

# ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

(Established in 1876)

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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.

## AN ERA OF GREAT PROGRESS

Five years ago, Ashland stood upon the threshold of the era of her greatest progress, for during the past five years, the greatest progress in the history of the city has been recorded.

Five years ago, Ashland was physically equipped with every gift ever bestowed upon a city by a Divine Providence. Ashland had everything that makes up a wonderfully prosperous city. And Ashland was on the main route of travel from the North and South.

Five years ago, the people of Ashland really awoke to the possibilities of their city, and began the real work of exploiting these possibilities. Of course, there had been many in the past who had realized Ashland's possibilities, and had done everything in their power to exploit them, but the people of Ashland, the mass which gives momentum to every great project, had not awakened, and the efforts of these few pioneers had been in vain.

Today, Ashland stands behind a five year period of advancement. Today we look back at the wonderful steps that have been taken by every establishment in the city. Our new hotel, long the dream of the city, is an actuality, and everything that goes with the construction of such a building is ours. And the hotel is really ours in every sense of the word. Every dollar expended on its construction came from Ashland people. Every direction made on its construction, was made by Ashland men.

Our park has been developed in the past five years as it had never before been developed. Under the supervision of a wonderfully efficient Park Board, it has gone ahead, utilizing to the fullest all of its natural advantages.

Throughout Ashland, there has been a general advancement in business. New concerns have been established and have prospered. Large organizations, seeing the possibilities of the city, have established branches of their institutions here, admitting that Ashland is one of the most promising cities on the coast.

This city, long known as an educational center, has advanced enormously in that line during the past five years, probably showing greater advancement in that line than in any other.

First, the reestablishment of the Southern Oregon Normal School here was authorized by the legislature, giving back to Ashland that which was taken years ago as the result of a bitter political fight. Now, Ashland again takes her place among the cities of the state harboring a state institution of learning.

New grade schools have been provided. Living up to their record of never having defeated a bond issue for the providing of school buildings, the people of Ashland, by an overwhelming vote, agreed to assume a greater burden, in order that the youth of the city might have better educational facilities.

In every line of development, there has been a steady ascendancy. There has been no boom, for Ashland's growth and progress has been substantial, minus all that is disagreeable which usually accompanies a period of boom, and the resultant pricking of the bubble.

The merchants of Ashland have come to realize the value of The Tidings to the city during the past five years, and a closer contact has been established between the people of Ashland and The Tidings.

Looking into the future, The Tidings management perceived an even greater advancement to come in the next few years. And The Tidings has been prepared to meet this advancement, through new equipment which has been installed. Equipment which will put The Tidings in the class of the finest small newspaper plants in the state has been installed, and is now in operation.

Today, the merchants of Ashland, the people of Ashland and The Tidings look back over a period of advancement, but ahead they see a period of greater advancement.

In order to celebrate the advancement which has been made, and the progress yet before them, the people of Ashland today join together, thankful that they are fortunate enough to live in Ashland, and confident of the future of their city.

## ABATE LIFE'S MISERY FIRST

Horrible, and yet heartsearching, are the details of the life of the 34 years old "child-woman" for the death of whom the aged father is under trial for murder.

No possible solution of the questions regarding the death of this victim of fate could possibly equal the agony of the 34 years of life, involved in his story.

Why disease came, why it remained as a curse, what could have been done by public sanitation to avert it or by medical art to relieve it, are questions that should get much more attention than the sensational problem of whether the father, after 34 years of nursing, in terror of his own death and helpless fate of the child, should have put an end to it. The one is a lurid question of a day or week. The other is a problem of the happiness of thousands of families in every land.

Any possible investigation, any possible inquiry and research, any possible analysis of the living process of quinea pigs or other forms of life, are worth while, if we can find how to prevent diseases which may result in this sort of living death.

The possible success in dealing with spotted fever has been written on. This is "plague" of a most terrible kind, not much known because so far it has been confined to one small area in the United States.

Possibly the adequate treatment may be found for it before the time when the small organisms that carry it have spread their habitat into other parts of the world.

**SAP AND SALT**  
BY BERT MOSES

No house is a real home until the mortgage is lifted.

Friend! Don't wait to be asked for favors; they anticipate them.

Poverty and old age are a great aid in keeping good resolutions.

Liberty is more highly esteemed when we fight for it than after we get it.

Nothing is quite so dangerous to fool with as money if you are not used to it.

Common sense should be used early in any transaction to get the best results out of it.

Hes Heck says: "Just when a feller begins to get wise, a widdler comes along and upsets everything."

**TOM SIMS SAYS**

About the first real sign of winter is when you start wondering why in the world you cursed summer.

The black sheep of the family is usually made the goat for everything.

Women have more troubles than men. A man's friends never criticize him for growing old.

As a man thinks so is he, if he can persuade his wife to agree with him.

Another advantage a man has is when he goes visiting he usually hopes they are at home.

Trouble with mixing business and pleasure is you are so liable to ruin both of them.

Our last criticism of those one-piece bathing suits is they don't make good winter underwear.

The things you think you get for nothing cost more than those you think you pay for.

This is the month in which to begin some bad habits to swear off on New Years.

## Great Mothers of the World

Just West his mother and Maria New his aunt. The two mothers of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder.

(By Mary Greer Conklin.)

