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Bert R. Greer Editor George Madden Green Business Manager

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AUGUST 1 O LORD, THOU ART MY GOD: I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things. Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.—Isaiah 25:1, 4.

A LAY SERMON

"A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." How long those thoughts may be only a boy can tell, and he never would because of all things sacred those "long" thoughts are the most unapproachable; those matters the boy keeps in the holy of holies of his heart, the abiding place of other sweet memories or fateful wounds, as the legs grow long and the arms strong, and the world throws open the door that leads to labor. In the palpitating years of the "long" thoughts the boy lives a century; indeed, before the teens be passed his three score and ten are done and gone. For in that time he has scaled the mountains, conquered the obstacles, slain his dragon, negotiated his pitfalls and thrusting carelessly aside the puny clinging tentacles of stubborn facts of his own world, is king.

Many an empire towers to the skies in those queer days when all things are possible; its bricks the confidence of a few years; its foundation simple faith, its coping stone the glorious riotous imagination which knows none of the sad limits of maturity.

The beautiful thing is that when the foggy era ensues, that period when one reluctant foot drags in boyhood and the other taps impatiently at the door of adolescence, the foundation remains. This he will not perceive until the cloud lifts again, and he finds the bricks crumbled and the coping stone fled to wherever imagination is born.

Dreams, it seems, are a poor investment. The "might have been" is always a thought with a twing. The grip lessens and the old picture passeth, and the man is no longer the boy. Fleetingly the vision springs up like a negative, but always a little more indistinct until with a wistful sigh the man realizes he must bend his back to the burden. Then, if the time is to be sustained, he prays to dream again, and if he does so is amazed to find the same old vision forming the slow and shadowy background of his new edifice; the ghost lurking about the old foundation, which foundation was, and is, faith.

SOMETHING OVERLOOKED

They had just graduated from high school, and stood on the threshold of life.

"The school that graduated Herbert Hoover and Will Irwin is the one for me," said one.

"The school that graduated Thomas Edison and Abraham Lincoln is the one I'll choose," said the other.

So one went to Stanford, and the other took the knocks of the School of Life.

Today one is living in an obscure town. The other is still taking knocks and in return, is a knocker.

Both overlooked the fact that it is the student, not the school, that makes success of men.

THE LARGER ASPECT OF THE CELEBRATION

The wholehearted cooperation of Longview citizens in preparing for the Pageant of Progress has been a matter of comment from newspapers and visitor during the past few weeks. Longview folks have a common bond in the success of their four-day celebration, and there must be no let down in enthusiasm or effort as the climax approaches.

We who are here on the ground, in the midst of the hurry and jam, the rush and confusion of preparation perhaps may lose sight of the larger objects of the celebration, the city's first birthday, and the opening of The Long-Bell Lumber Company's mills, that made the city possible.

It sometimes takes an outside viewpoint to bring home the magnitude of the wonder city of which we are a part. The Business Chronicle of the Pacific Northwest, a recognized economic and financial weekly of this section of the country, says in part:

Big things have been and still are being done in America, but there has never been anything done like Longview.

Never before was an entire city ordered. Cities have appeared, and in a hurry; but never have they come about through that utmost in consideration which takes account of future growth, and arranges beforehand the multiplicity of details which make for harmony of interests and economy of costs.

Who says humanity does not advance, that things do not improve with the ages, that intelligence and will do not gain over stupidity and blind accident? Who says that America is not the possible solution of the world's most ancient agonies and confusions? The elements that have gone into the making of Longview are symbols and indexes of the New Spirit that is fast coming over America's constructive forces.

Longview is America's latest and most classic embodiment of the wedding of will, efficiency, responsibility and authority, and perhaps of the whole world's.

Let there be more Longviews and fewer short views.—Longview Daily News.

If the boy is no account it may be because he has a charge account.

Philosophy, with a woman, takes the form of a conviction that her freckles are attractive.

A grouch is just an ordinary individual with a conviction that he has a monopoly of trouble.

