

# 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 By Williams

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### SUPPORT THE CHAMBER

There is real food for thought in the invitation publicly extended yesterday by President Carson of the Chamber of Commerce, asking all Ashland residents, regardless of whether or not they are members, to attend the weekly forum luncheons.

The chamber of commerce is the clearing house for the entire community. It is striving to be of service to Ashland as a municipality and to every citizen of Ashland.

Attendance at these forum luncheons will tend to keep you in touch with the activities of the chamber as well as civic activities generally.

Get the habit of attending these luncheons. You'll get a better understanding of the city's problems and you'll get a lot better acquainted with your friends and business acquaintances.

### THIS IS COOPERATION

Those Ashland merchants who have agreed to close their places of business somewhat earlier tomorrow night are displaying real cooperation toward the Southern Oregon state normal school. They are proving by deed and action that the interests of the new normal school are their interests, and that they meant just what they said two years ago when they promised their full support to this new state institution.

The normal school is sponsoring a high grade entertainment in its new auditorium tomorrow night, Saturday night at best is not a good show night in a town of the size of Ashland. For that reason ticket sales have not been what they should be.

But these merchants are closing their stores early enough to permit their clerks to attend the Moroni Olsen play, and by their early closing, are urging shoppers to complete their purchases and if possible attend this worth while performance.

Such cooperation is typical of Ashland. It is the sort of spirit that is going to cement the friendship and helpful cooperation between the normal school and the people of Ashland.

### LITHIA WATER

The chamber of commerce is taking a marked step forward in its proposal to give further publicity to its mineral water and other health-giving waters of this section. More than a decade ago analyses were made of the Lithia water of Ashland and it was found comparable to some of the most famous mineral waters of Europe.

It is our belief that a publicity campaign featuring the Lithia water will be productive of a vast amount of real good. It will mean an investment upon which the people can realize profits in actual dollars and cents.

The first step in promoting the value of this water can and should be taken by the voters next month in authorizing the \$15,000 bond issue for building a new mineral water pipe line to Lithia Park. It is inconceivable that the people of Ashland would refuse this expenditure when the very existence of the park's value as a tourist asset depends largely upon its Lithia water supply.

### SAFEGUARDING THE CHILDREN

We are advised by Chief of Police McNabb that his campaign for slow and careful driving within the public school zones is meeting with a splendid spirit of cooperation among motorists generally, and thus far, since the opening of the school year, there has not been the slightest semblance of an accident at the various school intersections.

Autoists at times are prone to forget that they are traveling within the school zones, but the police, without assuming a "hard boiled" attitude, have patrolled the streets during recess and closing hours for the purpose of cautioning drivers. It has not been necessary to make arrests because the motoring public realizes the need for caution and is exercising it daily.

### TRY THE GOLF COURSE

The officers and directors of the Ashland Golf Club deserve commendation for their invitation to the people of Ashland to make use of the temporary greens on this new golf course south of the city. Golf enthusiasts are financing this club with its scenic nine-hole course, but they are permitting its use by the public at large. This is real golf enthusiasm.

A London professor says a mosquito will not bite a moving object. Now we know why that messenger boy is always scratching himself.

Gertrude Ederle thinks a rainy day brings her good luck. Change the platitude to "Fine weather for Gertrude Ederles today."

Headlines that tell the story: His Wife's Aim Too Accurate.



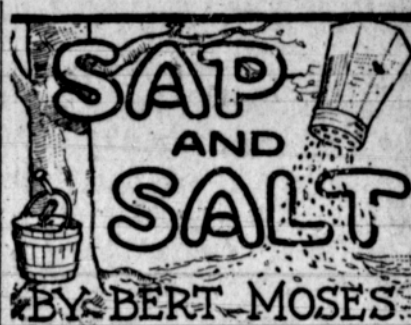
### Isn't It Odd?

LILLE, France—Without fear of political complications, the director of the opera of Lille has arranged for the production on the same evening of M. Clemenceau's opera "The Vell of Happiness," with music by Charles Pons, and M. Herriot's one act opera, "Madame Recamier."

