

Ashland Weekly Tidings

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PUBLIC FORUM

HOW COME?

Editor Tidings:

Last Tuesday afternoon while waiting in front of the Junior high school I watched an incident which surely should interest everyone. Three young lads about 13 or 14 years old, came out of the building and stopped on the walk. From various pockets came "the makings" and they calmly and expertly "rolled their own." The cigarettes were soon lighted and youthful shoulders thrown back proudly, and with hands in their pockets they strutted down Main street toward the business part of town.

They were not behind a barn or fence taking a smoke on the sly, but they knew I was an interested spectator and there was no effort at concealing their act. These boys were still in short trousers.

Is there no law in our city prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors? If so, is it being enforced? If they do not get their tobacco from the dealers directly, who buys it for them? Isn't such a person, even of a lawful age, liable under our laws?

It is a well known fact among school children that the boys smoke. Look at your son's fingers, and see if they are brown with cigarette stains. It is a tell-tale sign on them and many of them have it.

Whose business is it, the school board's, the Parents-Teachers association, police department, or the parents?

Again, I say, "How come?"

A MOTHER.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM.

The Oregon Cigarette Law
It is unlawful to sell, offer for sale or give away to any person under 21 years of age, or any substitute thereof, in Ore. on. (A minor is any boy under twenty-one years of age.)

Penalty: First offense, not more than \$100 fine. Second offense, not over \$500 nor less than \$25 fine, or imprisonment in the county jail not over thirty days, or both fine and imprisonment. Third offense, a jail sentence must be imposed in addition to the fine.

2. It is unlawful for any minor to smoke, use or to be in possession of any cigarettes on their premises. Penalty, \$5 for each offense.

3. Minors using cigarettes must tell for whom they were obtained when asked by parent, teacher or officer of the law.

Penalty: \$5 for refusal to give information.

4. Any officer failing to perform his duty in connection with the cigarette law shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penalty: A fine of not more than \$50 nor less than \$10.

5. It is unlawful for any person to purchase cigarettes for minors. Penalty: A fine of not more than \$100 nor less than \$25.

For the text of the law, see chapter 244, General Laws of Oregon. The above arrangement of our law governing cigarettes was originated by the Citizens Welfare committee of Milton and Freewater, Oregon. Will the mothers of Ashland do their part and help to keep this law?

A MOTHER.

PEOPLE'S FORUM

Editor Tidings:

With your permission I would like to draw the attention of the stockholders of the Ashland Fruit and Produce association who have ship-

ped through the association during the past season to article 11 of the by-laws of the association, which the directors appear to have overlooked, and which reads as follows:

"If at the end of any season there shall remain a surplus over and above the expenses and losses, such surplus or so much thereof as the board of directors may deem expedient, shall be distributed among the stockholders as follows: 1st, not to exceed a ten per cent dividend on the capital stock of the association, and the residue, if any, proportioned among the shippers of that season, in proportion to the net amount of the receipts of the respective stockholders for such season."

The 10 per cent dividend has been paid, but this absorbed only one twenty-fifth part of the large surplus in hand at the close of 1921. What do the directors propose to do with the remainder? Under this by-law they are legally obliged to make some sort of a distribution, particularly when it is remembered that this surplus represents the fruit-

growers own hard-earned dollars, handed over to the association in the form of excessive profits on material (three times what they used to be) and in the case of the late apples, a charge for handling the fruit that can only be described as exorbitant. One very objectionable feature about these large surpluses is that they encourage extravagance. It is so easy to be generous with other people's money. For instance, we have the manager, at the last general meeting, suggesting that the directors receive a fee of three dollars per attendance, thus adding an extra and quite unnecessary burden of \$200 to the annual expenses, and the directors in their turn, re-engaging the manager at his war time salary (nearly double his pre-war salary) and providing him with an expensive assistant with a salary 25 per cent greater than the manager himself received before the war, thus starting the association on its 1922 career with a greater overhead expense than at any previous time; and all of this in face of the fact that the war time prosperity, which was the cause of the big increase in salaries, is forever at an end, and we are entering on a period of trade depression, the magnitude and duration of which no man can foresee, but of which we may be sure the fruit-grower will get his share.

The founders of the association evidently intended it to be a strictly co-operative concern, laying down by-laws regulating the percentage of profit to be made on material and merchandise sold to the growers and providing, as above stated, for a sharing of the profits among the shippers. The present tendency to ignore the by-laws and to convert the association into a mere profit-making machine is to be deplored, and must inevitably lead, in the writer's opinion, to a disruption similar to the one six years ago, when the policy of the board failed to satisfy the members of the association.

