

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

## ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

### Work for Philosophers

Three hundred and fifty philosophers, the cream of the world's minds supposedly, have just recently finished a week's meeting at Harvard university. It was "one of the greatest international gatherings of scholars since the World War," so the news tells us. And what happened? Well, they discussed "The Bearing of the Distinction of Judgments of Value, and Judgments of Existence Upon Logic and Epistemology," for instance.

Besides, they were guests of Henry Ford at Wayside Inn, and they agreed that "the friendliness and spirit of good feeling on the part of all the foreign delegates, and the sincerity and unanimity of their expressions of good will toward the other nations of the world was one of the notable aspects of the gathering."

So reported (no doubt inadequately, for philosophers are still rather generally misunderstood) these great minds of the world seem to have made a noise, when they got together, very much the same as would have been made by a convention of the cloak and suit business.

And at the same time, in the same newspapers, was the confident prediction that millions of people are facing death by starvation in China, just halfway around the small world from Harvard. Not the starvation of sudden calamity, mind you, but the slow and steady kind that creeps on, easily visible in its approach with the help of the economist's glass of figures and statistics. In 1878 thirteen million Chinese starved to death in a similar predicted famine, and in 1920 over a half million.

There is no record that the philosophers discussed that. Yet, to the layman, at least, the systematic starvation of thirteen million men, women and children, the crushing out of their lives by the slow march of the economic forces of the world, in front of our very eyes, is an infinitely more important and pressing philosophical problem than the bearing of the distinction of judgments of value and judgments of existence upon logic and epistemology.

It is a big world, and little understood—yet. And there is ample evidence, in the news from the philosophers' convention and in the news from China, that no matter how overcrowded may be the profession of law and medicine and holy orders, there is still room for a few million more philosophers.

### The Mysterious Americano

H. G. Wells in his latest book, speculates upon the mystery of the Americano. Here is a strange creature about whom the average European has hitherto thought it hardly worth his while to mention but of whose existence he has become painfully and disturbingly conscious since the great war caused such a shifting of balances, such a division of interests and such an upset to the normal progress of the world. Who is this person disclosed by post-war readjustment as the banker-mortgagee of Europe?

The author undertakes to solve the mystery on the ground of a publicity which distorts him to European eyes:

"In Europe a man may have a private life but in America he has a secret life, lit by sudden shouting judgments and flashes of journalists lightning in which you get an impression vivid enough but wrong. Things about him that would be plain here are invisible there, even to himself, and other things come out with a kind of scream all out of proportion by our standards."

Perhaps Mr. Wells is right. And then again, perhaps the English ignorance of the American personality is not at all due to any distortion in its method of expressing itself, but entirely to the smug self-complacent indifference of the Englishman to the Americano.

It is hardly open to argument that for all our provincialism, for all our prejudices, for all our mistaken judgments, America knows vastly more about Europe than Europe knows about America. We have been learning about Europe for many years while Europe has been content to confine her own interests to things which concern her most intimately. This child of Europe has grown up and is now as strange a phenomenon to its parent as the flapper daughter to her old-fashioned father.

Today where our newspapers print columns about European affairs their newspapers print paragraphs about America. Where we go to Europe by the thousands Europe sends us an occasional aristocrat to see America from a Pullman window.



## By Williams

### Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

#### The Plan

When John became eleven his father gave him as a birthday present part ownership in Daniel, the sleigh, the buggy and the open runabout. No birthday present could have delighted John more, for it carried with it so much fun. It meant that now John could take Daniel out by himself.

Ever since he had been a child John had gone out with his father, and he had been allowed to drive all he had wanted. And he was very fond of it.

But he had not gone out alone save for little rides to call for his father when his business day was over down in the town. Or he had gone on errands to the market, or down to see the old fishing couple who lived just this side of Green Bank.

When he was much younger he had gone to them for fish, but now that they were old he went to take them large baskets filled with great bundles of sugar and tea, biscuits and jam. He had often been alone with Daniel. Often and often. But this birthday present was different.

It meant that he could go off on Saturday afternoons, when his father had not already planned a trip with him, with another boy. They could go fishing when the spring came and when the trout streams were filled with pink, silvery trout. They could go, baskets over backs, high rubber boots reaching to their knees, stout coats and sweaters underneath to keep them warm should it rain, camping kit compactly packed, with a dog. John's dog, for good company. A camping trip would be a dog would not be a camping trip. The dog had become too much of a personage to be left at home. And they would take along first-aid to a dog encountered by a porcupine.