The two have long been political enemies, but music is something else again.

Hickman, Ky.—"Back over the hill from the poorhouse" became the wedding song for Mrs. Mollie Patterson when she married Henry Copeland, a farmer. Copeland met his bride while visiting at the county poor farm.

AKRON, O.—A horde of fleas which invaded the Central high school, here, annoyed pupils and teachers so much that school had to be postponed to permit a war of extermination on the insects. The pests were believed to have been brought to the school by pigeons which nest in the belfry.



A failure is easier to understand than a success.

For everyone falling in love, there is another falling out.

Defects in the brakes are not so dangerous as defects in the driver.

History mentions more men who died for freedom than men who secured it.

Knowledge will get you nowhere if you don't dilute it with the correct proportion of sense.

What you hear neighbors say of others is what they say of you when you are out of their hearing.

Hez Heck says: "If it wasn't for the ride and the opportunity it offers, few men would go to conventions."

### What Others Say

(Eugene Guard)

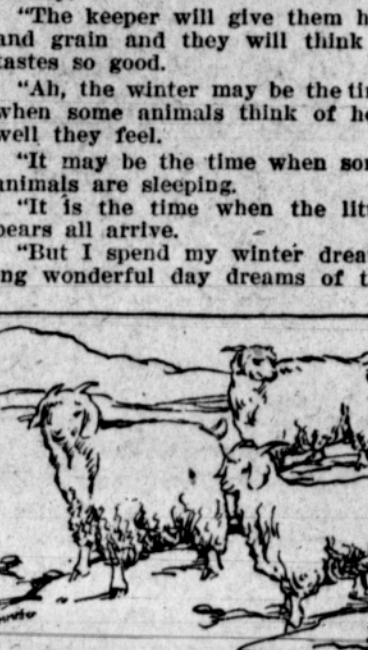
There is submitted by the legislature "The Eastern Oregon Normal School act" having for its purpose the establishment of a normal school in eastern Oregon. By the re-establishment of the Southern Oregon normal school the state has been committed to the policy of carrying in or m a l school facilities nearer the students, by establishing a normal school in each of the general regions of the state. The Monmouth school supplies western Oregon. The Ashland school takes care of Southern Oregon. It is only fair that the next normal school shall go to eastern Oregon.

There are people who advise a negative vote if you do not understand a subject. That is not good advice. If you have no convictions with reference to a certain measure do not vote at all upon the subject. Leave the decision to those who have studied the matter. The value of an election consists in the intelligence used, not in the number of votes cast. (Pendleton East-Oregonian)

### Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

**Mrs. Angora Goat**  
 "In the winter," said Mrs. Angora Goat, "I dream of the spring when the young will come to give us so much joy and pleasure."  
 "All we mother Angora goats will welcome our little ones when the springtime comes, for it is then that they will arrive."  
 "And now that it is cooler weather, I dream and I think and I plan for those days to come when we will all have young angora goats playing around us, cheering us by their games and their playfulness and making us so proud of their beauty."  
 "The keeper will give them hay and grain and they will think it tastes so good."  
 "Ah, the winter may be the time when some animals think of how well they feel."  
 "It may be the time when some animals are sleeping."  
 "It is the time when the little bears all arrive."  
 "But I spend my winter dreaming wonderful day dreams of the



Young Angora Goats.

spring and of all the young leaves coming out on the trees as they did last spring.  
 "I think of the flowers bursting into bloom as they did last spring, and as they all do every spring."  
 "But, best of all the children will come, the angora goat children, and what would the world be like without children?"  
 "Mother Angora Goat shivered at the very thought."  
 "But there will always be children," said Mother Angora Goat.  
 "Yes, there will always be children."  
 Then some of the other Mrs. Angora Goats came over and talked to Mother Angora, and they all talked of the children and the springtime and of how nicely the keeper took care of them.  
 They talked of the cold weather which they had been having—really quite cold for this time of the year—just as all in the zoo had been having, but they always went back to the one subject of talk—the springtime—when the little angora goats would come to prance and jump and play and scamper over the rocks and little hills in their zoo home.  
 And Mrs. Angora Goat made up a Zoology Lullaby which she sent to the Zoology society.

