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 E. J. BARRETT, Editor

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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 ads made or a collection is taken IS ADVERTISING." This applies to organizations and societies of every kind as well as to individuals.
 All reports of such activities after they have occurred is news.
 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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SOLIMONITES
 Next Sunday will be "Mother's day," and oh, boy! don't forget to write that letter home.

If you are bent on writing a love letter to a married woman, play safe, and write it to your wife.

That a hoe is just as good for wholesome exercise as a golf club may be true, but who wants to prove it?

There's one thing you got to hand the mosquito in the line of discovery. They put us "next" on the transfusion of blood.

Jack Dempsey says that the women of Paris wear their skirts so long, he'll have to put on blinders when he comes home.

If the Mexicans who object to the introduction of the American cabaret had been at the Ashland armory last Friday night, their objections might have been overcome.

The Examiner says the telephone company is going to start a wireless service, and in the same breath asks will it be any different from the serviceless wires we are now familiar with.

The man with a past is more attractive than the man with a future, according to Lady Angela Forbes' notion, but she adds, that a combination of the two is not far from ideal.

News item says New Jersey will spend \$200,000 buying coal oil for mosquitoes. Let 'em buy their own oil. Skeeters don't need light anyway, for they sure can wield a feeler in the dark.

Congresswoman Alice Robertson, who is still "Miss" Robertson, and a leading suffragette, advises all women to marry. And Lady Astor says, "A career is all right, but you can't run your fingers through his hair." She ought to know, having a seat in the house of commons and being the mother of six children.

A Dread Token

FASCINATING DESCRIPTION AND GRAPHICALLY TOLD LEGEND OF CRATER LAKE.

By IRVING E. VINING
 Nature hath her secrets. The revelation of these secrets to the utility of man is the touchstone of human progress. Invisible currents of potential energy ran rampant through the universe. In ages past their battles were fought, and today we read their history upon the oceanic cliffs, the volcanic cones, the glacier paths, or the mountain lakes.

Upon no spot of earth can a more interesting page of nature's history be found than in the Crater Lake region of southern Oregon. A mighty wound in the brow of the Cascades, Crater Lake memorializes the awful battle of nature's forces by which southern Oregon was partially forged and shaped.

No human tongue can, with word or tone, reveal the feelings of awe and sublimity that enwraps the per-

precipice and started his camp fire. Here he lay down to commune with the Great Spirit. Sleep closed his eyes. Soon strange voices arose from the waters, weird sounds filled the air. When he awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. He arose and joined his tribe far down the mountain. At night, he came again; an irresistible power seemed to call him back. Again, he slept till morn; each visit seemed to increase the charm. The voices were soothing to his spirit. After many moons spent on the cliffs, he climbed down to the lake and bathed his limbs in its waters. Frequently he saw mysterious beings glide to the surface; they resembled his brethren, except they lived in the water. Again and again he returned to spend the night and bathe in the lake. Suddenly, he became hardier and stronger than his



sonality of the truth seeker as he views this revelation. There has been but one throat capable of narrating the history and significance of this region, and that is now cold and dead—an extinct crater fettered within the blue chill of the waters.

As I stood upon the dizzy height of the cliff and gazed down the rocky steep to where the water, two thousand feet below, decoyed the sunlight to reflect its myriad dyes as it played with sands on the shore rims and tried until my shocked senses revolted, to comprehend the blue depths that entomb the waters. I could almost reiterate the sentiments of the wandering Klamath as he invoked the pardon of the Great Spirit for intruding upon the awful stillness of his repose.

Superstition could find no better home than within the egg shaped bosom of Crater Lake, ranging northeast and southwest, seven miles in length and six in width. The cliffs rising in fantastical shapes, from one to two thousand feet above the water, can hardly be detected from their reflected counterparts, so perfectly are they mirrored in the smooth and glassy surface, over which the breeze creates scarcely a ripple. Shadows of clouds and cliffs reflected in the water, have often been mistaken for monstrous sea serpents, while the legends of the Klamath Indians people the dark caves of the lake with Llaos, or spirits.

According to the favorite legend of this Indian tribe: Many, many moons ago, long before the paleface appeared to disturb the peace of the proud natives of the forest, when the deer were plentiful and the brooks teemed with fish, a band of brave Klamaths, while on a hunting expedition, came suddenly upon a huge cavern in the mountain top. The braves were struck dumb by its remarkable walls and majestic proportions. With spirits subdued and quaking with fear, they stealthily crept up to its edge and gazed into its fathomless depths. They conceived it to be a lake, the awful stillness of which was appalling. Something within told them the Great Spirit dwelt there, and they dared not remain. Bowed with reverence they crept down the mountainside and camped far away.

By some mysterious and unaccountable influence, one young brave was induced to return. In the dead of night, he climbed up the moonlit mountain to the very brink of the

brethren. The mysterious waters gave him power far greater than that possessed by any other member of his tribe.

