

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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ONE WAY TO HELP

A local merchant in a recent conversation, in which he took occasion to praise the community spirit that exists locally, mentioned the fact that in one year, he, in his business, had paid out nearly \$3000, as his share in the financing of community projects.

Other business men have done likewise, with the result that there are many community enterprises here that stand as monuments to the civic activities of business and professional interests.

When you take down your favorite mail order catalogue, and get out the order blanks, ready to send away from the place in which you make your living the dollars that rightfully belong here, think of this man and what he has done to make this city a better place for you and yours to live in.

When you thoughtlessly stop in neighboring cities and make purchases, think of the loyal business houses at home who are contributing heavily out of the money spent with them to give you and your city the many advantages that belong here, and—

Remember This — Every dollar that is sent out of Ashland that could be spent here lessens just that much the ability of local business institutions, to cooperate on financing the things we need most. If every one spent their money out of town there would be no business district, and if there was no business district there would be no Ashland.

IT SOMETIMES PAYS TO BE IGNORANT

One of the new arrivals in this city recently told of the advantages of being ignorant in so far as tradition regarding the success or failure of certain projects are concerned. He aptly illustrated this by telling of an incident that occurred in a neighboring state several years ago when the question of local option was up for discussion.

Before they had gotten fairly under way, the chairman's duties called him out of town. (He termed it an act of providence), and a stranger came ambling in. He was terribly ignorant in so far as local conditions were concerned. In fact his ignorance extended so far that he thought local option was a possibility in this city.

The inspiration for this little prologue was received when two Ashland citizens today stated that if everything went well Ashland some day might be a city of ten thousand but never any more, and they were not overly enthusiastic about the prospects of it ever really reaching that figure either.

Well, we are comparatively new in this community, and we plead guilty to being terribly ignorant, and we presume, and assume, that we shall be branded as such by many when we venture the prediction that Ashland will become just as large as the people who reside here want it to be.

In our ignorance we can see at least three different projects, any one of which developed sufficiently could bring Ashland's population far in excess of the ten thousand figure. One of these is the poultry industry, one the Lithia Spring water, and the third is our granite.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Jack Frost's Home

"Warm weather makes me lazy," said Jack Frost to his companion, Master Very Cool.

Some of the Paintings

"You like my Frost Palace, don't you?" Jack Frost asked. "Oh, enormously," said Master Very Cool.

"But you are so beautifully situated here. Your cool cave in the heart of these cool woods is so lovely. The little pond nearby with such cool water is delightful. And I do admire the works of art you have about."

"Well," said Jack Frost, "I do like to have a nice home. I like it to be big, too, because there are all my magic workers who make this their headquarters."

"Now with most, that might not have been of any use. If you let others just use their own ideas and imagination and didn't make them study and combine their study with their own ideas, they will amount to very little, if anything."

"But they could see that I was different. And almost as soon as I was able to walk I was beginning to show what I could do."

"Some of those childish works I still have here. You will see some of the paintings of little bushes—these are what I did when I wasn't big enough to reach anything higher."

"Now with the aid, of course, of my great stepladder, I can reach anything."

Isn't It Odd?

CLEBURNE, Tex. — Mrs. C. G. Fitzgerald, 40, died when the limb of a tree which he husband was sawing to give some bees, fell on her, breaking her neck.

LONDON. — "It may come in handy sometime," Thomas S. Frankland, 45 year old war veteran, would say when his wife urged him to throw away a German pistol he found in Flanders. He used the pistol to commit suicide because he could not find work.

KANSAS CITY, Mo. — When Mrs. L. P. McNamara scratched her nose in a minor automobile accident, causing it to bleed, she telephoned her husband. He rushed to the scene of the accident, saw the blood on his wife's nose, and fell to the pavement in a dead faint.

PHILADELPHIA — "Gene" and "Jack" are the names given the husky twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. James Allen, who were born while the Tanney-Dempsey championship bout was being fought.

Advertisement for SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES. Includes an illustration of a person using the product.

Fashion is respected more than the Supreme Court.

Marriage is the only game where two can play and both lose.

What is often taken as a change of heart is only a fear of punishment.

Some of the lies folks tell about us are not nearly so bad as all the truth would be.

We are all apt to be more stubborn about doing a thing wrong than about doing it right.

Hez Heck says: "Bein' wrong ever now and then is bad enough but makin' a habit of it is jist awful."

What Others Say

(Corvallis Gazette-Times)

A veteran railroad official who read of the aid given the chauffeur of one of the railroad's automobile busses in changing a tire on the road recalls the similar spirit in the early '70s when steam locomotives burned wood. It was the duty of the entire train crew in those days to "wood up" engines at the many wood yards along the line.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Sunday afternoon a few friends of Miss Ella Bunnell called at her home on Garfield street and sang some lovely songs, thereby bringing cheer and gladness into the sick room. Little Claudine Cox sang a pretty little solo, which was much appreciated by Miss Bunnell and her mother.

Wednesday Club Program—afternoon.

Vocal solo—Carl Lovelond. Piano duet—Mrs. J. R. Robertson, Miss Jones. Vocal solo—Mrs. D. D. Norris. Piano solo—Mrs. H. O. Purucker. Vocal solo—Herbert Alford. Sunday school orchestra—Geo. Caldwell, Harvey and Chester Woods. Vocal solo—Marguerite Friswold. Violin Obligato—Harvey Woods. Evening: Piano solo—Mrs. Strickland. Vocal duet—Mrs. S. Provost, E. Rasor. Vocal solo—Mr. Rasor.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. Geo. W. Vaupel went to Sacramento recently to spend a few days visiting with friends.

Rev. Robert Tweed departed today for Merrill in Klamath county, where he goes on missionary work for the church.

Mattie Kincaid left yesterday for an extended visit through Iowa and Illinois.

Ray Sanford, Harrison Howell, L. E. Harris and Charles Storms were among the Ashlanders who attended a ball at Talent last evening.

Attorney E. D. Briggs returned on last night's train from Portland. James J. McNair who accompanied him north, extended his journey to Lewiston, Idaho, in search of a field for engaging in the drug business.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Ten Ashland boys were added to the S. P. payroll this week, having joined the work train forces under O'Neil, now engaged near Sisson. Among those who went were Hugh Gillette, Wilson Fox, Burrell Smith, Morris Adams, Walter Denny and L. E. Bender.

Mayor J. P. Dodge has purchased of J. E. Smith the latter's residence property on the Boulevard and Mr. Smith has purchased Mr. Dodge's property in the Iowa addition and both expect to occupy their new homes this week.

Miss Minnie Rockfellow, Miss Pickard, J. H. Briggs, Hum Fracht, C. E. Lane and E. M. Miller, who have had the most adventurous and delightful camping trip of 3 weeks at Klamath and Crater lakes, reached home Tuesday. Miss Minnie Rockfellow of the party, holds the ladies' record for time for the climb from the water edge to the rim of Crater Lake, having performed the feat in 29 minutes.



LYDIA OF THE PINES by HONORE WILLISIE

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In the pine forests of the Hiawatha country on the upper Mississippi lies Lake City, a combination of New England and the modern West. Its old settlers, rubbing elbows with the reservation Indians and mingling with the sturdy Scandinavian and German immigrants, are of the pioneer New England stock—"the best blood that went West." With that best blood Mrs. Willisie is chiefly concerned in this essentially American story.

This novel, which cannot fail to make a vivid and lasting impression on all readers, starts as a Serial in

The Tidings SOON

Watch for It!

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Galatians 6:1. "A man who never made a mistake, never made anything." We all have our faults and make mistakes. Read the above passage again.