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JULY 8 FINALLY, BRETHREN, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things. Philippians 4:8.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE"

Everyone will admit that there is some difference between the language which the Englishman calls his own and that which the American has adopted as his mother tongue. To representatives of both countries it has afforded amusement to note minor distinctions, and not seldom it has been attempted to prove that one is better than the other.

Time was when such argument was indulged in with a good deal of acrimony, one learned advocate of better speech in America going so far as to assert that the time would come when Americans would no longer be able to understand the works of Milton, Pope, Swift, Addison and other English authors without the aid of translation into what would some day be called the American tongue.

But although it was more than 100 years ago that this prophecy was made, we do not yet stand in need of such translation. According to a recent writer on the subject we stand less in need of it today than we did a century ago. He shows that many of the specimens collected by British writers on this subject are not Americanisms at all; they are mere colloquialisms, the like of which an American would observe more abundantly in England.

Much of the difference seems to arise out of the fact that frequently writers on this subject compare the educated speech of England with any peculiarity of American speech that may be found anywhere. As is pointed out by this latest writer on the subject "if the talk of street loafers in American cities, and the verbal peculiarities of outlying regions are to be counted as American speech we must also take account of the lingo of the slums of London and Edinburgh and Cork."

Significant for arriving at an understanding of what each country is contributing to the development of the English tongue is the statement that "English conservatism is a valuable preservative of the written language," and that "American energy and invention are always likely to outstrip this English characteristic in giving direction to current speech." We Americans, in other words, play the role of pioneers in the development of the common language. Of late years we have given the language innumerable words and turns of speech.

GOOD ADVICE

There appeared recently before Superior Judge C. W. Guerin, in Los Angeles, a girl mother, who asked for a divorce on the grounds that she had quarreled with her husband for the reason that he objected to her attending dances and shows several nights a week. The judge, a quiet and thoughtful man, listened to her plea, then said: "A rational man or woman when given their freedom, will do the right thing—they will go from the home only when they have to and will not frame excuses to get away from those they have sworn to love and honor." Pausing a few seconds, during which he seemed wrapped in intent thought, the Judge continued: "You do the right thing by our home and by me and let me be the judge, and I will do the right thing by our home and by you and let you be the judge. That is the sentiment each one should have when they marry."

In the last bit of advice given by the judge to the young wife is doubtless contained the secret of a successful and happy married life. If one is true to his home he is all but true to all that goes to make up a home, including his mate. The individual who is untrue to his home is untrue to his mate and untrue to himself and eventually causes his home to crumble and decay into desolate ruins. "Do the right thing by our home and by me" is the motto deserving serious thought in every home. Making the homes subservient to the whims for pleasure and popularity keeps the divorce courts busy and is throwing innocent children out into a world void of necessary protection and guidance. Never in the history of America has there been a greater need for making the home the shrine for husband and wife not only, but for their offspring.

TEN MILLION DOLLARS

Ten million dollars was burned up in Oregon last year. If the cost of fires were actually distributed over the entire population of the state, more than \$11 would be collected from each person. A million dollars' more insurance was paid out in the state last year than during the previous 12 months.

What is burned up is wasted. It is gone. It cannot be brought back. Ten million dollars' worth of timber, homes, plants and stores burned is that much wealth destroyed. It is beyond the hand of man to return. And that ten million dollars' loss means more. The added million dollars paid out in insurance may mean heavier premiums to pay the next year in order to get insurance. It means, perhaps, not alone the ten million dollars wasted,

but many additional dollars to be paid in insurance premiums against more fire.

Much of the fire loss could have been avoided. Some of the fires were of incendiary origin. Others might be called unavoidable. But an exceptionally large number can be attributed to carelessness alone. Ten million, or five million, or one million, is a large sum for the state of Oregon to pay as tribute to carelessness. The higher insurance premiums that may come is another sum that might easily have been saved. And all the time and energy, to say nothing of the cost that was expended in building part of that ten million of wealth might as well not have been spent.

Oregon cannot afford to pay ten million dollars a year in fire losses. It cannot afford to pay heavier insurance premiums. But they are bills that will be paid so long as a few people persist in going through life without a single thought as to the destruction they may bring about by carelessly starting or spreading fires.—Oregon Daily Journal.

There is no longer any need for carrying one's imagination to the bathing pools and beach resorts.

The main trouble with the girl of today is that she refuses to act like the girl of yesterday.

Calendars as works of art are very handy in covering up bad spots on the wall paper.

Most of the fellows who long for the good, old days, kick like a bay steer when they have to wait ten minutes for the street car or auto stage.

Many of the nations that would lead doubtless believe in leading first with their right.

A few loyal republicans are predicting that the democratic delegates will keep on balloting for a candidate until the November election and then vote for Coolidge.

