child! How often have I told your Wait until I get home."
"I want to get things done," replied Lydia, "so's I can do a little

'Twill save me the stairs. And the garden'il be fine," she said, failing to call attention to the fact that the water was far from the house and that there was no kitchen sink.

"We've got to try to keep this place cleaner than we did the other," said Amos. "Lydis, better wash up for supper."
"Oh, daddy, said Lydis, "I'm too

"All right," answered Amos, "but your mother was always clean and so am I. I don't see where you

a garbage man," suggested Lydia, sliding into her place at the table. She allowed Lizzle to carry Patience into their bedroom after sup-

"She ain't come out yet. Maybe she's fell asleep, too."

The two tip-toed to the window. On the bed under the covers was little Patience, fast asleep, and beside her on top of the covers fully.

side her, on top of the covers, fully dressed, lay Lydia, an arm across

her little sister, in the sleep of ut

"I'll just take her shoes off and

cover her and leave her till morn-

But Amos, gazing at his two ill-kempt little daughters, at the cha-

otic room, did not answer except to

murmur to himself, "Oh, Patience!

The cottage was somewhat iso-lated. Amos was three-quarters of

a mile from his work. The school-

house was a mile away and the nearest trolley, which Lizzle must take to do the family shopping.

was half a mile back along the dirt

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 bramble-grown acres he intended

to turn into a garden in the spring.

He could not afford to have it plowed so he spaded it all himself, during the wonderful bright fall Sabbaths. Nor was this a hard-

ship for Amos. Only the farm bred

can realize the reminiscent joy he

which gave up the smell that is more deeply familiar to man than

any other in the range of human

A dairy farmer named Norton, up

the road, gave him manure in ex

change 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 tramps to and from

school, lunch box and school bag

slung at her back, in a sort of ec-stasy. She was inherently a child

of the woods and fields. Their beauty thrilled her while it tranquillized her. Some of the weight of worry and responsibility that she had carried since her baby sister of two weeks had been tweed.

ter of two weeks had been turned over to her care left har.

(Continued Tomorrow)

READ TIDINGS CLASS ADS

took in wrestling with the

ter exhaustion

Patience!

experience.

ing," said Lizzie.

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PACE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

C. J. READ, Managing Editor

W. H. PERKINS, News Editor

PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

SHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

ed at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matte

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, believes the editor of the Medford Mail Tribune. That seems to be the sensible way of looking at the matter.

In the heat of the campaign numerous false arguments are advanced and undue emphasis is often placed on various statements that have little or nothing to do with the real decisions to be made by the voters on November 2. The real issue, as the Mail Tribune editor sees it, and he is dead right, is whether the voters of Oregon want a republican senator at Washington or a democratic senator.

Neither the congress nor the president can accomplish much without the support of the other. More effective national progress will be made when both are of the same party faith. There is at present a republican congress working with a republican president but the margin in the senate is slight and election of a democrat or two may turn the scale and give the senate to the democrats.

The issue comes down to whether the people of Oregon want to back up and support President Coolidge and his policies or whether they do not. If they do, they will vote for Steiwer, nominee of the president's party for senator, and if they do not, they will vote for Haney because a vote for Haney will be a vote of repudiation of the president. That is what the campaign is all about.

FIRST AND LAST

Under the Housewive'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. It would be risky enough, even if some of the sagacious business and industrial citizenship of Oregon were behind it. which is not the situation.

The payment of all financial burdens would be guaranteed by the taxpayers, with no assurance of capable management or prudence in administration. In case of failure through mismanagement, inexperience or other causes, the loss would not be to the promoters of the change in our constitution, but to the taxpayer, Farmers are being urged to vote for this sweeping alteration of our Constitution, but they would be the first to feel the burden of added taxes and last to experience any benefits from the scheme if it were attempted.

Last to be placed on the ballot, but first in importance, it appears at the tail-end of the voters' pamphlet. Unfortunately not all of those who vote are aware of the risk involved and have not given the amendment the consideration it should have. It it important because of the dangerous provisions, its menace to the financial stability of the state.