Of course they would be careful that he did not get far away from them, for then he was sure to meet a porcupine and have an argument which would leave the dog the less well off of the two, though the porcupine would part with a number of his quills.

They could join other camping trips—and of course John's father would often come, too. John's father could camp as no one else could camp. Others camped well, but his father camped grandly. The fire always went so well from the very start. The steak was cooked to juicy perfection, the potatoes baked just so, the tea hot and refreshing.

And anyone knew that John's father would never, even in the driest season, leave any fire behind him. He always knew just how and where to build a fire. He understood where the fire could creep through cracks and holes in the rocks to other patches where the grass was hard and dry and inflammable. He knew the true oven rocks.

But there was a tribute in being given an actual part ownership in Daniel. It fitted John to the level of manhood.

It was winter when John's birthday occurred and the first opportunity for having his part-ownership in Daniel realized was when Beatrice's mother, who lived in the next street to the top of the hill, sent out invitations for a dinner party.

It was to be given down the road, about eighteen miles through the woods, at a club to which all the fathers belonged, and which they used as a shelter-abode during rainy periods on camping trips.

Sometimes in the winter they opened it for dinners and dances and all the mothers and fathers would drive down early on Saturdays and come home very late in the evening. But this was the first time a daughter had given a party there. Beatrice's mother would be the only adult present. Such was the gorgeous plan.

Ed Sutton and G. M. Grainger started for Coffee Creek and the Trinity mines this morning.

Messrs W. D. Fenton, Richard Coehler, W. T. Bretherton and G. A. Andrews of the S. P. R. R. Co., spent Friday in Jacksonville where they were in consultation with the county board of equalization, seeking an equitable adjustment of railroad taxation.

Mrs. J. E. White and Mrs. M. R. Dunham left last week for a visit with friends down the valley. The former goes to Central Point and the latter to Josephine county.

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Mrs. B. R. Greer and little daughter, Elbert, spent the week end at the country home of Judge George Dunn.

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### LYDIA of the Pines

By HONORE WILLISIE

(Continued From Yesterday)

#### THE STORY

CHAPTER I—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from 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 to the reservation.

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 banker, joins them. In their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out, but is frightened, and taken home by Lydia and Kent. Her father, Amos, is taken to complain, blaming Lydia for the mishap.

CHAPTER III—Lydia explains the accident and asserts that because Margery is considered "stuck by" she is a popular playmate. Marshall arranges for Lydia to teach Margery to swim and otherwise become "one of the crowd." Lydia tells Amos his plan to take timber from the Indian reservation and ultimately have it opened for settlement.

(Now go on with the story)

Lydia slept the long night through. She awoke refreshed and renewed. After first adjusting herself to the awful sense of loss, which is the worst of waking in grief, the recollection of the conversation she had had the night before returned with sickening vividness. After she had wiped the breakfast dishes for Lizzie she stood for a long time at the living room window with Florence Dombey in her arms, staring at the lake. Finally she tucked the doll up comfortably on the couch and announced to Lizzie that she was going skating.

An hour later, Dave Marshall heard his clerk protesting outside his door and a child's voice saying, "But please, just for a minute. He likes me. He truly does." Then the door opened and Lydia, breathless and rosy and threadbare, came into his little private office. She closed the door and stood with her back against the wall, saying, "I'm in quarantine," she said, "so I won't come near you."

"Why, Lydia!" exclaimed Marshall, "where did you come from?" "Home, Mr. Marshall, won't you fix daddy's note if he gives you me?" "Huh!" ejaculated Marshall. "You said last fall," the child went on, her voice quavering but her eyes resolute, "that if daddy ever wanted to sell me, you'd buy me. I think I ought to be worth a thousand dollars. I can do so much work around the house and help you train Margery! I can work hard. You ask John Levine. Marshall's fat face was purple and then pale.

"Does your father know you're here, Lydia?" he asked. She clasped her mittened hands in sudden agitation. "Nobody knows but you," she exclaimed. "Oh! you mustn't tell the man out there my name. I'm in quarantine and I'd be arrested, if the health officer knew."

"I won't tell," said Dave, gently. "Come over here by me, Lydia. Margery is away on a visit, so I'm not afraid for her." Lydia crossed the room. Marshall took the skates from her shoulders and unfastened her coat. "Sit down on that chair and let's talk this over. You know what a note is, do you, Lydia?" "It's money you owe," she said, her blue eyes anxiously fixed on Marshall's face.

He nodded. "Yes. When your mother was sick, your father asked my bank here to lend him a thousand dollars for two years. Now, your father's very poor. He doesn't own anything that's worth a thousand dollars and I knew he could never pay it back. So I told him he must get some one to promise to pay that money for him if he couldn't, at the end of the two years. Understand?" Lydia nodded.

