

Ashland Tidings
 Established 1876
 Published Every Evening Except Sunday
THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.
 OFFICIAL CITY AND COUNTY PAPER
 TELEPHONE 39
 E. J. BARRETT, Editor

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-class Mail Matter.

Subscription Price Delivered in City:
 One month \$.65
 Three months 1.95
 Six months 3.75
 One year 7.50
 Mail and Rural Routes
 One month \$.65
 Three months 1.95
 Six months 3.50
 One year 6.50

ADVERTISING RATES
 Display Advertising
 Single insertion, each inch 30c
 Yearly Contracts
 Display Advertising

One time a week 27 1/2c
 Two times a week 25 c
 Every other day 20 c
 Local Readers

Each line, each time 10c
 To run every other day for one month, each line, each time 7c
 To run every issue for one month or more, each line, each time 5c
 Classified Column
 One cent the word each time.
 To run every issue for one month or more, 1/2c the word each time.

Legal Rate
 First time, per 8-pcmt line 10c
 Each subsequent time, per 8-point line 5c
 Card of thanks \$1.00
 Obituaries, the line 2 1/2c
 Fraternal Orders and Societies

Advertising for fraternal orders or societies charging a regular initiation fee and dues, no discount. Religious and benevolent orders will be charged the regular rate for all advertising when an admission or other charge is made.

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.
 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.

CHANGE IN EDITORIAL STAFF

Mr. E. J. Barrett, who became connected with the Tidings last March, has disposed of his stock in the Ashland Printing Company, and will associate himself with the Hartman Syndicate, which is developing the oil shale deposits near Ashland.

Mr. Barrett is a cracking good newspaper man, who knows the business from start to finish. His short editorial paragraphs, which have run daily in the Tidings, have attracted wide attention, having been largely copied by the Portland and San Francisco newspapers, as well as most of the papers of the state. Besides, Mr. Barrett has proven himself a very affable and popular man, and it is with regret that the Tidings loses him from its editorial staff. He is a fine business man and a hustler, and will make a success of his new venture.

Mr. C. K. Logan, a newspaper man of experience, from Portland, assumes editorial control of the Tidings today. He has been connected with the Eugene Guard and Register and last winter had charge of the news department of the Grants Pass Courier, upon his graduation from the University of Oregon. He is a hustler and will maintain the high standard of the Tidings set by his predecessor, Mr. Barrett.

SOLOMONITES

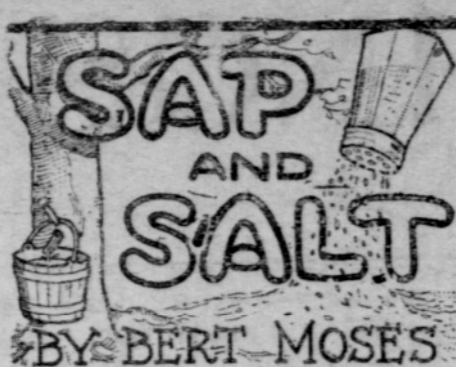
Most of the tourists are beginning to believe that our drinking water supply has gotten mixed up with a combination of the lithia, soda and sulphur springs.

For a dead one, the Ku Klux Klan seems to be doing fairly well. All indications point to the election of a member of the Klan as the next governor of Texas, and down Los Angeles way, the prosecution fails to convict in the Englewood night-riding cases.

With Ashland as the central point in the development of an industry for the manufacture of oil from shale, and with a big crockery enterprise established to utilize the vast deposits of kaolin in the Dead Indian country, it looks as if at last this section of the state was coming into its own.

Those who are favoring government ownership of railroads and coal mines point to the fact that Uncle Sam never has any strikes in the industries over which he exercises federal control. We never hear of any strikes in the army or navy, or in the post office department.

Those who are "sot" against municipal ownership, will not find much encouragement if they go over the books of the cities near-by, owning



If you must worry, try not to string it out.

On a bad road, keep in the ruts; in other things, don't.

Alarm clocks are going out of style as the six-hour day comes in.

Boldness should always have reasonable percentage of caution mixed with it.

One of the difficult things to do nowadays is to behave yourself and get any fun out of it.

The real "producer" these days is the fellow who goes down into his pants pocket and resurrects the word coin.

