

into a billion dollars Henry Ford became a great captain of industry, a manufacturing genius, an able

The distance between you and temptation is'a short journey.

form of about- 30 square_ feet area. The pictures, have been forwarded.

building. As Uncle John opened the door they heard a roaring noise that almost desfened them. Douglas tried to speak to Doro-thy, but though he shricked at the top of his lungs he could not make Dorothy hear what he had to say

were that way." said Margery nd they had a man come and

financier, Rockefeller and Field grew as their fortunes grew into outstanding figures in the American business world.

But Mrs. Obinger while building up her fortune has remained just a humble scrub woman. Her wealth was built upon her scrubbing brush and a natural disposition toward thrift. She invested her savings in real estate and what the economist calls unearned increment did the rest. She now has savings which represent an average of \$75 a week for her years of work, rather good wages for a scrub woman.

Her methods were different and much less spectacular than those employed by Mr. Rockefeller. but evidently she was possessed of much the same idea. The oil king once attributed his success to the discovery early in life that it is much more pleasant to have a dollar working for one than to work for the dollar.

Now that she has dollars aplenty working for her, Mrs. Obinger plans to desert the mop and become a lady. Her idea of the chief value of wealth, absorbed from her long service in the homes of wealthy Chicagoans, is summed up in the statement of her ambition to have "a maid, nice clothes and jewels." It is to be hoped that she finds in them the happiness which a quarter century of hard work and privation surely has earned.

What's to be Done With it?

The passion for the application of scientific methods to all manner of hitherto unconsidered subjects seems to be the spirit of the age. Now comes a beauty specialist to inform us that approximately 150,000 hairs are rooted in the head of a blonde, while the hairs of a brunette run only about 100,000 and red hair falls to an average of 30,000.

It is appalling to consider the herculean task undertaken by this student. Assuming that he pursued his inquiry strictly in accord with approved scientific practice he must have counted hairs on the heads of anywhere from 10,000 to 100,000 women. While the information he obtained is presumably on file in the book of, life it is doubted if he had access to its pages. What we are wondering is what's to be done with all this valuable information now that we have it.

An electron is the smallest unit of matter, say the scientists. Remember that, wives. It's a good one to fling at him.

Many a good thing has been made worse by trying to make it better. In order to concentrate your troubles all that is needed is to divide your love. A child is either cute or impu- dent according to whether it is your child or another's. Supply a boy with plenty of spending money, and it won't be long until you are called upon to supply bail. Hex Heck says: "I never yit seen a woman over 40 try to be sporty' without makin' a mess of it."	<text><text><text></text></text></text>
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Will Mitchell, . Tom Hudson, C. D. Porter, who resides on and H. L. Whited left Monday for Wellen street, was quite severely Fall creek in the latter's recently bruised in an accident while drivpurchased automobile. They will ing on High street one evening fish streams encountered enroute. last week. He is able to be about

again, however.

Benton Bowers has been laid

to the preservation of lib-

erty: a gagged press is, or

F. L. Foster has sold out his up for the past two weeks with a severe attack of tonsilitis, an epi- paint and notion store on south demic of which seems to have Main street to Peterson & Swantouched here and there in Ash- son, who will move their furniture store there. land.

Rev. W. W. MacHenry is in at-Mrs. Frank Jordan left Sunday tendance at the State Sunday for Portland where she will at-School convention at Eugene. He tend the Grand Chapter of. the will return in time to occupy his Eastern Star. pulpit in the Presbyterian church as usual.

Walter Walrad is down from

Newport to visit his parents. Mr. Miss Mabel Galey has gone to and Mrs. Eugene Walrad on Fac- Portland, a position as stenotory street, and his sisters, Miss grapher having been secured for Angle and Mrs. Walter Frulan. ter there by Prof. Ritner.

away.

so enormous.

C. C. Chitwood has accepted position with a pharmaceutical

establishment in Eugene and goes down to the university city this week to begin his work. Charley is an Ashland boy.

H. P. Andrews, a brother of A ndrews, of this city, arrived rom San Francisco, Cal., wherhe has a position with a mercan. tile firm, for a visit with the folks in Ashland.

Will Short, the young black mith in business with his father. Thos. Short, next to the Ashland mills, is seriously ill at his home in town from appendicitis, his secattack recently ..

Hunting at Chiloquin

Chas. Wagner returned to Eu-Harold Ross, Lewis Smith and gene recently to resume his stud- Mr. Wilson of Table Rock left es at the state university. Sunday on a hunting trip



Now You Can Go to Bed."

Billy rose with dignity, and with-out a word strode down the path to the gate and thence up the road. Lydia stared after him indignantly. That old farmer!" she said to Adam, who wriggled and slobbered, sympathetically. She was still indignant when John Levise arrived and found her toasting hervelf and the waffes for supper, indiscriminately. Perhaps it was this sense of indignation that made her less patient than usual with what she was growing to consider the folbles of the male set. At my rate, she precipitat-ed her catefully planned conversa-tion with Levine, when the four of them were seated on the back steps, after supper. The others were listening to Ly-dia's account of her investigating sandpaper 'em and put kind of put-ty stuff in the cracks and oil and wax 'em and they look fine." "Gee!" said Lydia, thoughtfully. "Til do it! And Fil cut our oid living-room carpet up into two or three rugs. Lizzie'll have to squeeze enough out of the grocery money for fringe. I'd rather have fringe than a fall coat." Amos, coming home a night or so later, found the living-room floor

bare and Lydia hard at work with

dia's account of ber investigating tour with Charlie. "I shouldn't say it was the best iden in the world for you to be wandering through the woods with that young Indian," was Levine's comment when Lydia had finished. A man came up and spoke to Uncle John. "Let the children walk around and I'll tell them afterward," he screamed, and they just heard his voice, as if it came from far, far At first it frightened Dorothy.