This was the Zoology Lullaby sent by Mrs. Angora Goat:  
 My darlings, prance and play,  
 My darlings, yes, be gay!  
 My darlings, jump and scamper,  
 My darlings, romp and play.  
 My darlings, dance and leap,  
 My darlings, never weep,  
 My darlings, frolic all you will,  
 My darlings, dance and leap.  
 My darlings, then you rest,  
 And dream dreams of the best,  
 And gather health and strength,  
 My darlings, then you rest.  
 My darlings, sleep, sleep, sleep,  
 Don't even give a peep,  
 At the noisy world outside,  
 When you sleep, sleep, sleep,  
 (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

ROCK ISLAND, Ill.—Answering a knock of his door, early in the morning, W. S. Mahoney, 75, was greeted by a young girl with a revolver and ordered to strip off his clothes. Then the girl took off her clothes and put on Mahoney's and forced him to watch while she cut off her hair and then fed with a young man who had waited outside. Police identified the girl as 16 year old Beulah Nichols, who had disappeared from her home.

### TURNING THE PAGES BACK

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| ASHLAND<br>10 Years Ago   | ASHLAND<br>20 Years Ago  | ASHLAND<br>30 Years Ago   |
| Mark True and wife visited Central Point the last of the week.  | Conductor George Rose is taking a freight train out of Duns-muir to Red Bluff.   | A. W. Storey and F. M. Drake went down to Portland by last evening's train to attend the I. C. O. F. grand lodge as delegates from Ashland, No. 45.         |
| Mrs. H. O. Purucker and Mrs. Chester Stevensen entertained the E. W. Club at the home of the latter. The affair was in honor of Mrs. H. G. Eanders, Jr. Those present were Mesdames A. W. Boslough, Hal McNair, J. H. McGee, Louis Dodge, Will Dodge, O. A. Paulserud, Roy Walker, W. E. Newcombe, Chas. Christensen, F. D. Dean, Clark Bush and Miss Sunday. | F. S. Engle, for several years a well known dry goods salesman of the firm of Vaupel, Beebe & Kinney, has accepted a position as bookkeeper at the First National Bank, and entered upon his duties today. | Mrs. H. M. Hicks and Miss Elna Hicks came over from the Hicks place nine miles away last evening.   |
| J. M. Wagner was at Klamath Falls during the past week looking after the distribution of Siskiyou Mineral Water which is extensively used in that city.   | Miss Nellie Russell submitted final proof on her homestead located near Barron's, before the county officials at Jacksonville. E. B. Barron and N. Conklin acted as witnesses.                             |   |
| Mr. and Mrs. George Loosley have returned to Ashland after a visit with their son E. K. Loosley at Montague.  | D. High and Geo. McClain went to Yreka Monday noon on business.  | Mrs. W. H. Atkinson and Miss Fanny Fox departed for Watsonville and Monterey, Cal., expecting to spend some time at the latter place before returning home. |



## LYDIA of the Pines

by HONORE WILLISIE

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(Continued From Yesterday)

**THE STORY**  
 CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from the tiny home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, after discussing affairs with Dudley, makes up his mind to go into politics.  
 CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patience and a companion, Kent Moulton, playing in the lake are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her food. Margery, the small daughter of Dave Marshall, the town's banker, joins them in their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out, unhurt but frightened, and taken home by Lydia and Kent. Her father calls Amos a complainer, blaming Lydia for the mishap.

