

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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December 3, 1927

JUDGMENTS THAT COMFORT:—I remember thy judgments of old, O Lord; and have comforted myself. Psalm 119:42.
PRAYER: Lord, Thy judgments are true and righteous altogether.

Why Not a Community Tree?

The second annual Christmas opening, ushering in the holiday season is history—and is recorded as one of the most successful community activities Ashland has known. There was practically a 100 per cent cooperation from business men about town. As a grand finale to this holiday season which was started so auspiciously, we would suggest a Community Christmas tree and a Community sing, or some such community get-together which would fittingly interpret the Christmas spirit of brotherhood and good will.

Details of such a celebration might be worked out by a committee, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, with support and material cooperation from the Civic Club, the Music club, The Daily Tidings and the schools, and other organizations whose aim is for civic good.

Nothing brings us to a fuller realization of the meaning of Christmas than the carols which tell of the first Christmas and the great gift to mankind—and embody the best and good will among men of which man has known since the world began.

The Civic club members might cooperate with the school authorities in arranging for the Community sing—details of the Community Christmas tree could be worked out satisfactorily with merchants' cooperation.

The business of The Daily Tidings are open to suggestions on this matter—we stand ready to cooperate in every way with any movement toward a Community Christmas celebration.

Let's get together on the matter and see it through.

The Lithian Carnival

Up to Ashland folks to get back of the Lithian boosters this week and boost them along to success on their big holiday carnival.

A series of events, over which the organization had to control, made postponement of the original carnival which promised to be an outstanding success—with everyone getting value received in entertainment for the money invested.

But postponement of the affair was made necessary and the interest lagged—the big prizes offered as a part of the advertising campaign had to be given—they were a debt of honor—but the Lithians started working under a disadvantage.

They must invest a lot of money in the carnival if it is to be a success, the carnival must be patronized generously.

Back the Lithians up with your whole-hearted support this week.

Time To Get Busy

It isn't too early to do your Christmas shopping right now. In fact many people of forethought have been at it for weeks, quietly buying presents whenever an appropriate present could be picked up at a bargain price or something particularly pleasing was found.

Arrival of seasonal weather should speed up shopping somewhat and thus relieve the last minute rush. Merchants should do their part by getting ready for the holiday business and announcing the fact to the public. This will help them out when the rush comes and also it might well be borne in mind that the early bird gets the worm and you can't sell something to people they have already bought from your competitor.

To the old standby, shop early and mail early might well be added a few new ones such as get your holiday stock on display early and advertise it early.

A California justice of the peace famed for sentences he has imposed on traffic violations recently married an eloping couple, issuing his first life sentence.

Our idea of romance is the business man who marked his wedding anniversary date on the calendar with the skull and cross bones.

A lipsticker may add a new flavor to an old pastime.

OUT OUR WAY



THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

By Williams The Tidings

WASHINGTON LETTER
By Rodney Datcher
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON — Congressman A. Platt Andrew of Gloucester, Mass., cares not who leads the forthcoming struggle over flood relief, farm relief and tax relief, so long as he can lead the war on the Children's Bureau, which functions under the Department of Labor. It appears that his efforts may be accompanied by a war cry of "Battleships for Babies." For Andrew wants to eliminate the appropriation for the Children's Bureau and spend that sum and much more for new cruisers.

Friends of the babies have no objection to cruisers, but they point out that the appropriation to the bureau, if diverted, would hardly buy more than a couple of smoke stacks. Congressman Andrew said this: "The bureau, which was started in 1913 with an appropriation of less than \$23,000, has gradually increased its demands until during the present year the appropriations amount to nearly \$1,500,000.

If Andrew doesn't know it already, he probably will soon be advised that his figures are misleading. The fact is that only \$294,000 was appropriated for the Children's Bureau for 1927. It was also given \$50,000 for expenses in administering the Shephard-Towner maternity act and Congress appropriated \$950,000 to be divided among the states as provided in the Shephard-Towner act, but the 1913 organic act creating different from the maternity and infancy act of 1921 providing for federal aid for maternity and infant hygiene work to state contributing an equal amount.

Somewhat, whenever a n y statesman undertakes to attack the system of bureaucracy so firmly saddled upon us, he starts—and generally stops—with the Children's Bureau. He speaks of the importance of "abolishing useless government bureaus," with never a message about the various commissions and s o f t jobs around town populated by lameducks and other retired servants of the people—or t h e party.

The work of the Children's Bureau itself—disregarding the maternity and infancy act of which nearly every state has been glad to accept the benefit—is part of the great scientific research system of the government. The law provides that the bureau shall investigate and report on all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life among all classes and shall especially investigate questions as to infant mortality, birth rate, orphanage, juvenile courts, desertion, dangerous occupations, accidents and diseases of children, employment and legislation affecting children.

