

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

(Established in 1876)

Published Every Evening Except Sunday by THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

Bert R. Greer Editor, George Madden Green Business Manager, T. E. Jackson City Editor

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER Telephone 29

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter Subscription Price, Delivered in City

Table with subscription rates: One Month \$ .95, Three Months \$ 2.75, Six Months \$ 5.50, One Year \$ 10.00. Includes rates for mail and rural routes.

Table with advertising rates: Single insertion, per inch \$ .30, Daily insertion \$ .25, etc.

WHAT CONSTITUTES ADVERTISING: "All future events, where an admission charge is made of a collection taken in Advertising."

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

NOVEMBER 21, 1925

THE FIRST AND THE LAST: I am the first, and I am the last; and besides me there is no God. Is there a God besides me? Yes, there is no God: I know not any. Isaiah 44: 6, 8.

PRAYER: Lord, we believe that Thou hast created all things, and that in Thee all things exist, and we worship and adore Thee as the One True and Living God, beside Whom there is none else.

Members Ashland Kiwanis Club,

Ashland, Ore.,

Dear Boys:

It certainly is a fine thing when a bunch of business men will stop during their rush hour to consider how they can aid the school children of their city.

You fellows, in deciding to fix up the Junior High School grounds are doing something which has long been needed. With a little work and the expenditure of a little money, you will soon have a monument which will more than ever put over your motto, "We Build."

You build, not only material things, but you build the lives of human beings which means more than any wood or steel or concrete structure.

Sincerely, Auntie Ashland.

Members High School Football Team,

Ashland, Ore.,

Dear Fellows:

Well, the football season is almost over, and although the won and lost column doesn't show much in your favor, we are just as proud of you as though you had won every game.

A bunch of little fellows, without much knowledge of what football was, or how it is played, you went up against teams composed of big huskies, learned in the ways of football.

Even though you were defeated, you battled every inch of the way. That's why we are proud of you.

In the Medford game, with the score overwhelmingly against you, you fought on to the last, until even the most partisan Medford rooter was forced to express his admiration for your gameness.

Games won and lost do not mean everything. When a team will battle all season and finish a losing year fighting just as hard as they started, they have some real men on it. That's what you fellows are.

Yours truly, Auntie Ashland.

Ashland Boy Scouts,

Ashland, Ore.,

Dear Boys:

Today you fellows have been out gathering up old clothing, to be used by the Near East Relief, and I certainly hope you have had a lot of success.

Few of us can realize that an old coat or an old dress, something we have no earthly use for, may save a human life. But when we are told of the suffering of the people of the Near East, we can hardly believe the tales, they are so terrible.

It is part of the Boy Scout creed to do a good turn daily. You fellows are doing a lot of good turns in collecting the old clothing, and I know Ashland people are responding generously.

Yours truly, Auntie Ashland.

Southern Oregon Rotarians,

Medford, K. Falls, Grants Pass,

Dear Fellows:

I am glad to see you select Ashland as the meeting place for your get together gathering. But I was even more pleased to hear that the communities of Southern Oregon had reached the stage where sarcasm and ridicule could be made of the petty jealousies and quarrels between the cities, and everyone get a big laugh.

That stunt put over by the Klamath Falls Rotarians

was a good one. When we can laugh at our mistakes, we are on the safe road, and the Polican boys certainly made us laugh.

The day of the battle between Ashland and Medford, between Medford and Klamath Falls or between Klamath Falls and Grants Pass is gone. We are now one, Southern Oregon, and with all our efforts concentrated into making this section of the state the most prosperous in the country, we are bound to succeed.

Let's go!

Sincerely yours, Auntie Ashland.



When you don't want anything, it is easy to get it.

The perfect lover is a man who has reduced flattery to a science.

Where perfume is used much, the chances are that soap is used little.

The minute a man becomes serious in love, he begins also to be foolish.

Love leads to matrimony, matrimony to divorce, divorce to marriage again.

Men hold women at their own valuation; so no woman should put herself on the bargain counter.

Heck says: "Nobody ought to aspire to have gall stones unless he can really afford 'em."