Thank goodness vests will soon be back to afford parking space for the trash that now litters pants and coat pockets.

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 builded for succeeding generations. (By C. B. WATSON)

Chapter Fourteen

A Lone Woman Our Companion In Camp.

The night after leaving Prineville we camped on the bank of the Deschutes river in a beautiful juniper grove. The water was excellent and near by was a fine patch of grass for our horses. We had just completed our arrangements for supper when we were surprised to see a buck-board driven up, drawn by a span of small mules and driven by a lone woman. She stopped and asked if we would object if she camped near by. Our consent was heartily given and to our inquiries she told us that she had driven all the way from Salt Lake alone. Her appearance and frankness convinced us that her story was true. We invited her to eat with us and helped her to make up her camp for the night, then we all seated ourselves by the comfortable fire of aromatic juniper and she told us her experience. She had seen very few white people on the way, but was not interfered with by the Indians. They sometimes came to her camp and always wanted to know where she came from and why she was traveling alone. The story she told to them was the same she told us. She said her husband had died at Salt Lake while on their way to The Dalles, where she had a brother. She was about thirty years old and rather comely. She talked like a woman who had been well raised and was not without culture. She said that the Indians had treated her well and sometimes brought fresh venison or antelope to her. They asked her many questions and expressed surprise at her courage in traveling so far through a wild country alone. They asked her if she was not afraid of them. She told them she was not, that the Indians had treated her well and she thought they were good people. They liked to be trusted and complimented as did their white brethren and returned kindness for the trust which she exhibited. She said she got very lonesome sometimes but felt that she was getting near her destination and this made her happy. We all felt great sympathy and admiration for her and did all we could to make her comfortable. In the morning we again invited her to eat with us and before we packed our mules we harnessed hers, hitched them to the buck-board and loaded in her few traps. We were sorry to see her drive off alone, but our ways parted there, we to the west and she to the north. She went away very cheerfully and gave each one of us a hearty hand shake and an expression of thanks for our company. She said it was the only night she had not camped alone. I have often wondered if she reached The Dalles safely and if she found her brother.

This is an instance that proves that the Indians were not without a genuinely human sentiment. I have many times been treated generously by the Indians and have grown to feel that the whites were generally to blame for the outrages committed upon them. We watched this brave little woman until she passed out of sight in the juniper woods, then packed up and turned toward the river, which of course we had to ford.

Deschutes Is Forded

The river is quite an imposing stream at this point. The water is very clear and runs with a strong current. The Santiam road, of which I have spoken, crossed at this ford, which requires good engineering to be safe. Pinto's legs being short, came near being thrown from his feet by the strong current. We finally reached the opposite shore and, as directed, followed the road for about two miles where we turned to the left on a trail for the head waters of the McKinzie river. This trail led to the top of a high table-land and necessitated climbing the "rim-rock". The trail up this rim-rock was one calculated to act severely on susceptible nerves, really a dangerous exploit. We had and reached the table-land a

