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 kind as well as to individuals.

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 money contribution is solicited, initia-
 tion charged, or collection taken IS
 NEWS.

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**CITY COUNCIL HOLDS
 REGULAR MEETING**

The city council held their regular meeting last evening, with Mayor Lamkin presiding, and Councilmen Shinn, Harner and Pierce present. Regular routine business was transacted.

Among other things brought up was a communication from Mr. Moore in regard to putting in a sample filtering plant. Instructions were given the water superintendent to get prices on large water mains that must be replaced in Railroad addition in the near future. The city attorney was directed to draw up an ordinance to prevent planting of trees having long roots that interfere with and grow into the sewers, causing leaks. An ordinance was introduced, drawn up by the railroad people to renew the franchise to take water through and under the streets of the city to the depot, and granting the privilege to the city by the railroad of crossing its tracks with water and light mains. An ordinance was also read that would affect all taxi drivers if put on the statute book. The latter two measures were deferred for further discussion at a later meeting.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

TAIN' NO SENSE ER DE
 STO-KEEPUM CHEATIN'
 ME OUTEN MAH MONEY,
 CASE HE KNOW GOOD
 EN WELL HE GWINE
 GIT IT ALL ENNY-HOW!



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**Superwoman Admits Marriage
 With Boy Spouse Is Failure**



Mrs. Robert Dickerman

(By International News Service)
 BOSTON, Feb. 22.—Because she is a superwoman, Mrs. Eugenie Dickerman, 47, says her shattered romance with her 27-year-old husband, Robert Elliott Dickerman, was bound to fail.

"I am a superwoman! And that is not my fortune, but my misfortune," she lamented today. "A superwoman cannot hope to hold the man she loves if he is her mental inferior."

The "boy husband," as Dickerman is known here, and his middle-aged bride separated shortly after their marriage July 4, 1919. Mrs. Dickerman is now suing her mother-in-law for \$100,000 damages for alleged alienation of the "boy husband's affections."

The history of her wrecked romance is being bared by letters read in open court.

Letters Bare Romance
 In one letter written to her mother-in-law after young Dickerman had deserted their love nest, the "superwoman" writes:

"We superwomen apparently are

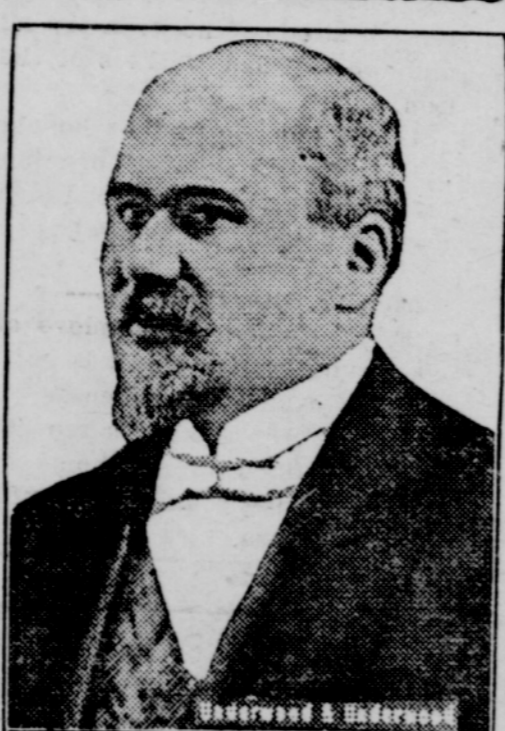
never mated with supermen. I crawl on my hands and knees to you both. Robert says I am too old, that you cannot accept me. However, the cat is out of the bag now, and I have no regrets.

"Tell him I love him and want him. And I cry out: 'My God, my God, why hast thou deserted me?'"

Robert Dickerman and his wife's son were "buddies" overseas. The two young men, it is said, were inseparable until Robert met his buddy's middle-aged mother in Paris where she was a Red Cross worker. The son is reported to have objected to the marriage, and he and his young stepfather have not spoken to each other since, according to gossip.

Poincare Succeeds Briand

Raymond Poincare, former president of France (portrait herewith), has become premier and foreign minister of France, succeeding Briand, resigned. He has formed a new cabinet to succeed the resigned Briand ministry.



M. Poincare has been one of the most consistent leaders of the French political faction demanding:

Strict execution of every clause of the Versailles treaty and subsidiary documents by Germany.

Further military occupation of Germany if the Berlin government defaults in its indemnity obligations.

A receivership for Germany with an allied control commission in Berlin if Germany fails to make the indemnity payments due this month and next.

A close alliance between France and Poland.

Refusal by France to recognize the Moscow soviet government unless it promises to pay all Russia's foreign debts and makes other concessions.

Concerning governmental declaration, the best pointer is the statement by M. Poincare to the correspondents: "I wish that the engagements taken at Versailles be fulfilled—nothing more. My task accomplished, I shall retire."

Icy River, Not Kidnap, Gets Children

KINGSTON, ILL.—The Kishwaukee river gave up the lifeless body of Roger Brown, six, who, with his playmate, Isabel Kiefer, eight, disappeared the day before. The finding of a mitten frozen in the ice revealed that Isabel, too, perished in the icy waters.