Great Mothers of the World

ELPAH WADSWORTH

Mother of Henry W. Longfellow

BY MARY GREER CONKLIN

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in a house which is still standing in a street of Portland, Maine, and which is well known to all the public school children of that city.

The poet's mother was the daughter of General Wadsworth, and when her son was born and she came to give him a name, her

heart went out tenderly to her gallant brother, Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, who had surrendered his life while bravely serving his country.

Elpah Wadsworth was a gentle tempered, graceful woman with a thoroughly well trained mind. She was quite the sort of woman to arouse ambition for learning in a young boy.

Next to his mother's influence, Longfellow attributed his early poetic inspiration to his Bowdoin College instructor, Dr. Parker Cleveland, of whom he speaks in a sonnet written during a visit to Brunswick in the summer of 1875:

"Among the many lives that I have known, None I remember more serene and sweet, More rounded in itself and more complete,

Than his who lies beneath this funeral stone. These pines that marmor in low monotone, These walks frequented by scholastic feet,

Were all his world; but in this calm retreat For him the teacher's chair became a throne.

With fond affection memory loves to dwell On the old days, when his example made A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen:

And now, amid the groves he loved so well That naught could lure him from their grateful shade, He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said, 'Amen!'

(Copyright, 1925, by Mary Greer Conklin, (Syndicate) Great Britain rights reserved. Reproduction forbidden.)

LIEUTENANT WOOD'S WIFE IS DIVORCED

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 21

(U. P.)—Mrs. Katherine Thompson Wood of this city was granted a divorce from Osborne Wood, former lieutenant and son of General Leonard Wood, by Judge Rice after a hearing in superior court here this afternoon.



Better be deciding what to give your wife for Christmas so she can change your mind in time.

Three Detroit boys robbed a bank, proving they do something in Detroit besides make autos.

There are so many other football games going on we don't know if Congress is in session or not.

Some women are happy. Others marry men who drink, or gamble or fool around with radios.

New York expert says fish are better food than hot dogs, but we doubt if fish will enjoy the compliment.

Don't worry at a strange noise at night. It is merely the coal bill climbing up to the roof.

STEWART'S WASHINGTON LETTER

By CHARLES F. STEWART

NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON — Going home pretty late, some nights ago, I happened to glance upward, toward about the seventh floor of a certain Washington skyscraper, and immediately my eye was caught by the peculiar winking of a lone light in an upper-story window.

While no wire or wireless operator, due to past business activities I do know a little about the telegraph code—not enough to read it, but enough so that I recognized, in this winky-wink-wink-wink, something extraordinarily like Morse.

That, probably, is all I'd have thought about it if, passing the same way a night or two later, I hadn't witnessed the phenomenon again.

Moved by an undignified curiosity, I got a telegrapher friend to take a look. 'Twas even as I'd suspected. Some thirsty party was "B. O. S. ing" furiously for beer, and it must have been quite a large party, considering the amount and variety of refreshments it was ordering, from off in the darkness, toward Arlington.

The Agriculture Department has been at great pains to tell the world that it has no objection to kissing. Why, you ask, should the department suppose anybody did suspect it of objecting? Because it received a whole stack of letters, accus-

ing it of just that thing. What happened was this: The Department issued a bulletin detailing its policy on kissing. With Christmas so close at hand, the country evidently jumped largely to the conclusion that Secretary Jardine was launching an anti-kiss campaign. In reality, it appears, the bulletin was inspired by the forest service, which dislikes mistletoe solely on the ground that it kills trees.

AT THE HOTELS

Lithia Springs Hotel—Among the guests registered at the Lithia Springs hotel are: Seymour Jones, and wife, Salem, E. Stuart and wife, Yakima, Wash., C. E. Ford, Portland, Gordon Meagher, McCloud, California, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Gaylor, Alaska, G. R. Soureign and wife, San Francisco, Carl Weigert, San Francisco, R. N. Cameron, Portland, A. S. Taylor, Lansing, Mich., L. M. Wright, Portland, O. J. Hill, Medford, Mr. and Mrs. C. De. Mar, Los Angeles.

