

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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HE SHOULD REMEMBER

Instead of scolding us in verse, Rudyard Kipling ought to remember his own majestic lines from his "Recessional":

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Britain's imperialistic poet laureate has issued a new book of prose and verse in which, without naming America, it is unmistakable that he means to aim his bitter thrusts at the United States, seemingly with purpose to discredit us for our part in the winning of the World War, and carrying the intention that we got as much out of the victory as did Britain. Of course the very suggestion is ridiculous, for we took nothing out of the victory, while between France and Britain and Italy and Japan, the way of the world was rather completely changed, as they shared what had been Germany's territorial possessions.

But to the poem. The cable does not seem to have carried the complete text of "The Vineyard," but here are the two stanzas which have reached us:

At the eleventh hour he came,
But his wages were the same
As ours who all day long had trod
The wine press of the wrath of God.
Since his back had felt no load,
Virtue still in him abode;
So he swiftly made his own
Those lost spoils we had not won.
We went home, delivered thence
Grudging him no recompense.
Till he portioned praise or blame
To our works before he came.
Till he showed us for our good,
Deaf to mirth and blind to scorn,
How we might have best withstood
Burdens that he had not borne!

No, our wages were not the same and we took no lost spoils that Britain had not won, and as for our back feeling no load, 126,000 Americans marched away and came not back, in addition to treasure poured out as it had not been from the beginning of time.

Presumably Mr. Kipling means to reprove Uncle Sam because we have not cancelled the war debts, but as yet there has appeared no reason why it was necessary for us to bear not only our own war expenses, but a large share of the expenses of the allies. Nor is it necessary to repeat the inquiry as to who won the war, but it is perhaps timely to again inquire who might have won, if America had stayed at home.

ONE DIFFERENCE

A singular phase of the economic problems of England is noted in an article by an English writer in the Atlantic Monthly. Certain poor or worked out coal fields of England cannot be made to produce efficiently or profitably under present necessary wage conditions and standards of living. They should be abandoned for other fields say the investigators. But it is pointed out that to pursue that plan would throw out of employment a quarter million miners who would be left in a helpless condition. It would be difficult, says the writer, to educate them or their children into other occupations or even to other parts of the country in the same occupation.

It is difficult for us to understand that situation, but in the old country, sons follow their fathers, homes are occupied by succeeding generations and breaking away from the home tree is a very difficult task. With a million and a half of idle men on the lists receiving dole or eligible for it, these men will not even cross the channel to find work in countries where men are in demand. In France, it is stated, labor numbers large importations from Italy, Belgium, Holland and even some from Germany, but none from England. The Britisher wants a job on the isle and when he can't get it, he just bides his time. It is habit of thought which makes change of scene and employment repugnant, a habit which the British government helps entrench with its system of dole or living wage for the idle.

In America when the opportunity for work is restricted the workman looks immediately to other fields and his sons may seek their fortunes in a far distant part of the country. It is evidently another matter to change the habit and the habit of the British worker.

No matter what you think you can't do, you are right as long as you think it.

Someone kicked out the bottom rungs of the social ladder.

Home is where the coal shortage is going to be before long.

No one appreciates the perils of motoring like the pedestrian.



By Williams

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAMM BOWEN

Nip's Day

Nip was a little fox terrier dog, with the sweetest of dispositions and the most friendly of manners. He had not been tamed when he was a puppy and it is said that the fox terrier is tamed as a puppy that he becomes as cross when he is older.

Nip was still a little dog and he was still almost a puppy. He was getting a little more grown-up each day, but he was still apt to have times when he felt just like the silliest and most playful of puppies and would think of the most absurd things to do.

Now every so often Nip was given a bath. He did not mind his bath as he was bathed without any roughness and he always enjoyed the beautiful rubbing he was given. It made him feel so pleasantly after it was all over.

But if people took the time to bathe him he took the time letting himself be bathed. Sometimes they would say in such a sad, almost worn-out tone:

"Oh, Nip; there you are all dirty again, and I only took the time yesterday to bathe you."

It was right after one of these most beautiful baths though, that Nip had an idea.

It was not the idea to have at just that time. But Nip was not one to consider the right time. He thought time was made to be enjoyed as one thought of things to do.

He would not say to himself: "Now, tomorrow at four-thirty in the afternoon I will take a walk and then dig for a bone I have hidden and then take a sleep."