"Well, he got John Levine. Now the two years are up and unless that thousand dollars is paid, the people whose money I take care of in the bank will each lose some of the thousand. See?" Lydia stared at him, struggling to take in the explanation. "I see," she said. "But if you'd pay, those thousand dollars for me, that would fix it all up."

"Why Lydia, do you mean you would leave your father?" "I wouldn't want to," she answered earnestly, "but Lizzie could take care of daddy. He doesn't really need me. There isn't anybody really needs me—needs me—"

"Where's love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." "If God so loved us, how much more ought we to love our neighbors"

She swallowed a sob, then went on. "Mr. Levine just mustn't pay it. He's awful worried. His land's fixed so he'll never get over it. And he's the best friend we have in all the world. He just mustn't pay it. It would kill mother, if she knew. Oh, she hated borrowing so."

Marshall chewed his cigar. "Levine," he growled, "is a long-legged croaker. He's a long-legged croaker. Lydia flew out of her chair and shook her fist in the banker's face. "Don't you dare say that!" she cried. "He's a dear lamb, that's what he is."

Dave's fat jaw dropped. "A dear lamb, that's what he is. A dear lamb, that's what a land shark is—a dear lamb!" He went on chewing his cigar and Lydia returned to her chair. Whether it was the anxious round eyes, above the scarlet cheeks, or the childish lips, whether it was the look that belongs to ravished motherhood and seemed grossly wrong on a child's face, whether it was some thought of his own pampered little daughter, whether it was that curious appeal Lydia always made to men, or a combination of all that moved Marshall, he could not have told. But suddenly he burst forth.

"Good God, I've done hard things in my life, but I can't do this! Lydia, you go home and tell your father I'll renew that note, but he got to pay the interest and 10 per cent of the principal, every year till he's paid it up. Here, I'll write it down. And tell him that I'm not doing it for him or for that skunk of a Levine, but I'm doing it for you. Here, I'll write that down, too."

He folded the bit of paper and put it in an envelope. "Come here," he said, and taking care of him, but I'm buying your friendship with this. You go on living with your father and taking care of him, but I'm buying your friendship for me and Margery—for good and all. He looked out of the window with a curious air of abstraction. Then "Button your coat and run along."

"I haven't thanked you," exclaimed Lydia. "For God's sake! Oh, but thank you, Marshall—I—I—" she began to tremble violently. "Stop!" roared Marshall. "And you tell your father to look out for your nerves. Now skip." And Lydia's trembling stopped and she skipped.

She did not tell Lizzie of her errand and that faithful soul was too glad to see her eat her dinner to think to ask her why she had skated so long. She laid an envelope at her father's plate and when he sat down, silent and abstracted, without heeding the fish, she shook her head at Lizzie who was about to protest.

"Where'd this come from?" he asked, absently opening the envelope. "For God's sake! Lydia—where?" "How?" "It was like this," said Lydia. And she gave a full history of her morning's visit, to her two speechless listeners.

"Amos looked from Lydia to Lizzie, from Lizzie to Lydia. "Lydia—my little daughter—" he faltered. "I won't forget it. Lydia, in spite of little Patience's going, you've taken ten years off me this night. What do you suppose John Levine will say?" "He'll say," replied Lydia, "if you were ten years older, Lydia, and I were ten years younger, and I'll say—then we'd travel."

CHAPTER V  
THE days slipped by, as days will, even though they are grief laden. Slowly and inarticulately for the most part, Lydia struggled to adjust herself to her new loss. She went back to school, after the quarantine was lifted and the familiar routine there helped her. She was a good student and was doing well in the eighth grade.

Florence Dombey was a great comfort to the child. She slept at night with her black head beside Lydia's yellow one. Sometimes she slipped into the middle of the bed and fat Lizzie rolled on her and woke with a groan. Lydia never entered the locked bedroom off the kitchen. Amos, self-absorbed and overworked, asked no questions, but one night in April, John Levine saw Lydia at work on a night dress for Florence Dombey.

(Continued Tomorrow)

### Tomorrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kempfe

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21.

