

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Ashland's Slogan

The Lithians are again on the right trail—seeking a slogan which will stand out as a rousing battlecry in the progress of Ashland!

That the Rogue River valley—and in fact every part of the Pacific coast—is a great country is becoming better known each year and the Lithians and Ashland as a whole are heartily in favor of spreading this message far and wide.

However, there is something personal, something individual, something which can apply more aptly to Ashland than to any other community even in this great country, and this is what the Lithians are seeking.

What is this particular slogan which will most effectively tell the world that Ashland has something tangible, something attractive, something remunerative in health, happiness and better living to offer those who are seeking a home in the Pacific coast country?

The Lithians have decided, as everybody should:

That there is nothing wrong with Ashland.
That many commercial opportunities exist here.

That Ashland climate is unexcelled anywhere.

That Ashland hospitality is the most cordial.

That hundreds of fertile acres near Ashland await development.

That millions of feet of timber stands nearby.

That Ashland has the accommodations for tourists to make this a focal point from which to tour in many directions.

That famous granite deposits are at our door.

That Ashland's mineral waters are a great asset, only partially developed.

That Ashland has the greatest city campgrounds and park on the coast.

That Ashland may become a great shale oil producing center.

That no region offers more inviting fishing streams than Ashland.

That scenery in and near Ashland is unsurpassed.

That Ashland schools attract many here each year.

And innumerable other advantages which, combined, make Ashland a veritable garden spot.

The Lithians want a slogan which will express this spirit of boosting, this spirit of exploiting the many attractions we have in Ashland, and which will rout any spirit of apathy which may have arisen, or which may arise, in our midst. Entries should be made not from the mere standpoint of winning the handsome prize which they are offering, but in a desire to assist in furnishing the city with an appropriate battlecry of progress!

The World is Growing Better

When we read the many beautiful things that are printed from time to time in the papers, real facts out of the book of real life, do you ever stop to think how they came to be there?

Bad news, thrilling tales of horror, awful accidents, and the "yellows" find someone always ready to bear them to the newspapers, but the sweet and beautiful things that make life better and worth living have to be told by someone who has ideals and a touch of human kindness in his heart and sufficient public spirit to put the incident into writing and see that a paper has it to print.

Our newspapers would not be so filled with dreadful things if all the world were as eager to tell of the good things daily done, if all were as ready to pass along the story of the good that men do as the evil that crops out.

Few are so bad but they have good impulses. We would have them encouraged.

As we go through the world let us look for the bloom and fragrance of the good deeds of our fellow-beings and reward the wrong, if we must recognize it, as we do the mouldy earth and fertilizers which are used by the Creator to make the thing planted therein all the more beautiful as it rises above and covers with its foliage all the meanness below.

Read the paper through and see how much good there is in it these days; plenty of charities, humanitarian thought and good will toward all men.

About time for Hollywood to burst forth with a new scandal.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



Try This One

GENERAL

1. What American circus man was credited with most extreme methods of advertising his shows?
2. Fill in the name of an American soldier who made the following phrase famous: "I last fight."
3. What figure of revolutionary days was famous for a ride on horseback in the vicinity of Boston?
4. Name the American president who had a so-called "kitchen cabinet."
5. Name the New York politician whose name is coupled with a political ring that gained widespread notoriety.
6. What noted official of the American Federation of Labor died in 1924?
7. What American soldier was famous for his famous "march to the sea" during the Civil War?
8. What prominent member of the Gould family was identified with a great northwestern railroad?
9. What early American's name is associated with that of Pocahontas?
10. Who was president of the Southern Confederacy?

ANSWERS

1. Obregon.
2. Bishop Pascual Diaz.
3. Vera Cruz.



One scandal can be stopped by starting another.

All the words in the dictionary won't fill a thimble.

Where the powder rag is much employed, the dust cloth isn't.

Most folks confess a m a l l fault, thinking thus to conceal great ones.

Was there ever a lawsuit in which neither women nor dollars were not involved?

When a man brags that he never cheats, look out that he isn't planning to cheat you?

Hes Heck says: "No matter how good the daylight, most o' us is apt to see things that ain't there."

4. The oil interests.
5. Pope Pius XI.
6. New York City.
7. Germany.
8. The Rio Grande.
10. Emperor Maximilian.



Now, that Rumania has a 6-year-old king, politics probably will steam right up, with everybody taking a hand in the interpretation of the royal wishes. Ho, hum! We wonder how his highness likes bread and jam.

Lindbergh got lost in a fog while flying in the east. Maybe it's the same mist a few presidential candidates are trying to find their way out of.

There are only twenty-three \$1000 bills in circulation, according to treasury officials. Guess the movies have got those, all right.

