

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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Believe It Or Not

We learn that prospective brides taking a course in home making at an eastern university are advised not to be too neat about their house-keeping. "Neatness has broken up many a home," they were told in the first lesson. Of course, there is probably a word of wisdom in this advice, but it is the kind that needs to be taken conditionally. It is like English grammar in that the exceptions are as important as the rule and the frequency of their occurrence just about equal. It isn't the fact of neatness which gets the American husband's goat, but nagging neatness, and that needs explanation too. The average husband likes to be proud of the little woman's housekeeping and he'll brag of her fussing about the curtains and rugs and the kitchen floor. He even likes to be badgered just enough so that he thinks he is getting away with something when he drops ashes on the rug or tracks in a little mud. He is proud to have her tell company that she doesn't know what he would do if he didn't have her to clean up after him. It makes him feel more masculine and important. But if the little woman's reprimands come too often and too loud, that is something else again. It has been our observation a spotless house-keeper is often a quarrelsome wife. Solomon plainly didn't know what to do about a quarrelsome wife. "Hunt a cyclone cellar," was in effect the best advice he could give. "It is better," said he, "to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry woman." But that advice isn't practicable to twentieth century America. It has been tried with the result that the follower of it generally gets yanked by the scruff of the neck and thrown in jail for wife desertion. A divorce court judge recently gave more practical, if less palatable, advice. "Do what she tell you to do," says the judge. "That's the only way to get along with women." Don't marry until you are your own boss," is the advice of a noted Englishman to the men of the younger generation. What does he mean "until you are your own boss?" Would he have a man achieve independence only to lose it at the altar or does he think that once achieved it becomes a permanent possession like a trophy cup won three times? Moreover, when in thunder is an unmarried man if he isn't his own boss? Certainly he is as near being his own master during bachelorhood as he can ever hope to be. Men have plunged blithely into matrimony with the idea that so simple an operation would make no difference. Many of them are now paying alimony more or less regularly. Those who aren't are those who wisely prefer peace to independence.

The arrival of Queen Marie in America will be a sad day for the average American husband. The Queen, we are told, is bringing a wardrobe that is almost certain to establish many new styles on this continent. New Styles are such a drain on the weekly pay envelope! And in contrast to Queen Marie we have the case of the Queen of the Belgians, who, we are informed, hasn't bobbed her hair as was recently mistakenly rumored. Not that it cuts any ice with the lives and fortunes of womankind generally, but it is interesting to know that in the world of fashion there is one woman at least who is proof against the temptation to go with the crowd.

Twelve master minds pass on a novel now before it is accepted for the movies, a dispatch says. But now and then they get a rash under their arms, of course.

Heigh-ho! The grapes are going east again, more and more baby girls are being born every year and songs still are being published.

All that's keeping us out of the lake these days is the lack of a song whose title might be: "Peaches, Papa's Pining for You."

Friday is unlucky. It usually comes the day before payday when you are broke.

When you dance these days, you must pay the battery man.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAM BONNER
Marry's Violin
Harry, as you can easily guess, was a boy. He was not particularly studious, yet he was very bright and quick, and so always had good luck with his lessons. Harry was not all luck, of course. A good share of it was brightness. He was a fond of playing, any boy could be. In fact he was more fond of it than many, and had so many ideas about games and amusements that he was full of ideas when it came to having good times. He was always ready to share those ideas with others, too. Now, Harry had a friend who was a few years older than he was and who had lately been taking violin lessons. Harry thought it was marvellous to hear the other boy as he began to learn how to play, for the other boy was musical by nature and learned easily. His family were musical, too. Harry's family were not musical in any particular way, but Harry had always loved music. Found as he was of games and play, out-of-doors, canoeing, swimming and tennis, he had sometimes said that he did not believe he could really like anyone who hated music. The thought kept persisting in his head. He, too, wanted to learn how to play the violin. He thought about it for at least two weeks before he spoke. "Then one day he went to his father and said: "Pop, I'd like to learn to play the fiddle. Couldn't I take lessons?" His father was not sure whether Harry really wanted to learn to study the violin, or whether it



LYDIA of the Pines by HONORE WILLISIE

(Continued From Yesterday)
THE STORY
CHAPTER I—With her baby sister, Fatsness, Lydia returns from play to the untidy 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, Fatsness and her companion, Earl Moulton, playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her good-bye, small daughter of Dave Marshall, the town's banker, John Levine, in their play Marry's Violin into the water. She is pulled out, unharmed but frightened, and taken home by Lydia and Kent. Her father calls on Amos to complain, blaming Lydia for the mishap. CHAPTER III—Lydia explains this accident and asserts that because Marry is considered "stuck up" she is not a popular playmate. Marry arranges for Lydia to teach Marry to swim and otherwise become "one of the crowd." Levine tells Amos his plan to take timber from the Indian reservation and ultimately have it opened for settlement. (Now go on with the story)

Tomorrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemple
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19.
The general trend of events for this day is a happy and prosperous one, judging by the friendly position of important planets. Yet the most propitious circumstances may be jeopardized by the tendency to rash and insufficient considered moves or changes or by irritability, misrepresentation or other imprudent actions. Properly manipulated, with speculation and extravagance shunned, there should be many benefits, especially through the removal of old obstructions or through the intervention of friends. Those whose birthday it is may expect a year of much happiness and success if they will determine not to jeopardize their excellent prospects by hasty and ill-advised actions. Changes and travel should be well considered and speculation. A child born on this day will have many splendid opportunities, for which it will be fitted by excellent talents, but it will also have many personal tendencies to regulate and control.

SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES

The biggest need in a cafeteria is traffic cops. Faith, to amount to anything, has got to have long roots. The kiss of innocence is merely contact and an exchange of saliva. A real liar never feels at home until he gets on the witness stand under oath. Happiness is that condition of mind where you have nothing to do and plenty of time to do it. In listening to two women talk it is often impossible to make out the subject of their conversation. Hez Heck says: "No matter how small the town, you kin get into jist as big a jam with a woman as you kin in New York City."

What Others Say

(Baker Herald)
The political news stories in the two leading Portland papers yesterday were very informative. They disclosed just what the two papers hope will happen. (Cottage Grove Sentinel)
The person who eats his vitals out with envy is due for a long attack of bileusness. Some people take pleasure in predicting that all sorts of terrible things are going to happen. A proposed reform is often made possible and popular because of the arguments against it. The fellow who nails a lie and makes it stick is a knocker worth a while. (Cottage Grove Sentinel)
The big issue in the county commissioner fight will be how \$600,000 of O. & C. land grant refund money is to be spent. Why not leave the decision to a taxpayer's meeting after the money is received?



Harry Thought It Was Marvellous.
was just from having heard his friend play with so much natural talent that he thought he could learn easily. But his father thought it would be nice if his son could really play the violin, and perhaps he could. Who would ever know unless he was given a chance to try? And yet he did not want him to waste his time learning something that would be difficult if he really did not show talent. About that his father had doubts. But no one really knew how deeply Harry cared about music. That was because he said very little about what he cared for most and the thoughts and feelings that were the strongest he kept a little bit shy, and very decidedly and quietly, to himself. So he began his lessons. He took them for a week after school was over. It was surprising how he managed to take lessons and practice a little and do his lessons a little and get through all right, and still have plenty of time for play. But he did. And quickly, very quickly, it was only too clear that Harry had a great genius for understanding the violin he was studying. His violin was not an expensive one. But from it Harry brought forth music that expressed so much, it expressed beauty and rhythm and melody and charm and loveliness and sorrow, too. It seemed as though he could do almost anything with his fiddle. And better and better he played all the time, and more and more did he draw forth from his beloved instrument. When he put it up under his chin there was affection for it in the very way he held it. He had far greater talent than his friend. When they played together Harry's violin could always be heard above the other, singing out with so much beauty. Yes, it was really quite wonderful that Harry had thought of getting a violin and of taking lessons, for not only Harry was happier because of it, but everyone who heard him play was thrilled and admiring and delighted. (B. 1938, Western Newspaper Union.)