These research projects covered subjects ranging from diseases of trees, tobacco, cabbages and sugar beets and scabies and other diseases of sheep, cattle and horses, all the way to means for increasing the durability of fish nets in the water and standardization of methods testing chemical reagents. Extensions of government research work are being made constantly under the various government departments.



A new debate on arms is requested for the League of Nations. Hasn't the league enough to do without taking up youth's problems?

On St. Catherine's day the mademoiselles in Paris kissed any man they pleased. No, No, St. Catherine's King the patron saint of America!

Some people go in for free love because that's the only kind they

YOUR BOY AND YOUR GIRL
by
ARTHUR DEAN, Sr., D.
(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Dear Friendly Readers:
It was perfectly wonderful to receive through this column all the splendid letters which came in answer to my plea for help.

I have silently suffered too long. It is good for the soul to talk with someone and it is more discreet to talk through this column than it would be to tell you face to face my irascible of a worthless husband and my obligations to my children? Until I read your letters I did not know what others have suffered and have found the way out. As Dr. Dean said when he published my letter, "The wisdom of the many is often far better than the idea of one."

When the letters were forwarded in a big batch—so big that they came by express—I read them secretly. It was my problem and mine alone, so I thought. But when I finished them a flash or something like it came into my head and I decided upon a bold stroke. And believe me, my friends, it was very for me. I decided to show

That a business is usually as good as the man back of it. That advertising is mighty good sense insurance—a s s plenty of it. That quality and service holds customers, but it takes advertising to get many new ones. That a lot of business concerns try to kill themselves into believing that they do not need to advertise to secure business. That when these concerns buck up against advertised quality, they are "goners." That many a business is dead and the owners know it; there is only one chance to revive it and that is by advertising. That some business owners are dead and the owners don't know it. Somebody should tip them off, for the sooner they realize it, the sooner they will make way for a live one. "I never heard of your goods" is one of the blows often handed it is the worst thing that could be said about their product, as "not known" means "no sales." Advertise.

SHATTERED IDEALS REFLECT
Contributor's Day
Dear Friendly Readers:
It was perfectly wonderful to receive through this column all the splendid letters which came in answer to my plea for help.

Those who live in modern flats find it easy to dress in upper berths.

Not many of us know what we want, which explains why we seldom get it.

Courtesy brings the virtues to the surface, and marriage reveals the faults.

Sometimes opportunity and a red-hot poker are much alike, so be careful what you grab.

In running away from one difficulty, it generally happens that you run into at least two new ones.

Hez Heck says: "Flappers seem to have less on their minds than they have on their bodies."

SAP AND SALT
BY BERT MOSES

The kiss of innocence consists largely of saliva.

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TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND
12 Years Ago

Glean Hope was a Medford visitor from the Ashland district Thursday. Mr. Hope recently returned from a trip to Crescent City.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Hilty returned today to their home in Dunsmuir. They have been visiting in Ashland. Mr. Hilty has been laid up with a severe attack of influenza.

The Misses Fannie and Mary Scott of Wilkesburg, Pa., who have been visiting with the Meyers and Anderson families in Ashland, left last week for Pasadena, Cal., where they will spend the winter.

C. C. Wisenburger, who recently underwent an operation at the Oregon City hospital, is reported to be improving.

ASHLAND
20 Years Ago

E. V. Carter and L. L. Mult, of Ashland, attended the Business Men's Association Convention which convened at Portland last Saturday to discuss the financial situation, as delegates from Jackson county.

Fourth street now has two meat markets. The Ashland Meat Company has reopened its market there and True Cox of Medford has opened a shop, making four meat markets in Ashland now.

As an instance of prolific bearing in the fruit line, a little out of season, we were shown last Monday, small branches of a raspberry bush on the C. W. Elgin premises, Granite street, near the Walker place, containing fully fifty berries of fair size and quality.

ASHLAND
30 Years Ago

Geo. Barron and Harvey Shephard are hauling 10 tons of rock from their "free silver" mine on Camas Prairie, to the Ashland quarries mill for reduction.

Fireman Shlorer of the S. F. is taking a holiday. A chunk of wood fell on and badly bruised his toe the other day.

The City Council has reduced the salary of the City Marshal from \$50 to \$40 per month beginning with the 1st of January 1898.

J. Al Waddle returned from Yreka and left for Portland Tuesday.



Dolores Costello in "OLD SAN FRANCISCO" is a Warner Bros. production of this level.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued
Dolores nodded in relief, although she did not like the implication of the word "sorry."
"I'm waiting on his table," explained the waiter. "Just go right on up these stairs and open the first door to your left."
"Thank you," she followed his directions.
Reaching room 10, Dolores started to open the door, then released the knob and knocked instead. She knocked until her hand hurt, but could not summon sufficient courage to open a strange door unbidden.