Interesting Reminiscences By A Southern Oregon Pioneer

Being a series of interesting articles dealing with early day events and pioneer men and women who made history and bulidled for succeeding generations. (By C. B. WATSON)

Chapter Two OUR FIRST CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS, ON OUR WAY TO HELENA, MONTANA.

It would be difficult for me to describe my sensations when we had prepared our first supper and spread our beds with fur boughs to soften our repose. There was a large corral of logs near by that had been occupied to corral sheep in during the past season and this we used to confine our band after they had browsed their fill on the luxurious bunch grass and wild clover that in these early days carpeted every glade and surrounded the marshy grounds, made so by the numerous springs. Near by, to the east were high cliffs and looking toward the west as the sun sank behind the Siskiyou's, was a wonderful vision of beautiful valley and towering mountains. Near by were great trees that charmed me with their dignity and the thought that they were growing in full vigor before Columbus discovered America.

I have not yet given you a detail of the personnel of our little party who were destined to the closest companionship during many months to come. First was H. F. Phillips, who had charge of the venture; then came Walter Myer, son of B. F. Myer, who owned the band of horses; then Eugene Walrad, Albert Cardwell, Oscar Phillips son of H. F. Phillips, who had charge of the "bell mare." Walrad and the writer bunked together and generally rode together. We looked after the packs and the packing. Each one had his particular place in this undertaking. In our pack-train were three mules and the bell-made. These were practically inseparable and were generally kept in the lead of the band. One mule we called "Pinto" because he was spotted; he was small but according to the consensus of the party was very closely related to his Satanic Majesty, as will more fully appear during the course of this narrative.

That night at Green Springs was clear and frosty—my first camp under the pines. I lay awake for hours thinking, thinking about mother and home and this venture which seemed to be bringing my boyish dreams—since I had been old enough to have dreams of adventure—true. I had read about Kit Carson and Fremont, and now was to see the land where some of their thrills were obtained. I was to experience in the wilds, among the Indians some of the things I had read about. I thought about the pioneers of the plains and wondered if they, like myself, were not moved by some mysterious impulse which they had not fully divined. I had been a devotee to the writings of Emmerson and these lines come to me: "When I am alone in my sylvan home, I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome, When I'm stretched beneath the pines, When the evening star so holy shines, I laugh at the lore and creeds of man, The sophists schools and learned clan, For what are they all in their

high conceit, When man in the bush with God may meet."

I finally slept and was aroused by whoops and imprecations. I was on my feet in a minute, only to learn that we were not attacked by Indians. It was only the Pinto mule prospecting among our camp equipment. This mule had been raised by Cash Walker, who is still an Ashland resident, and who had trained him—like Bret Hart's heathen Chinese, in "Ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." We were to learn more about Cash Walker as we got better acquainted with Pinto.

In the early dawn we had our first breakfast and I had my first experience in the art of packing, throwing the ropes and executing the diamond hitch, in which, by and by, I became an expert. Ere long we were in the big timber which has since that time set the lumbering world crazy. As we rode through that wonderful forest of sugar pines towering in majesty two hundred feet into the air, I tried to see the top of every tree and nursed a stiff neck for days afterwards in consequence. For a boy with imagination, reared in the boundless prairies of the Mississippi valley, this ride through the interminable woods, was a revelation, a dream and it did not occur to me that in time I would become very familiar with this forest; that I would survey much of it as a deputy of the U. S. Surveyor, nor that I should sometime see a million dollar road built through it with a grand celebration at its summit, a mile high. We were following the blazes of the Applegate party of 1846, slightly improved so that the wagons might be driven through. We were still trail blazers, still moved by that mysterious impulse that was rapidly filling up the great west. We were four days reaching Linkville, now Klamath Falls, and only a few weeks ago I made it by automobile in two hours and fifteen minutes, but such things as these had no part in my dreams.

At Linkville we found the river spanned by a pole bridge, over which we only dared drive a few horses at one time. "Uncle George Nurse had built the first house there only five years before and there was now four or five more, including a store, a shack called a hotel, a saloon and a blacksmith shop. Looking to the south east, only swamp, sage-plain and distant mountains were seen. B. F. Myer, the proprietor of our band had come this far with us but from this point he returned to Ashland and we headed for Lost river. There were a few Indians sauntering about looking rather glum and we were advised to keep close watch on our horses at night from there on. The Modoc war was even then brewing and broke in full blast a few months later. Our first camp beyond Linkville was, after we had passed through Lost river gap, on the bank of that historic stream. Here we formed our party into a night guard; Phillips and his son taking the first watch; Walrad and I the second; Myers and Cardwell the third.

C. B. WATSON, Ashland, July 6, 1924.

THE FORUM

Articles of timely interest are welcomed under this head. Communications must bear the signature of the author.

RECALLS INCIDENT OF THE MANY CHANGERS

To my fellow citizens: There must be something radically wrong with our idea of pleasure if we find or think that our visiting friends find unalloyed pleasure in our beautiful Luthia Park when it is cluttered with activities so out of harmony with its natural beauty and restfulness.

