

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

READ THE REPORTS

Are you following the series of articles on the water question as appearing daily in The Tidings?

For years we have heard arguments both for and against an increase in Ashland's water supply.

The Tidings is not attempting to sway the voters either one way or the other in presenting this series of articles.

THE LETTER CONTEST

The Tidings has no self-seeking personal motive in inaugurating the letter writing contest this week.

But Ashland must advertise. It must tell others about its many attractions and resources.

So we urge that you enter this contest. Write your letter and then mail a copy of it to the contest editor of The Tidings.

CAN YOU GO?

For our part we would like to see a caravan of Ashland autos leave here next Saturday noon for Grants Pass to give moral support to the Ashland high school football team.

It's a fine thing, and proper that the high school students should support their team to the fullest extent.

Ashland folks are proud of their schools. They are proud of their athletic teams, and it would be a splendid thing if this pride could find outlet in an auto caravan of fathers and mothers to the neighboring cities every time the high school boys play away from home.

A GOOD SELECTION

The normal school, in our belief, will never regret the selection of Walter Hughes as athletic director to guide the students during their first year of athletic endeavor.

STABILIZING LUMBER INDUSTRY

The greatest business deal ever proposed in the Northwest is contemplated in the consolidation into one working organization of a majority of lading sawmills in Washington and Oregon.

The lumber industry, which is so essential to prosperity in Oregon and Washington, has been handicapped by its inability to adjust itself to ever-changing business and economic conditions.

The Detroit police have a country club and have taken up golf. They are thinking of carrying their clubs on the boat so they can putt people in jail.

Charles Evans Hughes has been appointed to The Hague. We always suspected those whiskers would get him into trouble.

Headlines that tell the story: Fires at His Wife's Parents.



THE SNAIL AND HIS SHELL.

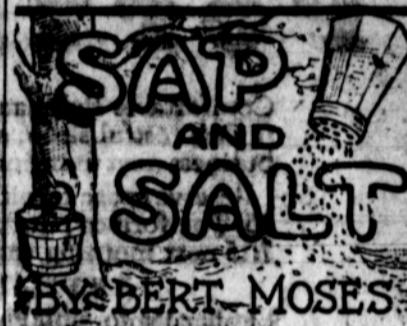
Isn't It Odd?

MINNEAPOLIS, M i n n . Oct. 12.—(UP)—One of the "Siamese twins" of South Bend, Ind., whose birth joined them together confounded physicians, is seriously ill in a hospital here.

The twin, Lucy Medich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas S. Medich, is in a critical condition from pneumonia, and, if she dies, Bessie, her sister, cannot survive.

Lucy and Bessie are joined together at the waist. Bessie is in perfect health. Inseparable, they lie in the same bed, one playing with a rattle, the other dying.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Borrowing his bride's engagement ring to get engaged, Elmer J. Letterman "hocked" both, bet on the Yanks at the World's Series and lost—his best, the rings and his bride. More woes were added when he was arrested for theft by his indignant bride and her father who alleged that Letterman passed a worthless check on his father-in-law. The marriage took place last week as a social event.



Criticism does us more good than compliments.

Good husbands are not born—they have to be made.

Telling what we don't know is what takes up so much of our time.

As a child learns to swear, he finds it affords more relief than crying.

A short term as assessor will show any man that truth is not growing in popularity.

What a blessing it would be if the French nation knew as much about finance as it does about making toilet soap!

Hez Heck says: "Orators and people who beat you to the bathroom in the morning have no knowledge of the flight of time."

What Others Say

(Grants Pass Courier)

The appeal of this Southern Oregon country is the appeal of the home. New-comers are arriving daily to establish themselves here.

(Portland Telegram)

"A business administration" is promised the voters of Oregon by Mr. I. L. Patterson, whose platform and views were broadcast a few days ago.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

M. W. Wheeler was a business visitor to Medford Saturday evening and attended the poultry show.

Mrs. S. E. Miller left Friday evening for Portland where she will visit with Mrs. J. W. Loshor, former Ashland resident.

