

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

OUT|OUR WAY

By Williams

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WHO PICKED STEIWER?

After Frederick Steiwer, republican nominee at the primary election for United States senator, has been called for months The Oregonian's hand-picked candidate, it has been recalled that the Oregon Journal was the very first newspaper in the whole state to suggest Steiwer as a man of senatorial calibre who would make a formidable contender.

The first newspaper encouragement for Steiwer to enter the race came from the Journal. It gave a most laudatory article to Steiwer July 12, 1925, this being the first newspaper mention of Steiwer's name in connection with the senatorship.

At once a number of up-state papers referred by name to the Journal as having spoken well of Steiwer as a possible candidate and these papers encouraged his boom. Other articles, signed as was the first, by the Journal's political editor, appeared in that paper, each one helping along the boost it had started for Steiwer. Numerous other papers of various parts of Oregon joined in editorial indorsement of his candidacy.

Steiwer announced his intent to seek the nomination October 17 of last year and four days later the Journal started an editorial with the sentence: "Mr. Steiwer, of Pendleton, who announced his candidacy for the senate, is a genial and able man."

More newspapers throughout the state then indorsed Steiwer as good senatorial timber and a number became enthusiastic for him, giving him warm editorial support. By the end of February, 1926, a large group of Oregon papers were committed to Steiwer.

It was not until March 13 that The Oregonian came out for him, five months after the Journal had said editorially he was a genial and able man and eight months after the Journal had set the feet of Steiwer on the path to the senate.

For campaign purposes the Journal now says Steiwer was hand-picked by The Oregonian. The Journal deserves the credit and not The Oregonian.

INCOME AND MARRIAGE

Here now is a proposition for legislation, sponsored by a woman's organization, compelling a man about to marry to prove his economic standing and his mental capacity first, and requiring a would-be bride to show that she could support her self and her children if her husband died. Both are excellent ideas. The man who marries ought to be able to support a family, and a widow with young children on her hands who can take care of herself and them without assistance, has a position of independence which is worth while. But why laws on the subject? Do we really need any more laws of any sort?

Such matters may fairly be left to the individual. No doubt a man ought not to marry recklessly. But he might make a very good husband and father though he took financial chances when he married and could not measure up to some legislative standard of income. As for women, the number of them who are unable to earn their own living if called upon to do so is comparatively small in these days.

ALL WORLD'S A DIAMOND

All the world's a diamond and all the men and women merely fans now that the titanic struggle for the world's baseball championship has started. It is ever thus when autumn's tints are on the leaves and work becomes burdensome during the latter half of the afternoon. To baseball followers in every part of the United States the playing of the world series typifies all the superlatives of perfection in the great national pastime, and their interest in the series never wanes until the final decision is rendered.

It matters not whether the fans live in the cities whose teams are clashing for baseballdom's stellar honors or whether they have their habitat in even the most isolated of villages, the same keen, enthusiastic interest is all-prevailing. Baseball truly can be termed the great American sport, and the number of participants who engage in the playing of it at some time or other during the season is far in excess of the number indulging in any other form of athletic diversion. It is a clean, wholesome sport, and no better game could be given to the season's windup than the playing of the world series contests.

Just a few more weeks before woman's place will be in the fur coat.

One fairly reliable sign of winter is the annual announcement of a plumber shortage.

When Thanksgiving comes, we all can be thankful that bill collectors don't carry guns.

Even though you hear a lot about self-made men, you can't think of any men who are not that.



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY-- THE WRECK.

J. WILLIAMS
DRESS BY SEA SERVICE, INC.

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK.—Capt. J. A. Murdock who is frequently referred to as "the best dressed man in England," landed here recently and in the course of the usual interviews indicated that he considered the Prince of Wales a somewhat sloppy dresser. He gave a number of instances which proved that Wales is far more concerned with comfort than with style and that he frequently outrages convention by wearing "impossible" combinations. However, Captain Murdock hastened to say, the Prince's good looks and his genial personality put him in the position of being able to do no sartorial evil and his idiosyncrasies were as a result, eagerly copied by young bloods all over the world.

BLACKBURN, Eng. — Mrs. Julia Evers insisted that it was unlucky to remove her wedding ring when she hurt her ring finger on their 20th wedding anniversary, but her husband scoffed and finally she took it off so her finger could be bandaged. As she did so, two cups jumped from the table, the string of a ukelele lying on the couch snapped, a Victrola spring broke and fire broke out in the bathroom.

SAP AND SALT
ROBERT MOSES
Today will be yesterday tomorrow.

Perspiration always wins in a finish fight with talcum powder.

The smaller the man, the less willing is he to confess his mistakes.

The main object in buying is to see that you get something worth taking home.

No discovery is more important to a man than finding out that work is good for health.

When family influence is necessary to get a boy a job, it is good evidence that he is a poor risk to put on the payroll.

Hex Heck says: "What I call good luck is for a wife to be stone deaf if she has a husband that snores."

