

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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WHAT ITS ALL ABOUT

The controversy that rages between the Oregon Journal and the Morning Oregonian over qualifications of their rival candidates for the position of United States senator has nothing at all to do with the campaign issues but is merely diverting by-play...

FIRST AND LAST

Under the Housewife's Council Constitutional Amendment, we have a small number of inexperienced enthusiasts, trying to plunge the state into hydro-electric and irrigation projects, far beyond the financial ability of the state to cover.



By Williams Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Little Miss Wiswell Little Miss Wiswell had just arrived in the world. She was about five days old and as yet she had no name except pet names, of course. She had a very pretty name, of course. Well, one day she received a letter and the letter was written by a great, great friend of her mother's.



LYDIA of the Pines by HONORE WILLISIE

(Continued From Yesterday)

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Lydia, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at the old house on the hill. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, after discussing affairs with Lydia, makes up his mind to go into politics.

(Now go on with the story)

"I wish I had another little daughter like you, Lydia," he said. "I don't see why—but God, you can't get swans from barnyard fowls." He continued to study Lydia's face. "Some day, my child, you'll make some man's heart break, or lift him up to heaven."

Lydia did not see the new home until she rode out with the first load of furniture. She sat in the high seat beside the driver, baby Patience in her lap, her thin, long little legs dangling, her cheeks scarlet with excitement and the warmth of a hot September morning.

The cottage was somewhat isolated. Amos was three-quarters of a mile from the school. The schoolhouse was a mile away and the nearest trolley, which Lydia must take to do the family shopping, was half a mile back along the dirt road.

Nevertheless, all the family felt that they had taken a distinct step upward in moving into lake shore property and nobody complained of distances. Amos began putting in his Sundays in cleaning up the huckleberry-grown acres he intended to turn into a garden in the spring.

A dairy farmer named Norton, up the road, gave him manure in exchange for the promise of early vegetables for his table. After his spading was done in late September, Amos, with his wheelbarrow, followed by the two children, began his trips between the dairy farm and his garden patch and he kept these up until the garden was deep with fertilizer.

Lydia was happier than she had been since her mother's death. She took the long trips to and from school, lunch box and school bag slung at her back, in a sort of ecstasy. She was inherently a child of the woods and fields. Their beauty thrilled her while it tranquillized her.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Isn't It Odd?

AMIENS, France — After taking home a quantity of silverware stolen from a French house where he was quartered during the German occupation, a conscience-stricken soldier has returned the silver to the mayor of Ham. The package came from Germany without the name of the sender, but with a brief explanatory note.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla. — Speaking into a telephone transmitter here, the Rev. Emil Clarke will read the wedding ceremony which will unite Miss Jean Tettet and Harvey Webster in Des Moines, Ia.

Miss Tettet, a telephone operator, insisted on the long distance marriage and arranged the ceremony with Rev. Clarke, who is her brother-in-law.

BERLIN — Arraigned for stealing 20,000 insects, mostly bedbugs, from the Berlin university zoological museum, Johann Schumacher, a school teacher, pleaded that he took the insects while in a trance.

Advertisement for 'SAP AND SALT' by 'BERT MOSES'. The ad features a drawing of a man and a woman and text: 'Tailors make a man and dress-makers break him. Most things considered "ethical" are contrary to human nature. Visitors form their opinion of a town by the worst things they see in it. The man who is known as a "good thing" has the bad things unloaded upon him. What we miss most in the movies is hearing the "kercock" of the custard pie when it lands. Few honest men are brilliant, which may explain why honesty isn't much of an asset in a candidate for office. Heck says: "I take off my hat to the feller who says nothin' when he don't know and little when he does."'

What Others Say

(Portland Telegram) Many readers will be surprised to learn that Oregon this year will ship from the state 50 or 60 cars of walnuts. It has been but a few years comparatively, since nut production was first taken seriously as an industry of commercial importance in this state.

(Hood River Glacier) There's enticement about adventure into some canyon-side trail. Whither does it lead in its zig-zagging way down through vistas of fir trees, the carpet of shrubbery underbrush, the vine maples, the dogwoods, the Oregon grape, vining with each other to display a raiment most beautiful? If you be a fisherman, seeking new trout pools, you feel rewarded when you see a stretch of river laid out before you like an angler's dream of heaven.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Below are a few of the anglers from Bellview who tried their luck Sunday: Guy Randles, Kate Coador, Gates King, Martin Cusle, George King, Ivan Farmer and Wilbur Beagle.

A very pleasant surprise was sprung Saturday night on Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Long, by the Jolly Bunch, walking in on them. The evening was spent at cards and as usual the ladies served a nice lunch. Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Alex. Livingston, Walter Frelan, Gus Hedburg, Frank Fols, Jack McRae, Mesdames Walter Gorham, Roy Hale, William Wallace, C. A. Shults, Horace Mitchell, Lynde, Miss Angie Walrad and Mrs. Anderson.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

R. B. Hammond left for San Francisco yesterday to take in the sights.

Darrel Minkler and Ruth Turner went down to Dunsuir, Cal., Tuesday to join Darrell's mother, Mrs. Nell Minkler.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Andrews and daughter of Heppner, came to Ashland recently to be the guests of Mrs. Andrews' sister, Mrs. W. W. Wright.

Prof. Joy and family of Bellview were interviewing our merchants last Thursday.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Miss Madge Eubanks gave a cute little party Saturday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Eubanks. Madge was 4 years old on this day and invited about 30 little tots to her home to celebrate the event. The little guests were: Marie Rice, Bertha Eliason, Grace Atkins, Norma Minkler, Harden Hicks, Phil Smith, Eddie Smith, Angie Walrad, Lloyd Goodyear, Bertha Helman, Alma Helman, Ella Layman, Manley Brower, Coña Latigan, Gertrude Hicks, Edith Strange, Nisa Wilson, Phil Hildreth, Kenneth Norris, Eric Atkins, Bessie Millsap, Lottie Beswick, Clara Rhodes, Margaret Winter, Phil Rose and Jessie Wood.

"I see the water, too—over the roof I can see all this and the end of the street—and I think of the days when you will go sailing and canoeing and will exclaim over the silver that the paddle of the canoe pushes aside as it moves through the dark water.

"And I hear the voices of children at play down below in the street and I like to close my eyes and think of the voices of three children I know—you will be older then and you will be playing, too, and I can imagine what your voices will be even though so far I have not heard it.

"A very big welcome to you, dear little Miss Wiswell. I'm certainly more than glad to hear you are here!

(From a Great Friend.) (© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)



She Liked the Letter.

suppose they couldn't both do it I might not have heard for ages and ages.

"Well, I don't know just what news to tell you as I don't know just what your interests are. I might tell you about all the fat and sweet and good creatures I know but I don't believe they are anything like as nice as you are, for I never felt like eating any of them up.

"Or I might tell you what I see from my window, and then you can let me know what you see from your crib and if you think your mother isn't very beautiful and your father very clever and your brother John quite perfect and your little brother adorable.

"From my window I see roofs of houses, but above these houses, even though they are very tall, there is the sky and it's blue now with little patches of white fleecy clouds and it makes me think of you for I think of your bright face smiling forth from all the white fluffy pretty things that are about you.

"And then I see the hills in the distance and they make me think of you, too—times when you will be older and will go off into the beautiful woods that are near where you live, and you will see what a companionable person is Nature.

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READ TIDINGS CLASS ADS

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." I. Timothy 6:17.

How rich we find the life of the Apostle Paul, who put his trust in God and not in material things.