made it, however, without a mishap, but above the trail. The trail had been cut out in 1862 for the passage of a band of cattle that were driven by Felix Scott, and others, from Eugene to the mines at John Day. Many of the people in the upper Willamette valley donated work and supplies to open up this trail, realizing its importance in connecting eastern Oregon and western Oregon. It had been practically abandoned after the mining rush was over, and in many places was almost obliterated. We traveled for many weary miles over this elevated sage plain in the sweltering heat of an August sun. Not a living thing did we see, except jack rabbits and coyotes. As evening drew on we came to the edge of a magnificent pine forest and to the bank of a beautiful mountain stream, which had been described to us at Prineville as "Squaw creek". Phillips had ridden ahead and said he would look out a camp. He was out of sight when we reached the creek. It looked like an excellent place to camp and after some discussion, believing that Phillips would presently appear we unsaddled and proceeded to make camp. As he did not appear within a reasonable time we sent Oscar up the trail to find him. In a little time he appeared in high dudgeon because we had camped without his orders. He had gone about a mile further on where the trail crossed the creek and unsaddled to wait for us. He was very drastic in his comments and finally aroused the anger of Walrad, who resented his attitude. The result was a general row in camp; the only one during the whole summer and came near being a serious tragedy. We were all tired and our supplies were running low. Many things which under other circumstances would have been considered trifling were magnified. We were starting on the climb of the Cascades. Above us rose the "Three Sisters", dressed in immaculate white, looking grand and lonely and, apparently, near at hand. We were just entering one of the most imposing forests in the world. Our trail was dim and uncertain; the stream was a splendid one that came leaping, sparkling and singing from its source in the snow-banks above us. Our position was interesting and very impressive, yet bathed in a loneliness that was inexplicable. Our sentiments were aroused to accord with the turbulent stream hard by. As the night came on we seated ourselves by the roaring camp-fire and remained silent as the darkness that was closing in about us. The atmosphere was one that suggested war. Only a spark was required to start a blaze. We finally rolled into our blankets, but I doubt if much sleeping was done. A panther screamed nearby, but little notice was given to it. A bear came sniffing about and terrorized our animals. All were up in a minute and were ready to make common defense. The spell was broken, some words were spoken and before lying down again all had been aroused to the senselessness of our display of ill nature. It only required a word to start friendly relations and bring about a common understanding. Mutual apologies were exchanged and we retired again and slept sweetly till morning. We called this quarrelsome camp and laughed about it the next day.

In the morning we were up early and on our way climbing higher and higher. The majesty of the forest all about us and the gentle breeze singing a soft lullaby in the tree tops. We aroused many deer by the way and occasionally spied a grizzly. Everything suggested the presence of much game, but not a sign of human life outside of our little party. As we climbed higher we felt the rarity of the atmosphere. We had left the stream and there was no sound save as we made it. That impressive silence so characteristic of high altitudes seemed to press us on all sides with sensations that are indescribable, but are known by every mountaineer. On and on we clambered over a difficult trail, sometimes uncertain

If we were still on it. We emerged from the timber into great lava beds that looked fresh, the basaltic lava reflected back the direct rays of the sun, until we yearned for the shade. And now we came to the snow banks, thirty feet deep in these last days of August, and began to realize what we had heard about the intense reflection of the sun from the gleaming surface. We were on the north shoulder of "The North Sister" at an altitude of perhaps eight thousand feet, and had a wonderful view. To the east was spread out immense expanses of the great sage plains with which we had made intimate acquaintance. To the west an interminable forest was spread out and the canyon of the McKinzie could be traced for many leagues. Still above us toward the higher peaks and all about us was snow and silence. To the north we could see Mt. Jefferson, and in the dim distance to the west we knew lay the Willamette valley which we thought we could see but would not have sworn to it. These monstrous snow banks were the sources of many streams, the most valuable possessions of those who had settled in the valleys below. A smoke was seen away down the mountain and caused us some speculation. Our greatest danger now was that of not being able to find our trail when we should leave the snow. The direction we recognized as the one we must follow led toward the McKinzie thousands of feet below us. By and by we had crossed the snow and again came into those wonderful lava beds that even now are far famed. It was a continual wonder to us how that band of 600 cattle had ever been made to negotiate such a route. Finally we reached the timber line again, found our trail and after a mile or so came to the bank of a small crater lake with a margin of grass and laked.

Here we had some more thrills of which I will tell in my next. Ashland, July 29, 1924. C. B. WATSON.

***** SPARKS AND FLASHES ***** A camper is judged by the fire he builds. "The flame is mightier than the axe." Put out that spark. Fire is for use, not abuse, you be the boss. One good thing about a dead campfire, you don't have to explain it to the judge. A campfire put out is worth two in the brush, blazing beyond control. A pinch in time saves many a forest, put out that cigarette. A clean camp ground is a place of beauty, and a joy to the heart of a ranger. Forest litter plus low humidity plus one spark, equals Forest fire. Figure it out. "Here's where I found a lot of trouble," said the careful camper, pouring plenty of water on his campfire. FIRE: "A faithful servant, but a mighty dangerous master."

