

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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C. J. READ, Managing Editor

W. H. PERKINS, News Editor

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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THE COUNCIL'S POLICY

In another part of today's paper will be found a resolution unanimously adopted at last night's council meeting. This resolution has more significance than the usual musty, moldy Whereas's and Therefore's that adorn customary resolutions that a legislative body adopts.

In this resolution unanimously, and regularly passed seven men, all of them well known citizens, all of them enjoying the respect and confidence of those with whom they come in daily contact, all of them bearing a reputation for honesty and integrity that is above reproach, solemnly bind themselves to do certain things regarding the future of Ashland, provided they receive the necessary consent from the voters. And now let us see just what these men, publicly declare they will do.

First—They go on record, as pledging themselves, to build a reservoir for the city of Ashland, and to make needed improvements in the city distribution system, at the lowest possible cost, and furthermore that in the event bonds to the amount of \$450,000 are voted to only issue the amount necessary to do the job right.

Second—They further pledge themselves, to give every possible site in Ashland creek, due consideration, and declare that they as tax payers of this city, are just as anxious that the reservoir be economically and properly located as the rest of the citizenry.

In the preamble to the resolution, it is set forth that they have acted only upon the advice of competent engineers, and from the store of data at their command. In other words, they have not advanced one single pet theory of their own. They have not relied upon their own general knowledge of the situation to find a solution for the communities needs. They have secured the best talent available in order to get the facts. Having these facts they are ready to act. In so doing they are but fulfilling the obligation they assumed when they took office.

We commend this resolution to the people of Ashland. It deserves your most careful consideration. We know from our contact with these men that there never was a more conscientious instrument drawn. We know that the inspiration back of it was only that the people might know exactly what would be done, to just what length the members as individuals and as servants of the people, would go to serve their city. It is a sincere statement, and deserves your most careful consideration. Read it carefully.

ASHLAND SHOULD BE PROUD

"If the Southern Oregon Normal school does not make the substantial growth and success that we have every reason to expect, it will not be the fault of the people of Ashland." Concluding his general remarks while acting as chairman of the Chamber of Commerce Forum Luncheon yesterday, President J. A. Churchill of the Southern Oregon Normal School paid residents of Ashland the highest possible compliment at his command, or that any community could expect to have bestowed upon it, by a man in his position, with the above statement.

His words, were more than the usual speakers commendatory remarks regarding the city in which he is in. They marked the realization of a community ambition. Ashland people have done their duty, they have demonstrated once again that when there is a worthwhile job to be accomplished they can be depended upon to do it. They have succeeded in bringing home to the faculty, and students at the Normal school, the fact that Ashland wants to cooperate in advancing in every possible way, this splendid educational institution. They have made known the fact in unmistakable terms, that when the proposition is right, when those projects which stand for the better things in life, come up for consideration, there is a whole souled cooperative movement that spells SUCCESS in capital letters. It has been demonstrated in the past, President Churchill gives concrete evidence of it, at present, and we know that it will be ever so in the future.

When the oyster gets a grain of sand under his shell he works it into a pearl, and thus shows mankind the proper way to dispose of trouble.

Strange, but true—the fellow who owes you most hates you worst.

The biggest thing in learning is to learn how to use it.

College has started and many are taking steps toward learning the new fall dances.

The gutter is a fine place to put plays written by those whose minds are in the gutter.

The young fellow who studies aviation is the one who is bound to rise to the occasion.

By Williams



Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The First Snow Man

"You may all be as pleased as you like with this thing or with that," said the first snow man, "but I am as delighted as a creature could be."

"Here I am the first snow man around these parts. In a way I feel like an early settler, or a discoverer, or a pioneer, or something grand that way."

"Yes, I heard all about those people, pioneers, and settlers and discoverers, and all."

"You see, I am outside a school window, and you have no idea the education that comes right out of the window to me."

"It is considered very healthy these days, and it is very healthy to have windows open, so they open the school window a bit and the education comes right out to me."

"I don't have to go to school and melt with the effect inside learning would have on me."

"I stay here and keep cool and learn just the same."

"You see, there are those discoverers who go off and see countries for the first time, or they discover wonders no one has discovered before."

"Then there are pioneers who are the first to break through a new country and brave the hard conditions to push ahead."

"And there are the early settlers who come forth with their wives and their families and settle themselves in a new country and develop it and make it produce."

"Now, that is the way I feel. Not perhaps as much as the really real pioneers and settlers and discoverers, but in a slighter and lesser degree."

"I am the first snow man of the season. There has not been enough snow to make many snow men. They have had to watch out for me as it has, really not been very cold."

"But they have done their best for me, and here I am, ready to withstand a few warm days for the sake of being the first snow man."

"Let them try to freeze me at night, for I am the first snow man, and I want to be strong and stand here by the school house and become wise."

"I have an old pall on my head. It is not a wonderful pall, but it gives me a fine appearance."

"I look like something out of the ordinary, and the way a first snow man should look."