Among those who attended the Roseburg-Medford game Saturday, were Coach Hutchison, Professors Moore and Ruch, H. E. Boyd, Guy Good, Percy Griess, John Enders, Andrew McGee, Harvey Ling, H. G. Eastman, Burney Burnett, Charley Robertson and wife, Harrison Howell, Misses Helen Moore, Mary Weisenburger and Margaret Hodgson and Fred Herrin.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

James Porter leaves this week for Roseburg to be gone several days.

President E. F. Mulkey returned yesterday from a trip made to points north in the interests of the Southern Oregon State Normal school here.

After an absence of several years spent in traveling over the states, A. H. Brown returned to Ashland yesterday noon.

Pierre Provost and Mrs. J. H. Provost returned recently from a visit to their former home in Montreal, Canada. Mrs. Provost's sister, Miss Rose Brisson of Montreal accompanied them and will make an extended visit in Oregon before returning home.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Prof. Vining is giving the elocution classes some excellent drill in the Swedish movement with musical accompaniment.

Miss Lora Colton, the Ashland abstractor, spent part of last week at the county seat.

Chas. Henry was at Jacksonville Saturday proving up on his homestead east of Ashland, accompanied by Ed Murphy and G. S. Butler, as witnesses.

Wm. Hevener has purchased the Crocker brick, Main street, between Granite and Church, and will soon remove his grocery store from the Atkinson block, to occupy it.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAM BONNER

"Good day, Mr. Bleebok," said Mr. Bleebok. "Now, how do you know it's a good day when it has only just begun?"

"I do wish, my dear sir, that you would stop talking in such a high and mighty broad fashion."

"My dear Mr. Bleebok, I didn't mean what you think. Putting on airs means that some one or some creature is being silly and affected."

"Then if you can say such things, I can surely be allowed to say 'Good day.'"

"Besides, wishing a creature a good day is a very kindly thing to do."

"It means I wish you a good sort of a day instead of a bad sort of a day."

"It doesn't mean the day is good to start off with all by itself."

"It means that I hope you will have a good day and that the day will be good to you."

"Of course, I don't suppose it is up to the day itself to be good to you, but I hope that you will have

"The appeal of this Southern Oregon country is the appeal of the home. New-comers are arriving daily to establish themselves here."

"I would like to hear something of our family history."

"Some may know a great deal of it, but I must confess I do not."

"Of course we belong to the antelope or deer family," Mr. Bleebok began.

"We have horns which go rather straight up into the air, and do not curve as the horns of some deer curv."

"We are a queer purple and white color and when we used to be common, in our family home in South America, they used to say that the plains were almost purple in color."

"They meant by that that there were so many of us that it seemed as though the plains were purple."

"Just as fields can look a certain color because of flowers growing in it, so did the plains look purple because so many of us were about."

"But alas, we are no longer common."

"Our family became rare after a war known as the Boer war. The war was fought where we lived and so many of us were destroyed then."

"We have never been common since."

"Ever since then we have been rare. Such is our family history."

"I have enjoyed bearing it," said Mrs. Bleebok. "But those to think of animals who are wiped out, or almost wiped out for some reason or another."

"It is nice to think of many Bleeboks in the world—or at least it is nice to think that when one is a Bleebok."



LYDIA of the Pines by HONORE WILLISIE

(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patricia, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her mother.

CHAPTER II.—Lydia's mother, Mrs. Marshall, is a woman of a certain type.

CHAPTER III.—The Cottage.

MARSHALL cleared his throat and reaching out, took Lydia by the arm and pulled her toward him.

"I wouldn't think much of your father, my child," he said, huskily, "if he let me whip you, even if I wanted to."

"Lydia took a quick look up into his face, then she gave a little gasping sob, her lips quivered and she leaned against his knee."

"Look here, Lydia," said Dave Marshall, "this is to be your punishment. I want you and Kent to teach Margery how to swim and how to get dirty, now! Let her play with your 'common kids' will you?"

"Will her mother let her?" asked Lydia.

"Yes," answered Dave, grimly. "All right," said Lydia, with a little sigh.

