

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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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.

NOVEMBER 25, 1925
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS:—Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases:
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. Psalm 103:1, 5.

PRAYER:— Father, may we come into thy presence this day in a spirit of genuine thankfulness. Fill our hearts with gratitude for Thy goodness, and for Thy wonderful works unto the children of men, and to Thy name be all honor and praise now and forever. Amen.

THANKS-GIVING

A Thanksgiving dinner of 1779 is described in an old diary by one Juliana Smith. Three large tables were set up in the great dining room. On each table were a bunch of venison and two roasts of pork. In addition to this a roast turkey was on one table, a roast goose on the second and two large pigeon pasties on the third. Juliana wrote:

"Then there was an abundance of good vegetables of all sorts, and one that I believe you have not yet seen. Uncle Simeon imported the seed from England. It is called 'sallery,' and you eat it without cooking. It is very good served with meats. The pumpkin pies, apple tarts and big Indian puddings lacked for nothing save appetite by the time we had got round to them."

Although most of us probably overeat on Thanksgiving Day, we have to admit that we couldn't make away with such a repast as that. Groaning boards, indeed! And groaning diners later in the day, we imagine.

But no. Juliana tell what followed the feast. After dinner they told stories, and all sang hymns, the father of the family leading in prayer and "remembering all absent friends before the Throne of Grace."

Here is a hint for our own modern celebrations. Let us not forget thanks-giving.

CENSORSHIP

With the increasing vogue of censorship in this country, examples continue to multiply showing that censors, however well meaning, may fail strangely in accomplishing their professed purpose. Here are two of the latest:

The public movie censor, going over a film that showed a young man and a girl, obliged to go to a hotel for a night's refuge, spending the night sitting and talking in the public lobby, seemed to think that wasn't quite nice. So he cut out the lobby scene. The result was that the film merely showed the couple entering the hotel in the evening and leaving it in the morning, leaving the spectator to fill in the gap with his imagination.

Not so stupid as this, but no less amusing, is a sample of police censorship. The director of public safety in one of the eastern cities objected strenuously when the proprietor of a new restaurant, fitted out in mild simulation of a jail, proposed to call it "The Bastille." So the proprietor good-naturedly proceeded to name it "The Castle," knowing that the real name of the famous French prison was "The Castle of Paris." His guests will get the point, if the safety director doesn't.

STATE RETAILING KILLED

Amending the constitution of South Dakota to authorize the state to sell gasoline at retail has been declared unconstitutional.

The legislative act specifically authorizing sale of gasoline was knocked out on the ground that "taxes shall be collected and levied for public purposes only."

If the state could lawfully engage in retailing gasoline by merely amending state constitutions, it could open peanut stands or millinery stores with equal propriety.

Curious thing, that a civilization which professes to believe in divine progress through evolution of the fittest should always be worrying about the yellow peril or red peril.

A 40-piece orchestra recently bombarded London with jazz music by radio from a mile up in the air. Maybe that's the air peril Arthur Brisbane is always warning us about.

Little old King Tut was a piker, after all. His mummy was wrapped in mere yellow gold—not platinum.

Speaking of Hard Boiled Eggs



All there is to anything is "knowing how."

If you want a woman you can trust, pick out one with big feet.

Apparently the only way to prevent divorce is to prevent marriage.

Safety often depends upon a good pair of legs more than upon a good pair of fists.

Opportunity seems to favor those who save a little each week and put it in the bank.

To be industrious is praiseworthy; to be honest is admirable; to be both is as high as any man can go.

Hee Heck says: "You don't know how little your influence amounts to till you try to use it."



Roses are gone, and violets are, too, and we'll be soon, because the coal bill's due.

It's so hard to drown your troubles in liquor. The blame stuff seems to fatten them instead.

The man who buys the dress is willing for it to be shorter if she will only wear it longer.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown of long hair and wishes it were bobbed.

We all can't go South for the winter, but the north wind seems to be on its way.

Great Mothers of the World

LOUISE BERGER
Member of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's Staff, Former Editor and owner of the New York World

By MARY GREER CONKLIN
Though Mr. Pulitzer is commonly described as a "poor em-

igrant lad" who had fled from poverty to better himself in the New World, Mr. Don Seitz, his biographer, states that Mr. Pulitzer was nothing of the sort, save as his bold venturing brought on its own hardships. He was born in Mako, Hungary, his father of Magyar-Jewish descent, his mother Austrian, of Roman Catholic faith. Her highly bred features, as shown in her photograph, testify to her gentle birth. Louise Berger was educated and beautiful. Both the boy's parents were superior persons of means and talent, and of standing in their community. The young Joseph was sent with his older brother Louis to Budapest to a private school, and further had the advantage of a private tutor. At the time of his mother's remarriage after the death of his father, when the lad was seventeen, he failed because of weak eyes and physique to secure a commission in the Austrian army where two of his mother's brothers were officers. He fell into the hands of an agent of the United States seeking recruits in the guise of emigrants, for the Union Army of the Civil War. Arriving in Boston, in company with another who had "recruited" in this fashion, he decided to collect his own bounty and slipped over the ship's side at night. An expert swimmer he reached shore safely and joined a German Regiment in New York organized by Carl Schurz with whom Mr. Pulitzer was long and closely associated in later years. When the war was over he drifted to St. Louis, suffering the usual hardships of boys without money. After two years as a cub reporter on a German paper, the Westliche Post, where his reputation as a writer grew by leaps and

bounds, he successfully negotiated ownership of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. By the time he was thirty he owned the New York World; and when later he moved to Ashland, the Pulitzer Building, was finished, he did not owe a penny on it—so ably had he managed its vast concerns that the paper was making a fortune.

