DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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What Others Say

Portland Telegram

Portland's population had no

et reached the 20,000 mark

when the federal building at

Fifth, Sixth, Yamhill and Morri-

son streets was erected. There

were only about 175,000 people

in the entire state, and across the

Columbia the total population of

was an imposing structure, more

than ample for the business that

was transacted within its walls.

For the Portaind of today with

its 350,000 population, with up-

wards of a million in the state

and about 1,500,000 in Wash-

ington, the old building meets the

demands and needs of this terri-

tory about as effectively as the

garment of a four-year-old child

grown the facilities provided by

that was then to be handled

through it, but in the meantime

the government has created innul

merable "departments" that

must be taken care of in federa

buildings or in rented quarters

where no federal buildings are

BACK

ASHLAND

30 Years Ago

Hum Pracht of the Depot Ho-

A party composed of E.

Hicks, O. Winter, Irving E. Vin-

ing and F. D. Wagner of the Tidings, ascended Ashland butte

last Friday via the trail from M

N. Long's place in Ashland Can-

We understand that Miss Ther

sa Bryant of Ashland has been

selected as a deputy in the county clerk's office by Clerk Jackson.
Miss Bryant is a graduate of both

the high school and the normal

G. S. Butler is taking a

in his left foot with an axe.

relatives him the other day. He cut a gash

Briggs, E. V. Carter, H.

available.

man's Springs.

would fit a full grown matron.

Not only has Portland

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SHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

"To create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character," that is the basis upon which Ashland and other Hi-Y clubs through out the United States are formed. Thats the foundation of their existence and incidentally thats their reason for existence, and according to an announcement last night, that is one of the important projects now being fostered by the local Y. M. C. A. secretary. Already preliminary plans have been made and soon a permanent organization will be formed and active work started. This one project alone should justify the existence of a Y. M. C. A. in Ashland. An organization of young. impressionable, active boys having implanted in their minds, at their age, this program, will mean a harvest of high standards of Christian character when they become mature. The city that receives these boys tomorrow, when they are our leaders in business or professional life will be fortunate. The training they are now about to receive, is an investment in better citizenry for the future and one that will pay greater dividends than the best financial investment ever

THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Writing about boys brings to light another project that is about to emerge from weeks of little known but never the less tremendously effective training. The Ashland High School will play their first conference foot ball game next Saturday. Klamath Fall will journey over to Ashland, to test the mettle of the local boys and provide a thrilling hour for the lovers of this great sport.

Night after night for weeks our boys have been out on the practice field, drilling away in the tedious but essential work of perfecting the rudiments of football, indulging in signal practice, and probably as an occasional diversion, enjoying a brief scrimmage, all for what! In order that they might beat Klamath Falls! No, not primarily, of course the fruits of victory are sweet, but sweeter yet is the knowledge that you have been an invisible, but effective cog in a machine of eleven men. Rising high above any exultant feeling of victory comes the knowledge that through this training, you have come to know the value of team work, the necessity of obedience, and the resultant healthy body and clean mind that makes a successful football player.

Ashland, should and probably does appreciate the fact that football encourages these fundamentals in successful manhood. However to merely appreciate it means little. To actively support it by attending the game, means much. If the boys are made to realize that, the community is sufficiently interested in their efforts, to come out and watch the results of the hours of preparation, then is born a desire to justify this interest. The local team is worthy of a united support. Let's give it to them.

SOME MORE ABOUT POULTRY

Recently through the editorial columns we attempted to call attention among other things to the value of the poultry industry, to the city of Ashland. We meant for this to pave the way for a general program of exploitation editorially and otherwise of this great industry. It was not our intention to in any way stand in the light of being a prophet, but today we had the pleasure of visiting for a short time with a local man who through achievement has converted theory into fact. Six years ago he had nothing except an ambition to be a successful poultry man, he started with a little over six hundred chicks, and today, judging from the pictures we saw, has one of the most modern poultry ranches that can be found anywhere. He is authority for the statement, that the territory immediately adjoining Ashland is far superior to any other place on the coast for the purpose of raising chickens and promoting the industry generally. His statement must be accepted because he has the facts to back it up. He knows where of he speaks because he has found from actual experience that poultry will do better here than in other places that have become known as poultry centers, chiefty through agressive advertising meth-

He further said that in the six years he had been in this business here, he had seen great strides taken in the industry, and that as soon as it becomes generally known, how comparatively easy it is to be successful in this line of endeavor, Ashland would have every opertunity to become a real paultry

That's something to think about. The realization of this will mean more people with steady substantial incomes. They will buy more groceries, the clothing and ready to wear stores will sell more merchandise, the doctors will have more stomach aches to look after, dentists can pull more teeth, and every one will have more money to put in the banks. Yes, its something to think about, but if its possible to mix a little action with the thinking it is more conducive to results.



Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK, Oct. 5. only got five dollars. You'd better take the two days," said John Burke to his wife after a magistrate had given them their choice of a \$5 fine apiece or two days in jail following their conviction for disorderly conduct. So Mrs. Burke, who had been quarreling with her husband so loudly that neighbors called cops, took the

BERLIN-"Busy bees" misnomer and bees are inclined to be lazy, it appears. When in their bives, they sit droweily nature scientists. Olufsen of Sweden and the Germans, Karl Von Fritsch and G. A. Grossch for days, it is claimed by three have all concluded, in researches, independent of each other, that bees are indolnt.

NEW YORK-Among the lat est persons to express indignation at one or another of the attitudes of Mr. H. L. Mencken in Hugh Walpole, the British novelist. Mr. Walpole just arrived, 'indicated the belief that the English attitude toward Américan authors was not justified. Anyway, he said, English papers haven't the son a lazy man gits up in the space to print reviews of Ameri- mornin' is that it gives him ancan books.

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

Mrs. Mabel Rush and little

John Loomis entertained his

class of Boys from the Presbyter-

evening at his home on Granite street. Most of the evening was

spent in doing stunts, the one

receiving the greatest number of

points being given a prize. Those

present were: William Lenz,

Rilling Schuerman, Dale Young,

daughter. Claribelle were visitors

to the home of Robert Ashworth

at Central Point last week. J. C.

Tolo, were visitors at the

worth home the same day.

Mowatt and Lee Wallis.

dorff ranch on Rogue River last Ashland.

RAZZ BERRIES AND CREAM

You have to recognize your own ignorance before you begin the state of Washington was to acquire wisdom

The greatest short story ever written contains but three words: "I love you."

The penalty for becoming "cultured' is that you must surrende

To make a big success, a vami should have access to Bradstreet and Dung confidential reports.

Makers of bust-developers are not getting much of anywhere while present style of chest are in vogue.

Her Heck says: "The only reaother chance to get tired."

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

County Judge G. W. Dunn was

daughter of this city were guests up from Jacksonville yesterday tel is taking a vacation at Tol-

Fred Homes went down

Medford Tuesday evening, to ar-

range for the county school con-

W. Hal McNafr, U. S. Deputy

marshall for Alaska, who came

business, bringing an insane ward to Mt. Tabor sanitarium.

came on out to Ashland yester-

day, for a short visit with rela-

tives and friends. He returned

Barnard and wife. former Ash- Judge and Mrs. R. Neil came days rest from work as the result land residents, now located at up from Jacksonville Saturday of a slight accident which befell

Ash for a short visit with

and friends here.

vention to be held mext week.

TURNING THE PAGES

of Mrs. Deardorff at the Dear- looking after his farm south of

Max Camps, William Allen, Les- down from the north on official lie Heer, Francis Winter, Edwin business, bringing an insane

Mr. and Mrs. Morehouse and on the early morning train.

feet wet, it may mean they'll have bad colds.

weeks old, they will never grow up to be strong turkeys.

"They will be sickly and wretch-ed. So the first four weeks of a

"I am strong! My mother took good care of me. But lately I have been ted more and more deli-

"I have not had to go looking for

"They've wanted to fatten me up for the great day to come. "The Turkey is the great crea-ture of Thanksgiving day.

and a dozen names may be given.

"Ask anyone who is the greatest
man living, and different people
may think different ones are great-

"But ask envone what is most important at Thanksgiving, and one and all will say:

"I am fed for the great event.

but we doubt if he is bothered much by life insurance agents.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"But this I say, He that sow the sparingly shall also rea sparingly; and he which sow the bountifully shall reap also bountifully." If Cor. 710.

We usually get out of hing about what we put Oh the fox of putting our whole heart and soul into the worth while things.

they're as young as that.
"But no matter. When they do
walk about, and if they do get their



turkey's life are most important.
"But that is not why I am concelted, oh, no!

corn meal, and such good things.
"And I've had all I could eat.

the old building for the business ay be given.
"Ask anyone who is the prettiest,

"What matters it if, then, they turn the tables, so to speak, and eat me?

"It's the compliment, and up to the time the compliment is shown

"It's the compliment, and up to the time the compliment is shown me I enjoy myself hugely.

"Yes, the turkey is the most important thing about Thanksgiving.

"And it is a most important day, so I cannot help boasting.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble.

"There is truth in what he says,"

"There is, cackle, cackle," said

(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

Lydia disgorged the contents of her blouse upon the desk, then followed little Patience into the next room. This was larger than the first and was evidently the dining room and sitting room.

A short store of the window and with a look was the very essence of me hood began to rock the two-old to sleep. Presently there ed down to Amos, smoking his on the front step, Lydia's chill throaty contralto:

A short, stout old woman was setting the table. She had iron gray hair. Her face was a broad wreath of wrinkles, surrounding bespectacled black eyes and a thin mouth that never quite concealed a very white and handsome set of false teeth.

"See! Liz! See!" cried little Patience, pattering up to the old woman with the tugging balloon. "Ain't that grand!" said Lizzie.