NEWS LETTER

NEW YORK, July — Summer it would seem, is the open season for fools and the latest to enter the lists is the "air fool." He has appeared in great numbers recently at the beaches in the vicinity of Manhattan, and bids to eclipse in fame the fool who rocks the boat, or that other class of fool, the love philanderer, nominated not so long since as candidate for the "presidency of the Fools' Club." In fact, so pernicious have his activities become he has been made the subject of a complaint addressed by Acting Mayor Collins to Police Commissioner Enright and Rear Admiral Plunkett, commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The direct cause of the complaint was a pilot of a navy hydroplane, whose stunts at a low altitude over Rockaway Beach caused such a commotion among the bathers that serious consequences were narrowly averted. Commissioner Enright has been ordered to enforce to the letter the ordinance against reckless flying over beaches or congested sections of the city. Collins was in the aviation service during the war and knows whereof he speaks.

New York is so often called upon to play host to notables that it takes a visitor of more than usual prominence to create any great furor. Therefore, the arrival of Rajenda Bahadur, Maharajah of Jhind, potentate from the Punjab, ordinarily would cause no more than passing comment. Some interest, however, attaches itself to the visit of this personage from the fact that his wife, Her Highness the Maharanee

of Jhind, who is accompanying her august spouse, wears a diamond in her nose. There are eleven members in the Maharajah and all of them are shy — exceedingly so — with the exception of the three royal children, a boy 8, and two girls, 5 and 3. It was learned that in India to wear a diamond in the nose is considered an attractive fashion—as earrings are considered here. Also, that wearing of the precious stone in that manner is restricted only to members of the higher castes. One reason the Maharajah and his party received such scant attention on landing was due to the brilliance of some of his fellow passengers on the Leviathan. They included "Our Mary" and "Her Doug," back from new triumphs on the other side. For some time after they landed Mary was engaged in earnest conferences with representatives of Uncle Sam's Customs Service. She declared two trunks. The experience moved Doug to express the wish he were a vagrant. Incidentally Doug explained the status of himself and his famous wife in society. Asked whether Miss Pickford, in her social activities was known as Miss Pickford or Mrs. Fairbanks, he replied: "We've solved that question nicely. I am simply known as Mr. Pickford."

Sport circles especially are much wrought up over the latent possibilities in the marriage of Louis Fall, better known as "Battling Siki," the Singular Senegalese" of pugilism, to Lillian Werner, a white woman of Memphis, Tenn. Siki contends this is his first venture on the sea of matrimony, but others, professing to be in the know, tell of a wife and child living in Paris. Lower Manhattan, the financial center of the world, generally is believed to be the busiest spot in the world as well. A Manhattan policeman, however, comes forward with the statement that crowds gather in that section quicker than in any other part of the city. A pigeon just learning to fly fell in Nassau street near the Equitable Building the other day. In a few moments such a crowd had gathered, according to this patrolman, that he had to leave his post of duty and remove the pigeon so traffic could continue. A Scotch collie, valued at \$5,000, appearing in his own defense in court here, lost his case. A watchman shot and wounded the dog when the animal ran toward him barking. The watchman said he shot in self defense, believing the dog was about to attack him. But the dog's owner thought differently and had the watchman arrested on charges of malicious mischief and cruelty to animals.

The judge in dismissing the case said he didn't blame the watchman, as he, himself, probably would have shot at the dog under similar circumstances. This despite the eloquent eyes, wagging tail and friendly bearing of the collie witness. PARENTS SAY GIRL HAD NO LOVERS YREKA, Calif., Aug. 2. — Friends and relatives have gathered here for the funeral of Ethel Vetterlein, 15-year-old daughter of Charles Vetterlein of Bray, who was found dead at her home with a bullet hole through her head Wednesday morning. Although an exhaustive inquiry has been made by Coroner Felix Kunz, who conducted an inquest late Wednesday, no reason for the tragedy has been assigned. The jury's verdict was that she came to her death by shooting herself through the head with a rifle. When questioned yesterday, mother, father and sisters of the girl declared she had no love affairs, but frequently came home from her work brooding over some turn in events, the nature of which she never revealed. Boston commercial reports show wool market steadily improving with marked price trend upward — over 80 per cent domestic clip sold. Classified ads bring results.