HEZ HECK SAYS:
 "The leadin' lawyer in a town is generally the crookedest."

their own electric light plants. In Ashland and Redding, the electric plants, municipally operated, render not only first class service, but are paying propositions, notwithstanding the fact that the cost of consumption is less than that charged by privately owned plants.

Our friend, Mr. Hearst, is non-squelchable. His nomination for governor of New York, in the regular way, being made impossible by the antagonism of Tammany Hall, he is now trying to make a dieker, backed by a threat in the offing. If he is given the nomination for governor or has the endorsement of Tammany for United States senator, he doesn't seem to care which, he will fall in line and support the democratic ticket. If not he will run as an independent candidate for governor. Conditions are such in New York that if this threat were carried out, it would practically insure the election of a republican governor. But Tammany knows Mr. Hearst and Charles Murphy says that because the "great editor" could never sleep in a roundhouse, is the one great reason why he will do no dickering with him, but would rather, if need be, go down to defeat in November. Tammany has been beaten before—and survived.

DOWN AT KLAMATH FALLS
 (Portland Oregonian)

We are told that down at Klamath Falls people are angry at Portland because of an incident of the 1925 exposition caravan's visit there last week, wherein Mayor Baker publicly resented what he considered an unwarranted affront to the caravan people, to Portland, and to Oregon at large. A young man regarded by Klamath Falls people as the town wit, undertook to show his wares at a get-together banquet. His offering was an essay couched in facetious phrases and with a sting for somebody in every phrase. Home town bickerings, politics, the exposition project, intrastate strife—every subject now at issue in Oregon on which people are divided and feel deeply—was made grist for his comedy mill. If one of his paragraphs brought a grin out of the fellow on the right, the man on the left regarded it dourly, and if another jibe tickled the risibilities of a group down-table, a crowd up the other way were made glum. He simply rubbed on the raw every wound he could find, and he was a good little finder. Unquestionably, let it be said in his defense, he thought he was being funny, and that was his motive.

But the caravan had gone to Klamath Falls for a twofold serious purpose: to promote better feeling and to seek moral support for the exposition project. It asked only for a chance to talk with Klamath Falls people. Its members were paying their own way and paid for their own banquet, there as elsewhere. They were received by the people of Klamath Falls with the greatest cordiality, and the Klamath Falls mayor made a most heartening speech of welcome. In this atmosphere of serious purpose to promote unity and following this welcome, the town wit dropped his essay. Mayor Baker rebuked him and rebuked those who had made it possible for him to present the essay. And the mayor made a pretty thorough job of it.

It is a pity Klamath Falls holds resentment over the incident. Portland and the Portland caravanners hold no resentment, according to

best reports. If it was a joke to have a local comedian introduce into his monologue a great variety of irritant or sore spots, it is well enough or all hands, in a spirit of camaraderie and good humor, and for a better understanding all around to look upon the mayor's reply as another excellent joke.

WEATHER OUTLOOK

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Weather outlook for the period August 23 to September 2, inclusive: Pacific coast states—Generally fair with normal temperatures.

State to let contracts approximately \$500,000 for 65 miles highway.

Even Wallflowers Get Partners for This "Stumbling Steps," New Broadway Step, Boon to Awkward

On the revolutionary but welcome theory that he who stumbles most dances best, Donald Kerr and Effie Weston, well-known Broadway pacesetters have built "Stumbling Steps," a new dance, which they offer as a panacea to that long-suffering specimen of human flora, the wallflower.

The originators of the dance were aided in their invention by Zee Confrey, composer of the music and lyrics of "Stumbling," who said he got his inspiration watching the discomfiture of a poor young man who had never taken dancing lessons stumble all over a poor young lady who had.

The nine positions shown are the outstanding features of the dance. If you can take them all, you qualify as a stumbler.



NUGGET KING JERRY IS STILL IN LAND OF THE LIVING

(Mail Tribune)

N. Jerry, the "Nugget King," a picturesque figure in the mining life of the Pacific Northwest, who disappeared from his southern Oregon haunts nine years ago, and was reported mysteriously murdered, an inmate of an insane asylum, and dead on the battlefields of France, passed through the city Friday afternoon, en route to Washington D. C., where he was called as a witness in an Alaska fishery case. All the time rumor has been finishing him with a tragic fate, he has been a resident of Seward, Alaska. He told Colonel Jack R. Harvey of Grants Pass, who rode from that city to Medford with him on that train, that he was coming back to the Rogue River valley to live, in a few months.