The association exists for two purposes: First, to obtain better prices for produce than the producer can get by shipping direct, and, second, to furnish members with box material and merchandise at a cheaper rate than he can get elsewhere. The success or failure of the association will ultimately be judged solely by its doing or not doing these two things. Surpluses, however large, will not count, unless distributed, except to make the grower feel that he has not had a square deal.

I would like to add a suggestion, if I am not trespassing too much on your space: The net worth of the association is now \$25,000, that is 12 1/2 times the value of the original stock. Why not issue more stock and install a small cannery to use up the surplus fruit? By surplus fruit I do not mean cul fruit, for a cannery cannot be operated successfully on second grade fruit, but it sometimes happens, as last year with blackberries, that there is a glut of a particular kind of fruit, which could be saved by canning.

(Signed) W. TAVERNER.

Just Folks!

—By—

JOHN HERBERT DORAN
SUSANNE

The gospel of smiles is preached on all hands these days. We hear it from the pulpit, it is proclaimed from the lecture platform, we read it in the magazines, and see it on the screen. But it is more fascinating and instructive to see its incarnation in real life.

One who can be cheerful when things go wrong, and can greet an unsympathetic world with a smile, calls forth our hearty admiration, and makes us feel that life is not half bad, and is surely worth the living.

Such an angelic creature was Susanne. I did not have opportunity

to get intimately acquainted with her. She was on the mail route for only a few weeks at a time, during the summer vacations, but she left behind a charm that lingered throughout the year, and I was always glad when the time came for her return. I often thought of her in connection with another young woman on the route whom I never knew to smile but once, and only then a faint flicker, a mere shadow of a smile. But when afterward I learned that this poor girl was suffering from an incurable malady, which later brought her to a violent death, her sad face called forth pity, and I realized how hard it is sometimes to smile.

The face is, after all, an index of the physical life within. But is more. It is a reflection of the soul. Such was the smile of Susanne. One felt instinctively that she was looking at the reflection of a noble spirit. The lines of her face have been so drawn by nature that the ensemble is most pleasing, and gives one a feeling of restfulness. I saw her one day trudging along a dusty road in midsummer, carrying a heavy suitcase. She did not see me as I was partly concealed by some trees by the roadside. Although the day was very warm, I could see a pleasant smile on her face.

I have often wondered what was the secret of that cheerful, hopeful, inspiring face. Is it the manifestation of a well-ordered physical life? It must be more. I have known many whose physical life seemed perfect, but whose presence was repulsive. While, on the other hand, I have seen a pale face on a pillow, the radiation of whose smile filled the room with a divine presence. Is it the reflection of her religious nature? This, no doubt, has much to do with it. Yet some of the most religious people I have ever known were faces long and solemn. I know a minister of more than usual ability and of wide reputation, but the muscles of his face are atrophied. The skin has the appearance of some ancient parchment fashioned into the form of a human countenance, the lines of which could not be altered without breaking.

Susanne's nature is a rare blending of the true, the beautiful and the good, combined with a sublime faith in the inherent goodness of all creation, an imagination that thinketh no evil, and a love that seeketh not its own.

Some time ago Susanne, accompanied by some friends, visited Crater Lake national park. She rode her thoroughbred Morgan saddle horse, Jerry, a very fine animal of great intelligence. Crater Lake, at the heart of the Cascades, is one of the most sublimely beautiful spots in all the world. Lingered near the lake until filled with a sense of its divine beauty, Susanne bade her friends good bye and started to return by another route. Mountains, wild and precipitous rose on all sides, and not being familiar with the region, she missed the trail and had gone several miles out of her way before she discovered her mistake. Darkness dropped down suddenly as it always does in the mountains. Susanne knew that she would have to remain alone with faithful Jerry as her protector. She removed the saddle and blanket, and induced the animal to lie down. She placed the blanket on the ground close to the horse which seemed to take in the situation with almost human intelligence. It was a region known to be infested with wild animals, yet Susanne was without fear. Through the clear and crystal air of the mountains, the stars shone with a wonderful brilliancy. She lay there huddled close to the side of Jerry, her soul filled with the beauty of the night, until at last she fell asleep.

That night Susanne had a vision. She saw a mighty mountain rise grand, stupendous, awful, two thousand feet or more above the surrounding peaks, and from its summit there poured forth a mighty volume of smoke and molten lava. Then suddenly that lofty peak collapsed and sank within the seething cauldron. Once more it started to rise like some powerful giant that seemed to defy the laws of death. But in the act of lifting its head, it expired. The snows of centuries filled this wondrous basin.