"I know it'll be a hard job," Marshall interpreted the girl quickly; "that's where the punishment comes in."

"Lydia'll do it. I'll be to it," said Amos.

"On knees out, Dudley. This is between Lydia and me. How about it, Lydia?"

"If you'll boss her mother, I'll boss Margery and Kent," said Lydia, with a sudden laugh.

"It's a bargain," Marshall rose. "Good night, Dudley." "Good night, Marshall."

Amos followed his caller to the door. As he did so Lydia heard Kent's whistle in the back yard.

"I saw him through the window," said Kent, in a low voice. "What's he going to do to us? Dad's licked me, so that much is done."

"Lydia said of their punishment. 'Dad's licked me, so that much is done.' Let her play with your 'common kids' will you?"

"So do I," agreed Lydia. "Nothing to look forward to but worry now. O gee, Kent, I've got two punnies! One's Patricia's. But let's go spend the other at Amos's!"

"Gum or all-day sucker?" asked Kent, who, in spite of the fact that he owned a second-hand bicycle, was not above sharing a penny.

"Gum lasts longer," suggested Lydia.

"What kind gum, spruce or white or tutti-frutti?"

"You can choose."

"Spruce, then. It makes the most juice. Come on, Lyd, before you're called in."

And thus ended the heroic day. No one ever knew what Dave Marshall had done to Lydia, his wife, but a day or so after, little Margery, in a fine white flannel bathing suit, appeared on the sand, about a quarter of a mile below the Willows.

"Kent was a quitter! After the pact he decided to eschew the society of girls forever and he struck a bargain with Lydia that she could have the use of his bicycle one day a week till snow came. He was kidding, the disbelieving of the banker's daughter, Amos. For such a babe Lydia

would have undertaken to teach Margery, herself, to swim—and so the bargain was struck.

Lydia's method of teaching was one employed by most of the children of Lake City when a new child moved into town. She forced Margery to float face downward in the water, again and again, while she counted ten. After one afternoon of this, the banker's daughter had forever lost her fear of the water and the rest was easy.

In spite of the relationship Dave Marshall had established between the two children, Margery and Lydia did not like each other. One Saturday afternoon, after banking hours, Marshall was seated on his front porch, with Elviry and Margery, when Lydia appeared. She stood on the steps in her bathing suit, her bare feet in a pair of ragged "sneakers." Her face and hands and ankles were dirty but her eyes and the pink of her cheeks were clear.

"Come on, Marg," said Lydia. "And, Mr. Marshall, please, won't you come see and see how well she does it?"

"Run and get into your bathing suit, daughter," said Marshall. "Elviry, want to come?"

"No," snapped Elviry. "Lydia, how do you manage to get so dirty, when to my positive knowledge you're in the water an hour every day?"

Lydia blushed and tried to hide one ankle behind the other. "I think you're terrible impotent," she murmured.

"Right you are, Lydia! I guess I'll have to hitch up and drip us all over."

They drove to the Willows and Margery went through her paces, while Dave watched and applauded from the shore. When they had finished and had run up and down to warm up and dry off and were driving home, Dave said: "You'd better come in to supper with us, Lydia."

"No, thank you," answered the child. "Mr. Levine's coming to supper at our house and I have to cook it."

"Hum! What does John Levine do at your house, so much?"

"Oh, he's going into politics," answered Lydia, innocently, "and Dad advises him."

"Well, tell them you've done a fine job as a swimming teacher," Dave spoke earnestly. "Don't see why Levine wants to get into politics. He's doing well in real estate."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lydia, with a child's importance at having real news to impart, "he's going into politics so's to get some Indian land."

"Like h-l he is!" exclaimed Marshall.

"Oh, daddy!" Margery's voice was exactly like her mother's. They were turning into the Marshall driveway and Marshall's face was a curious mixture of amusement and irritation. He kissed his little daughter when he lifted her from the buggy and bade her run to the house. Before he lifted Lydia down he paused and as he stood on the ground and she sat in the buggy, she looked lastly into his black eyes.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. 6:21.

Too many hearts and lives are bound up in the material treasures of this world.