

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

Published at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

THE MORONI OLSON PLAYERS

Next Saturday night, the Moroni Olson players will appear her under the auspices of the Southern Oregon Normal School. This enterprise the first to be sponsored by our newest educational institution, is not primarily a money making proposition. While we do not know, we presume the main object in bringing these players to Ashland was to provide some sort of recreation for the students, and the towns people have been given the opportunity to participate, at a price that is absurdly low.

The Moroni Olson players are far above the average. It was the privilege of the editor of this paper at one time to live in a city where they visited five or six times during one season, and consequently we know whereof we speak, and have no hesitancy in commending them to the people of Ashland upon their merit alone.

However there is another reason why this community should get solidly behind this project, that supercedes the one of merit. If the Moroni Olson players appearance here is successful, if the people of Ashland show their appreciation of the effort being put forth to get them to come, it should be but the forerunner to other worth while things. We believe that Ashland people enjoy this high type of entertainment. We believe the support the Normal School will receive next Saturday night will be practical evidence of the correctness of this prediction. However it must be remembered that moral support counts for little, its the active support carried out in the purchase of tickets and attendance at the performance that will furnish actual proof. Ashland's answer to the opportunity should be a well filled auditorium, next Saturday night.

THE REPUBLICAN GUBERNATORIAL NOMINEE

Senator I. H. Patterson, Republican gubernatorial nominee, spent a few hours in Ashland yesterday, and addressed an impromptu luncheon attended by nearly forty people. While this attendance ordinarily would not be considered significant, it was so regarded yesterday when it is known that the luncheon was not planned nor executed until about two hours before the Republican supporters gathered around the festive board. That it was possible by hasty telephone messages and personal calls to secure this number of representative citizens to drop their daily work and attend a gathering of this kind, indicates an unusual interest, in the candidate and the party he represents. It is indicative also, of the fact that local people are inclined to take seriously the party and the standard bearers of that party. They want to know who he is and what he stands for, and what can reasonably be expected in the way of administration of their affairs.

It is interest of this kind that makes better government possible. It is interest of this kind that should prove inspirational to those who seek to serve the type of people who greeted the Republican nominee yesterday. They should feel keenly the responsibility that is an integral part of every public office, when they are met by as appreciative and representative gathering as greeted Senator Patterson.

We know that Senator Patterson is not unmindful of the responsibility the Governor's office carries with it. He so expressed himself today, and when he says a thing he has the art of saying it in such a way that leaves no doubt as to his sincerity. We liked the frankness of the man when he said, "I hope to reduce taxes some, but any man who says they can be cut in half is chasing rainbows." The ordinary political office seeker would have held out an alluring promise of greatly lowered taxes without any logical plan for its accomplishment, just to garner a few votes. But Senator Patterson is not that type. He promises a business administration, he pledges himself to give the same attention to affairs of state, as he has given to his private business. In this he has been successful and there is every right to feel the state of Oregon, will receive the same treatment with the Senator at the helm of state affairs. We are glad to support a man of this type for so high a public office and trust that his candidacy will meet with favor at the hands of the people on election day.

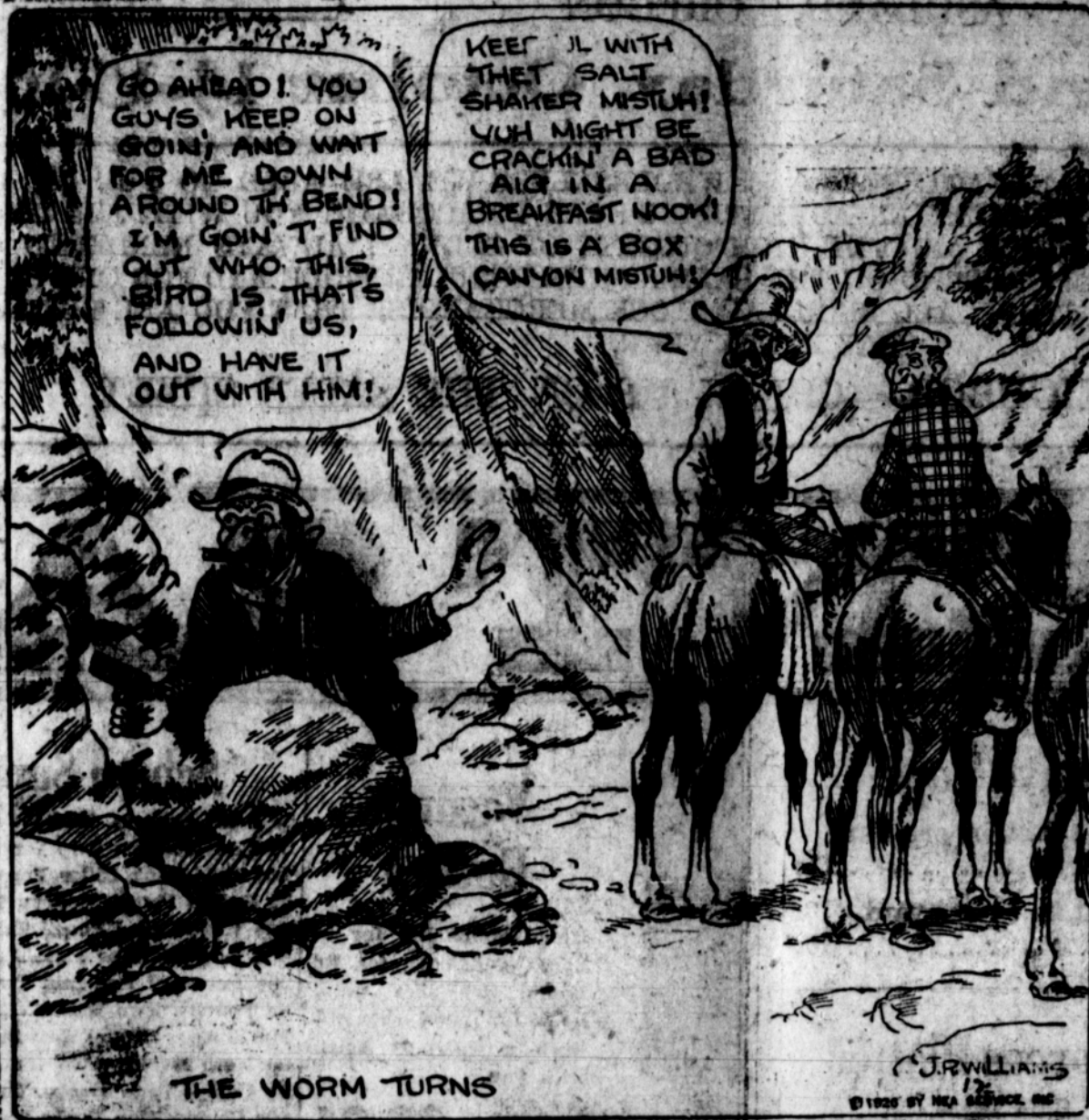
Mr. Mencken says America had a good time during the war. Surely, and on Armistice Day, too.