Every voter owes it to himself and hsi property interests to carfully scrutinize this Constitutional change. Every laboring man whose job depends on established industry should avoid being led into the . mistake of voting for it. The promises of the politically ambitious circle engineering the scheme fall as flat as the gold-bricks they resemble. The amendment should be read to learn its unlimited, sweeping bestowal of privileges on a political board of inexperienced men and women. The wise voter will take care to vote against this amendment.

FATALITIES ON RAILROAD CROSSINGS

The frequency with which automobile drivers are forfeiting their lives at railroad crossings should cause the country to pause a moment and wonder.

Hardly a day passes but the newspapers contain an account of people being killed on these crossings. Near Woodland, Cal., no less than nine people lost their lives when a bus and a train met on the railroad crossing. Near Denver the lives of six persons were forfeited in a similar manner.

What right have automobile drivers on railroad crossings! Why is it that automobile drivers will dispute the right of way of a train traveling on its own tracks set in the right of way of its owners?

The automobile is not limited to a single track. It can be driven in any direction at any time. This is not possible for a railroad train. It must travel over the track that is laid for it.

When auto drivers learn they cannot dispute the right of way of railroads, and that they must see to it . that the track ahead of them that they are about to cross is clear, we will have less fatalities at railroad and highway intersections.

The automobile has hard pressed the railroads in more ways than one, but they must concede to them the right of way over their own tracks. That seems to be something autoists have so far failed to learn.

By Williams Kiddies' Evening



Isn't It Odd?

AMIENS, France - After taking home a quantity of silverware stelen 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.

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

Below are a few of the

anglers from Bellview who

tried their luck Sunday: Guy

Randles, Kate Coader, Gates

King, Martin Cusic, George

King, Ivan Farmer and Wil-

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 spept at cards and as

usual the ladies served a

nice lunch. Those present

were Messrs. and Mesdames

Afex. Livingston, Walter

Frulan, Gus Hedburg, Frank

Folts, Jack McRae, Mesdames

Walter Gorham, Roy Hale,

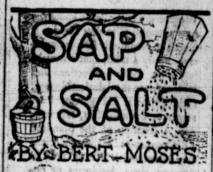
William Wallace, C. A.

Shults, Horace Mitchell,

Lynde, Miss Angle Walrad

and Mrs. Anderson.

bur Beagle.



Most things considered "ethical" are contrary to human nature.

Visitors form their opinion of 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 "kersock" 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.

Hez Heck says: "I take off my hat to the feller who says nothin' when he don't know and little when he does."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

R. B. Hammond left for

San Francisco yesterday to

Darrel Minkler and Ruth

Turner went down to Duns-

muir, Cal., Tuesday to join

Darrell's mother, Mrs. Nell

Mr. and Mrs. A. Andrews

and daughter of Heppner,

came to Ashland recently to

be the guests of Mrs. An-

drews' sister, Mrs. W. W.

Prof. Joy and family of

Bellview were interviewing

our marchants last Thurs-

take in the sights.

Minkler.

Wright.

(Portland Telegram)

Many readers will be sur prised to learn that Oregon state 50 or 60 cars of walnuts. It has been but a few nut production dustry of commercial importance in this state. A few isolated trees were grow farm and garden, more for novelty than with any hope bore were counted only as the family larder.

(Hood River Glacier)

What Others Sav

this year will ship from the years comparatively, since was first taken seriously as an inof profit, and any nuts they an unearned increment" for

Theres enticement about adventure into some canyonside 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, vieing 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.

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,

Cora Latigan, Gertrude

Hicks, Edith Strange, Nina

Wilson, Phil Hildreth, Ken-

neth Norris, Eric Atkins,

Bessie Millsap, Lottie Bes-

wick, Clara Rhodes, Mar-

maret Winter, Phil Rose and

Jessie Wood.

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 plenty of these.

Well, one day she received a letter and the letter was written by a great, great friend of her mother's.

eem much nicer.
And as she was fat and good si

This was it: "Dear Miss Wiswell—You see. don't know your first name and so I can't use it in my writing you. I know that if you had a first name you would not object to my calling you by it, for though I don't feel old at all.

not mind my calling you by your first name as I hear that you are so sweet that your mother says she could just eat you up.

