

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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A DOLLAR BILL

Not so very long ago, some enterprising men in a city situated similar to Ashland decided to try an experiment. They wanted to find out just how far around a dollar bill would go, in their city, how much merchandise it would purchase, and how many people would be benefited by it, within a given length of time.

Consequently a slip of paper was pasted to a bill, with instructions typed thereon for everyone who used the money to note just what transaction took place in which it played a part. Memory does not recall the exact data on the bill after it had been in circulation for a week, but in a general way it is a known fact that it visited practically every store in the city, that it purchased many different times, food for the family, that it played its part in helping settle the winter coal bill, at least twice, that the druggist name appeared three different times on the slip of paper, and the local doctor had received it once in payment of a doctor bill and in turn had used it to help defray his dues to the Chamber of Commerce. The number of people who had used the bill in that one city was surprising, the merchandise that it had purchased in a very short time would have kept a good sized family supplied for weeks, and the bill might still today be in circulation in that city had it not had the misfortune to fall into the hands of one who was so lacking in civic pride that he preferred to do his shopping elsewhere than the city where he earned his living.

The bill fell into the hands of a furniture dealer in a neighboring city, the slip of paper with its many inscriptions was still attached. This dealer kept the bill but tore off the historical slip and mailed it to the chamber of commerce secretary, with a note of his own on the bottom which read something like this: "Your money just received (and in the blank space he filled in the name of the town from which he received it), it is such money as this that makes it possible for us to carry such large stocks, to drive a fine car, and to assist in building up our community at your expense. We appreciate your assistance."

POLITICAL FIRES STARTED

State politics in Ashland was revived and fires were kindled under the political pot yesterday when Fred Steiwer, republican nominee for the United States senate, spent a few hours visiting local people, and was the guest of honor at the Kiwanis club luncheon. Mr. Steiwer's visit here while brief, was impressive. Impressive in the sense that those who were fortunate enough to hear him at the noon luncheon or to have met him afterwards, should have a feeling of confidence that for once at least, the direct primary had brought to the Oregon voters an opportunity to place in the United States senate a man well qualified for the position.

The talk he gave to the Kiwanis club should prove to be the clarion call of a new awakening for Oregon people. The wrongs that this state has suffered, the general laxity of the people, in allowing the government to have full sway over its public lands, have been the cause of Oregon "playing second fiddle" to her sister states on the north and south. While he did not offer any specific remedy for this gross injustice, due to the fact that his speech was not to be of a political nature, the inference was plain, that this state needed national representation able enough to realize that Oregon had been made to suffer unjustly because of its generosity when admitted as a state, and strong enough politically to attempt to overcome in some way the results of giving away our natural heritage, that great public domain, to the Federal government, and receiving in return a paltry five per cent on the proceeds of any sales that were made.

We believe that he is qualified to see that Oregon, as he so well stated "should not have to go before the federal government on her bended knee, in the request for that which is rightfully hers, but should be considered as the favored son, and should have every right to stand up and demand some returns for the great material benefit she has rendered, in being the only state to turn over completely to our government that which was her natural heritage."

We further believe, that the people of Ashland, when the opportunity comes for them to place their stamp of approval or disapproval upon Fred Steiwer, that they will recognize in him the many qualifications which admirably fit him for the position which he seeks, and will give him the splendid majority at the polls, which he so richly deserves.

Football's here. We heard a quarterback telephoning and he scared central calling the signals.

Every man is entitled to a living wage, but this doesn't seem to apply to the women.

By Williams



Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Rocking-Horse

The old rocking-horse was up in the attic now. He was lonely up there.

There were not many companions for him. Not his kind of companions. He didn't want to talk to a broken-down bed, or some old trunks or a bundle of old, yellow newspapers, or a box of old pieces of silk or a spinning-wheel. He felt too up-to-date for the spinning-wheel for one thing and for another the spinning-wheel was so practical, or, rather, had been so practical. He had always been for play-time.

He had been for the end of the day when children came indoors. He had been so active on rainy days. He had such glorious times. And now he was up here.

There were two beams in the attic and they were covered with bars of yellow washing soap. What companions for a fine old rocking-horse!

There were three moth-eaten old coats over the back of a broken chair. No companions for an old rocking-horse.

There was an old cradle. The rocking-horse liked the cradle better than anything as a companion. But even the cradle wasn't in the same class with the rocking-horse. The rocking-horse had been the companion of children. The cradle knew about them as babies. The cradle wasn't grown-up enough to talk to the rocking-horse.

The rocking-horse would remember such things as, "Goo, goo, goo," and would be so proud of itself when it remembered how "ma-ma," and "dada" were said. Now that, as you can see, was no sort of conversation for a rocking-horse.

The rocking-horse had heard about games and the world out-of-doors. The rocking-horse had heard about snow men and snow forts and coasting and skating and also about swimming and tennis playing and croquet and clock golf, and driving the cows to pasture, and really grown-up things.

The rocking-horse had heard about lessons and about teachers and about prizes and punishments, good marks and bad.

You can see how out of his element was the rocking-horse. Just completely out of his element. And he stood there on his runners, ready to rock and rock and rock. But he had to stand still. No one cared that he always stood in a position to show you how always ready he was.

He used to be very sad as he waited and waited for the good old days to return again. He was so happy when he heard steps coming up the attic, and then his poor heart almost broke to hear them say:

"Here's an old box that will do." Then the steps would fade away. And he would remain unnoticed. It was all because of automobiles and all such modern things. They even made toy automobiles and mechanical toys. They had the rocking-horse up in the attic.

And oh, how lonely he had been all the last winter. Winter was the time he had always been so happy. What lovely winter evenings he had known. What a beautiful time it had been just before he had seen the children go to bed.

