

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Snakes

"You know," said one of the snakes who had just come forth in a fine new skin and was looking very beautiful, according to snake standards, "that I didn't feel well at first when I was changing this skin."

"Neither did I," agreed a third snake, who, too, had just given himself a new skin.

"Neither did I," grunted an eighth.

"What was the trouble?" asked the second snake of the first snake.

"I wonder," he added, "if you had the same trouble I had."

"So do I wonder," added the fourth.

"So do I," hissed the fifth.

"So do I wonder," wiggled the sixth.

"I wonder, too," wiggled the seventh.

"I also wonder," grunted the eighth.

So the first snake wriggled and hissed a little and then said:

"Now I am comfortable, so I will tell you what happened. The keeper put a dish of water, a large glass dish, in my home as he always does when he sees I am changing my skin."

"He knows that I can soak in the water and get the old skin off more easily."

"He knows that if I were free I would go into a pond or swamp—that is, if I didn't happen to be asleep, for at this time of the year, if I were free, I would be thinking about going to sleep."

"Well, the water was terribly cold and I simply couldn't go in it."

"Just my trouble," said the second.

"Just my trouble," said the third snake.

"Just my trouble," agreed the fourth.

"Just mine," hissed the fifth.

"Just mine," wiggled the sixth.

"Just my trouble," wiggled the seventh.

"Just my trouble," grunted the eighth snake.

So all the snakes wiggled and wriggled and hissed:

"Just our trouble."

"But then," said the first snake, "the keeper warmed the water and made it nice and comfortable so I could shed my skin."

"He did the same for me," said the second snake, and the third snake added:

"And for me."

"For me, too," agreed the fourth snake.

"For me, too," hissed the fifth snake.

"For me, too," wiggled the sixth snake.

"For me, too," wiggled the seventh snake.

"For me, too," grunted the eighth snake.

"Ah," said the first snake, "the keeper keeps a watchful eye on us and helps us."

"If there is any trouble he finds out what it is and fixes it all up."

"Yes, he is a fine keeper. A Dish of Water, why he warms it just cold there and the snakes will wriggle by themselves."

"A fine keeper," agreed the second snake.

"A fine keeper," said the third snake.

"A fine keeper," hissed the fourth snake.

"A fine keeper," wiggled the fifth snake.

"A fine keeper," wiggled the seventh snake.

"A fine keeper," grunted the eighth snake.

"The story was finished when."

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Galatians 6:9.

Victory in any just cause is assured to those who stick to it and fight through. "A winner never quits and a quitter never wins."



FLORIDA TRAGEDY
Florida's tragedy is not Florida's tragedy alone. Nature alternately smiles and frowns on man. With her malignance she can and does undo in a breath all that the beneficence of her smile encourages and makes possible. There is no rule of reason or any other rule cognizable by the human mind that governs or affects her moods. She is at once mother, his indispensible friend, and his fearsome, unsparring, reckless and indiscriminating foe. She nurtures him upon her breast one moment and the next hurls him, in a burst of rage, into the fiery furnace. She leads him tenderly by the hand up the slow trail to the top-most peak of material achievement and mental and spiritual development, then brutally precipitates him and all his works into the fathomless void below. She lures to mock and promises to betray. Man is the pigmy and she the capricious, irrational giant upon whom he must depend.

The tragedy of Florida is the tragedy of humanity. It is a story told over and over again in every age and clime. With fire and flood, with pestilence and famine, with tempest and earthquake, with drouth and heat and cold and hail, with wars that spring from geographical, racial and economic impulsion beyond his making, fathoming or control, man is forever denied the fruit of his aspiration and his striving. He sets up his temples and they are cast down, rears his homes and they are destroyed, achieves civilization and they are blotted into nothingness.

And yet the glory that will follow the tragedy of Florida is the glory that crowns the whole human tragedy. Man cast to earth rises reinvigorated and upon the ruins of what has been destroyed he builds more stately mansions. Under the volcano's crater he rebuilds his cities, and in the wake of the tempest he rises again to new and nobler accomplishment. And in the process of strife and defeat and beginning again he progresses from weakness to strength, from ignorance to enlightenment.

THE SIZE MAKES LITTLE DIFFERENCE
New York last Saturday welcomed home a home-town boy. He was Gene Tunney, who Thursday night won the heavyweight prizefight championship of the world by defeating Jack Dempsey at Philadelphia. It was only a few days earlier that New York welcomed home a home-town girl. She was Gertrude Ederle, the first woman to swim the English channel.

When it comes to paying honors to its heroes, New York is no different, no bigger than any other town.

It is a thrilling thing to achieve a brilliant success. And by no means the least thrilling part of the winning is the welcome home.

The old home town may look with a fishy eye upon its prophets but it knows how to do things up brown for its heroes. When a man achieves distinction for himself he achieves distinction for the old home town, and the home town appreciates the fact. His distinction becomes its distinction and in honoring him it honors itself. And how the town loves it!

When the Roman general returned home after subduing a barbarian province the home town boys turned out in force and gave him a "triumph." But it wasn't his triumph alone. It was Rome's triumph also.