Others followed him and sought the influence of the magic water. Old warriors sent their sons to visit this region and receive strength to cope with their neighboring tribes. Their superstition and dread of the spirits at first only allowed them to sleep on the cliffs above; in time they ventured to the water's edge; at last they plunged into the blue waters medicated by the Llaos and the coveted strength was theirs. A young brave, becoming proud and haughty over his marvelous strength, dared to slay a monstrous fish that appeared on the surface. Immediately the infuriated Llaos swarmed to the surface, slew the Indian daredevil, tore his body into small pieces which they threw to their children in the blue depths far below. And such will be the fate of every Klamath who dares to look upon the sacred bosom of Crater Lake. This dread haunts the Klamath of today, who shuns Crater Lake as the abode of the angry Llaos.

In ages past, there arose on the present site of Crater Lake a mighty monarch of the mountains. Lifting his hoary head far into cloudland, he looked down upon the snowy mantles of Hood and Shasta. A sentinel of the Westland, he cools his brow in the air above Everest, the king of the East. Perhaps no human eye measured his altitude; no voice bespoke his grandeur. A silent monarch, he ruled o'er a silent realm.

Then came the mighty battle of nature's forces. The bosom of the mountain heaved and trembled with the earthquake shock; streams of liquid fire seared his spotless brow. Great seas of lava were hurled upon his kingdom below. The elements seemed bent on his destruction. There is a mighty quiver, his foundations gives way; down, down, plunges the mountain monarch into the very bowels of the earth. Above him yawns a black, jagged and smoky chasm, a veritable hell on earth. With his fall, the forces become silent, the cliffs cooled, the plying waters gathered to lave his scorched remains. Thus was formed the beautiful, sublime and awe-inspiring Crater Lake—one of earth's marvels. The ingenuity of nature never conceived a shrine of more impressive solemnity. Stand upon the summit of Llao rock and gaze two thousand feet below to the surface of the fathomless waters. Feelings hitherto innate will awaken within you to respond to the grandeur of nature's masterpiece.

ASK GRADUATES TO BOOST STATE IN VALEDICTORY

High school graduates of Oregon are being asked to do everything within their power to boost Oregon and assist in the development of resources by the Oregon state chamber of commerce. This step is being taken on suggestion of Irving E. Vining of Ashland, one of the directors of the state chamber.
 The plan is to send letters to presidents of graduating classes of all high school of the state, appealing to them as loyal Oregonians, and as

students who have made a study of the history and the resources of the state, to assist in counteracting erroneous reports of Oregon, circulated by other states, and to spread information that is correct wherever they go.

Part of the letter follows:
 "The specific thing which we request you to do when preparation is being made for the graduation exercises, is to confer with the valedictorian for your class, the student who delivers the farewell address on behalf of the graduates. You should impress this student with the fact that he should include in his farewell address a stirring appeal to his fellow students to remember and to preach the beauty and grandeur of Oregon's scenery, which rivals that of the world-famous Alps; Oregon's agricultural wealth which permits the growing and harvesting of any agricultural or horticultural crop suited to the temperate zone; Oregon's timber wealth which includes one-fifth of the standing timber of the United States; Oregon's mineral wealth which has scarcely been touched as yet; Oregon's undeveloped water power, which, including the Columbia river basin, represents one-third of all the undeveloped water power of the United States; Oregon's temperate climate, where hurricanes, blizzards and tornadoes are unknown and extremes of heat and cold are unusual; Oregon's tremendous size and opportunities for future development, the land area be-

Guns Repaired

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 Barrels and Parts Supplied and Fitted for Any Make of Gun
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Coffee Talks! Yes~



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 THE BEST OF EATING
 EVERYTHING HOME-COOKED

W. A. SHELL

BARBER
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 Children's Work A Specialty

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



ing larger than the combined areas of England and Scotland, which support a population of more than 35,000,000 and which are the foundation and cornerstone of the British empire."

AFTER EVERY MEAL

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Save the wrappers

Good for valuable premiums

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Satisfies the sweet tooth and aids appetite and digestion.
 Cleanses mouth and teeth.
 A great boon to smokers, relieving hot, dry mouth.
 Combines pleasure and benefit.
 Don't miss the joy of the new WRIGLEY'S P-K—the sugar-coated peppermint tid bit!

When You Go Fishing

EQUIP WITH THE BEST TACKLE
 We Have the Latest and the Best in
 RODS AND REELS, BASKETS, EGGS, ETC.
 As a Precaution, so None Will Question Your Veracity, KODAK Your Catch
 We Have Them
NININGER & WARNER
 "Don't Forget to Put Out Your Campfire"

Dollar Courage

Money in the bank gives the sort of courage that enables men to get on in the world.
 We suggest that you open a savings account with us and begin now to build up a cash reserve.
 Your account is welcome here regardless of size.

The Citizens Bank

Ashland, Oregon

He Has a Following of His Own