There are people who visit Ashland once a year that have no conception of the much talked of natural beauty of the park, for they have only seen it on the 4th of July when it has become mercenary and reminds one of the need of such an incident as that of Jesus ridding the temple of money changers.

L. E. J.

Locals

At Dunsuir—Miss Thelma Heer spent the Fourth of July and the following week-end at the home of her sister, Mrs. Carl Smith, at Dunsuir.

Back From Visit—Mrs. Brush, of Union street, has returned from an extended visit with friends and relatives at Albany.

Reported Better—Mrs. J. C. Mergler, wife of the Rev. Mr. Mergler, who has been somewhat ill the past few days, is reported better.

Called to Tigrad—Cash Walker left last evening for Tigrad, where he was hurriedly summoned by the illness of Horace Reeser, former well known Ashland resident, who is reported in a rather critical condition and who will be moved to the coast to enjoy a lower altitude.

On Trip—Today Mrs. E. Caldwell, her son, Cleon, her mother, Mrs. Gilchrist, of Gold Hill and an aunt of Caldwell's left on a motor trip to Marshfield. They plan to be gone several weeks, and may visit coast resorts.

At Alsea—Mr. and Mrs. Carey, of Fairview street, are visiting at Alsea this summer. Mr. Carey returned to Ashland last week for a few days, and reports Mrs. Carey is quite ill. He expects to take her to a coast resort soon.

Spending Few Days—Mr. and Mrs. Chris Marx, of Eugene, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hodkinson of Church street. Mr. and Mrs. Hodkinson are Mrs. Marx's parents.

From Canada—F. Berirke, of Vancouver, B. C., who is returning home after a trip through the coast states and into Nevada, was an auto park visitor last night. He declared that "Best in the West" was no idle boast for the Ashland camp.

Illinois Man Here—L. V. Lord, one of the three drivers of tourist parties that stopped in Ashland last night, left this morning a confirmed Ashland booster. "Your camp ground has sure made me a missionary for Ashland," he declared.

Seattle Engineer Here—Percy E. Wright, consulting mechanical engineer of Seattle, is in Ashland on business in connection with his profession. In company with J. H. Fuller, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Wright visited the oil shale fields and holdings of the Hartman Syndicate this forenoon.

NEWS LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7.—An invasion of the United States by Mexican troops, the first since Villa crossed the border and raided Columbus, New Mexico in 1915, was reported to the state Department recently in a dispatch from Harry C. A. Damm, U. S. Consul at Nogales, Sonora, Mexico.

However, the diplomatic seismograph failed to detect any violent tremors over the occasion; instead a repressed chuckle and a faint smile greeted the news instead of a horrified stare and a frantic call for Yankee troops.

Here's how it happened: President Ilvaro Obregon, of Mexico, was paying a visit to his home town, Nogales, Mexico, and the Chamber of Commerce of Nogales, Arizona, invited him across the border as the guest of the city. This he accepted, and, as has been previously reported, reviewed troops of both nationalities on the international boundary line, made an address and was cordially received by the Nogales Chamber of Commerce, the Governor of Arizona, the commanding officer of the American troops there and hosts of Americans and Mexicans. A pleasant time was had by all.

After the spellbinding international review and parade was held, an event staged in all seriousness to those present, but presenting some bizarre incidents that could not fail to tickle the funny bones of persons so far away as Washington. For the Mexican troops, infantry, cavalry and field artillery marched sedately and proudly on their side of the line, while the American soldiers stepped off just as proudly on their own side. The reviewing stand, in which stood President Obregon, Governor Hunt, of Arizona; Colonel Woodson Hocker, of the U. S. Infantry, and Mexican officials, straddled the international line, care having been taken to have just exactly as many inches of it on one side as the other.

The cavalcade halted and a Presidential salute was fired by the guns of the two nations—twenty-one shots, one by an American gun, the next by a Mexican gun, and so on alternately until all had been fired, when of course the rounds were counted up and it was found that the Americans had fired one more round than the Mexicans. However, no international complications resulted from this and all was well and the goose hung high.



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and the parade swung on. Then came the invasion. A Mexican troop of cavalry in making a necessary turn did "four left" in front of the reviewing stand and before they could help it had swung a few feet across the line into American territory. It was a small incident and perhaps would have passed unnoticed had not President Obregon himself seen it. He started forward, calling attention to the blunder of his officers, and gave orders that a man be posted on the line to prevent a repetition of the incident.

More Than Good Clothes For Men Mitchell's By the Post Office Simply Good Pastries Lithia Bakery

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CREAMY The creamy richness of this milk makes all food better. It's Nestlé's ALPINE MILK. NESTLÉ'S ALPINE MILK THE EVERY DAY MILK