When Scipio Africanus won a victory it made Caius Antonius Smithus, the dealer in staple and fancy groceries, feel more important man. And when Smithus was visiting friends in the country he could expand his chest and boast "Africanus comes from my home town. I know him well; seen him driving his chariot right down the main street lots of times."

A WEEK OF MOURNING

If 20,000 Americans were killed and more than half a billion dollars' worth of property were wiped out at one time and place, the event would be mourned as a national catastrophe—wouldn't it? We as a nation would set aside a period of public mourning for such a tragedy.

Well, such a disaster has occurred! Not in one time and place, but due to one cause. For in 1925, 30,000 persons lost their lives, and property valued at more than \$550,000,000 was destroyed by fire. This is no less tragic because it was spread over twelve months than it would be if it had been concentrated within a few hours.

Always be careful about electing a politician who has strings tied to him. He has his drawbacks.

The fellow who thinks life's a joke finds it's on him.

Isn't It Odd?

Birmingham, Eng.—In the great jewelry quarter of this city so much gold is handled that well listen to this. During the remodeling of a shop the floor boards were carefully burned and in the ashes sufficient gold was found to pay for a new floor. The street cleaning department is considering a special treatment of street sweepings in the hope of salvaging some of the precious metal.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—Included in the cargo of Captain Fanck's New York-Paris plane are, according to various reports, a complete American-cooked meal for consumption in Paris, a huge bouquet of orchids from Mrs. Walker, wife of New York's mayor, destined to the wife of the mayor of Paris, movies of the first flight of the great plane, letters from dignitaries here to dignitaries there, mascots and good-luck bits in a variety of forms, considerable gas and oil and fresh laundry for all parties concerned. No washing machine or player piano has been loaded as far as can be learned.



Boob. A little man who flirts with a prizefighter's wife.

Exception: A fleshy woman who wants corsets to stay out of style.

Gumption: Finding out your one of them.

Legs: Originally intended for locomotion, but now chiefly employed for exploitation.

Vanity: Something whose upkeep and overhead run into more money than rent and taxes.

Card System: An arrangement that takes up an hour's time finding out how a five-minute job should be done.

Her Heck says: "Fifty per cent o' every convention is program and the other 50 is jist josh."

What Others Say

With national prohibition enforcement stigmatized as crooked, inefficient, and a public disgrace, the record of Jackson county officials, made public this week, comes as a pleasing relief.

In this county, taxpayers do not have to dig down in their pockets to support a ring of privileged bandits endowed with police power, who use that power in an unlawful manner for the protection of bootleggers, and for the collection of immense bribes. Prohibition law enforcement here has been efficient. Law violators are paying for the cost of arresting and trying them and this system is paying profits.

From September 1, 1925, to September 1, 1926, 121 law dozers were arrested. Fines assessed totalled \$21,620, and fines collected amounted to \$16,177.35. Jail sentences total over 30 years. After paying all expenses, enforcement shows a profit of \$3,011.23.

Such a record speaks volumes for the integrity and efficiency of Jackson county's district attorney, sheriff, and others charged with enforcement of the liquor laws.

—Jackson County News

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Sam Jordan and L. K. Shepherd left Wednesday evening for Rogue River and spent the day drowning salmon eggs in an effort to land the elusive steelhead.

Miss Stella Owens, sister of Mrs. Harry Andrews, left on Saturday for Nevada, where she has been appointed to a position in the government service connected with the Carson Boarding School.

Andrew McGee was among the Ashlanders who attended the Roseburg-Medford game at Medford Friday, in company with John Enders and a number of other enthusiasts. He was lending his voice to the aid of the Phoenix team in the half between Phoenix and Medford's second team, when some old be-whiskered gentleman remarked, "That's a fine little team you have up at Phoenix." McGee to say, this silenced Andy.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Misses S. E. Copeland and Pearl Parker left a few days ago for Portland and will visit Seattle and northern cities before returning.

Mrs. S. T. Songer, her son, Stage, and Miss Mollie Songer, returned home Saturday from an extended outing in camp on the Lead Indian.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Badger, their two sons, and Miss Gertrude Hagle returned to Ashland Saturday from an outing at Crescent City.

The Ashland summer colonists at Newport are coming home. The following delegation reached home on the midnight train Saturday: Mrs. E. Dunn, Mrs. W. H. Atkinson, Mrs. M. S. Mullit, Miss May Watts, Mrs. Ella D. Rice, Miss Kalliope Hittner, the Misses Marie and Irma Rice, Donald Rice, and Miss Cora Gardner.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Miss Edith Gregory left for Gold Hill last evening.

Mrs. E. V. Mills went to Col-eston this morning where she will camp for about two weeks.

G. W. Dunn, this week consummated the purchase of 99 acres of the P. C. Homes place, adjoining the Dunn farm, south of Ashland, including a valuable water right. The price paid was \$3000.

J. H. Pratt and family, Misses Louise Ganero and Maude Berry of Ashland and Rev. Ira Wakefield of Phoenix, have been stopping at Harchbarger's on Kings-eth Lake for a week or ten days on their return from a trip to Crater Lake.



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 Wednesday

Watch for III