The recovery of the body of the little boy shattered hope to which relatives had tenaciously clung that the two children had been kidnaped for ransom, and that they still lived. This faith had been bolstered up by a clairvoyant, in whose powers relatives believed.

An all-night vigil on both sides of the river bank had proven futile. While police of Kingston and neighboring cities were bending every effort to which they believed might lead to the recovery of the children from kidnapers, a frantic search was being prosecuted along the river.

From Kingston, Genoa and the whole countryside came men and women in automobiles to offer their services. In a tent on the river bank women made coffee and sandwiches. Dynamite was used in blasting the ice from the river. Headlights of a hundred automobiles were turned upon the river to aid the searchers. After

the workers had combed the river in one spot the dragging apparatus would be moved down stream and the hunt for the bodies resumed.

At 2:20 in the afternoon the dragging was a quarter of a mile south of the Chicago & Northwestern railway bridge, near which the children were seen playing before their disappearance.

A mass of barbed wire fence was lifted from the bed of the river. The little boy was partly revealed. Albert May, stepfather of the missing boy, was not more than 100 feet away. As the little form was lifted upon the bank and a blanket placed over it he saw his last hope vanish.

"My boy! My boy!" he cried. He staggered to a tree, buried his face in his arms and wept.



THE BIRD QUARREL

LITTLE Jennie Wren was not afraid to speak her mind to anyone who happened to get in her way, and it happened one day that handsome Mr. Cardinal bird did this very thing.

He flew over from the top of a tall pine tree to the very tree near the stone wall by the road where Jennie lived, and began to sing while Mr. Wren was singing on a low limb of the tree.

"Such impertinence," sputtered Jennie Wren, flying out of her home in the tree hole. He thinks just because he is so handsome he can do anything he likes. I will soon tell him, though.

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what I think of him," and up she flew near to where Mr. Cardinal was sitting singing merrily.

"You get right away from this tree or stop singing this minute," scolded little Jennie. "This tree is where we live and my husband is singing; you needn't think, just because you wear handsome feathers, you are the only singer in the woods, and my husband and I do not care for your song at all; we like our own much better."

Mr. Cardinal was so surprised that he stopped singing and listened, and when Jennie Wren stopped to breathe he said, calmly: "Have you heard my sweet-voiced wife sing? You may like

to hear her song better than mine; I do."

Jennie was so surprised one this time, and she nearly lost her balance as she angrily hopped about and bobbed her tail, for she had expected Mr. Cardinal to quarrel with her.

"Huh!" replied Jennie, "your poor little wife; I should think you would say something in praise of her. The way you treat her is disgraceful. I know, and everybody must think so, too, that you are ashamed of her because she wears that brownish-gray dress all the time, while you go flying about all dressed up in fine clothes."

"For my part I admire her clothes much more than yours. She shows better taste dressing in such modest colors and, besides, if she did wear red, I guess the Cardinal family would soon come to an end, for she could be seen plainly enough by those who wish to harm birds and get their eggs."

While Jennie Wren was scolding and hopping about, a trim little bird flew to a twig near Mr. Cardinal, and when Jennie again stopped for breath Mrs. Cardinal—for it was she—said in a very sweet voice: "You are wrong, Mrs. Wren; my husband is not ashamed of me. He loves me very dearly and there is no bird that has a husband more devoted in his attentions than my handsome husband."

Again Jennie Wren was surprised, but she called back as she flew down to her home: "You poor thing; I suppose you do not dare say your soul is your own before your handsome husband; for my part I'd rather have one that is on an equal with me in appearance."

Mrs. Cardinal flew beside her husband and snuggled close. "Come back on the pine tree and I will sing to you," she said, "though I know well enough your own song is sweeter than mine."

"Not to my ears, my dear," answered Mr. Cardinal. "I think you have the sweetest voice in the world, but if you could not sing a note I should be thankful that you do not scold like Mrs. Wren."

(Copyright.)

"What's in a Name?"
 BY MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

ANGELICA

ANGELICA, a name of much more substance than the pallid Angeline, is still one of the "angelic names" which feminine fancy delights to bestow on its girl children. It means, of course, "angelic" and seems difficult to reconcile with the behavior of some of the small daughters whom one finds bearing the name.

Angelos was a Greek word meaning "heavenly messenger," hence "angel." It first became a name in the Byzantium empire when it was bestowed as an epithet upon persons of surpassing beauty. It was applied most often as a masculine name and there was a Carmelite saint called Angelo, who established it as a baptismal name. In his honor, the feminine also became popular and Italian history records many instances of its use.

Angelica sprang to fame since it named the faithless lady of romance for whose sake Orlando lost his heart and his senses. Though she was the invention of Boccaccio and Ariosto, the romantic flavor which the story gave her name brought Angelica to instant favor. England liked the name and adopted it. In France it became Angelleque, and Italy produced the other forms of Angioletta and Anziletta, though Angelica continued the reigning favorite.