The day's most versatile robbers are found in Wichita, Kan., where the Eagle reports they "kicked in the transom."

Work your face to be beautiful says a London expert. But be sure to work it in the right place.

Somebody gave Jack Dempsey a four-leaf clover to put in his glove before the fight with Tunney. Wouldn't a horseshoe have been better?

By Williams



Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAMER BONNER

Mabella's Kitchen

Now, little Mabella was very fond of cooking and she was very clever at cooking, too. She could make most delicious things to eat and the more she tried the better she became.

In fact, she had good luck so she said. But it was really because she was so clever at doing it.

Her little next-door friend used to make most awful mistakes and say she had no luck.

She thought she would be very economical and use some of the steak that had been left over from dinner the day before.

So she put it in the meat chopper and added some potatoes that had also been left over and made a very nice little hash.

Then she decided she would have popovers, as her family loved popovers and her popovers always turned out well.

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LYDIA of the Pines

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(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sitting in her arms, Lydia returned from the untidy home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at the City. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Lattie, after discussing affairs with Lydia, turned her up his mind to go into politics.

"And she can't swim," gasped Lydia. "Kent!" she screamed, and made a flying leap into the water. Her slender, childish arms seemed suddenly stiff. Her thin little legs looked like tiny poles. Margery came to the far side of the boat and uttered another choking cry before she went down again. Lydia dived, caught the long black braid and brought the fringed little face to the surface. Margery immediately threw an arm around Lydia's neck, and Lydia hit her in the face with a clenched small fist and all the strength she could muster.

"Let go, or I'll let you drown. Turn over on your back. There isn't a thing to be afraid of." Margery, with a sob, obeyed and Lydia towed her the short distance to the boat. "There, catch hold," she said.

Both the children clung to the gunwale. Margery choking and sobbing.

"I can't lift you into the boat," panted Lydia. "But quit your crying. You're safe. There's Kent."

Kent had heard the call and some note of need in it registered, after a moment, in his mind. He ran back and leaped into the water. He clambered into the boat and reaching over pulled Margery bodily over the gunwale. The child, sick and hysterical, huddled into the bottom of the boat.

"Are you all right Lydia?" he asked.

"Sure," replied Lydia, who was beginning to recover her breath.

It was the work of a minute to ground the boat. Then unheeding little Patience's lamentations, the two children looked at each other and at Margery.

"I'll run for her mother," said Kent.

"And scare her to death! She isn't hurt a bit," insisted Lydia. "Margery stop crying. You're all right, I tell you."

"I'll tell you," said Kent, "let's put her in Patience's carriage, and carry her home. The water she swallowed makes her awful sick at her stomach, I guess."

The right over, the old spirit of adventure, with an added sense of heroism, animated Kent and Lydia. Margery was teased out of the boat and assisted into the perambulator, with her dripping white legs dangling helplessly over the edge. Little Patience's tears were assuaged when she was placed in the ball buggy, with Margery's doll in her arms. Florence Dombey was tied popoose fashion to Lydia's back. The bicycle was hidden in the cave and with Kent wheeling Margery and Lydia, Patience, the procession started wildly for home.

