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December 1, 1927

THE YOUNG MAN'S HOPE:—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word. Psalm 119:9.

PRAYER:

"Lord, Thy Word abideth
And our feet-steps guideth;
Who its truth believeth;
Light and joy receiveth."

Christmas Spirit

The Spirit of Christmas.

With the passing of Thanksgiving there is a certain very definite "feel" of holidays in the air. To definitely define that spirit is difficult, for it is an intangible, uncertain, innate emotion which encompasses us.

It is far more than the spirit of giving—the exchange of material things.

Spiritual values, a glorified realization that "The gift without the giver is bare" and the fuller realization of Peace On Earth, should be the criterion by which we should judge a worth-while Christmas spirit.

Especially should this be true of a Christmas spirit in our Community. We should remember in our "gift list" that there is the gift we owe our community—a gift of good citizenship.

Good citizenship includes many things, an active interest in affairs of government, materialized by aiding the board of education and teachers in maintaining the highest standards, by actively supporting churches, taking pride in appearance of homes, yards, streets, and parks—in short it includes the building up of the community in every way possible through cooperation.

And it would be well if the Christmas Spirit might prevail throughout the year—then each succeeding day might be indeed, happier than that of the day previous.

Do Unto Others

Human nature has its weakness, but it also has its strength. There is much in man's daily record that makes unhappy reading, but always somewhere in the report there is a page or a line that thrills the heart, that is evidence of a vein of latent goodness beneath the outward appearance of badness, that makes us suspect that after all the badness is more of an outward appearance than an ingrained reality.

So it is a pleasure to note that a very large number of men and women have either broken away from the brazen rule that reads, "do others," or have never recognized its forces, and are exemplifying the Golden Rule, "do unto others," and are doing it generously.

The specific thing we have in mind is that phase of the Near East Relief now firmly established and known as International Golden Rule Sunday. There are many other examples showing a healthy growth of the Golden Rule spirit, but this is perhaps the greatest single example; and it is timely because Golden Rule Sunday will be observed December 4, on behalf of the Near East Relief, and millions of persons will do unto other children as they would like others to do unto their children if they had fallen upon equally evil circumstances.

Such a display of the true sentiment, not sentimentality, is highly gratifying for many reasons. It is one of the things proving our age not so grossly material as the pessimists would have us believe it is. It is commendable because in a larger sense than is found in most charitable enterprises the gift to Near East Relief is something more and finer than the mere giving of money; it is entering into the real spirit of the occasion and giving something of self in addition to the offering of money. There is no person who observes the day as it is meant to be done who will not be better in body and soul because of the observances.

It is not how hard it may be for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven which concerns us most, but how hard it is for a poor man to remain on Earth.

We can't indorse this protest against building monuments to dead politicians; in fact, we regret that there are not more monuments of that sort.

The sort of a husband the modern woman wants is a big, husky, strong, intellectual, inflexible man whom she can wrap around her finger.

If Prohibition had only produced honest bootleggers it would not have been so bad.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



The Tidings

WASHINGTON LETTER
By Rodney Dutcher
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON—Some persons are incurable optimists and among them, it would appear, are the proponents of the metric system of weights and measure who confidently predict that the next Congress, with little but politics on its mind, will pass a law eliminating the foot, the inch and the pound in favor of the European standards.

Aubrey Drury, director of the All-America Standards Council, says that the "metric issue has won overwhelming victories in more than 40 of the great parliaments of the world" and that "it can and will win in the vote before the next Congress."

Senator Gillett and Congressman Britten will introduce the Metric Standards Bill, it is promised. Seven congressional committees have endorsed the decimal weights and measure system and once it passed two out of three readings in the House. A gradual transition from pints and quarts, yards and feet and so on to the metric units in merchandising, requiring ten years, is proposed. Quarts would become liters, measuring 10 per cent more; yards would stretch 10 per cent into meters, and so on.

The plan, first urged 140 years ago by Thomas Jefferson, has acquired plenty of distinguished support, but it probably won't mean much to the average politician unless business interests unite in demanding it.