He would do things right away at the time as they came to his little dog mind.

So, after the most perfect of baths, when he was just as clean as clean could be and his hair had dried off with a fine heavy towel

and then had been given a sun bath, he decided he would like to play.

He had a number of different playmates and some of them were grayer than others.

But Nip was not fussy. He was above anything foolish such as snobbishness.

He had a friend down the street. The friend was always finding mud, even when no one else could find mud.

Somewhat or other that friend could just seek out muddy places even after days and days when there had been no rain.

It was just an accomplishment of the friend.

"I think I'll go and see that friend," was what Nip thought, and off he had bounded through the yard, through the next gate yards until he reached his friend.

The other dog was already dirty and very untidy, but Nip did not object. Nip was not critical. Nip would never be one to show his bark or look that he thought it strange his friend did not look more presentable.

No, Nip was not like that. He went into everything with all the zest and enthusiasm of his little dog nature.

"I've come to play," said Nip. And play they did! Oh, how dirty Nip got and right after his bath, too! He played for hours and hours until his family thought he was lost and went out in the motor car to hunt the town for him.

But only a little way down the street they found him, his legs all covered with mud. His face was as black as could be. And he was holding a dirty bone in his mouth which he had hidden once before in his friend's yard.

He saw the car and jumped right in and sat proudly on the seat, after having washed his car and said he had had a nice time.

Fred as could be he rode home, was he ashamed of being dirty? No, not Nip. And so cleaning up he look with his little pleased face in spite of all the dirt that one could really hold him.

He was simply given another bath.

See, the following day Nip was dirty again. He was smart the night before so he stayed clean longer than usual!

Oh 1920, Western Newspaper Union.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE
"And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." I John 2:19

Many unselfish lives will live down through the ages in the hearts and minds of those blessed by those lives.



Lydia of the Pines

By HONORE WILLSTIE

(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from play to the quiet home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City. Her father's friend, and her own cousin, John Lewis, arrives after discussing affairs with Dudley, making up his mind to go into politics.

"The squaw did not so much as glance at Kent. Her eyes were fastened on Lydia, with the look of a hungry, expectant dog. Lydia ran her fingers through her damp curls, and sighed. Then she gave the little Patience her share of the bread and butter and a cookie. She laid the precious deviled egg in its twist of paper on top of the remainder of the bread and cookies and handed them to the Indian.

"You can't have any of mine, if you give yours up," warned Kent. "I don't want any, pig!" returned Lydia.

The old squaw received the food with trembling hands and broke into sobs that tore at her old eyes, and she hid her face in her hands. Lydia in Indian dress and then to the children's surprise, she bundled the food up in her apron and started as rapidly as possible back in the direction whence she had come.

"She's talking it back to some one," said Kent. "Poor thing!" said Lydia. "Poor thing!" sniffed Kent. "It would be a good thing if they were all dead. My father says so."

"Well, I guess your father don't know everything," snapped Lydia. "Eying," said Patience, who had finished her lunch and was digging in the sand.

Kent paused in the beginning of his attack on his last sandwich to look Lydia over. She was as thin as a half-grown chicken in her wet bathing suit. Her damp curls, clinging to her head, and her eyes a little heavy with heat and weariness after her morning of play, made her look scarcely older than Patience. Kent wouldn't confess, even to himself, how fond he was of Lydia.

"Here," he said gruffly. "I can't eat this sandwich. Mother made me too many. And here's a doughnut."

"Thank you, Kent," said Lydia meekly. She held Patience's abbreviated bathing suit skirt with one hand, and with the other she held the doughnut. "Where are you heading for, baby?" she asked.

"Mardy! Mardy!" screamed Patience, tugging at her leash.

"Oh, rats, it's Margery Marshall. Look at the duds on her. She makes me sick," groaned Kent.

"She's crazy about little Patience," answered Lydia, "so I put up with a lot from her."

She looked her hold on Patience. The baby trundled along the sand.

Margery hesitated. "Aw, come on!" urged Kent. "Don't be such a 'fraid cat. That's why us kids don't like you, you're such a silly, dressed-up doll."

The banker's daughter flushed. Though she loved the pretty clothes and though she sensed of superiority to other children, carefully cultivated by her mother, was the very breath of her nostrils, she had never been quite so happy as this afternoon when grubbing on an equality with these three inferior children.

