

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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The So-Called "Tithing Bill"

It behooves Oregon sportsmen generally and Southern Oregon in particular to take an active interest in the defeat of the so-called "Tithing Bill," the one signed by the Governor and now up for referendum...

While it is understood there are some twenty-four boards in the state that would be affected by this bill becoming a law, the Fish and Game department would probably suffer the most.

It has been said that the taking of ten per cent of the state fish and game funds would cause the closing of at least five fish hatcheries, and probably one game farm.

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Ashland's Support

It was as we predicted, The people of Ashland will support a worthy project when it is sponsored by those who are deserving of support. This was evidenced Saturday night when a well filled auditorium at the Normal school greeted the Marjoni Olsen players.

This is a commendable reputation to have, it will lend encouragement to those who worked so diligently to make Saturday night's affair successful.

A Central Information Bureau

One of the outstanding complaints, heard in Ashland is the lack of a union station or at least a central bureau where travelers can secure information relative to the stages operating through here.

This fact provs to be rather embarrassing, many times to business men who are at a loss to not only give, but obtain information concerning the stages.

While at this time, due entirely to our lack of knowledge, as to the cost of establishing and maintaining a union station, we are not advocating this step, we do believe that sufficient public sentiment should be aroused to see that the stage companies at least collaborate to the extent of establishing a central information bureau.

We believe that if this matter was properly presented to the stage companies there would be little, if any difficulty experienced in getting such a bureau established without delay, and we further believe that the people of Ashland should see that the matter is properly presented to the companies.

French troops are being withdrawn from the Rhineland. About the next thing you'll hear from Europe is another loan.

By Williams



THE VANISHING POINT.

Isn't It Odd?

HOPESTON, Ill.—While the newly organized Illinois horse thief detective association was holding its first meeting in the Methodist church here, automobile bandits stole two of the members' car from in front of the church.

ST. PAUL.—The source of Chicago's beer supply has been located, but it took Andrew J. Volstead to find it. Acting in the role of prohibition investigator the father of the dry law announced today that he had uncovered evidence that beer was being shipped to Chicago from a brewery in Wausau, Ind. The brewery's license will be revoked, Volstead said.

RED BANK, N. J., One of New Jersey's famous hunts has ended with the killing of the Indian leopard which escaped its cage at Twin Brook see in July. After roaming the wilds and living his own life for more than two months the leopard met his doom because he had a penchant for ducks. Willard Irons, who owned the ducks, didn't like the idea of losing them so shot the leopard.



Look! Escaping the things that by right are coming to you.

Bigamy: An act that is both a crime and an expert accomplishment.

Securities: Pieces of paper that are insecure in a majority of cases.

Truth: Something that survives attacks from everything but golfing and fishing.

Civilization: A process that began with a fig leaf and is rapidly growing back to it.

Conversation: A long - drawn noise that contains everything you can think of except facts.

Her Heck says: "Outside o' knowin' too much fer their age, I guess our boys and gals average up pretty fair."

What Others Say

(Salem Capital Journal)

Queen Marie of Rumania who is about to delight the hearts of those Americans who dearly love a lerd and worship at the shrines of royalty by a visit to this erst-while land of the free and home of the brave has good press agent. For two months there has been a daily report of the queen's activities and contemplated actions to arouse public interest so that her journey will be a triumphal tour, which because of the inherent nobility of the nation was assured in advance.

The queen, however, is in the newspaper business, that is she writes and syndicates a daily article in numerous American newspapers, or her press agent does it for her, so the royal visit can be termed as mixing business with pleasure, for it is designed to create a greater market for her product.

Queen Marie is said to be of a literary turn of mind, though her syndicated stuff does not reveal it. In this she copies after her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, who as Carmen Sylvia attained wide repute as author and compiler of folk lore stories.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Waiting Clothes

Melly had been quite ill. She had had the most dreadful cold and she had been so weak and thin that she had had to stay in bed for over a week, and that was unusual. For Melly had hardly ever been known to stay in bed in the daytime.

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It had been rare and seldom that Melly had been in bed for any slight illness for more than a day at a week.

Sometimes she had been in bed but half a day. And now it had been for over a week.

She had felt very ill, too, and weak, and when she had stood up her legs had felt as though they were not hers.

Then her head had felt dizzy when she had tried getting up, and she had felt hot and cold in such a mixed-up way that she had given in and gone back to bed again.

Some of her friends had sent her flowers and fruit and she had read a great deal.

What in the world would a person do without books, Melly had asked herself, with her own answer following quickly upon her own question.

Why a person would be miserable and so lonely, if it weren't for books.

Then Melly began to feel better. She still felt weak, but not nearly so weak as she had.

Then she felt better still and found all sorts of funny things at which to laugh.

She had smiled at things before, but she hadn't really laughed, hardly at all.

And then she was told that the next day she could get up for quite a while and the day following if it was nice and she could go out.

It was now foggy, but she had a feeling that Old Nurse Fog would remove herself and her children before the day-after-the-next came.

Oh, the weather would be all right. And then she noticed her clothes hanging up in the closet just as she had left them over a week before.

They looked quite funny. There hung her very heavy, neat pair of woolen stockings, for the next day had promised to be so cold on the night Melly had taken ill.

She had hung up her warm stockings, thinking she would be wearing them that following morning.

And there hung her little orange-colored flannel dress just as she had left it.