Then Susanne saw the heavens parted, and One looked down and said: "Where once there stood a mighty giant pouring forth a fiery deluge, I will make a thing of wondrous beauty. And men shall come from all the earth and worship at its shrine. They shall see the blending colors, the Phantom Ship, the Wizard Isle. They shall look and turn away with weeping eyes, and look again and in the placid water see my face, and know that God is good."

Then, as the first faint streaks of the morning were gilding the mountain peaks, Susanne awoke refreshed. The lost trail was soon found, and she finally reached home after riding through that wonderful forest reserve with its towering pines and hemlocks.

CHRIS

Some people tell you that there is no such thing as luck; that the whole universe is under inexorable law; and that not even a drop of water can be formed except under rules that determine its weight, shape and density. All the beautiful clouds, whether woven or folded, whether light and fleecy or dark and angry, are formed according to laws from which there can be no deviation or escape. It was Leibnitz who taught that there existed a pre-established harmony throughout the universe and that all events take place according to this plan, and that the whole is unfolding somewhat as a cinematograph reels off its scenes. All this may be true, and yet in practical life, things seem to happen in a more haphazard way. Some people appear to be lucky, and everything they touch turns to gold, while others appear to have been born under an unlucky star.

Chris Gauckel belonged to this latter class. I did not see him often. He had his mail box out on the main road, but he lived all alone in a little shack back of the cemetery. He worked around wherever he could get anything to do, but seemed never to be able to get anything ahead. Perhaps he was not industrious, and possibly his appetite for strong drink consumed some of his earnings, but for the most part Chris seemed just unlucky.

He did not have many friends. He seldom received any mail—occasionally a letter from the old country, or a paper published in his native tongue. No one knew very much about him or took the trouble to inquire. His face was drawn and serious, and I wondered if there was not a tragedy in his life, the secret of which he had left in the land of his birth.

He had an acquaintance in the village named Hanley, an Englishman, who sometimes went out to see him. With the aid of John Barleycorn they had hilarious times together. Chris had an old violin which he had brought with him from the Fatherland, and which he valued very highly. The strains from the violin, the shuffling feet, and loud singing kept joy unconfined until the hour grew late.

It was during the early days of the war when Hanley was out one evening. After a few glasses had been emptied, the contents of which had "sunk without a trace," they began to discuss the war. The argument soon became heated. Chris cried "Gott strafe England!" and at the same time smashed his much-prized violin over Hanley's head, and the lost chord trembled away in silence, never to return. Hanley picked up an old rickety chair and yelled "Down with the Kaiser!" and around the house they ran, dodging in at one door and out at another, both yelling in the wildest fashion, Chris leading and Hanley following in hot pursuit. Chris grabbed an old empty shot gun and pointed it at Hanley's head just as the latter came down with his chair, which, owing to bad marksmanship, did little to weaken the enemy forces, but left that piece of furniture beyond repair.

Finally Hanley secured the gun and "it 'im over the 'ead," and poor, unlucky Chris threw up his hands and cried "Merce Kamerad!" or words to that effect. And thus the Great War was fought and won in miniature. What a pity the great nations could not have accepted the decision of these single combatants, as the custom was in olden times! It would have saved much blood and treasure, and rendered all this discussion about a league of nations unnecessary.

Some time after this, a spotted fawn became separated from its mother, and wandered down from the hills. It was a beautiful creature with eyes large and trustful. It had not learned to be wary of man, and gave little heed to the evidences of civilization around. It wandered at last in back of the cemetery, and some of the neighbors heard the report of a gun.

The matter was reported at once by telephone to the game warden, who soon arrived on the scene. He went directly to the cabin where Chris lived and inquired if he had heard of anybody around killing a deer. Chris denied any knowledge of such a matter. Whereupon the warden said he would look around. "All right," said Chris, "there's the barn." The warden said he would look first in the "smoke house." Chris threw up his hands and cried, "Mine Gott, I'm unlucky!"

Poor Chris is gone now, a victim of the great white plague. It was one dark and stormy night in December that he lay dying. Within the little cabin there was stillness. The room was dimly lighted by an old oil lamp. A few friends and neighbors had gathered, and Hanley

had walked out from the village. The heavy breathing of Chris indicated that the end was near. The noise of sleighbells could be distinctly heard, and singing and laughter as a party of young people passed on their way home from the Christmas festivities at the village church.

Aroused by this unusual noise Chris asked to be propped up in bed, surprising all by his strength and alertness. Then he called for his violin, which had been partially repaired. He grasped the bow tightly in his emaciated fingers and drew it tremblingly across the strings. It seemed at first a strange jumble of sounds, and was distressingly painful to all present.