(Now go on with the story)

John Levine came home with Amos one night to supper. Amos felt safe about an unexpected guest on Saturday nights for there was always a pot of baked beans, at the baking of which Lizzie was a master hand, and there were always biscuits. Lydia was expert at making these. She had taken of late to practicing with her mother's old cook book and Amos felt as if he were getting a new lease of gastronomic life.  
 "Well," said Levine, after supper was finished, the baby was asleep and Lydia was established with a copy of "The Water Babies," he had brought her, "I had an interesting trip, this week."  
 "Amos tossed the bag of tobacco to Levine. "Where?"  
 "I put in most of the week on horseback up on the reservation. Amos, the pine land up in there is something to dream of. Why, there's nothing like it left in the Mississippi valley, nor hasn't been for twenty years. Have you ever been up there?"  
 Amos shook his head. "I've just never had time. It's an awful trip. No railroad, twenty-mile drive."  
 Levine nodded. "The Indians are in awful bad shape up there. Agent's in it for what he can get, I guess. Don't know as I blame him. The sooner the Indians are gone the better it'll be for us and all concerned."  
 "What's the matter with 'em?" asked Lydia.  
 "Consumption—some kind of eye disease—starvation—"

The child shivered and her eyes widened.  
 "You'd better go on with the "Water Babies," said John. "Has Tom fallen into the river yet?"  
 "No, he's just seen himself in the mirror," answered Lydia, burying her nose in the delectable tale again.  
 "It's a wonderful story," said Levine, his black eyes reminiscent. "It has some unforgettable verse in it." "Well, as I was saying, Amos, that timber isn't going to stay up there and rot—because, I'm going to get it out of there!"  
 "How?" asked Amos.  
 "Act of congress, maybe. Maybe a railroad will get the permit to go through, eh? There are several ways. We'll die rich, yet, Amos." Amos pulled at his pipe and shook his head. "You will but I won't. It isn't in our blood."  
 "Shucks, Amos. Where's your nerve?"  
 Amos looked at Levine silently for a moment. Then he said huskily:  
 "My nerve is gone with Patience. And if she isn't in heaven, there isn't one, that's all."

Lydia looked up from her story with a quick flash of tragedy in her eyes.  
 "Well," said John, smiling at her gently, "if you don't want to be rich, Amos, Lydia does. I'll give her the cottage here, the first fifty thousand I make off the Indian pine lands."  
 "Mr. Marshall says 'like h-I you'll get some Indian lands,'" mused the child.  
 "Both men exclaimed together, "What?"  
 Lydia was confused but repeated her conversation with Marshall.  
 "So that's the way the wind blows," said Levine.  
 "You don't think for a minute there's a banker in town without one hand on the reservation," said Amos. "Lydia, you're old enough now not to repeat conversations you hear at home. Don't you ever tell anybody the things you hear me and Mr. Levine talk over. Understand?" sharply.  
 "Yes, daddy," murmured Lydia, flushing painfully.  
 "You don't have to jaw the child that way, Amos." Levine's voice was impatient. "Just explain things to her. Why do you want to humiliate her?"

**WHERE'D YOU GET THAT DRESS, MY DEAR? HE ASKED.**  
 comes due in January. By standing Levine off on the rent, I can rake and scrape the interest together. It's hopeless for me even to consider meeting the note. What Marshall will do, I don't know. If I could ever get on my feet—the garden. But on a dollar and a half a day, I swear—"  
 "No Christmas at all?" quavered Lydia. "Won't we even hang up our stockings?"  
 "If you'll be contented just to put a little candy in them. Come, Lydia, you're too big to hang up your stockings, anyhow."  
 Lydia left her father and walked over to the window. She pressed her face against the pane and looked back to the lake. As she looked, the weight on her chest lifted. The trembling in her hands that always came with the mention of money, lessened. The child even as early as this, had the greatest gift that life bestows, the power of deriving solace from sky and hill and sweep of water.  
 "Anyhow," she said to her father, "I've still got something to look forward to. I've got the doll house to give baby, and Mr. Levine always gives me a book for Christmas."  
 "That's a good girl!" Amos gave a relieved sigh, then went on with his brooding over his unlighted pipe.  
 (Continued Tomorrow)

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