

Ashland Daily Tidings

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Bert R. Greer Editor OFFICIAL CITY PAPER Telephone 39

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WHAT CONSTITUTES ADVERTISING "All future events, where an admission charge is made or a collection taken is Advertising. No discount will be allowed Religious or Benevolent orders.

DONATIONS: No donations to charities or otherwise will be made in advertising, or job printing—our contributions will be in cash.

JULY 21

A BENEDICTION:—Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.—2 Corinthians 13:11.

A FRIEND SOMEWHERE

There isn't a human on the face of the earth that cannot find a friend somewhere. It wasn't just that way that Miss Maud Minor of New York, one of the eminent social workers in the world said it in an address before Portland social workers Friday. What she said was that "there is always a friend."

A girl in her teens was expelled from an Eastern boarding school. Her fault was merely a childish prank in which there was nothing sinister. She feared to go home on account of the shame. She was misunderstood and unwisely managed there anyway. Presently, she landed in New York, that mighty place of speed and madness and finance and wickedness and wiles and many good people.

She hadn't the price of a bed. New York has a place for such girls, a place of free beds, free subsistence until employment is found, along with supervision by good women who never lose sight of the straying until her problem is solved and she is lodged in safe moorings. This girl was on the border line. One path led upward, the other downward. Her story told, the friend that is always somewhere got in touch with her parents. Explanations followed, and a luxurious home, with parents who understood her better, the past was wiped out and a new and happier life begun.

There is the same sort of friend for every one in trouble—girl, boy, woman, man, outcast, the discouraged or what not. If, before she jumps into the river, a would-be suicide would tell her troubles anywhere, to almost anybody, there would be a solution. If, before he goes out to steal for means of providing for his family, the head of a home would tell somebody of his straits, there would be a friend to save him from crime.

A human heart is rarely without compassion. Because everybody is rushing along with his own affairs at break-neck speed, it doesn't mean that every heart is a stone. If there is a mother, her heart will open wide when the tale of trouble is told. If there is no relative, tell the story to a policeman, to a man or woman with a kindly face, or, best of all, to a social worker.

If your trouble is little, or if it is big, the wise way is not to suffer it in silence, but tell it. Somewhere, almost anywhere, there is always a friend.

The world is full of friends if you try to find them.—Oregon Daily Journal.

PANCHO CROSSES OVER

Pancho Villa rode across the chronicles of the present like some dread horseman of the past, and where the hoofs of his mount touched the green field the desert followed. Flame and fury were his attendants. If all the hate engendered by that name pursues him to another world, the spirit of Pancho will win no peace. They called him the Robin Hood of his country. They wove a romance for a monstrous rascal.

As men of violence must ever expect, he passed by violence. As traitors must ever anticipate, he died by treachery. Surrounded by choice cutthroats of his choos-

ing, by the banditti who followed his fortunes, he had retired to play at gentleman. Word came over the border, word of the reformed brigand and his exemplary life—as though a year or so of indolence could atone for years of wanton bloodshed. Pancho was the lord of many acres, a benevolent master, engaged in the project of finding happiness for himself and his. Not a peso of his fortune, but was smirched with crime, not a man of all his men but remembered the Villa of yesterday. And at length his clerk, one Miguel, drew and fired and made an end of Pancho.

There are many tales of the origin of Villa's outlawry. He had been wronged. He sought redress. His sister had been violated. His thirst was for vengeance. With these the historians have but passing concern. The facts with which they must deal transcend the animus of the bandit. They must write him down as one of the few among human-kind who relinquish all contact with pity or remorse, and who add to the lusts of the carnivore the sagacity of man. They must suffer no graceful fiction, not attribute of heroism, to cloak the dishonor of a murderer. Requiescat in pace! Where would such a one rest in peace?—Oregonian

WE CAN NOT ANSWER

In a letter received today by the Tidings a question is propounded which the writer is unable to answer. The letter comes from Montana and is presenter verbatim: "Dodson, Mont. July 18, 1923.

"Tidings, Ashland, Oregon. Enclosed 65 cents for one month's subscription to Ashland Daily Tidings."

"Is there a resident dentist in your city? We have failed to find him in the professional column. It is my plans to spend a part of this summer in Ashland, and I need some dental work. We live 70 miles from the nearest point for good work and if prices are right out there we will have our work done in Oregon.

"We have had an eye on Ashland for some few years, since 1915, as our prospective, future home and we are well pleased with the news contained in the columns of the Tidings, and we are going to see for ourselves. Thanking you in advance, we are, Your respectfully, "Mrs. E. W."

The Tidings learns with a great deal of pleasure that the writer and her family contemplate a trip to Ashland with a view to locating here. Conditions in Ashland are such that they are sure to like it here. There are few points in Oregon, or the Northwest for that matter, with more favorable surroundings than Ashland. As to the question propounded the writer frankly states that he is unable to answer, despite the fact that he, too, has scanned the columns of the Tidings every day for the past two months.