Then there began to be evolved fragments of old familiar tunes. It was a strange and weird melody. One could catch snatches of "Ave Maria," "Deutschland über Alles," "The Watch on the Rhine." There was a moment's confusion, then a strain from Luther's great hymn, "Ein' feste Burg," and finally, "Lead kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom."

"Lead Thou me on."

"The night is dark and I am far from home."

The music ceased. The bow slipped from his fingers. The violin lay up on the bed. His lips moved. Hanley leaned forward to catch his last whisper: "The Lord is my Shepherd . . . through the valley . . . no evil . . . I shall dwell in the house of the Lord—forever."

AUNT PONY

It is remarkable how many curious facts about this world and the world to come you can learn from a real native of the hills. These facts I have never read in any encyclopaedia or heard discussed in science halls. I wonder sometimes if we had not better close our institutions of learning, and send the students into the wilds and let them get first-hand information.

Sometime ago, I saw Aunt Pony and she discoursed to me about sundry matters of interest, telling me many things of which no scientist had ever dreamed. Now, Aunt Pony always has dinner ready at 11 o'clock, and I have a standing invitation to dine with them. It was a real dinner, too, not "lunch" such as the unfortunate city folk have, but spare-ribs, venison, sweet potatoes, hot rolls, wild honey.

One day as we sat at dinner, Aunt Pony was telling me to be sure and note the kind of weather we had the first three days of December. "For," she said, "these three days rule the months of December, January and February. The first day shows the kind of weather for December, the second day indicates the kind of weather for January, and the third is an exact copy of the weather in February." Now, is not this a bit of information worth knowing? How had I lived all these years without observing these facts, and why had the weather bureau at Washington failed to enlighten us on so important a matter? I will have no more of their bulletins!

At last I know how to plan my work for these three months. If the afternoon of December first is stormy, then I know that the last half of December will be cold, and I can prepare for such an emergency, and if the forenoon of December third is warm and bright, then I know what kind of weather we will have two months before the ground hog has a chance to see his shadow.

After dinner, Aunt Pony took her pipe from the mantle over the great fireplace, crushed a bit of her favorite brand of tobacco in the hollow of her hand, placed it in the bowl of her pipe, and sat down in her rocker. Some things grow mellow with age, but not so with Aunt Pony's pipe. It has waxed strong with the passing years. It can easily be found in the dark without the aid of a radium button. Even should it be misplaced, its penetrating odor reveals its location. It is a friend that has never forsaken her, and has soled her in many a disappointed hour. Some seek comfort from friends in times of sorrow; others give way to grief, or maybe resort to prayer. But Aunt Pony draws peace and abiding comfort from her pipe.

"Are there many acorns this fall?" I asked. I knew that Aunt Pony had a number of pigs running in the woods, and that she depended on the crop of acorns to furnish the feed for the winter's supply of pork.

"Not many," she said. "You know it rained on the twenty-second day of June."

"Well, what has rain on the twenty-second day of last June to do with the crop of acorns this fall?" I asked. She paused to take one long draught from her pipe before answering. Then as the smoke cleared away, she said: "Why, if it rains on the twenty-second day of June there will be no acorns that fall." Andy expressed some doubt as to the accuracy of this prediction, but Aunt Pony was very sure. Had she not

always noticed it, and had not her father always said the same thing, and, if further proof were necessary, had not the Indians, who inhabited these regions, revealed it to the white man?

Aunt Pony does not hesitate to say what she thinks. If one did not know her, he would be shocked some times at her language. She does not spare even her friends and relatives. On one occasion, she said to me: "I have five son-in-laws, and there isn't but one of them that's worth a darn. The devil owed me and Andy a debt and he paid it off in son-in-laws."

She is a good story-teller, and her language is picturesque and vivid, but unfortunately many of her expressions are unprintable, and the censorship would have to be employed to such an extent that her stories would look worse in print than a doughboy's letter from France.

But while Aunt Pony uses very plain language, her heart is full of kindness. She will walk many miles to minister to the sick, and if anyone is in need, she is ready to lend a helping hand. Though poor in this world's goods, Aunt Pony responded to every worthy cause during the war, and bought war savings stamps beyond her means.