Angelica's talismanic gem is the pearl. It guards the purity and sweetness of her, brings her friends, and much charm. Sunday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number. The wild rose is her flower.

REMINDER OF MIDDLE AGES

English Clergyman Likely Will Have to Stand Trial on the Charge of Heresy.

Charges of heresy—with the possibility that England will have an ecclesiastical trial such as it has not known since the Middle Ages—have been filed against the Rev. H. D. A. Major, principal of Ripon hall, a theological institute in Oxford, by the Rev. C. E. Douglas. Further action rests with the bishop of Oxford, with whom the charges have been placed.

The action grew out of an article by the Rev. Mr. Major, in which he said that the resurrection of Christ was a spiritual but not a physical happening. The Rev. Mr. Douglas charges him with "publishing doctrine contrary to the teachings of creeds and of holy scripture," and also "of importing into the Christian religion the teachings of the eastern mystic, Buddha."

The Rev. Mr. Major holds no benefice, so the case can not be tried through the bishops' court. The procedure which must be followed is the old "procedure by inquisition." Under this the bishop having received the information appoints "an inquisition of priests" to hear testimony.

The Rev. Mr. Major, since the filing of the charges, has announced he will defend his position.

AGE AND THE MODERN YOUTH

Attitude of the Youngsters is by No Means Necessarily a Mark of Disrespect.

When we find the children slipping away, excluding us from their pleasures, it's time to let them understand that we're far from being ready for the scrap heap.

The fact that children don't run to bring father's slippers as they used to, doesn't mean any lack of consideration for the parent who has worked hard all day to support his family. I prefer to think the passing of this custom indicates a hope in the young mind that father hasn't yet reached the slippared age, but still has a stomach not wholly satisfied with warmed-over cabbage.

Slippers are the symbol, the outward and visible sign of approaching senility. Father would be a lot better off if he forsook the old armchair and took the family to a vaudeville show or a movie. When my fifteen-year-old son looks in on me when I'm shaving and asks, cheerfully, "How's the hero feeling this morning?" I am flattered. He doesn't mean to be impudent; he is merely greeting me as though I were a comrade of his own age.

I should certainly forfeit his confidence in my sense of humor if I put down the razor to tell him that in my youth children showed their parents more respect. I tried that for a year or two and it didn't work. My past is nothing to him; he finds the world as it is sufficient for all purposes, and if he can have the car this afternoon he'll be very much obliged!—Meredith Nicholson in Harper's Magazine.

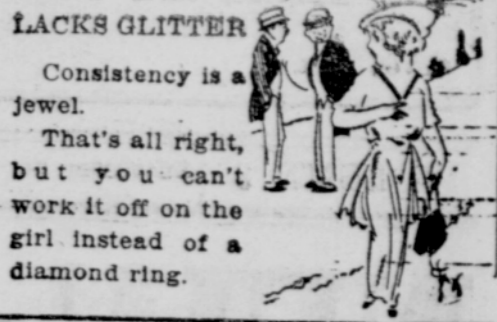
OLD CITY ON TEMPLE SITE

American Archeologists Have Convinced Themselves of Facts Concerning Ancient Sardis.

Doctor Hogarth, keeper of the Ashmolean museum in Oxford, recently gave a series of lectures on the excavations conducted by American archeologists at Sardis. About fifty Latin inscriptions were discovered in the temple ruins by the Americans. Most of the inscriptions were found, however, on the lower slopes of the mountain at the rear of the temple.

The object of the undertaking was to settle the question as to whether the temple columns stood on the site of the ancient Sardis or whether it had disappeared with the collapse of the acropolis. The archeologists satisfied themselves that the ancient town did stand on the temple site. The theory is that the temple was built originally in the Fourth century; indeed, one of the inscriptions discovered dates back to the time of Antigonos, or about 300 B. C. Traces have also been found of an earlier sandstone temple under the other fragments. Originally the temple had eight columns in each of the two facades; not many architects today would design a building to support such great weight on such supports.

The work of excavation was greatly facilitated by the importation of a whole railroad from the United States.



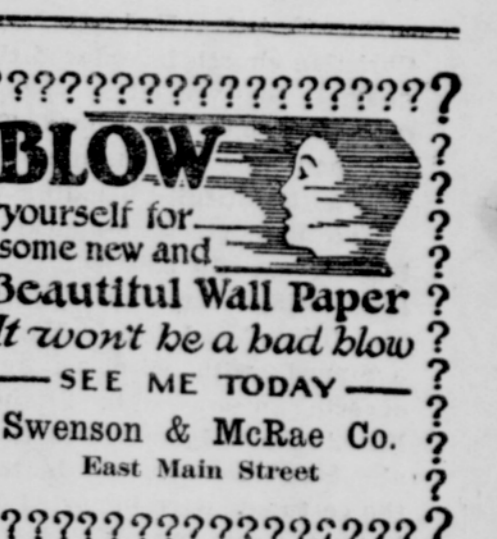
A very lucky strike for William Tell, Jr. One of the luckiest in history, when you consider the consequences.

LUCKY STRIKE!

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