Quite recently this writer produced a story showing that 1927 had been America's biggest disaster year. By New Year's it may be necessary to report a year equalling any other two years for such events, for hardly had the story been printed before the Red Cross was called upon to help nearly 200 persons affected by the Pittsburgh gas tank explosion and a lesser number when a tornado swept through its own back yard in Washington. Proceeds of the current Red Cross drive here were turned over to tornado relief.

The Red Cross, it may be said to help its efficient publicity staff, is a national disaster insurance system, its principal beneficiaries those who can't afford to pay for insurance against hurricanes, floods, earthquakes and the like. The whole country chips in and the money goes where the crashes come.

If you don't like your present church, there are others in the land which you may never have heard of and which may their attractions. The Department of Commerce, which also conducts a census of divorce figures, has been issuing frequent bulletins covering its 1926 census of religious bodies. The last three surveyed were the Krimmer Bruder Gemeinde, the Mennonite Kleinle Gemeinde and the Old Order Mennonite church.

In ten years the Krimmer Bruder Gemeinde church has dropped from 894 to 797 members, but the Mennonite Kleinle Gemeinde hopped from three churches and 171 members in 1916 to four churches and 214 members in 1926, and the Old Order Mennonite sprouted ahead from 1608 members to 3227.

This Day In Fistiana

DEC. 1st, 1898
EVERHARDT vs. ERNST
By DOC REID
Thirty-one years ago today, Jack Everhardt of New Orleans and Billy Ernst of Brooklyn, N. Y., two of the best known and most clever light-weights of the day clashed in a 20-round affair at Albany, N. Y., in which the New Orleans boy was awarded the decision at the finish.

They met again a month later in New York City in another scheduled 20-round bout and Everhardt again proved superior by knocking Ernst out in the 12th round. Both boys were leading contenders for titular honors.



Copyright, 1927, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.
Dolores Costello in "OLD SAN FRANCISCO" is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS
Don Hernandez Vasquez and his beautiful granddaughter Dolores occupy old Vasquez ranch overlooking San Francisco. The city's prosperity that followed the gold rush missed the Vasquez ranch. Vasquez's indolent ways are to blame. Ranch is owned by Buckwell, politician's boss. His lawyer, Brandon, and Brandon's nephew, Terry, try to buy the ranch. Vasquez won't sell. Terry falls in love with Dolores. Buckwell plans to out Vasquez by rotting old Spanish land grant. Terry goes to court Vasquez and resumes love-making with Dolores. Vasquez refuses Terry's advice and aid. Tells him Dolores is to marry Don Luis. Terry, heartbroken, leaves without seeing Dolores.

CHAPTER VII
The Poodle Dog
"May the saints preserve me for a blatherin' fool!" fumed Terry on his way back to Frisco after that thankless trip of warning to Vasquez.

When a man plans to celebrate his disillusion in a woman there is usually nothing lacking. This was true with Terry. He had been so sure of seeing love in Dolores' eyes—love for him—that it was a shock to discover her betrothal to another man. If she could be so perfidious there was no use in remaining decent for any woman, he reasoned. They were probably all flirts or worse, and he would celebrate the discovery by learning a few tricks from some of them who were credited with being skilled in their trade.

All the way back to his club he took malicious delight in mapping out an elaborate celebration for the evening. After arranging the personnel of his party he decided they would start out at the Poodle Dog and hit every place, both famous and infamous, along the Cocktail Route before morning.

By eight o'clock he was in evening clothes and his white bow tie had been pulled into such a hard knot that it would have to be cut off before he could stir with any comfort. In short, Terry was mad and had a grudge against everyone and everything.

An open cab landed him on a certain street at No. 620, and the mistress of the establishment—agreeably dressed out at the Poodle Dog to help Terry celebrate. He was relieved to find them as unlike Dolores, the cause of his spree, as is possible for woman to be. Bolsterously piling into his waiting carriage, they proceeded to make merry until about three, when a woman indicated a round of drinks before leaving the house.

Terry had reserved a large room on the second floor of the Poodle Dog, and when they drove up to the courtyard entrance he was informed that the room was reserved for guests had arrived. With considerable hilarity on the part of the girls they passed noisily through the hall, past the big open doorway leading into the enormous room and on up the heavily carpeted stairs to room No. 10, at the head. Their entrance was greeted with shouts of welcome from several of Terry's men friends and the girls they had brought along.