Now, any child who is so sweet that she gives a mother the im-

that she gives a mother the im-pression that she really could be eaten up is a pretty good-natured one and wouldn't object to the mere little fact that some one she has not seen as yet is calling her by her first name.

"I hear, too, that you are fat and good. And it seems as though by the time your mother had finished a very lovely little note she wrote me on a piece of pink paper (that was because you were a girl and your mother always does the cor-rect faing) that she couldn't pay attention to anything but you. For noticed that your father ad-

ressed the envelope.
"That made me so "That made me so relieved to think that both your father and your mother could write, as just



She Liked the Letter.

uppose they couldn't both do it I night not have heard for ages and

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

"Or I might tell you what I see rom 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 ther John quite perfect and your little brother adorable.

"From my window I see roofs 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 you for I think of your bright face smiling forth from all the white fluffy preity things that are about

"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.

"I see the water, too—over the roofs 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.

through the dark water,

"And I hear the voices of children at play down below in the street and I like to close my excand 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 voice 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."
(2. 1936, Western Newspaper Union.)

Headlines that tell the story: "I am innocent," cries city treas-

(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

Dudley, makes up his mind to go into politics.

CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patience and a companion, Kent Moulton, playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her food. Margery, small daughter of Dave Marshall, the town's banker, joins them. In their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out, unburt but frightened, and taken home by Lydia and Kent. Her father calls on Amos to complain, blaming Lydia for the mishap.

(Now go on with the story)

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 squirmed.

"Well, Margery's taught now,"
she said hastlly, "so I don't have
to be punished any more, do I?"

Marshall scowled slightly, "What Margery to play with you?"

tience into their bedroom after sup-per and Amos, smoking in the yard and planning the garden for next year, waited in vain to hear "Beu-lah Land" and "Wreathe me no gaudy chaplet" float to him from the open window.

"Where's Lydia, Lizzie?" he asked as the old lady came out to empty the dishwater.

"She ain't come out yet. Maybe "Oh, sure, she can play, if she wants to, but I mean I don't have to go get her and bring her into our

think it would be nice of you to sort of keep an eye on her and get her dirty once in a while. There! Run home, child, you're shivering."

The most important result, as far as Lydia was interested, of the talk between her father and Levine that night was that Amos decided defi-nitely to move the following week. Lydia did not see the new home until she rode out with the first drayload 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 a mile from the old home. They drove along the maple-shaded street for the first half of the distance, turned into a dirt road that led toward the lake shore. The dirt road emerged on the shore a half mile above the Willows and wound along a high embankment, crowned

with oaks. An old-fashloned white cottage, with green blinds and a tiny front porch, stood beside the road, its back to the lake. There were five acres or so of ground around the house, set off by a white picket fence. At the gate a pine tree stood. There were oaks and lilac bushes in the front yard. Through the leaves, Lydia saw the blue of the

"Our yard runs right down to the water?" she cried, as the driver lifted the baby down and she fol-lowed after. "Gee! I'm glad we

moved!"
Lydia looked along the road, where an occasional house was to

"I hope kids live in those houses," she said, "but if they don't, baby and the fake are company enough for me, and Kent can come out on his wheel." She ran through the little house

eagerly. It was full of windows and being all on one floor, gave a fine effect of spaciousness. It was an old house but in excellent re-pair, as was all John Levine's prop-

Lizzie arrived on the third and final load. She brought with her a lunch that they shared with the driver. He good-naturedly set up the kitchen stove and the three beds for them and departed with the hope that they would not be too

Lydia and old Lizzie put in an afternoon of gigantic effort. By

afternoon of gigantic effort. By six o'clock, the beds were made, dishes unpacked and in the china closet, the table was set for supper and an Irish stew of Lydia's make was simmering on the stove.

When Amos came up the path at a half after six, his dinner pall in his hand, he found Lydia flat on her back on the little front porch. Her curly head was wet with perspiration; face, hands and blouse were black. The baby sat beside her, trying to get Florence Dombey to sleep.

bey to sleep.
"Web," said Amos, looking down
on his family, "how do you like
it, Lydia?" "It's great! My back's broken

"Charge them that are rich

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

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." I. Timothy othy 6:17.

material things.