What Others Say

Still on the Job (Klamath Falls News). With automobiles as thick as snow flakes in winter, the sight of two little girls astride a family horse, brought back yesterday the things we used to see.

Such happiness is what the world continues to need. Riding bare-back, with all the joy and adventure, they came and went as unconcerned as only children can be.

And incidentally old Dobbin went about his business unmindful of rushing cars and crowded thoroughfares. The horse has still a place in the picture.

Central Oregon Highway (Bend Bulletin)

Traversing a section of the country that is most thinly settled, with the lowest values and the least traffic possibilities it is only natural that the Central Oregon highway should be left to the last of the Deschutes county list. The most important has been placed first in this as in other counties. It is on the state map, however, and it has highly important possibilities as a carrier of through traffic. Its ultimate improvement must be looked forward to.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mrs. J. E. Angwin of Dunsmuir arrived yesterday to join her husband who recently assumed the foremanship of the local round house.

Bliss Coleman, R. J. Luke, Emmett Bosson and several others attended the republican banquet at the Medford Hotel last Saturday evening.

Little Misses Mabel and Virginia Roach were hostesses to a number of friends at a Valentine party last Saturday afternoon. Those present were: Misses Marie Hatcher, Ethel Martin, Lucille VanBaskirk, Margaret Dougherty, Doris Montgomery, Virginia and Mabel Roach, and Masters Cecil Rouse, Raymond McGee and Vernon McGee, Leland Silver, Elbert Bush, Henry Simpson and Kendrick Watson.

Fred R. Nell's trained cattle horse broke loose from where he was tied, near the market on S. Main street, Saturday, and as he ran across a sidewalk slipped and fell, breaking one of his forelegs in several places, so that he had to be shot.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Last Friday a beautiful pennant was presented to the high school by Mr. James McNair. The gift was greatly appreciated by the students.

Miss Jessie Mathes has returned to Ashland from a two month's visit with relatives living at Tacoma.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kinsey and Master Paul Wagner visited Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Miles in Medford yesterday.

All persons interested in the construction of a 20 foot bicycle track along the Boulevard from the Congregational church to the Normal school building are requested to meet at the office of E. D. Briggs at 8:15 this evening.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Mrs. Dr. J. S. Parsons and son Fred, returned home last evening from San Francisco.

Mrs. W. H. Patrick went down to Central Point yesterday for a short visit.

Attorney G. W. Trefren leaves today for New York City where he is called on professional business.

Miss Hargrove, the milliner, returned from Portland yesterday.

Kiddie Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Prairie Dogs

"Almost ready, almost ready, lights out," said Mother Prairie Dog. "What do you mean by lights out?" asked the little prairie dog. "Oh," laughed Mother Prairie Dog in her little barking, funny voice, "when children are put to bed their mothers say, 'lights out,' so I've heard."



Here They Lived.

you must be ready when the time comes." Now the little prairie dogs had a large yard all to themselves in the zoo. Here they dug their holes and here they lived and laughed and sat on their hind feet and barked. Prairie dogs don't look like dogs—they probably are called dogs because of their bark, but they look like tiny woodchucks or ground squirrels.

They always go to bed for the winter, whether they are free or whether they are in the zoo. Nothing changes their plans, no matter where they are. They all go to bed in the zoo, too, among the prairie dogs, the mothers and daddies and children, too.

"The keeper will keep and clean the snow off our holes," Mother Prairie Dog said. "Yes, he knows about the ways of prairie dogs," said Father Prairie Dog.

"Well, we'd better begin to get ready now," said Mother Prairie Dog. "Pleasant dreams, sweet sleep," said the little prairie dogs.

"I'll set the clock for spring," said Father Prairie Dog, which, of course, would be their time for getting up instead of seven o'clock on the following morning. To be sure they hadn't any real clock and besides you can't set any clock for spring.

But there are all the little signs of clocks of nature which let those who sleep all winter know when spring has come. That was what Father Prairie Dog meant when he said that he would set the clock for spring. He meant that they would not get up until spring had come.

Oh, when you're very sleepy and very tired, you can think to yourself, "Well, if only I were going to set the clock for spring, I'd have a far greater rest than setting it for morning, when I have to get up and go to school."

Yet again, it wouldn't be nice to miss all the fun that can be had and all the good times, and even a long, pleasant sleep would not be as nice as wide-awake times. Besides you can get rested the next night if you're tired one night and haven't had enough sleep.

All very well for the prairie dogs to set the clock for spring. But it is much better, particularly when one is not a prairie dog, to go to bed when those silly, meddling, meddling, but sleepy little prairie dogs. (Copyright, Western Newspaper Union.)

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"For do I now persuade men, or God? Or do I seek to please men? For if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ." Galatians 1:10. Too often do we seek the plaudits of the crowd. The unselfish service is the service bears most fruit.



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 TOMORROW

Watch for It!

The hunting season is starting. When tramping across another man's property, let your conscience be your guide. The \$2 bill isn't as unlucky as some. It's bad to get a \$40 bill because there are none.