The machinery was so terrifically. The machinery was so terrifically big and it seemed as if it could do anything it wanted. It looked so huge and the wheels turning around and around looked as if they could do anything—they were

that young Indian," was Levines comment when Lydia had finished. "I don't see how you can speak o," cried Lydia, passionately, "when this minute you're taking his pine wood." "Lydia!" said Amos, sharply. "Let her alone, Amos," Levine spoke quietly. "What are you talk-ing about, Lydia?" "The Indians are people, just like us," she cried, "and you're treating them as if they were beasts. You're robbing them and letting them starve! Oh, I saw them! Charfle showed the poor things to me-all sore eyes, and coughing and eating dirt. And you're making money out of them! Maybe the very money you paid our note with was made out of a starved squaw. Ok, I can't stand it to think it of you!" Lydia paused with a half sob and for a moment only the gentle ripple of the waves on the shore and the crickets were to be heard. Levine, elbow on khee, chin on hand, looked through the dusk at the shadowy sweetness of Lydia's face, his own face calm and thoughtful. "You're m good and kind to me," Lydia began again, "how can you be so hard on the Fidians? Are The great dynamos were going so hard. The motors which made the wheels go around never stopped. And workmen seemed to be giving them constant atten-

tion. "They look as if they needed a great deal of care," said Dorothy, as they all walked back toward the door.

Lydis began again, "how can you be so hard on the Indians? Are you stealing Charlie's logs? Are you, Mr. Levine?"

as they all walked back toward the door. "They seem to want it for they are so big and powerful. It's funny, but very big and powerful things and very small and weak things always look as though they needed help and attention !" "Won't you tell us what it all means?" asked Douglas, who had been studying it wide-eyed. "The dynamos are making the electricity," said the man, "so you two children and lots of other chil-dren and grown-ups can ride in the subway and the different ele-vated and car lines. The wheels make the electricity give the trains the power to go." "But," asked Douglas, "how can this power house be so far away from the subway, and how do they get the power into the under-ground tailway?" "It goes through huge cables, under the ground," said the man, "and connects with the third rall of the car which gives the elec-tricity to the trains." "Oh, wonder of wonders P gasped Douglas.

Tales.)

a bit of glass and sandpaper, scrap ing at the slivers. "Ain't it awful?" asked Lizzie from the dining room. "She would "Lizzie's complained all day." said Lydia. "She doesn't realize

said Lydia. "She doesn't realize how our house looks like 'poverty and destruction' compared with other folks. I'm going to get some style into it, if I have to tear it down. Oh, daddy, don't you get sick of being poor?" "Yes," said Amos, shortly, "and I think you're a silly girl to wear yourself out, on this kind of thing." Lydia sat up and looked at him. She was growing fast and was thin-ner than ever, this summer. "If

She was growing fast and was thin-ner than ever, this summer. "If mother was alive," she said, "she'd know exactly how I feel." Suddenly there came to Amos' memory a weak and tender voice, with contraito notes in it like Ly-dia's. "Lydia," he said, abruptly, "make the house over if you want to, my dear," and he marched out to the kitchen to wash and take off his overalls. It took Lydia several days to complete her task. When it was done the cracks were still promi-nent and the oily finish was spot-ted. But in Lydia's eyes it was a work of art and she cut the old carpet into three parts with en-thusiasm. She sewed the fringe on the rugs, on the front porch. Sitting so, she could see Margery Sitting so, she could see Margery when she appeared far down the road. On the afternoon on which she finished the last of the rugs

Charlie Jackson and not Marger

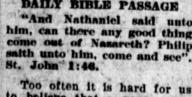
He admired the rugs and the fleam of the shining floor through the doorway. Then, without pre-amble, he asked, "Did you talk to famine Lode "

(Continued Tomorrow)

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE "And Nathaniel said unto him, can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip

you stealing Charile's logs? Are you, Mr. Levine?" "I bought his pine," replied Le-vine quiety. "He doesn't believe it. He thinks you're stealing. And he's so afraid of you. Why does he feel that way, Mr. Levine?" "Lydial What're you saying!" exclaimed Amos. "Keep out, Amos," said Levine. "We've got to clear this up. I've been expecting it, for some time. Lydia, years ago before the gov-etnment began to support the In-dians, they were a fine, upstanding race. The whites could have learned a lot from them. They were brave, and honorable, and moral, and in a primitive way, thrifty. Well, then the sentimentalists among the whites devised the re-etvation system and the allowance aystem. And the Indians have gone its the devil, just as whites would under like circumstances. Any hu-man baing ball to earn what he eats to look for the real values in our own boys.

Wilder Countries and the and the second second and a second



to believe that a young man in our own home town can amount to anything. We need