What the World Is Doing As Seen by Popular Mechanics Magazine

Heart Tester Helps in Liquor Hunt among Luggage

With the aid of a stethoscope, used by physicians to detect disorders of the human heart, the chief of police



of a Minnesota city tests incoming and outgoing baggage for traces of gurgles that might reveal the presence of contraband liquors. With the receiving tubes adjusted to his ears and the sensitive diaphragm of the instrument placed on the suspicious suitcase or bag, the official, by shaking the article, can detect quickly any sounds that might warrant a further investigation.

Over Hundred Million Living in Electric-Lighted Homes

Electric lights are now used in the homes of approximately 111,000,000 persons, nearly six and one-half per cent of the world's population, according to a recent survey. In the United States, 39,000,000 persons enjoy the benefits of electric service in their homes, this country leading all others in the amount of electric power used each year. Japan is second, with 23,000,000 living in electrically lighted homes and Germany is third with 18,000,000. Seventy-five per cent of all people in New York have electric lights.

Well-seasoned wood serves excellently for radio panels, in the absence of more suitable material, if thoroughly dried.

Speed of Great City Told by Starting Figures

Statistics for the city of New York show that an immigrant arrives at that port every thirty seconds and an average of one arrest is made each five minutes. A child is born every two minutes and a funeral occurs every seven. Every twelve minutes a marriage is performed and a divorce is granted for each six hours of the day. New businesses are started at the rate of one every forty minutes and a failure takes place every five hours. A ship leaves the harbor every forty-five minutes and someone is killed by accident every fifty-five minutes. The crime records of the metropolis are startling in that they show that every seven hours there is an attempt to take some person's life, a suicide is committed each ten hours, and a murder occurs every twelve hours.

What Horse Can Pull Shown by Tests in England

Tests made recently in England proved that a pair of horses, each weighing 1,500 pounds, could haul a load 550 pounds greater than themselves. On a metal track, one of these animals, it has been shown, can draw one and two-thirds times as much as on a good asphalt surface, five times as much as on cobblestone paving and twenty times the load it can pull on an ordinary mud road. For the usual type of farm horse, a cart carrying a weight of 1,500 pounds is considered to be a fair task. While pulling light vehicles and under saddle, records indicate that horses are equal to great feats of strength and endurance. A twenty-year-old beast hitched to a light cart is known to have traveled a hundred miles in less than thirteen and a half hours and was in excellent condition at the end of its journey.

Well-seasoned wood serves excellently for radio panels, in the absence of more suitable material, if thoroughly dried.

Saving Gas at Home

All fuel experts know that a fire several feet below the boiler shell will give much better results than a fire close under the shell. This fact induced a home owner to try out the idea of the heat intensifier on a gas stove, as shown in the illustration. It consists of a strip of ordinary black stovepipe iron, about 3 in. wide and a couple of inches longer than three times the diameter of the hole in the grate, which will be about 20 in. in most cases. The ends are fastened together with rivets or small stove bolts and several notches are cut in one edge. This ring is placed over the gas-burner holes, with the notched side up, and the cooking vessel is placed on top of the ring. A lighted match held near any one of the notches will light the gas when the



tap is opened. The use of such a ring concentrates the heat under the vessel and consequently reduces the consumption of gas.

[A can of lye dissolved in a bucket of boiling water will clear drain pipes of grease and other organic matter.

Big Tent Theatre

OPPOSITE LITHIA PARK. EVELYN KINCAID DRAMATIC COMPANY in a 4 act play "THE PRINCESS OF PATCHES"



EVELYN KINCAID

Sunday Night the Play Is - - "THE DOPE EVIL"

A Sermon in a Theatre. One of the Strongest Plays ever written. SAME PRICES 10c, 25c AND 35c