The walls of The Poodle Dog were made to keep in all sounds, so she did not hear the music, singing and general boisterousness within. But one of the men guests, who was less intoxicated than any-



To Dolores' amazement he put his arm around her waist.

one present, happened to be leaving and opened the door as if in response to her knock.
"I am looking for Terry," she explained, not conscious of having said his given name.
"You belong to his party—and are just getting here?" exclaimed the youth in open admiration. "I thought something was lacking, and now I know what it was—you! Come on in!"

To Dolores' amazement he put his arm around her waist and asked to draw her into the room. Breathless with fury, she pushed him aside.

The party was exposed to her view. She recoiled and stood in breathless horror, looking into the room. How different from what she had anticipated!

Dinner was over, although some of the men and girls were still lounging around the table in familiar intoxication. The dancing was fast and furious or so slow that the dreamy couples got in everyone else's way. Dolores felt that she was peering into another world—a place peopled by creatures with whom she did not care to mingle. In the midst of the hideous revelation she saw Terry—her handsome, clean, clear-eyed Terry—she had a girl in his arms and was dancing the "Grizzly Bear" with stumbling feet.

As each couple caught sight of Dolores they stopped whatever they were doing and looked at her through bleary eyes and whirling heads. She resembled a picture of some beautiful, frightened girl in a story book, and they wondered what she was doing there. Terry had stopped dancing and was holding his silk hat high above his head for a girl to kick at when he, too, caught sight of Dolores in the doorway. Turning to the left, he stared forward, scarcely crediting his vision. The discarded partner, drunkenly jealous of a new name, tried to pull him back, but stumbling forward, Terry, suddenly approached Dolores and made a pitiful attempt to smile. Her eyes were charged to contempt when she realized his position. "What choo doin' 'ere?" Terry managed to get out. Dolores did not turn away, but she closed her eyes to blot out the

repulsive sight before her. His hair was mussed and moist, his eyes were bloodshot, his face looked swollen and white, and his coat was crumpled over in a soiled wilt. "I thought I could depend upon you," Dolores drew herself up to her full height and spoke with a bitterness beyond her years. "But Grandfather was right—blood will tell."
Terry was too dazed to take in what she said, but he had sobered enough to be ashamed. "I'm sorry—A—apologies!" came forth brokenly, as if that was sufficient. Dolores shook her head and when Dolores knocked on the door, she was not alone. The girls and men who had gathered around the doorway. They stepped and proudly swept out of the room and down the stairs without saying another word.

No girl ever had a more disillusioned first trip to a city she had dreamed about for years. From an all-concealing nook in the hallway Chris Buckwell had been an interested accidental spectator from the time he came out of an adjoining private room when Dolores knocked on the door. He had no idea who she was but her exceptional beauty and youthful innocence warned that she was worth watching while in The Poodle Dog alone.

Her handling of the situation brought forth Buckwell's admiration. His eyes glistened and he smiled slyly at Terry predicament. As soon as Dolores started down stairs Buckwell snatched from his shadow and nonchalantly followed. He wanted to know who she was and where she was going, but would not condescend to ask Terry.

Buckwell reached the entrance door just as Dolores stepped into her carriage and the glaring lights of the cafe afforded a splendid chance for him to scrutinize her utter loveliness as well as to see the Vasquez crest and name on the carriage door. With a low whistle of surprise he turned back into the hall, a frown on his usually inscrutable brow. Hearing a commotion at the head of the stairs he looked up and saw Terry struggling to break away from the frantic grasp of a girl. "Don't be a fool," he heard her shout. "Can't you see she didn't appreciate you—stay with us!"

Terry did not pay any attention to her. He wanted to talk with Dolores again before she got away. Pulling his arm loose he lost his balance, lurched forward and fell headlong downstairs, rolling and slipping over and over until he hit the floor below.

Buckwell jumped aside in time to help him recover a footing. Fortunately Terry was only badly bruised and very much sobered up.

"Well, if that is old Vasquez's granddaughter," consoled Buckwell with a mocking smile, "I don't blame you for Erik! What kind of a girl is she?" Terry gasped it up but he could not drive her from his thoughts even with an excess of liquor.

Utterly despondent and disgusted he trotted into the bar room and gulped down a drink of straight whiskey.

He could not think what had brought Dolores to The Poodle Dog. "Engaged in one man, fitted with me and visiting this place after all night—and she said she had never been to Erik! What kind of a girl is she?" Terry gasped it up but he could not drive her from his thoughts even with an excess of liquor.

CHAPTER IX
Buckwell set his trap. The momentary glimpse of Dolores that Buckwell enjoyed during her ill advised visit to the Poodle Dog in search of Terry had aroused the fear of the Tenderloin as nothing else had done in years. Women were not new to him, neither did they offer any pleasure to his faded appetite. But with Dolores it was different. Her fresh beauty, her youth, her innocence appealed to him as sparkling water to a desert traveler—and as satisfying. (To be continued.)

are able to finance. Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.