It was the kind of a party where introductions are waived. Everyone immediately proceeded to become more intimate with the woman, a full of deep champagne bottles had already begun to pop. The evening was well under way.

"How does it come about we get a chance to enjoy a swell spurge like this?" one of the girls inquired loudly.

"It's Terry's party—make him tell you," advised someone else.

"Going to get married, Terry?" taunted another, "and want a last grand look around first?"

"No, I'm not going to get married—that's out of the question, was, but I'm not. I was in love with a Spanish princess, but she preferred a man from her own country."

A volley of condolences came his way, but Terry could not be cheered.

From a tray of cocktails that had previously been the rounds he picked up two untouched glasses and gulped down the contents. One of the girls went to the piano at the opposite end of the room and played a lively tune that lured others to the floor for dancing, but Terry turned his back on them and, facing the wall, sank into a despondent attitude. "And I really loved her!" he murmured to himself.

One friend who knew his fer, what he really was came over. "Cheer up, Terry," he said, slapping him on the knee. "What's one Spanish princess more or less in a live town like this?"



Government estimates reveal that a record crop of rye was grown this year. And still some people say Americans are not sentimental.

Scissored Sentiment

Our agriculture editor is figuring out, or trying to, which would be the more profitable crop here, black walnuts or turkeys. Both seem to be money-makers little dreamed of half a century ago.—Harrisburg Bulletin.

The accusation that there are too many politicians in Indiana is another way of saying that there are too many inhabitants.—Silver Lake Leader.

The first official act of Moulay Mohammed, new sultan of Morocco, was to get rid of all but one of his late father's 300 wives. Which gives rise to the question—why didn't he make it unanimous?—Dufur Dispatch.

Without any authentic statistics or census at hand we would say that the principal lines of business in the United States at this time are beauty parlors and filling stations.—Heppner Gazette-Times.

The pavement of the Columbia river highway at this season is liable to be very slippery. Especially is there danger of skidding at curves. It will pay to be careful while out on a motor trip.—Hood River Glacier.



Where Money spoils one man, flattery spoils two.

Laziness may not be Nature's first law, but it's a good second.

If it wasn't for the one word "Don't," the reformer would be out of a job.

It's a great privilege to feel well, and a great duty to keep the thing up.

Golf may improve the health, but it has a reverse action on the disposition.

About all there is to health is fitting the dimension of the appetite to the dimensions of the belly.

Hex Heck says: "When I want to git my man, I'd rather hev half a brick than a whole one."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

A delegation of fair 'damsels who are attending the Oregon Agricultural College arrived home Wednesday to spend the holidays. Among the Ashland young ladies were Misses Lucile Barber, Marion Hodgson and Margaret Patterson.

Misses Mianie Polay and Bertha Eliason, who are teaching at Gold Hill, are home for the Christmas holiday season.

Miss Josephine Saunders is home from Reed College at Portland for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. F. R. Brown won a big turkey given away at the Vining Monday night.

Carol Wagner is home from the University of Oregon to spend the Christmas holidays.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

The Ashland stores have never before been so thoroughly thronged with holiday shoppers as during the past few days.

Mrs. Sloan, of the State Normal faculty, is spending the holiday vacation at her home in Portland.

Miss Armilda Doughty, of the State Normal faculty, is spending the Christmas vacation season at home at Monmouth, Polk county.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Anderson of the Anderson Orchard Home Farm, west of Talent, were among the many shoppers in Ashland last Saturday.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Roy Robley arrived this morning from Eugene to spend the holidays.

Miss Ida C. Hawley, assistant principal of the high school, will spend the holidays in San Francisco.

R. L. Vining of Tacoma, arrived in Ashland Tuesday to spend the holidays with his relatives. It is Mr. Vining's intention to start for Alaska right after Christmas.

In selecting a holiday present you will not make a mistake in buying a rocking chair, the whole family will enjoy it all the year around. J. P. Dodge has over 60 different styles to select from ranging in price from one dollar upward.

Mrs. George White left on this morning's train for Dunsmuir.

Steam building permits for October were \$129,950.
Malheur County is building six new schoolhouses this season.