"I'm not afraid at all and I'm just as dirty as Lydia is. Go ahead with your boat."

They tethered Patience with Kent's cord to one of the willow trees and Margery was paddled out several boat lengths from the shore and the great stone that served for anchor was dropped over. Kent took a clean dive overboard, swam ashore and disappeared along the willow path. Little Patience set up a wail.

"Baby, baby, too! Baby, too, she wailed. "I'll go stay with her till Kent comes," said Lydia, diving into the water as casually as if she were right from a chair.

"I won't stay in this awful boat alone," wailed Margery. Lydia swam steadily to the shore, then turned. Margery was standing up in the boat.

"Sit down! Sit down!" cried Margery, holding Margery with both hands. "I won't stay in this boat!"

There was a great splash and a choking cry as Margery's hands, braced, disappeared beneath the water. (Continued Tomorrow)

Headlines that tell the story: Professor poisoned as Exmas near.

Isn't It Odd?

HARBIN, Manchuria—Bean bags as barricades form the latest means of defense utilized by ship captains in running the gauntlet on the Yangtze river. So many rounds of ammunition have been stopped by the improvised breastworks that finding a bullet in one's beans over here is not much more extraordinary than encountering a pearl in one's oysters.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 11.

One thousand perfectly brand-new "mammy" dolls were destroyed in a small fire on the Dollar line freighter *Metville Dollar*, while in dock here. The dolls had just been put aboard.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 11.

The football team of the naval training station at Lakehurst, N. J., has set a precedent in the manner in which it traveled for a game with the local training station eleven. The Lakehurst team came to Newport aboard the dirigible *Los Angeles*.



Executive: One who pushes buttons and calls it work.

Optimist: One who believes the saxophone will survive the violin.

Overness: Hiring people smarter than you are to run your business.

Ideal Husband: One who helps with the dish-washing and likes it better than golf.

Padding: A pad the women have abandoned and the magazine writers have taken up.

Merger: The bringing together of the vegetable and animal kingdoms and calling it "hash."

Her Hook says: "Divorce kin never be controlled until some way is found to stop folks from changing their minds."

What Others Say

(Oregon Journal)

Sacramento has adopted a new traffic tag. This is the message it carries to out-of-town visitors who violate minor traffic requirements.

Welcome to our city. You have violated the parking ordinance and would be arrested under ordinary circumstances. But we see by your license plate that you are a visitor in Sacramento, so make yourself at home.

(Oregon Voter)

Governor Pierce deserves credit for having devoted so much attention to the flax operation in the penitentiary. Even his severest critics must concede that he has done very well despite many discouragements and difficulties.

(Bond Bulletin)

There is no magic like state ownership that insures low rates. Altogether too often the waste of state ownership bring higher costs and ultimate failure.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Ed Wolter visited his parents in Medford one day last week.

James H. Doran of Ashland street has just purchased a fine new Overland touring car, and together with his family expect to spend several weeks touring California.

J. M. Hughes, local butcher, left Tuesday for Portland on a business trip. He stopped off in Grants Pass enroute north.

A. C. Nislinger traded a 40 acre bearing orchard in Sams valley for residence property in Los Angeles and San Diego and acreage in Kern county, Cal. The consideration for the orchard was \$12,000.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

C. H. Hargadine and F. D. Swingle leave tonight on the late train for Klamath to look after cattle interests in the Langell Valley region.

B. T. Staples went down the valley this morning to meet a prominent eastern capitalist who is interested in the Briggs mine of which Mr. Staples is manager.

Mayor D. B. Grant is again connected actively with the management of the Ashland Manufacturing Company and is now the president of this important enterprise, succeeding J. H. Chambers. At a meeting of the directors held a few days ago the following officers were chosen: D. B. Grant, president; C. C. Anderson, vice-president; J. R. Quigley, secretary treasurer and general manager.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Miss Olive Jones, daughter of the city marshal, is visiting friends at Montague and Yreka.

E. J. Kaiser arrived home today from his Eastern trip having attended both the democratic and populist conventions and the silver convention sideshow, with the result of returning as a full-fledged popocrat.

J. K. Vanant and son and D. H. Jackson are off on a trip to the upper Rogue river and Crater Lake section.

Mrs. A. R. Davis and Miss Mollie Reames left for Klamath Falls on the stage today.