Mr. Gilder, on discovering an old haircloth trunk full of family letters, wailed like a lost soul over the squandered past that becomes so precious to all of us as we advance in years. "I hardly knew of a happier, richer or present life than mine," he said, "richer in affection and in activity, and yet the past is so dreadfully dear to me; not only my own past but that of those I have loved. Some of the letters from my lovely mother and my faithful aunt Maria were written before I was born. I cannot bear to think that their lives in those youthful days—their interests, their associations—should all be blotted out of existence. I wish I could build a work of art to enshrine their souls; impossible, impossible. What a curious passion it is—the passion for life—that those we love should exist in the memories of men. Ah, how fortunate they who have been great that to be mothers, the fathers, the mere relative of them was itself a sort of greatness, an imperishable hold upon immortality! In reading these letters I seem to hear a cry that beseeches me to save these gentle souls from oblivion. All I can do is to tell something about them. These individuals were not for fame; nor have I the art to make them leap to life in strangers hearts."

He tells us that his mother asked him to read to her the 121st Psalm "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," on the night they learned that his father had been sacrificed in the Civil War; that years later she again asked him to read this Psalm when her own life was slowly ebbing; and when she was gone he records the singular experience that one of his age should have felt an orphaned state—"as if the roof of the house I was in had been lifted away, and I was out in the night under the sky."

And of his aunt he says: "I dived into Aunt Maria's papers for an hour or two. The dear, faithful soul! Among her most sacred treasures was a lock of my own hair at three years and one month old. I came upon one letter written when I was five years old to my mother in Flushing. In it were two references to me that made me cry there alone in the attic, for it brought back the passion of her wonderful life-long love for the little child I always was to her. She says she is almost wild to see

mother and the children, too, especially 'my sweet Bernice!' Bernice was one of Aunt Maria's nicknames for me, her 'turtie-lee' sometimes. And again at the end of a long letter 'Give my love to Mr. Gilder and the boys—and a kiss to my own darling—ah, my dear sister, that boy, I fear, is my earthly idol. I love him so much that it hurts. Next to being with you, having him with me is my sweetest earthly solace.' Do you wonder that I broke down, remembering how on her dying bed, more than forty years afterward, she clasped her arms round me with the same intense affection? It was something to know that her love was returned in childhood with a sort of fury of devotion, and all through life with an unflinching flame that comforted her to the last. Indeed, I had two mothers, both of whom I loved dearly; each in a different way, for they were different."

Thus loved and understood by two noble women, Richard Watson Gilder became one of the most influential Americans of his time—renowned as Editor of the Century Magazine, and a lyrical poet whom Great Britain, as well as his own country, received with appreciation and praise.

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West and Panama, and doing it as one who knows far more about tropical aviation than we do. The fact is that South America in proportion to its population, has us entirely outclassed in making, practical everyday use of the airplane.

The reason for this probably is that the South Americans need the plane more than we do.

Except in a few low-settled districts, railroads are few on the southern continent. Ranches, or estancias, are very large—many thousands of acres. Highways are bad—in wet weather almost impassable. Throughout a whole winter, maybe, a rich landowner, living in state in the midst of his not so very little principality, can't get into the nearest town, even on horseback except at the cost of several days of the worst imaginable riding. But he can jump in his plane and do it in a few minutes.

Consequently, with the country aristocracy, planes are coming to be regarded as rather more indispensable than automobiles.

You need maps of northern Africa and southwestern Asia to understand fully why official Washington feels so little disposed to grant debt concessions to the French while they stick to their present imperialistic policy in these two parts of the world.

If ever a country monkeyed with a buzz saw, as government heads here see it, France is doing it now in the Riff and Syria, and, still more unfortunately, not to her own danger alone, but to others' danger, too.

Why help her financially to increase the risk? Why not, rather, make it as hard as possible for her to keep it up?

By your map, you'll see that extreme northwest Africa, except for the internationalized zone of Tangier, belongs to Spain. This is the Riff country, where the tribesmen are in arms against the Spanish and French. The fighting slops over into French Morocco.

To the eastward are Algeria and Tunis, French territory. They're quiet now but it's a precarious quietness. The natives resent French rule.

To the eastward again is Tripoli, chronically in rebellion against the Italians.

Once more to the eastward is Egypt, on the ragged edge of an uprising against British semi-control.

Beyond Egypt, Syria, now at war with France—a little war but with a wicked one.

This whole stretch of coast is Mohammedan and hostile to the Christian powers at best. Moslem leaders at Damascus are reported trying to raise a general "jihad," or holy war, at this time.

It isn't difficult to imagine—an outbreak extending the entire length of the southern Mediterranean shore.

The Nicholas Longworth's home promises to be the social center of Washington this coming winter. The Longworths' entertainments have long been famous. They're not ostentatious, but they have the touch, pre-eminently, of "quality"—the sort of thing that can't be come by except naturally.

One of Washington's social weaknesses is that invitations are sent out mostly on an official basis. Guests are guests, in the main, not because they have charm, accomplishments to their credit, personality, brains, something to contribute to an occasion's interest and vivacity—but because they're "somebody" in the Congressional directory.

But Mrs. Longworth won't be bored by dull people. One is asked to her house on account of worthwhile characteristics. Her parties scintillate, invariably. The country's real statesmen, its scientists, its first-class men of letters, its big business men who know something besides business, those who have achieved or bid fair to do so—this is the group the late Colonel Roosevelt's daughter gathers about her.

Nicholas Longworth isn't overshadowed by his brilliant wife. Brilliant himself, the pair are perfectly complementary. Officially, a congressman is no great figure in Washington, but Congressman Longworth always has been, by virtue of his genuine ability, nimble wit and attractive personality.

## THE ALL-WESTERN TEAM



THE ALL-WESTERN TEAM

LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM TO BACK CAL!

WITH GOOD ROADS FOR THEIR GOALS