Women made books in the middle ages, says a headline. We saw a wedding the other day and are moved by the thought that there are still some pretty game gamblers among them.

Love comes once to us all, said some poet or other. He never wrote THAT at a summer resort.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

F. E. Jordan of Brownsville was in town Saturday renewing old acquaintances. Mr. Jordan was formerly a bookkeeper at the Ashland creamery.

J. D. Williams was among the vendors from the extreme upper end of the valley who transacted business in the city Saturday.

Medford Tribune—E. Hart of Ashland is nodding good-naturedly at his Medford friends today—but he insists that his reported plunge into the billows of matrimony in northern California recently is the result of mistaken identity.

Mrs. Myra McNeil, who has been residing at her Oak street residence and renewing old acquaintances in the city for the past month, returned to her home in Portland Saturday.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. Harris Dean left for Portland a few days ago to join Mr. Dean, who was returning from a timber cruising expedition into Canada. They will spend a vacation season before returning home to Ashland.

Hon. Theodore Cameron spent a few days in Ashland this week, visiting his sister, Mrs. Ellen Wells.

J. G. Powell of Seattle, who has been visiting his brother, C. W. Powell in this city, returned north this morning.

Miss Margaret Williamson is visiting Miss Mae Gibson in Eugene.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Joe Wilson, formerly manager of the Ashland mine was among the passengers sailing on the steamer "Elder" from Portland on Saturday night bound for the Klondyke and the gold fields of the frozen north.

Miss Ida Lane departed on Tuesday morning's train for the Duquesne, Cal., to remain some time visiting with Mrs. John Turner.

Mr. Will Mitchell has been clerking at The Candy Palace the past week for Mr. H. L. Sayles, who is suffering with a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hicks will leave to join the Ashland colony on the shores of Klamath lake tomorrow.

THE FORUM

Articles of timely interest are welcomed under this head. Contributions must bear the signature of the author.

Ashland Tidings, Ashland, Oregon.

Dear Sirs:

We want to congratulate you on your editorial "Our Possibilities" July 27th.

It has often occurred to the writer that in the territory extending from Roseburg south to the California line—and your proposition makes it even better by taking in some of Northern California, and I would also suggest that you include the territory as far west as Klamath Falls—you have a veritable Empire, and can offer to new people coming to Oregon everything that they can find in any other part of the state, and some things that they cannot find in any other part of the state.

By building up county and regional organizations of this kind and then tying in with the state-wide organization, people of the United States and the world will begin to learn something about Oregon. In fact, they are already learning more about it than ever before, but we could easily double our efforts to good advantage.

I have often talked with secretaries of the chambers of commerce in this territory concerning a move of this kind and believe that it would be a powerful agency toward advertising the resources of your inter-ocean empire.

It is a fine thing to talk about these things and to have faith in your country, but it is another thing to put that faith into action and to back that action with money and really do something. Through the national advertising of the railway's serving the state, during the past three years and through the hundreds of thousands spent by the state-wide development fund subscribed in Portland, Oregon's appeal is reaching more people than ever before and the reaction is very favorable. There has never been a time that Oregon people could capitalize on their opportunities as they can now.

We hope that your suggestions will receive the favorable consideration of your substantial citizens.

Yours truly,
W. Y. IDE,
Manager.

Exchanges

At last government investigation has discovered what makes the Hot Springs hot. It is because they come out of a layer of heated rock. Having settled that, and to avoid getting themselves out of a job the investigators can now turn their attention to finding out what makes the hot rock hot.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

The editor of the Medford Mail-Tribune says he has noticed that few eggs back to a full stomach. Why not? What interests us is the dog that bled on the rear exposure of you.—Eugene Register.

Scientists tell us that from a chemical point of view, a man is worth about a dollar, and a dollar isn't worth as much as it used to be, either.—Klamath News.

The United States senate should investigate the rumor that the National Association of Landlords is behind the move to put 13 instead of 12 months in the year.—Oregon Observer.

Somehow we enjoy living in Burns where the clang of the alarm clock and the mad rush of the suburban train into the city's daily grind mean nothing in our life.—Burns Times-Herald.

It has been a long time since gold in brick form has been brought to the city and 107 ounces from a short mill run at the Rabbit mine calls back the time when gold breaks up to \$20.00 from a dozen different mines in Baker county were arriving here monthly for shipment to the United States mint. That time will come again and it is not far distant.—Baker Democrat.

