asks me how I believe the average individual can help in restoring prosperity. To my way of thinking the greatest cure for hard times is to stop talking, get a job, or if you are an employer, hire more men, be a doer, not a dreamer, and try to keep your

money circulating where it will most effectively help improve the public good.

I was asked by an editor a few days ago if I thought there was any danger of bolshevism ever spreading to America.

"Not in a thousand years," I replied. "The American people use their brains for thinking. Besides there are too many of them who own their own homes, who know what firesides mean, and who take pride in seeing their kiddies grow up.

"FOOL TRICK" OF EVERY OPERATOR

Good Percentage of Automobile Owners Start Cars With Brake Not Released.

TREAT GEARS VERY ROUGHLY

Pressing Starter When Motor is Already Going is Also Common Mistake—Better Plan is to Touch Accelerator.

Every motorcar operator has his pet "fool trick," even though he may pride himself on his careful driving. For instance, it is safe to say that a good percentage of automobile owners start their cars with the emergency brake not completely released. This is, of course, a bad practice, since it cuts down the motor's power and causes excessive wear of the brake linings.

When Engine is Unheard. Did you ever think you had stalled your motor and pressed the starter button when the engine was still going, but its sound was drowned by traffic noises? Chances are that you have more than once; yet it is a bad thing to do, and doing it too often will in time make it necessary to have the starter drive or flywheel gear replaced.

A better plan before depressing the starter button in such a case is to touch the accelerator and listen to see if the engine responds. Every one has at some time or other tried to shift gears without throwing out the clutch, but a few drivers seem to have a habit of trying to do this impossible "stunt." Persistence in doing this chips off the teeth, and will make replacement of the gears necessary.

Throwing Gears Forward. Another bad habit in this connection is to throw the gears into a forward speed while the car is still moving backward or vice versa. This is equivalent to trying to mesh gears going in opposite directions. Any one, even not mechanically inclined, can foresee what the result will be.

Last, but not least, is the careless practice of a few motorists in putting the car in the garage for the night and leaving the ignition or lighting switches on. A visit to the battery recharging station the next morning is the worst result, however, that the motorist can experience for his neglect in this particular.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

Automobile salesmen in the United States number approximately 100,000.

More than 2,000 motor vehicles are used by the United States Department of Agriculture.

There are 135 passenger cars, 40 rucks, and seven motorcycles in the Bahama Islands.

The number of American made automobiles in Norway exceeds those of any other country.

Bellevue hospital in New York city operates seven motor ambulances and no bus for the insane.

Pennsylvania provides for the officialature of any motor vehicle bearing leftsided or damaged motor numbers.

Small motorcars are used by the Swiss postal authorities for the transportation of letters and telegrams.

If drivers would only learn it the easiest way to avoid many gear changes is to make the necessary ones quickly.

THE REPORTER

By MARY BIRMINGHAM.

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"The bride's gown was of ivory satin with chantilly lace and pearl trimmings. A shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley completed the bridal costume."

The society reporter tapped out her story with nimble, eager fingers while she smiled dreamily as she recalled the happy event of which she was writing.

"Miss Frances!" bellowed the stenographer voice of the city editor in the direction of the young reporter who, woman-like, was lost in the reverie of the beautiful gowns of the wedding party.

"The charming maid of honor in her gown of pink and silver," typed on the facile story-teller of society events.

"I say, Miss Frances!" The louder tone awoke the young reporter with a jerk to her surroundings. "Yes, sir," she replied in the quick response of the newspaper worker.

"Call up this girls' club and find out just what kind of social their novelty party is going to be. Find out just what the nature of the correction is that Mrs. Fisk-Butler wants made in the date of the charity ball. O, yes, here! Run out and cover this wedding. It's the most noted one of the season. Here's the picture of the bride, Constance Compton. Al Babson, the college athlete, is the groom. Take the next train, and have the story for the early edition."

"Al Babson is the groom!" At the words the whole world seemed to swing into wild emotion, and then to settle down into a dreary, heavy-solidity that terrified her. Al Babson was to be married! He who had held her in his arms and pledged remembrance unto death! Like a flash she saw the station crowded with khaki-clad figures, heard loud good-byes being whispered by those heroes departing for the war, and felt once more the reverent kiss of her departing lover upon her trembling lips.

With a despairing sob the brown head dropped to the toll-worn hands, while the tired, lonely heart of the girl cried out her broken-hearted disappointment. It was the loud-voiced conductor hawling out the station that aroused her from her grief to the world of daily living. She stumbled uncertainly from the train to the station platform, furtively trying her tear-filled eyes behind the grateful concealment of her modish veil.

A smart-coated chauffeur approached her with silk hat held deferentially in hand. Without waiting for explanation or introduction he courteously directed her to a monogrammed limousine waiting grandly for an occupant.

There was a short, calm ride in a cushioned haven through quiet streets. Then the car drew up before a story-book mansion. Eager hands bore the newcomer into a white-furnished chamber which seemed like a sanctuary to the wondering reporter.

"My dear," smiled the happy bride, "how good of you to come to fill in at such short notice. I'm so sorry that Edith sprained her ankle, but I'm glad she sent a substitute—and such a pretty substitute! The bridesmaid's gowns is right in the other room."

The pink-clad fairy who nodded to her from the mirror told her that as well as the gush of admiration from the happy bride.

"What a darling you are!" she smiled. "Indeed, I think the substitute is even prettier than Edith would have been! Just wait till Al sees you!"

It was sooner than she expected. As she descended the broad stairs she saw him.

In the instant he caught sight of her. With one bound he reached her side and clasped her trembling form in tender, strong arms, pressing reverent lips upon the brown head lying so helplessly on his shoulder.

"Ellen, Ellen, my little Ellen, where have you been hiding yourself? Why have I not seen you before this? I have looked for you everywhere since I came back from France, but on this glorious day I have found you!"

"Today," sighed the girl as she drew away from his embrace. "Too late! Upon your wedding day!"

"My wedding day? Jerusalem, Ellen, do you think I was taking the high dive with that child, Constance? It's my young cousin, Al, who's holding the center of the screen today. I'm only the best man. Girl alive, don't you know there never could be anyone else but you!"

It was like a dream, a glorious dream come true. A well-trained actress in the beautiful play that she had witnessed so often with tremulous lips and wistful eyes from the spectators' seats, she heard the low words of the bride in the most beautiful service in the world, and was carried to heaven by the heart-stirring music, and the press of loving fingers upon hers when the young bride whispered a soft, "I do."

After it was all over she looked up at the face bending over her with soft shining eyes.

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14 Bars Crystal White Soap	\$1.00
26 Bars Swift's White Soap	\$1.00
24 Bars White Wonder Soap	\$1.00
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