Mr. Pulitzer was devoted to the memory of his mother. It was largely at her knee that he had acquired the learning, the strength of character, the perseverance, which had made of him one of the greatest journalists in the world. He often told with tender amusement how he grew so tall before leaving home that he had to stoop in order that his mother could box his ears conveniently. She did not spare the rod and spoil the child.

Joseph Pulitzer knew how to build men, develop their abilities and guide them as a father. He delighted in refashioning the habits of thought of those closely associated with him. Not that he sought to warp their personal opinion, but to drill into them a broad view of journalism and statescraft and patience with fools. "I wish I could take your brain apart and look into it," he said to one of his promising young reporters. "I don't," the youngster rejoined, "I am afraid you would mix up the parts and never get them in place again."

Mr. Pulitzer was born attenuated, with a long nose, a big nose, and a "nose for news." It was affectionately told of him, around the World office, that on one occasion when swimming he took a deep and satisfactory dive. He had been separated for a few minutes from the day's doings, and on coming up he called out

Delicious
**PUMPKIN AND MINCE MEAT
PIES**

For Your
Thanksgiving Dinner
Also
Fruit Cakes, Pastries and Superior Bread

Open Thanksgiving Until 11:30 A. M.
Franklin Bakery

to his companion, "Well, well, well, what's the news?" He was a child for always counting on plenty of readers and he was very much surprised when he found "I suppose it is because every reporter in town and every editor in a disappointment." He continued to write for his newspaper, "My, my, my, my, my," he constantly told his men. He had the World office decorated with cards, ACCURACY, THRESHNESS, ACCURACY.

The Columbia College School of Journalism which the wisdom and money of this blind publicist founded, and many scholarships, for aspiring writers, are the living, imposing monuments to Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, one of the forefathers and emigrants who, with Andrew Carnegie and others, has helped to make the United States a great nation.

Classified Ads Bring Results.

An assortment of nice
Boudoir Lamps
at reasonable prices
DARLING'S
FOR BEAUTIFUL
GIFTS

Lithia Springs Hotel Bldg.

MAKE THESE YOUR
"GOLDEN YEARS OF
LOVELINESS"

Win and keep the beauty you would have with this famous Elizabeth Arden treatment.

Venetian Gleaming Cream \$1.
Venetian Skin Tonic, 85c
Venetian Special Astringent \$2.25

**Lithia Springs
Pharmacy**
Sole Agent
Phone 116
Prescription Drugist
Lithia Springs Hotel Building

Fire Plays No Favorites

No business whether in frame or brick buildings, no home however situated, is exempt from the fire hazard.

One-fourth of all that America builds each year is destroyed by fire.

Think of it! While your place of business, your home or your farm may never have been visited by fire—you may be the very next one to be hit by the fire demon. Insure today, tomorrow may be too late.

Billings Agency

Real Estate & Real Insurance
Estab. 1888 41 E. Main St.
Phone 211

Will Your Table Have Flowers

for the Thanksgiving Dinner!

They will make the dining room more attractive.

FOR
Chrysanthemums
and other cut flowers
Phone 148 or Phone 180

**ASHLAND
FLOWER SHOP**



THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is not a day, it is a habit. We cannot be thankful on Thanksgiving Day unless we have been learning how every other day in the year.

James M. Farr.

Thanksgiving makes a crust sweet; the absence of it will make even a turkey taste bitter.

Selected.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues.

Cicero.

After all, the Best Thanksgiving is Thanks-Living.

Selected.

E. R. ISAAC & CO.

WHAT IS MORE COZY ON THANKSGIVING

then a nice fire in the fire place!

Why not get a grate from us and burn briquettes. Or try our Royal and King Coals these cold snappy days.

CARSON-FOWLER LBR. CO.

In the Heart of Town



THANKSGIVING

A bountiful year draws near its close.

We take this opportunity to express the hope that your place at the big table of prosperity has been heaped high with the good things of life.

This bank will be closed all day Thanksgiving Day.

The Citizens Bank of Ashland

Ashland, Oregon

FOOTBALL

THE GAME OF THE SEASON

Tomorrow-2:30 P.M.

HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS

**MEDFORD
vs.
ASHLAND**

HELP THE LOCALS WIN!