"Where'd you git the money, Lydia? Baby's milk's in the tin cup on the kitchen table. Your father's home. You'd better fry the steak. He complains so about it when I do it."

the litter of dishes and paper par-cels on the kitchen table. Amos Dudley at this time was about forty years old-a thin man of medium weight, his brown hair already ray at the temples. Lydia evident y got from him the blue of her yes and the white of her teeth. He began to peel off a pair of brown overalls

"What's for supper?" he asked.
"Round steak," said Lydia. "For heaven's sake, don't let Liz touch it."

"I won't," said the child, piling up dishes deftly.

"I'm going to give baby her cupful of milk, and then I'll fix it in my patent way."

Amos nodded. "You're a natural cook, like your mother." He paused, one leg of his overalls off, disclosing his shiny black trousers. Lydia carried the cupful of milk toward the dining room. From where he the diping room. From where he sat he could see her kneel before sat he could see her kneel before little Patience, and hold the cup, while the baby drank thirstily. Little mofes of the sunset light danced on the two curly golden heads. He looked from the children toward the dusty-kitchen table.

"What a h—l of a mess Liz does keep going." he muttered. "Patience would break her heart, if she knew. Oh! Patience. Patience !—"

new. Oh! Patience, Patience!—"
Lydia came back with the empty cup. "Now for the steak," she ex-claimed. "Gosh, what a fire—" She attacked the greasy stove with enthusiasm and in a short time a savory smell of steak filled the house. Amos went into the dining room and sat in a rocking bair with little Patience and the

"Where'd she get the balloon?" asked Amos as Lydia brought in the platter of meat.

"Margery gave it to her," answered the child. "Supper's ready."

"Got it at the circus, I suppose. I wish I could 'a' let you go, Lydia, but at a dollar and a half a day, I swan I—"

"I didn't want to go," returned Lydia, setting the baby in her high chair. "I'm getting too big for circuses."

"Toe big for a circus!" Her father looked at her with understanding eyes. "I guess heaven is paved
with lies like yours, Lydia. John
Levine will be over tonight. Get
some of the mess dug out of the
parlor, will you Lizzie?"

"Sure," said Lizzie, good-naturedly. Lydia sat opposite her father
and poured tea. The ancient maid
of all work aat beside Patience and
dispensed the current sauce and
the cake.

With all its riches surely mines I've reached that beauteous shining

The coolness of the Angust wind touched Amos' face, "Oh! Patience, Patience—" he murmured.

Lydia sat for a moment or two with the sleeping baby in her arms, looking down on her with looking down on her with a curious gentle intentness. Then she rose carefully, and as carefully depos-ited little Patience on the bed. This done, she untied the balloon and carried it out with her to the little landing. There was a window here into which the August moon was

"Hello, dad!" she said. The child had a peculiar thread of richness in her voice when she spoke to little Patience, and it was apparent again as she greeted the man at the sink. He turned toward leaves the sink. He turned toward leaves the sink of the sink. He turned toward leaves the sink of the sink. He turned toward leaves the sink of th "Well, young woman, it's about I'd rather have gone to the circus

In a moment she heard steps and greetings and her father leading his friend into the house. Then she slipped down the stairs and into the night. A dozen times she ran up and down the yard, the balloon like a fettered bird tugging at

"I love it as much as little Patience does," she murmured. I wish it was mine." Finally, she ran out of the gate

and up the street to the one fine

and up the street to the one fine house of which the street boasted. She stole up to the door and fastened the string of the balloon to the door bell, gave the bell a jerk and fled.

"Well, I haven't anything pleasant at all to look forward to now," she thought. "The circus parade is over and I've returned the balloon. Gee, yes, there is too! I didn't eat my cake yet!"

She turned up the lamp in the box, bringing out the cake Lizzle had saved for her. With this in her band she entered the dining room. An extraordinarily long, thin man was stretched out in one armchair, Amos in the other. "You ought to sit in the parlor,

"It's foo stuffy," said Amos.
"Oh, hello, young Lydia!" said
the tall man. "Come here and let
me look at you."

me look at you."

Levine drew the child to his knee. She looked with a clear affectionate gaze on his thin smooth-shaven face, and into his tired black eyes. "Why do you always say "young" Lydia?" asked the child. "That's what I want to know, too," agreed Amos.

"Because, by heck! she's so young to be such an old lady." He smoothed the short curly hair with a gesture that was indescribably gentle. "I tell you what, young Lydia, if you were ten years older and I were ten years younger."

Lydia leaned against his mee and took a large bite of cake. "You'd take me traveling, wouldn't you, Mr. Levine?" she said, comfortably.

"You bet I would, and you should have your heart's desire, whatever

have your heart's desire, whatever that might be. It any one deserves it, you do, young Lydia."

Amos nodded and Lydia looked at them both with a sort of puzzled content as she munched her

cake.
"I brought a newly illustrated copy of Tom Sawyer' for you to see, Lydia," said Levine. "Keep it as long as you want to. It's over on the couch there."

Lydia threw herself headlong on the book and the two men returned to the conversation she had intered.

rupted.
"My loan from Marshall comedue in January," said Amos. "My lord, I've got to do something."
"He's a skin, Marshall is. Who does he live on this street excepto save money?"

(Continued Tomorrow)