Ashland Hotel—The Ashland Hotel guests are: J. C. Meyers, Portland, A. J. Kelly, San Francisco, Albert Cohen and wife and baby, San Francisco, Edward M. Jones, San Francisco, G. C. Armour, San Francisco, P. Hersel, and wife, Montebano, Washington, W. McCormick, Seattle, W. Lloyd Graves, Portland, Victor Dickey, Portland, Peter O'Connor, Klamath Falls, A. R. Fraser, Portland.

Oregon Hotel—Those registered at the Oregon Hotel are: W. F. Jungblom, Spokane, Washington, Alfred Jungblom, Spokane, Washington, George Bendrek, Salem, C. W. Emmett, Salem, J. R. Nagre, Wilder, Idaho; A. Whitem, Los Angeles, C. P. Hessig, Beswick, H. Hesis Beswick, C. P. Robinson, Klamath Falls, Fred Walker, Klamath Falls.

PAINLEVE LAYS DOWN LAW TO CHAMBER

PARIS Nov. 21.—(U. P.)—Premier Painleve challenged the Chamber tonight, demanding that it either pass soon on his financial projects or "choose another government." The session recessed at 10 p. m.

BANKER BILL UP IN WASHINGTON BODY

OLYMPIA, Wash., Nov. 21.—(U. P.)—Interest in the Washington legislature was centered today on the Banker reclamation bill, the controversy over which has been growing hotter day by day. The governor and his Department of Conversation and Development were the targets of severe criticism by the irrationists at the hearing on the bill last night.

Engine—Several hundred men will work all winter on S. P. Tunnels for Klamath Falls line.

MARION HAS RESPECT FOR TOMB GUARDS

By C. E. YORKER

MARION, O., Nov. 21.—(U. P.)—Deep in the seclusion of Marion's beautiful cemetery a detachment of one officer and twenty-six men from the Tenth United States Infantry guards the gray-walled tomb of President and Mrs. Warren G. Harding.

Through the blistering heat of August and the piercing cold of December the sentries pace before the resting place of their former Commander-in-Chief.

The duty of guarding the nation's shrine is an honored one. The only change in the personnel of the guard since Lieutenant Walter Lee Sherkey and nineteen men assumed duty on August 29, 1924, has been the addition of six men.

The members of the guard of honor have never requested a furlough, fearing some other soldier may replace them. So proud are they of their duty that they seldom even petition for a pass.

Under the watchful courteous eyes of the guard of honor, hundreds of thousands of visitors



Things to be thankful for

You can be thankful that you will soon be snug up to a big table groaning with turkey and other good things—

That you can now scour the forests and fields for game, with your gun over your arm—

More particularly, that we can sit you perfectly in smart Duchesse Trousers for Thanksgiving Day—or in sturdy Duchesse Knickerbockers for rough wear in the great outdoors.

The Enders Co.

"Where Your Dollar Has More Sense."

and tourisms have paused before the spectacle to pay homage to their former President and each has been impressed by the dignity of the guard.

"The number of visitors varies, according to weather conditions and the day of the week," Lieut. Sherkey said. "Some days we have but a few hundred. On Sundays and holidays the number may run as high as 10,000 or 15,000."

Monotonous routine is not the whole life of the guard. The detachment was not forgotten at Christmas time. Robert Wansmaker, New York City, was then their host at dinner and on Armistice Day local Rotary Club did honor to the guard.

Classified Ads Bring Results.

THE FIRST FREEZE

calls for COLD TABLETS

Week's Laxative Tablets They're Small But Mighty

Lithia Springs Pharmacy

Phone 116 Prescription Druggist Lithia Springs Hotel Building

Service Beyond the Premium

Payment of your premium does not mean that you are forgotten until the next payment is due. On the contrary this agency is on the alert at all times to shoulder your insurance problems.

INSURANCE

Common sense demands your insurance matters should be handled by men trained to solve insurance problems, men capable of relieving you of all worry concerning your insurance needs.

Local Agency of The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

Billings Agency

Real Estate & Real Insurance Estab. 1893 41 E. Main St. Phone 211

Where Do We Go From Here?



OUT OUR WAY By Williams