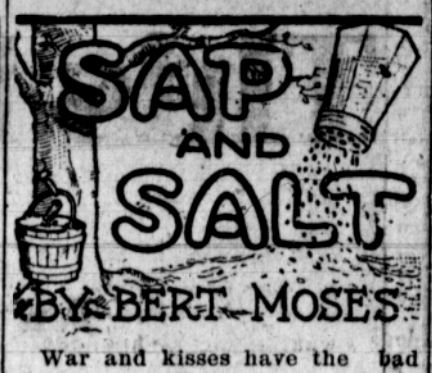
Although there are certain planetary testimonies favoring new projects and important changes yet there are other aspects calling for discretion. This injunction applies particularly to the matter of signing contracts or affixing the signature to negotiable paper. The employment may need protection although benefits may be secured through friendly influences or by secret measures. There is also an augury of removal or travel.

Those whose birthday it is seen to be on the threshold of a year of growth and expansion if they will use precaution in the matter of making contracts or affixing their signatures to notes or securities. Important change and new projects are forecast. A child born on this day may have some unusual talents or proclivities, leaning to independence in thought and action. Careful training in early youth in matters of personal integrity and responsibility are advised.

Mighty few things can keep up their momentum on yesterday's fame. Advertise today!

If you have sense enough to do the right thing without being told, it won't be long before you are elected to the Board of Directors.

Hez Heck says: "I can't say for sure which is the biggest nuisance—fresh paint or fresh people."



War and kisses have the bad habit of leading to more.

Both troubles and babies get bigger as they are nursed.

Bootlegging will soon have to be recognized as an exact science.

Jazz bands occupy the same relation to music as whitewashing does to art.

The oil octopuses are mad at each other, hence a 4-cent cut in the price of gasoline. Autoists are grateful for all favors, but it's too bad they were able to control their wrath until the end of the gadding season.

A Spartan mother, that, who wants her thieving son sent to prison soon "for the good of his soul." Her prescription for the cure of soul sickness is perhaps on a par with the sort of home training the boy has received from her.

### What Others Say

(Corvallis Gazette Times)  
The boy whose parents take his part every time he gets into trouble with the teacher or other authorities, is the same one who brings the parents' heads in sorrow to the grave when he grows up.

(The Dalles Chronicle)  
World's series this morning. Dalles-Jefferson game this afternoon, three dances tonight, Dalles Legion vs. Piedmont tomorrow and two moving pictures shows in town. Who says this isn't a live burg?

(Medford Mail Tribune)  
The oil octopuses are mad at each other, hence a 4-cent cut in the price of gasoline. Autoists are grateful for all favors, but it's too bad they were able to control their wrath until the end of the gadding season.

(Bend Bulletin)  
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## TURNING THE PAGES BACK

### ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

A few neighbors gathered at the home of Mrs. Walter Swing Wednesday afternoon to bid her good-bye. Those present were Mesdames E. Easterly, W. Carpenter, Freeman, E. W. Hogue, and Z. Z. Reynolds and Misses Jean Anderson, Leola Reynolds and Freeman and Forest Reynolds.

Mrs. B. R. Greer and little daughter, Elbert, spent the week end at the country home of Judge George Dunn.

Miss Mildred Hicks has finished her school in the northern end of the state and has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mary Drew, in this city for some days.

Edison Marshall, Medford boy and well known in Ashland, has a story in the current issue of the Saturday Evening Post.

### ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. J. Cal. Eubanks and little daughter, Ruth, came up from their temporary residence at Eubanks, Cal., for a visit of a few days with Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Eubanks of this city, last week.

Peter Frulan went to Thrall, Cal., to accept a position with the Klamath Lake Railroad.

Mrs. George Rose (nee Gladys Sanford) is up from Weed on a visit at her old home.

Mrs. J. J. Murphy, Mrs. J. R. Tozer and Miss Edna Neil went to Grants Pass yesterday to attend the wedding of their relative, Miss Blanche Dean.

Mrs. J. E. White and Mrs. M. R. Dunham left last week for a visit with friends down the valley. The former goes to Central Point and the latter to Josephine county.

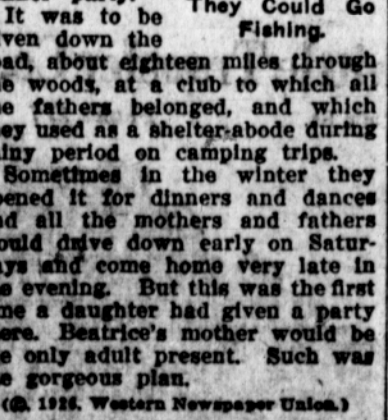
### ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

The Misses Belle and Sadie Anderson returned to town this morning, much benefitted by their short visit in the Willamette valley.

Mrs. G. R. Gallant and Miss Maud Gallant returned from Portland Sunday morning, after a delightful visit.

Ed Sutton and G. M. Grainger started for Coffee Creek and the Trinity mines this morning.

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They Could Go Fishing

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