By the time they had turned into the home street, Margery was beginning to recover, but she was still shivering and inclined to sob. Other children followed them and it was quite an imposing group that turned in at the Marshall gate, just as Mrs. Marshall opened the door to bid a guest good-by.

The scene that followed was difficult for either Lydia or Kent to describe afterward. There was a confusion that brought half the mothers of the neighborhood into the yard. The doctor was sent for. Margery was put to bed and Kent and Lydia were mentioned as murderers, low-down brats and coarse little brutes by Mrs. Marshall, who ended by denouncing them with the police.

Old Lattie appeared on the scene in time to take Lydia's part and Kent disappeared after Mrs. Marshall had told him that Margery's father would be around to see his father that evening.

"Is the child dead?" demanded old Lattie, holding Patience on one arm while Lydia clung to the other. "The way she looks I've got you," said a neighbor. "It's just Mrs. Marshall's way, you know."

"I'll say," snorted Lattie. "Eing thanks to Lydia for saving the child. Come home with your little brats, and get into the nice clean beds I've got for you."

Lydia told the story to Amos at supper-time. He was much disturbed. "You and you often and often Lydia, never to endanger a child that can't swim. You and Kent should have had more sense." The quick tears sprang to the child's eyes. She was still much shaken.

Isn't It Odd?

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—Bandits who stole an automobile, discovered that they were also kidnapers when one year Old Orvin Becker, who had been sleeping in the back seat, woke up after riding a mile and howled vigorously.

HOUSTON, Tex., Oct. 11. When the clock which controls traffic in the "business section" went out of commission Friday morning, Tower Officer E. B. Fife, who carried no watch, recalled that he could hold his breath exactly 30 seconds, the time interval on which the signals operate. For more than an hour the resourceful cop timed the operation of the signals switch with his half-minute gulp for air.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—"Burglars" thought a patrolman when he found an elaborate kit of second story tools on the back seat of a parked automobile, but John J. Kerrigan and his chauffeur were released when they explained to a judge that Kerrigan, a prohibition agent, used them in his agent.



Anyhow, roller skates do save sole leather.

The chorus girl surely grins and bares it all right.

The descent from monkeys seems more recent in some men than in others.

The one thing that can be said in favor of moths is that they are not lazy.

While a man may fall to come out on top, his hair can be depended upon to do so.

As a measure of self-preservation, the restaurant will soon have to put in drugs and medicines as side lines.

Hex Heck says: "You git a better understandin' o' gravitation when both brakes won't work on a steep hill."

What Others Say

(Jackson County News) Exhibits from Jackson county all but made a clean sweep at the Oregon State Fair last week, winning all but one prize in apples, peaches and pears in competition with exhibits from many counties of the state. The lone exception referred to was that of second prize on peaches.

Various other exhibits from this county placed well in the strong competition that prevailed, and the local showing was one of the outstanding features of the event.

It will be recalled that Jackson county has grown into the habit of walking off with choice prizes at the annual State Fair, proving that products that come from the soil of this county are unexcelled by no other county in Oregon not only, but by no district in the world.

(Solo Tribune) Looks like Pierce is afraid Stallard's wet program will drown him and that Patterson fears Pierce's tears will ruin whatever he might say.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Newton W. Borden, democratic candidate for district attorney for Jackson county, was a visitor in this city from Medford.

G. C. McAllister and family have moved from their former home on Ashland street to a residence on Graham street.

E. E. Smith, Chester Smith and Mrs. Walter Kittredge left Sunday for Silver Lake. The party went in the Smith's car by the Green Springs mountain route.

Francis Winter, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Winter is dangerously ill at the Granite City hospital following an operation resulting from an attack of tonsillitis.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Col. J. O. Boyle and son, Glenn, have returned from K. F. where they have been for the past few days.

Max Lee, George Ashcraft and Howard Carmichael left early this morning for a few days hunting trip in the country surrounding Wagner Butte.

Prof. J. B. Stranator and family, who have been spending their vacation in Washington have returned to Ashland to be in readiness for school next Monday.

Ira C. Dodge and nephew, W. M. Dodge, returned Monday evening from Beaver creek where they have spent the last few days hunting. They say they were well supplied with fresh meat all the time they were away.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Miss M. Furlan visited the Normal school Thursday.

O. O. Helman went down to Leland Sunday evening and will be employed with J. A. McCall in survey work there at the Low-Hampton mines for awhile.

The annual election of officers of the Ashland Library Association took place recently as follows: Pres., Mrs. E. L. Christman; vice-pres., Mr. Stranger; Sec. and treas., Mrs. J. S. Harris; librarian, Mrs. E. V. Carter; assistant librarian, Miss Lottie Collins. On board managers, Mrs. S. O. Johnson, Mrs. E. V. Carter, Mrs. Sherwin and Mr. Whitted.

NECK CASE

Judge—The policeman tells me you were driving at 60 miles an hour.

Prisoner—But I had to, your honor. I had stolen the car.

Judge—Oh, that's different, case dismissed.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"For the love of money is the root of all evils, which while some coveted after, they have perished from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." I Timothy 3:10.

Wealth and power properly used may be made a blessing, but to love those things spoils it all.

A dog on the bed breaks up more homes than a dog in the manger.