THE SUNDAY BAND CONCERTS

How many people of Ashland and vicinity are attending the band concerts rendered Sunday afternoons at Lithia Park? Hundreds of people, not only of Ashland but of neighboring points, are taking advantage of the concerts, but it is evident that many miss the excellent concerts that are a weekly event. Quite likely most of those who do not attend do not realize the real value of the Sunday afternoon events. There is perhaps no regular event occurring in the city of so much value to Ashland and the community in general as the weekly concerts. Good band music such as is provided by the Ashland band, and also the Medford band, is a treat not enjoyed by the citizens of every town and people in general should lend their presence at the concerts whenever possible. That the Ashland band has received no little support at the hands of Ashland citizens is evident, yet there are some who seem to begrudge the trivial amount of money appropriated to the organization. Let no citizen rest secure in the belief that a band man gets paid for his services. In the average town the band member receives pay for two or three engagements a year, and for the remainder of the year he goes to rehearsals once or twice a week and plays on various occasions for nothing. The amateur band man sacrifices more time and money in the interests of his organization, which is greatly to the interest of his town, than the men of any other class. The town band is a great asset, and an organization that merits hearty moral and financial support.

A new postoffice is certainly needed here. You can't expect to park an entire navy on those steps at Third and Union.—Seattle Union Record. Correct this sentence. "I like my public work" said the prominent clubwoman, "but I am happiest in my kitchen."—Medford Mail Tribune.

Daily News Letter

NEW YORK, July 23.—Broadway's crop of summer shows started it. Ziegfeld, the Shubert boys and George White have gone back to nature—even to the beginning of nature where there was "nothing else but." And now New York has taken up the fashion—she's stockingsless. Tiny sandals, scarcely covering pink toes, adorn the feet. At the Ritz, along Broadway and even on Fifth Avenue in the hose manufacturers' market.

"Haven't we a perfect right?" Miss New York asks. But that doesn't answer what prompts Father Knickerbocker's sons to go back for their styles to the days when Little Old New York was young. At night in the theatres, and daily in the automats off Wall Street, knickerbockered bankers, brokers and barbers sporting the gay and festive woollens can be seen. Broadway looks almost like a golf course.

"West Point in the Bronx" is the title New York has given the new "military college" where this week 129 cadets will be made "generals" and "captains" and "lieutenants" in the Army. On a hillside in the Bronx the Salvation Army has established a training school for officers. General Wong Chang, of Shanghai, China, is this year's honor student. The "Army" gives a year's course in training before graduation. It is the only "military school" of its sort in the world.

There are some who sigh for the "good old days." But the sighers are not Mr. and Mrs. New Yorker with a family.

Time was when, to enjoy a board-walk and a dip in the surf, one had to travel to Atlantic City. Now New York has the new Coney Island. Gone are the days of the old Coney, with its noise and wired-off beach. Its noise-mad water front concessions, its bars and honkey-tonks. In its place is a new \$3,000,000 boardwalk and a beach, built under the supervision of Mayor John F. Hylan, where, on Sundays and holidays, between 500,000 and 1,000,000 people play a five-cent fare from Broadway.

Meet Charles Drescher, the "new-style cop."

H. B. Warner, "movie" and theatrical star, tells the story. "I left home, forgot my purse, and didn't know I was without funds until I stepped from a taxi in front of the Polo Grounds, where I was taking my wife to see the Giants play. Policeman Drescher stepped up, attracted by the taxi driver's argument. "Can I help you, sir?" he asked. "Then," says Warner, "he dug in his pocket, took out a \$10 bill, paid my driver and gave me the price of two admission tickets."

"Just send the money to me at the station house," Warner says Drescher told him. Drescher says he didn't know Warner. "But he looked honest," the policeman explained. Now Drescher has a season pass for all of Warner's attractions, in addition to his returned \$10 bill.

"New York, city of skyscrapers and bent fenders," may be a good joke on the stage. But ask the merchants at the Walabout and Jefferson markets. "Two-thirds of all the produce we sell is raised either in Manhattan, the Bronx or on Long Island," they reveal. Two-thirds of New York's green stuff is raised within the sound of the subway's roar.

"And what town can beat that?" demand the city fathers.

All isn't tragedy with America's new sons and daughters, released from Ellis Island to the wonders of New York. Taxi men at the Battery, where the immigrant barges come in, tell some amusing tales. "Those from the provinces of Southern Europe, who never saw a taxicab, see Americans hail passing buses and climb in. They do it, too—and then won't pay, thinking we are trying to rob them. Others want to give us a nickel or a dime for our trouble," the taxi men explain.

Entertains Friends—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dix entertained Mr. and Mrs. Merle Walters during their visit here Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. Walters was formerly Miss Inez Reader of this city.

Call on Friend—Mr. and Mrs. Art Giegler of Lents, Oregon, who are returning home from a tour of California, stopped in Ashland today to visit H. Butterfield, who formerly lived in Lents.

Veronia's valuation increased to \$300,000.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS OF THE CITY OF ASHLAND FOR THE PERIOD BEGINNING JAN. 1, 1923, AND ENDING JUNE 30, 1923. RECORDER'S OFFICE, Ashland, Oregon July 16, 1923

Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923. Includes sections for GENERAL FUND, STREET FUND, FIRE DEPT. FUND, CEMETERY FUND, PUBLICITY & CHAUTAUQUA FUND, INTEREST & BONDS FUND, WATER FUND, WATER SINKING FUND, and AUXILIARY WATER FUND.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FUND Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923.

ELECTRIC LIGHT DEPRECIATION FUND Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923.

ELECTRIC LIGHT SINKING FUND Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923.

SEWER FUND Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923.

CANYON ROAD FUND Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923.

PAVING BOND REDEMPTION FUND Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923.

SEWER BOND REDEMPTION FUND Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923.

CURB AND GUTTER BOND REDEMPTION FUND Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923.

SEWER BOND REDEMPTION FUND Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1923, Balance, Receipts, Disbursements, and Balance June 30, 1923.

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GERTRUDE BIEDE City Recorder.