Jerry is known to scores of Jackson county people for his lavish display of nuggets, and his charity to children. He always carried four or five thousand dollars in raw gold on his person and would show them with pride to any and all comers. His watch chain, composed entirely of big nuggets, weighed four pounds and was a conspicuous part of his daily wardrobe. His favorite charity stunt was to bestow on a poor boy or girl, he met by chance, clothes and money. When he lived here last, he knew everybody, and everybody knew him.

When he failed to return from one of his many trips, he never told anyone where he was going. Friends including Dr. J. F. Reddy, feared for his safety and wired the chief of police of all coast cities to locate him without avail. He dropped out of sight, and was not heard of until yesterday by local acquaintances. Jerry is now 82 years old, and is hale and hearty, and still retains his "compliment me, my son" attitude on the passage of time. He greeted old friends at Gold Hill Friday, some of his mining claims being in this vicinity. Half of the nugget pins in the north end of Jackson county are said to have been gifts from him. He was a liberal giver and always prosperous.

Jerry, before he came to the Rogue River valley, was a soldier of fortune and high adventure. He was a sailor and visited every port of importance in his younger days, and sought gold in Borneo, Australia, South Africa and the Isthmus of Panama. He was credited by Dr. Reddy with being the most widely known man "west of the Rockies," and for years roamed the hills, cities and mining camps of that section.

All of Jerry's friends in southern



UDOLPH VALENTINO

Featured with Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks," by Elinor Glynn, at the Vining three days, beginning tomorrow.

Oregon will be glad to hear he is still alive, and hope he makes good on his promise to return.

WALTER PRITCHARD EATON WRITES UP CRATER LAKE

In a recent issue of Country Life, Walter Pritchard Eaton is author of quite an extensive writeup of Crater Lake, describing the lake and its surroundings in detail, as he found it on a visit there. He spoke of having found the most beautiful garden in America in the "Garden of the Phantom Ship."

Mr. Eaton's article will probably reach more people and be read by more than any other like story ever written on this scenic wonder of southern Oregon, and is such publicity as will be remembered by all who see the publication. It will undoubtedly result in bringing many tourists to this section of the state to visit this world's wonder.

Phone 121

—to have your clothes cleaned the

Master Cleaner's Way

No Smell of Gas When They are Cleaned by

PANTORIUM DYE WORKS

Shook Building E. Main

Everything Possible in Dyeing and Cleaning

MAPPING OUT ITINERARY FOR SHRINE CARAVAN

Captain Bernard S. McMahan, manager of the National Touring club, with Pacific coast headquarters at Oakland and eastern headquarters at Washington, D. C., will arrive in this city shortly on his way to the national capital.

Captain McMahan is mapping out the itinerary for the second trans-continental Shrine motor caravan,

which will most likely include this city. He travels in a large white touring car. Neatly lettered signs on the car designate it as the official advance car for the National Shrine Touring club.

While in this city, Captain McMahan will meet officers of the civic organizations and explain to them the plans for next year's caravan.

Bend—Work to start on McKenzie Pass road.



Fordson Often Does More In a Day Than Six Horses

The Fordson substitutes motors for muscles.

The Fordson substitutes tractor wheels for the legs of man and horse.

The Fordson takes the burden off flesh and blood and puts it on steel.

It allows the farmer's energy to be devoted to management, and not merely to operation. It gives him time. It cuts his producing costs.

There's a big story of savings made possible by the Fordson. Let us tell you. Write, phone or call.

HARRISON BROS. Ford and Fordson Dealers

"Is the Product Right?"

It is a maxim of advertising that a poor product cannot be successfully advertised. It may flash upon the scene with brilliance, become the talk of the hour, and to all appearances be destined to set new records, but unless it is and does what is claimed for it, no amount of printer's ink and artist's colors can give it permanence.

Once in a while some article of merchandise will appear to defy this rule, but not for long. Public response, at first, perhaps, quick and active, becomes slower and slower. Sales fall off, and in a few months or a few years, the very name of the product is forgotten.

Advertising men know this so well that today the first question upon which they must be satisfied before they will recommend advertising to any manufacturer is—Is the product right?

And merchandise that is right—merchandise that will satisfy in service—merchandise that will bring customers back for another purchase is the first requirement of the jobber and the retailer who expect to endure and flourish.

There is no better assurance of this kind of merchandise than an advertising pledge to the public.