He didn't think he could get through another winter. He knew soon the hot weather would be gone and the children would be indoors more. That was what he couldn't stand—to know they were indoors and not wanting him.

And then, one day, they came up and they took him downstairs. He could hardly believe it was true. And they put their arms around him and said how they had missed him the winter before, and what a big, beautiful, wonderful rocking-horse he was. And he was put back in his old, old place in the parlor.

How They Had Missed Him!

They had missed him the winter before, and what a big, beautiful, wonderful rocking-horse he was. And he was put back in his old, old place in the parlor.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE "And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love." 1st Corinthians 13:13.

Doing a thing just for the love of the doing, is a wonderful thing. How much this might apply to many of the worth while things in any community.



LYDIA OF THE PINES

by HONORE WILLISIE

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In the pine forests of the Hiawatha country on the upper Mississippi lies Lake City, a combination of New England and the modern West. Its old settlers, rubbing elbows with the reservation Indians and mingling with the sturdy Scandinavian and German immigrants, are of the pioneer New England stock—"the best blood that went West." With that best blood Mrs. Willisie is chiefly concerned in this essentially American story.

This novel, which cannot fail to make a vivid and lasting impression on all readers, starts as a Serial in

The Tidings SOON

Watch for It!

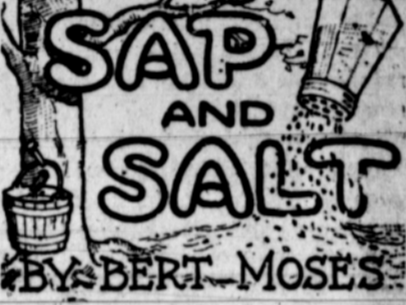
Isn't It Odd?

WILMINGTON, Del. Broke, jobless and cold, John Lucas, 22, demanded that he be given the privilege of dying in the electric chair. He was held for observation, however, when he admitted he recently was dismissed from a Washington hospital.

NORFOLK, Neb.—A rooster with a maternal instinct chased six indignant hens from their broods and is mothering a combined flock of 100 baby chicks. The chicks seem perfectly contented with their new parent.

ATCHISON, Kan.—A large, crudely painted sign, reading, "some man come in please, I need help," attracted neighbors to the home of the Rev. C. W. Crabtree, 51, a Methodist minister. They found his body in the parsonage where he had hanged himself from the rafters.

KANSAS CITY, Jesse Clinton Snyder, a juggler, persisted in doing his stuff with sticks of dynamite to the terror of fellow lodgers in his rooming house. They had him arrested and he was given fifteen days in jail.



As the belly develops, the intellect shrinks.

"Intuition" is a "hunch" with a college education.

A clean tablecloth beats a cocktail as an appetizer.

Many people stay poor by trying to cover up their poverty under fine clothes.

Virtue is one of the things that can't be sent back to the manufacturer for repairs or spare parts.

The big end of wisdom is finding out what isn't so.

Hex Heck says: "Human nature consists o' wantin' to do things contrary to the Bible."

What Others Say

(Baker Herald) An Oregon cow won the grand championship at the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial. The animal is a Holstein, who until recently was owned by a farmer at Mount Angel, Marion county. This victory again calls attention to Oregon's rapid progress as a dairy state. Many Oregon cows have won championship honors, far out of proportion to the number owned in the state. Oregon dairymen have improved the quality as well as the quantity of their herds and they are beginning to get national recognition.

(Corvallis Gazette-Times) A record yield of apples is promised in British Columbia this year, exceeding the normal supply by three-quarters of a million boxes or about 25 per cent. B. C. should immediately pass a Haugen bill to guarantee the price and then set out more apple trees to make the over production still greater. Apples are so plentiful in the west this year that small orchardists are having trouble even giving them away. We knew one near Salem to offer his crop for 50 cents a box and no takers.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. Mark True were in town recently and were dinner guests at the home of F. D. Swingle.

Mrs. A. H. Pracht, Mrs. Henry Provost and Miss Lillian Patterson of the Ladies Auxiliary Club attended the Oriental tea given by the Greater Medford Club Tuesday afternoon.

O. H. Barnhill entertained at a "stag party" Tuesday night at his home on Wimer Heights. Guests were Dr. Tilton, Dr. Gregg, C. H. Yeo, G. N. Kramer, S. H. Parmerlee, J. B. Hunter, F. F. Whittle, Henry Carter, E. O. Smith, O. E. Delbert and J. D. Rigg. Music and stories filled the evening with cider and doughnuts as refreshments. O. H. Yeo presided at the piano. Tilton and Kramer played the guitar and mandolin as they did together at college twenty years ago.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Calkins and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Holmes arrived home yesterday afternoon from their trip to Crescent City via automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taverner and four daughters have lately arrived from England to make their home in Ashland. Mr. Taverner purchased the handsome F. C. Clark residence on the Boulevard, and has moved into his new home.

Miss Maynie Granger, stenographer in the Bank of Ashland, is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. J. E. Pelton in Klamath county.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvian Provost, and Miss Edna Mills who have been enjoying an outing of several weeks at Odessa, arrived home Tuesday on the stage.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

The normal school boys have organized a brass band which will be under the direction of George Gillette.

Mrs. J. H. Russell, Mrs. S. Patterson and Mrs. D. E. Hyde, all prominent W. C. T. U. workers of Ashland, have been at Jacksonville this week.

Misses Rosa Dodge, Edith Gregory and Gertrude Sutton entertained a number of their friends at a pleasant party at the home of Mayor Dodge last evening.

New officers for Granite Lodge No. 23, Knights of Pythias, have been elected as follows: C. C. D. D. Good; V. C. Thomas James; Prelege, C. B. Austin; M. of F., W. B. Millon; M. of E., H. J. Hicks; I. G., O. G., George Gillette.