"Later, when there is lots of snow, there are lots of snow men and snow forts and snow houses, and there are all sorts of things made out of snow."

"But you have a certain amount of importance when you are the first snow man."

"Good," said King Snow, "I am glad to be able to give you the honor—with the aid of the children in the school."

So the first snow man stood outside the school, with a pall upon his head, feeling very fine and very superior, and quite intelligent.

And as the days dashed along, before the real, real winter came, little Mahalia, who always had so much to do, and enjoyed everything that she did so much, sighed and said:

"Oh dear, the days used to walk along. But now they just run away from me. Here it is almost winter, and just the other day it was summer, it seemed."

And the first snow man laughed to himself to think of the days really running away.

He knew better than that, even though he was only a snow man and received his education through the open window.

A bachelor is a man who is so selfish he even wants to keep all his troubles to himself.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Every man according as he purposed in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver." II Corinthians 9:7.

Giving like serving should be done unselfishly and for the pure love of it. Go the limit and smile.

Isn't It Odd?

PARIS — Millions of red ants are making life miserable for hundreds of thousands of Parisians who inhabit apartment houses of one whole quarter of Paris. The species is small, vicious and hard to catch. He is so unpopular, in fact, that authorities who have investigated say that he originated in America.

VIENNA

Death reaps its greatest harvest among human beings at about one o'clock in the morning, the municipal statistical bureau has found. Other periods during the day when many deaths occur are the small hours of morning and hours of late afternoon. Noon and midnight show the lowest toll.

NEW YORK

"I'm the champion woman boxer of the world," said Jeanne Lamarr, when arraigned in court for keeping no music on her terrace. "I knocked out 25 women and five men in Europe and came here to challenge all comers, but no one will fight me." Judge Simpson promptly congratulated the arresting patrolman on his bravery and suspended sentence.

SAP AND SALT

BY BERT MOSES

When you have all you need, you have enough.

A small brain can store up more jealousy and hate than a big one.

To successfully conceal the truth, you must have an extensive vocabulary.

The law of supply and demand is the only problem prohibition has to solve.

We think times are worse than they used to be, when the fact is they are only different.

Marriage founded upon R. G. Dun statistics and mathematics has bright prospects in it for the lawyers.

Hez Heck says: "Nothin' makes a man spunk up quicker than gittin' too much advice from his wife's family."

What Others Say

Jackson County News

The restoration of the Southern Oregon Normal school at Ashland is justified. With an attendance of more than 230 students the opening day of the first regular school year every claim made by the sponsors and supporters of the bill before the last session of the legislature has been proved. The result attained at the opening day more than justifies the claim of the most enthusiastic supporters and is a matter of pride to all Southern Oregon.

The splendid enrollment the opening day also emphasizes better than any other thing the need for the reestablishment of a normal school in Southern Oregon. It means the relieving of congested conditions at Monmouth, heretofore the only normal training school in the state. It means more efficient work on the part of both faculty members and students. It means that

Almea's hair showed traces of a perfect wave when she returned from her "kidnaping" trip. Perhaps it was her harrowing experiences while a captive that put the curl there.—Grants Pass Courier.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mrs. Don Whitney and little son visited their husband and father in Hornbrook last week.

Mrs. L. O. VanWegen was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gall, for a couple of days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Barron have moved from their town residence to their ranch a few miles south of Ashland and will "rusticate" for the summer. The children will come to town for school every day.

J. V. Wright and family, accompanied by Rev. Vallandigham and wife, enjoyed an auto trip to Ray dam last Wednesday. Fishing and a picnic were pleasant features of the day.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

A. H. Jones and son of the Ashland Iron Works has recently been on a hunting expedition in the Elk Creek country.

Miss Sarah Copeland returned from a short visit with Dunsmuir friends last Friday.

Clarence Lane and wife are spending a few days visiting relatives at Hill, California.

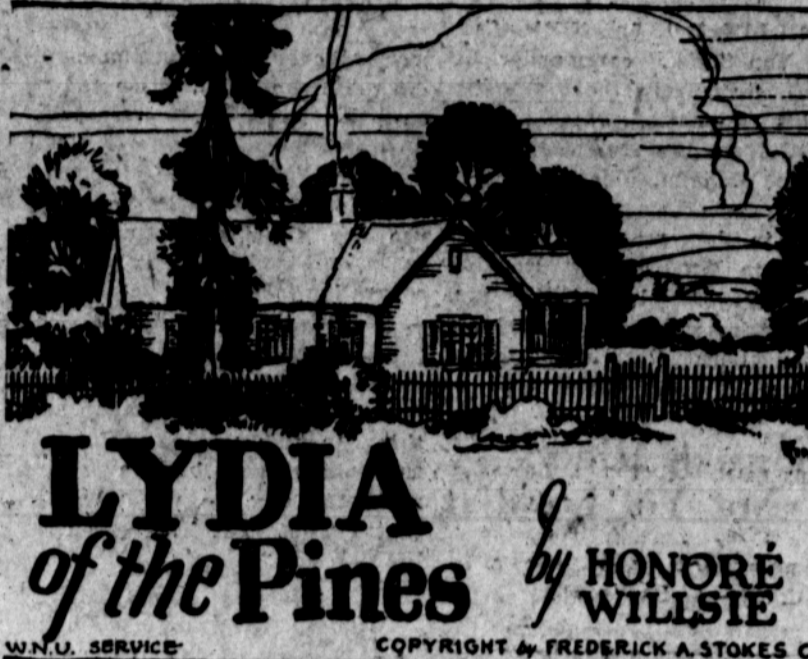
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Thompson, who have been spending a season at their cottage at the seashore at Newport, returned home Friday night. Their son, G. S. Butler, who has been at Newport for a fortnight, returned with them.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Rev. S. E. Meminger, Will Mitchell and Al Hildreth expect to start today for a camping trip to Buck and Klamath Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler Walker who have been in the valley visiting relatives and purchasing supplies returned to their home at Bly, Klamath county, Saturday.