gingerbread awaiting them. "See if you can get her to eat, Kent," said Lizzie. "Sure, she'll eat," Kent answered her. "Gimme back my hanky, Lyd!" Lizzie gave a keen look at Lydia's tear-stained face and turned back in a moment to find Lydia silently eating what Kent had set before her. Kent ate hugely and talked without cessation. About what Lydia did not know, for the sleep that had been denied her was claiming her. She did not know that she almost buried her head in her second cup of cocoa, nor that Kent helped carry her to the couch behind the living room bannister. "Is she sick? Shall I get the doctor?" he whispered as old Lizzie tucked a shawl over her. "Beck! No! No! She's just dead for sleep. She's neither cried nor eat her decent hour of sleep since it happened. And now, thanks to you, she's done all three. You are a good boy, Kent Moulton." Kent looked suddenly foolish and embarrassed. "Aw—that's nothing," he muttered. "Where's my coat? Maybe I'll come out again tomorrow, if I ain't got anything better to do." All the rest of the winter afternoon, Lydia slept. Amos came home at seven and he and Lizzie ate supper in silence except for the old lady's story of Kent's visit. Lizzie, who had just returned from Amos, looking slowly toward the quiet blond head on the faded brown cushion. "I'm glad she's a child and I'll forget it soon." Lizzie gave Amos a curious glance. "You don't know Lydia, Amos," she said. He did not seem to hear her. He moved his chair toward the stove, put his feet on the fender, lighted his pipe and then sat without moving until a stamping of feet and a heavy rap on the door roused him. Lizzie told John Levine in. "Where's Lydia?" was Levine's first question. Lizzie pointed to the couch, where, undisturbed, Lydia slept on. "Good!" said John. He drew his chair up beside Amos, and the two sat into a long, low-keyed conversation. It must have been nine o'clock when Lydia opened her eyes to hear Amos say fretfully: "I tell you I went to him today as I'll go to no man again. I begged him to renew the note, but he insisted on his duty to the bank wouldn't let him. I told him it would put you in a terrible fix, that you'd gone on the note when you couldn't afford it. He grinned a devil's grin then and said, 'Amos, I know you've got nothing to lose. I'll take it. If you had for the sake of your children—I mean Lydia—I'd hold off. But Levine can fix it up!'" "So I could, ordinarily," said Levine in a troubled voice. "But it just happens that everything I've got on earth is shoe-strung out to hang onto that pine-section of mine up in Bear county. I'm mortgaged up to my eyeballs. Marshall knows it and sees a chance to get hold of the pine, d—a h'm!" Lydia sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Well! Well! young Lydia," cried Levine. "Had a fine sleep, didn't you?" "I'm awful hungry," said the child. "Bless your soul," exclaimed Lizzie. "I'll warn your supper up for you in a minute." Lydia stood with hands outstretched to the base burner, her hair tumbled, her glance traveling from Amos to Levine. "What makes Mr. Marshall act so?" she asked. "Sho," said Levine, "little girls your age don't know anything about such things, do they, Amos? Come here, you shall eat your supper on my lap." "I'm getting too old for laps," said Lydia, coming very willingly nevertheless within the compass of John's long arms. "But I love you next to daddy now, in all the world." John swept her to his knees and put his cheek against hers for a moment, while tears gleamed in his black eyes. "Eat your supper and go to bed, Lydia," said Amos. "Don't be so cross, Amos," protested Levine. "God knows I am not cross to Lydia or people in the world," sighed Amos, "but she worries over money matters just the way her mother did and I wish to finish talking this over with you." "There's nothing more to talk about," Levine's voice was short. "I'll call in the loan, the fat man!" (Continued Tomorrow)

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago
Frank Bass of the Southern Pacific air department has been transferred from Dunsmuir to Ashland and is moving his family to this city.
V. O. N. Smith and J. W. McCoy left today for Portland where they will attend the state bankers convention.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Turner returned from California Thursday, accompanied by their daughter, Ruth.
Newton Harrison has taken an interest in the Ashland Vulcanizing Works, recently established by W. S. Weaver and Ellis Nell. Messrs Weaver and Harrison will conduct the business and have the agency for the Chevrolet car.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago
Miss Myra Homes visited friends at Grants Pass last week.
W. J. Virgin, the merchant miller, has returned from a business trip to Northern California.
Miss Floy McNeill has returned from Portland where she has been taking a course in business training, and has taken a position in the teaching force at the State Normal.
B. W. and N. A. Hayes and their families are new arrivals in Ashland from Grays Harbor, Wash. They came overland from Portland bringing three teams, and expect to locate here if they can find occupation for themselves and teams.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago
Wallace Rogers and H. C. Dolanridge started Saturday morning for Dunsmuir. They go in search for a lost gold mine in the Sacramento river.
E. P. and D. H. Barneburg have moved to the Valley from the Dead Indian ranch for the winter.
Miss Nellie Bolton started Friday evening for Grants Pass to take charge of a school near that place, for the winter.
Walter Conner of the Hotel Oregon and his brother-in-law, E. Travis, a mail conductor, started today for Roseburg to investigate several mail routes in that vicinity.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."
We have His commandments in the New Testament, and they show our love for Him is tested. How do we keep His commandments?

Shortly He Had a Bright Blaze at Her Feet.
Kent was only a boy, but he was mature in spite of his headless rays. Starting at the tragedy in Lydia's ravished little face, a sympathy for her pain as real as it was unwonted swept over him. Suddenly he dropped down beside her on the log and threw his boyish arms about her. "I'm so doggone sorry for you, Lydia," he whispered. Lydia lifted startled eyes to his. Never before had Kent shown her the slightest affection. When she saw the sweetness and sympathy in his brown gaze: "Oh, Kent," she whispered, "why did God let it happen! Why did He?" and she buried her face on his shoulder and began to sob. Softly at first, then with a racking agony of tears. Even a child is wise in the matter of grief. Kent's lips trembled, but he made no attempt to comfort Lydia. He only held her tightly and watched the fire with bright, unseeing eyes. And after what seemed a long, long time, the sobs grew less. Finally, he slipped a pocket handkerchief into Lydia's hand. It was gray with use but of a comforting size. "Wipe your eyes, old lady," he said in a cheerful, matter-of-fact tone. "I've got to put the fire out, so we can start home." Lydia mopped her face and by the time Kent had the fire smothered with snow, she was standing, and-eyed but calm except for dry sobs. Kent picked up one of the sticks he had brought for the fire. "Catch hold," he said; "I'll pull you home." Old Lizzie was watching for them and when they came stamping into the dining room, they found a pitcher of steaming cocoa and a plate of bread and butter with hot