Not long ago a dreadful fire occurred at Klamath, a neighboring town across the mountains. An old wooden hotel had caught fire in the dead of night, and burned so rapidly that many people were caught in the flames with no means of escape, and were burned beyond recognition. I was surprised and shocked when I noticed in the long list of victims, two names that were familiar. They were the daughter and grand-daughter of Aunt Pony. Their lives had been snuffed out in that awful holocaust without warning. I wondered how Andy and Aunt Pony would stand this sudden shock. A few days passed by when I saw them sitting under a large tree near their cabin door. I ventured to stop a moment and extend my sympathy. They were remarkably composed, and there was a look of satisfaction in Aunt Pony's eyes as she told me that she had assurance that her daughter and grand-daughter were not in the fire.

"How's that?" I inquired quickly. Then she told me of how an Indian brave had been desperately in love with the beautiful girl, and in the silent hours of the night he had slipped into the hotel, kidnapped the mother and daughter, and set fire to the hotel, and in the confusion that followed, made good his escape. "It is comforting to believe that they escaped death," I said. "But what evidence do you have that they were kidnapped?"

"Andy can not shed a tear," she said, "so we know that they were not in the fire." And besides she had been to the village and had consulted a medium who told her that they were carried away swiftly in a large black car.

Aunt Pony's form is bent, but she is the very soul of wit and optimism, and it would pay anyone to go a long distance out of his way to study a character so unusual.



Ashland Post, American Legion, has been rewarded in its efforts to secure the University of Oregon boys glee club and the Oregon Agricultural college girls glee club for the entertainment of our friends in Ashland.

The O. A. C. club will be shown here on March 24, and the U. of O. boys club will be here Thursday, March 30. The reason that the two entertainments are so close together is because of the fact that both clubs must make their entertainment tour during the spring vacation. The prices are going to be very reasonable, and the entertainment you get will be especially good. Don't forget those dates—March 24 and 30.

—A. L.—
Commander Dunn calls another meeting for Tuesday, February 14. This is to be an eye-opener for the service men.

—A. L.—
Many local activities are being planned by the new officers of the Legion, now that the monument work is about completed. A few more contributions are necessary to close this public debt.

—A. L.—
Do you believe in the national adjusted compensation act? If so, say it.

—A. L.—
The Auxiliary and the Legion will entertain members of both organizations and their families at an informal party to be held in the Moose hall February 15, 1922. There will

be a few valentines, a few eats, dancing for those who dance, cards for those who play at cards, and a good time for all. No admission will be charged for this is not a money-maker, but a social good time and we want a good turn out. Come prepared to enjoy yourselves and your friends to the utmost. February 15 at the Moose hall.

ANOTHER ASHLAND BOY RECEIVES COMPENSATION

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 13.—Disabled because of service in the world war, James F. Butler, 108 Nursery street, Ashland, was awarded \$9.50 a month government compensation for an indefinite period, beginning immediately, by the United States Veterans' bureau here. He was allowed \$1.63 back compensation by the bureau's rating board.

Announcement was made by veterans' bureau officials that at the present time, the government is paying directly into the hands of former service men and their dependents, a total of more than \$1,000,000 a day.

KNOCK PROBLEMS APART

The only way to dispose of a problem is to solve it—not worry about it. Worry never solved a problem; but clear-headed, cheerful reasoning has. Worry clouds the brain and makes clear thinking difficult—often impossible.

When trouble appears, keep the mind clear, exert effort with one object only in view—make decisions, make them logically and reasonably. Above all, do not get confused and panicky. Analyze each item of that trouble, one by one, not as a whole.

A big problem is nothing but a lot of little problems clinging together. Knock them apart. Settle them one by one and it is surprising how they disappear.

Solve all problems and they no longer exist. Worry about them and they remain forever.

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TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR SALE—A Newcomb fly shuttle carpet loom in working order. A. W. Herbert, 1001 North Main. 20-4

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executrix of the estate of Joshua Patterson, deceased, has filed her final account as such executrix, and that the county court of Oregon, for Jackson county, has fixed Saturday, the 25th day of February, 1922, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of said court, in Jacksonville, Jackson county, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing of said final account and for settlement of said estate.

All persons having objections to said final account or any part thereof are hereby required to file or present the same to said court on or before said time.

ELLA J. PATTERSON,
21-5-W Executrix.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed the final account of his administration of the estate of A. W. Silsby, deceased, in the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and that the judge of said court has designated February 25th, 1922, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the court house in Jacksonville, said county, as the time and place for hearing objections to and the settlement of said account.

W. J. MOORE,
21-4w Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Cornelia L. Kingsbury, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned to all persons having claims against the estate of Cornelia L. Kingsbury, to present them with proper vouchers within six months from date of first publication hereof, to Nellie Dickey, Room 5, Mills building, Ashland, Oregon.

Date of first publication, January 25th, 1922.

BENTLEY R. KINGSBURY,
21-5 Executrix.

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