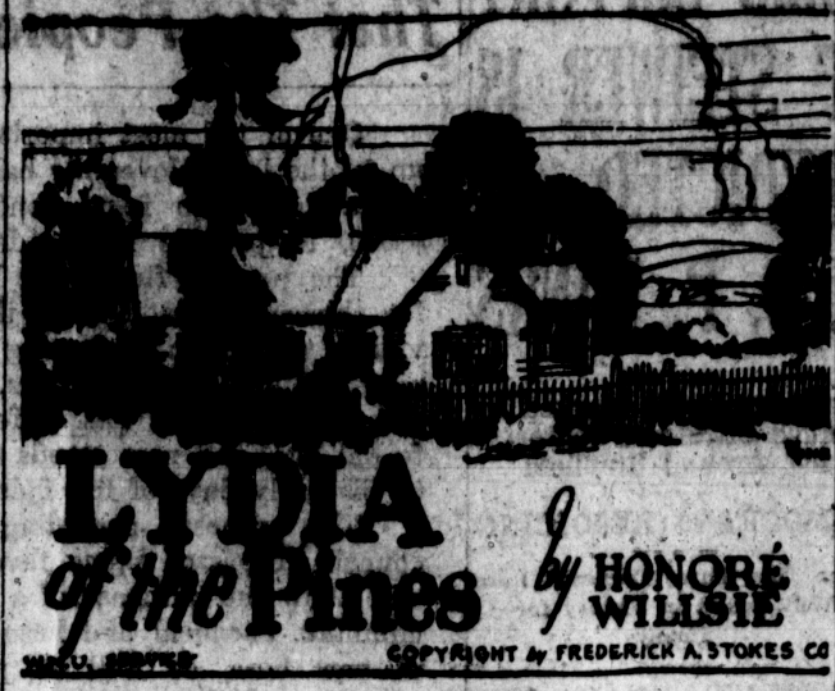
There, too, was her coat, and her muff, and her hat, and her very funny little soft felt hat.

Her shoes were in the closet, side by side, as all good pairs of shoes should be, and even little spots of dirt and mud had grown clean looking in their week of quietness and close-life.

She had quite forgotten all about all her clothes, but here they were all waiting for her. They certainly wouldn't have been useful when she had been ill.

They weren't suitable for an ill person—they were too strong and stiff and healthy and made for outdoor doors, but they would be wonderful again, and almost new to her!

The clothes had waited, very patiently, while Melly had been ill, and would be ready for her the very moment she was well once more.



LYDIA of the Pines by HONORE WILLISIE

(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her impoverished father, Adam Dandy, at Lake City. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Dandy, after discussing affairs with Lydia, makes up his mind to go into politics.

CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patience and a companion, Kent Houston, playing by the lake, are scooped up by an angry crowd of the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her food, Margery, small daughter of Dave Houston, the lake's keeper, joins them. In their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out, but she is very cold.

CHAPTER III.—Lydia explains the accident and asserts that because Margery is considered "stuck" she is not to be allowed to play with Marshall, a popular playmate. Margery is taken to the hospital. Lydia tells Amos her plan to take timber from the Indian reservation and ultimately have it opened for settlement.

(Now go on with the story)

Lydia said to her father, "The one for all his fathers, was a cold," murmured Lydia.

"Where'd you get that and what's the rest of it?" asked Lydia.

"Selected Gama," replied Lydia. "It's a girl's poem. Gosh, I've been happy today! Daddy, you thought we'd have our annual poor Christmas, didn't you? Poor old Daddy! Why, I've just felt all day as if my heart was on tip-tee."

It had indeed been a high day for the child. Patience, she remembered it for years after, as one of her perfect days, because of the heart-breaking days that followed.

For little Patience for the first time in her tiny life was taken ill. For three or four days after Christmas she was feverish and cross with a hoarse cold. When Amos came home the fourth night, he thought she had the croup and sent Lydia patting through the darkness for the dairy farmer's wife, Mrs. Norton, the mother of Billy, was not long in coming to a decision.

"Patience, frightened by her difficult breathing, would let no one but Lydia touch her. Under Mrs. Norton's supervision, she packed the baby in hot water bottles while Lydia heated water and soaked the fires till the story was over.

Amos came back with the doctor about nine o'clock. Patience was in a stupor. The doctor sent Lydia away while he made his examination. The child clenched her fists and walked up and down the living-room, cheeks scarlet, eyes blazing. Suddenly she dropped on her knees by the window and lifted her clasped hands to the stars.

"God! God, up there!" she called. "If You let her die, I'll never pray to You again! Never! I warned You when You let mother die!"

She remained a moment on her knees, staring at the stars while fragments of Sunday school lore flashed through her mind. "Our Father, who art in Heaven," she said. "No, that won't do. Suffer little children to come unto me. Oh, so, no."

The door opened and Lizzie came out, tears running down her cheeks. Lydia flew to her.

"They say I got to tell you. Diphtheritic croup—her lungs is full—no hope."

Lydia struck the kind old hand from her shoulder and dashed out of the house. She ran through the snow to a giant pine by the gate and beat her fists against it for how long she did not know. Pain in her bruised hands and the intense cold finally brought her to her senses. A self-control that was partly inherent and partly the result of too early knowledge of grief came to her rescue. With a long sigh she walked steadily into the house and into the room where the baby sister lay in stupor, breathing gaspingly.

The doctor and Amos were these. Mrs. Norton was now soothing Lizzie in the kitchen, now obeying the doctor's orders. Amos did not stir from his chair by the bed, nor speak a word, all that night. The doctor was in his shirt sleeves, prepared to fight as best he could.

"Go out, Lydia," said Doctor Fullerton, quietly.

"No! I want me," replied the child.

"She's in a stupor and won't miss you, Lydia. She is not suffering at all. Now, I want you to go to bed like a good girl."

"I won't," said Lydia quietly. "Lydia," the doctor went on, as

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