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY

(Copyright 1927 by PBO Pictures Corporation)

"I don't know how long has he been here?"
"About six months. I've never seen him to make him out. He's lived by himself all the time, never associated with anyone, that is, not to speak of, and never confided in anyone. I don't think there's a soul in town knows who he is or what he really does. He says he's an artist. Artist? Huh! If he ever drew anything more than had will I go in for landscape work myself."
"Interesting as it was, MacReady failed to find it logical. Except for the fact that Howard appeared to be shiftless and irresponsible there seemed to be no reason for this animosity. There was nothing to show that he had ever harmed anyone. All his faults seemed to have been directed toward himself."
"Just why do you dislike Howard so much, then?"
"Dislike? The superintendent's face denied it. 'I don't dislike him, I don't know him. But there's no accounting for women's tastes. From the first day Laura's seen that good for nothing boaster she's been able to think of nothing else, and I'll be a crazy Comanche if he hasn't thrown a spell over her that's been darned near the ruin of her life.'"
"But the reason was out! The dodging father and the idolized daughter throwing herself away on a worthless scamp. MacReady was beginning to see and feel some of Phelps' overlying prejudice."
"MacReady was following a dangerous line of endeavor, a questioning line in which he could justly be said at any moment that it was none of his business, but he had gone too far to draw back. For one thing Laura's pleading countenance haunted him. So did that face from the past that he was unable to place. And Phelps' whole attitude was sufficient to spur him on if he could in that way be of assistance in restoring a peaceful unity in the family."
Phelps once started talked fluently enough, and his story was told with emotional fervor that gave some indication of the anguish he had gone through.
"I don't know when he first came to town," he began. "Laura met him at one of the church dances. It was about two months ago that she first brought him around. There was no need pretending—she was completely under his spell. 'Now get me straight,' he protested. 'I'm not saying there was anything wrong about it. Laura's a perfectly fine girl—mighty fine,' he defended vehemently, 'and I know her love was pure and clean.'"
He paused as if he begrudged the next words.
"I haven't any doubt his was too. In fact, I know it was. Little as I was then, I can't withhold that from him."
Having done, as he thought, justice, he returned to the attack.
"But that's not the point. He's shiftless, he's mysterious. Nobody knows who he is or where he comes from. He says he comes from the Klondyke—maybe you know him?"
MacReady started. The idea might give him the clue he needed, but at present it was only a pathway to the labyrinth for which he still needed the key.
"I wish I could place him," he replied fervently.
"Well, anyway that's what he says," the superintendent continued. "I can't prove it—an I can't disprove it—what it's my hunch"—he tapped his forehead significantly—"that this here Howard was disconcertingly successful."
"Is he still in love with Laura?" MacReady asked, again conscious that he was putting a forward question.
"I don't know. I don't think so, at least not so much since the end of the last winter. He's been hanging around here for two months now. I've asked her not to see him. But he still keeps hanging around, darn him."
(To be continued)



"Starting furiously into the window."

Laura again and he saw her lips part in amazed horror. Following her glance he realized that she, too, had been the spying eye and that her reaction was actually one of unquestionable amazement.
The display was lost upon Phelps, who was putting around with a map he had obtained from his office.
Words about "routing," "convoy" and "guard" reached MacReady in meaningless sounds.
A loss determined man might have hesitated; but MacReady approached the subject bluntly.
"I beg your pardon, Miss Phelps; but would you mind telling me who that man was I saw you talking with on the station a short time ago?"
She shot him a quick, frightened glance that was plainly a question as to whether he had seen the face at the window; but MacReady never relaxed a muscle.
"It's an old friend—his name is Philip Howard," she stammered haltingly.
"An old friend, why the vagueness?" MacReady found himself asking.
But if he expected a further explanation he was to be disappointed. Laura's mystifying conduct was rendered even more inexplicable by the abruptness with which she wished her aunt, whispered a barely audible "Excuse me" to her father and made a hasty exit from the station again without honoring MacReady by a single word.
The lieutenant turned quietly to Phelps for an explanation that the division superintendent was evidently reluctant to give. He shut his eyes and looked to the other and finally laid the map on a huge fat seat.
"Now from here the train goes due west to Little Canyon," he began; but MacReady gently shoved the paper aside.
"Tell me," he asked, "what is bothering you. I thought that that was a remembered old friend of yours; but I can't exactly place him. Just who is Philip Howard?"
Phelps stammered, flustered and then gave up. He saw instance in MacReady's look and yielded to it.
"I don't know," he answered. "I wish to God I did."
MacReady's interest was growing with every sentence.
"Just what do you know about him?" he asked.
"Nothing, that is, virtually nothing," came the reply. "He lives in a tiny shack about two miles up the creek. Pretty little shack, too, not that I've ever been inside it, but the people who lived there before him hadn't had any too good a reputation. Squatters they were and they were cleared out."