The following students of the normal were elected to represent their class by having the highest standing: Anna Nelson, Lincoln Savage, Rosa Dodge, Patia Klum, Theresa Bryant, Susie Homes, Gertie Sutton, Walker Reed, Mabel Reid, Effie Armistage. The following were elected outside by their standing to be on the program: Orator, John Harvey; poet, Minnie McClosky; prophet, Clarence H. Clements.



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LYDIA of the Pines

(Continued From Page One)

Fifteen years ago half a mile inland from the beach was an empty block that once had been a farm pasture. Three fine old oaks stood with tops together in the center of the block. The grass was still firm and green and thick in the ancient pasture except for narrow trails worn by children's feet. To the north of the oaks was a hollow square that formed the baseball diamond. There was a straight, short cut that led to the little cross-grown spring. There were the parallel lines for "Come-Come Run-Away, and there were numerous bald spots, the center of little radiating trails where, in the fall, each group of children had its complicated roasting oven in which potatoes and "weenies" were cooked.

On one August afternoon the pasture seemed deserted. It was circus day and the children of the surrounding blocks had all by one method or another won admission to the big tent on the hill east of the town.

For under one of the oak trees was a baby carriage in which a little girl of two lay fast asleep. And far above her, perched lightly but firmly in a swaying fork of the oak was a long-legged girl of twelve, sitting cross-legged, her feet peer slyly down at where she could not see, yet high enough to be completely hidden from casual view. She was a thin youngster, with short curling hair of a dusty yellow. The curly hair did not hide the fine square head, a noble head for so small a girl, set well on the little square shoulders. Her eyes were blue and black lashed, her nose nondescript, her mouth large, her chin square and her little jaw line long and pronounced. She wore a soiled sailor suit of blue serge, and in the crotch of two opposite branches was a doll almost as large as the sleeping child below. It was a queer, old-fashioned doll, with a huge china head that displayed brilliant black hair and eyes as blue as those of her mistress. The doll wore a clumsily made sailor suit of blue calico, which evidently had been washed recently, but not ironed. It is necessary to meet the doll properly, for she was an intimate and important member of the little girl's family. Her name was Florence Dombey.

A battered red book lay in Florence Dombey's lap. It was called, "With Clive in India." It was written by G. A. Henty and told of the marvelous and hairbreadth adventures of a young English lad in an Indian campaign.

Florence Dombey's attention, however, was not on the book. It was riveted, hectorically, on her mistress, who, with her tongue caught between her lips, was deftly whitening a cube of sugar into doll furniture of a scale so tiny that even had Florence Dombey had a doll of her own, it could not have hoped to use the furniture.

The little furniture maker suddenly closed the knife sharply. "Damn it! I've cut myself again," she said. She dropped the knife down the neck of her blouse and began to suck her finger. "Here, let me have Henry, Florence Dombey. Don't try to pig it all the time. You know I don't get hardly any time to read."

"Yes, baby!" called the child. "Here's Lydia, up in the tree! Watch me, dearie! See me come down. Here comes Florence Dombey first."

With some difficulty the book followed the knife and the furniture into the blouse. Florence Dombey, being hastily inverted, showed a length of light marlin cord wrapped about her cotton legs.

"Here she comes, baby! Catch now for Lydia!"

The baby below, a tiny plump replica of Lydia, sat up with a gurgle of delight and held up her arms as Florence Dombey, dangling unhappily, upside down, on the end of the marlin cord, was lowered carefully into the perambulator.

"And here I come. Watch me, baby!"

With a swing light and agile as a young monkey, Lydia let herself down, landing with a spring of which an acrobat might have boasted, beside the perambulator.

"There, sweetness!"—kissing the baby—"first we'll fix Florence Dombey, then we'll start for home."

"Florence, home wiv baby."

"Yes, it's getting near supper time." Lydia tucked the still hectorically staring doll in beside her small sister, turned the perambulator around and ran it along one of the little paths to the sidewalk.

(Continued Tomorrow)