

to keep the man in jail all winter.

small fraction of your ignorance show at a time. tator" and Jupiter assisting

nonkey with it.

nan of whom Oregon is

ly the prairies seemed to be look-ing up above the level, flat, even earth and to see what was go-

ing on. And there were the mountains,

side Miss Towne. "What you giving us," said Ket.

ut in his

Lydia jumped and turned. The old squaw of two years before stood begging. She was as pitifully thin as ever. As she stared at the ugly old Indian, Lydia's throat tight-ened. She seemied to feel baby Pa-tlence's fingers clinging to hers in fear.

"Want some vegetables?" she asked, motioning toward the gar-

less, trembling old mouth, hideou with wrinkles, then at the gnarled and shaking old hands.

"Haven't you anyone to take care

"Eat!

fear.

we think the father is unduly alarmed about the evil that boys and girls learn in high school. It is regrettably true that a great many things are sometimes learned by the pupil which aren't in the school curriculum. But they are things which are learned as well by boys and girls who don't go to high school. If there is any difference it should be in favor of the high school. The pupil with real intelligence must absord some impressions from his advanced learning of the value to himself of playing the game of life cleanly and decently.

Nevertheless as between the father with his unreasonable fear of the vicious influence of high school and the superintendent with his intolerance of such an attitude the father's position seems to be the more admirable. He at least is willing to let others run the risk he thinks they take without appealing to force to prevent it.

The report that a grandson of the late James J. Hill, railroad magnate, is learning the business by beginning as a section hand at \$2.50 a day, is very commendable for the younger generation of today. But we imagine if the young man was forced to work on the section to make a living he would pass up the task about as quickly as any of our average young men.

Now if there were some means of injecting into the minds of the American people the same brand of enthusiasm over the election that was manifested in the recent world series, the polling places would not be able to handle the crowds at the big nationwide event next month.

It's all right and proper that we should take an interest in others, and not be too self-centered, but if the average individual would be as much concerned with his own future as he is with the past of the new neighbors, what a wonderful success he would be.

Some men inherit fortunes, some get rich by into a risky venture, but the majority acuire independence by the old reliable plan of being industrious, saving and pushing ahead.

A French writer declares that Americans do not o. It does man as if the laugh's on us this time.

82	financially, these	activities		
13	are encouraged.	It	W	ould
E_{j}	be well, however,	to	be	01
	guard against t	reac	her	y or
	fraud. Personal	affe	irs	are
8)	under doubtful			
	tend to the healt		2.63	90
6.0	Those whose 1			1

is may expect a lively and interesting year, with occurrences out of the ordinary possible. These may have an aspect of conspiracy or secret agreement, but manipulated carefully, with an eye to probable fraud or misrepresentation, should result with benefits of a financial nature. Domestic and personal connections should be safeguarded and attention, paid to the health. A child born on this day should succeed in diplomacy, as it will

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

38, spent the week-end with their

Misses Helen Casey, Getrude and Helene Biede spent Saturday

evening visiting and seeing the

Arthur Webber and Delbert

Evans were among the Ashland-

ers who journeyed to Medford

last Thursday evening to see the

Castles in "The Whirl of Life on

Joseph Poley is making exten-

dence property at the corner of

sive improvements to his resi-

the Page Theatre screen.

Third and B street,

parents in Ashland.

sights in Medford.

clever.

Hez Heck says: "When it comes to puttin' anything across I don't know o' nothin' that kin. be pleasant, agreeable, and equal perspiration."

ASHLAND

proprietors of the Kesterling res-

A party consisting of Mrs.

George Engle and Fred and Ger-

trude Engle, C. H. Thomas and

wife, Mrs. Ella Million and Mrs.

Dr. Hedges of Wash., spent yes-

terday at the Barron farm south

Misses Leatha Tyler and Mary Downing returned to Ashland to-

day from Portland, Miss Tyler

taurant near the depot.

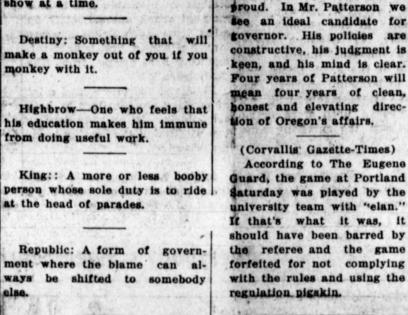
of Ashland.

Dierke of Portland.

20 Years Ago .

of W. R. Eccletield, one of the to Ashland today.

else



And there were the mountains. Miles and miles of them, rocky, snow-capped, wild. Earle saw a moose drinking water from a small lake only a short distance away. After yet another day they ar-rived at the settlement where they were going to spend their holidar. They were in a valley where there were actually more indiane than white people living in these parts. parts.

told. They wore ordinary suits when they came into the wee yillage, though they always did wear gay scarves around their necks and waists, and they wore moceasing, and a feather or two in their hats. But even their hats were ordi-nary hats. Earle would certainly Refusing to pay what you

rejoice when they dressed up in all their war paint and cos-tumes as they would do when they would have a big pow-wow later on. Still, in the owe is not economy under a strist interpretation of the word. TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

possibly for some months.

Every man having a beard

Ashland yesterday.

appear tidy.

has been attending the U. of O. should keep it an even and natur-Medical College and Miss Down- al color, and if it is not so al-

ing has been studying under Prof. | ready use Buckingham's Pye and

Still, in the meantime, it was interesting to get to know them as they were with the changes of time changing their ways, too. They even played hasehall 30 Years Ago

played baseball and got up a Misses Susanne Homes a n d Among the arrivals of the past C. B. Watson and wile went ov-Bessie York, who teach in district week are R. Z. Forguson and er to Eagle Point yesterday They Wore Or team to play dinary Sulta, Thomas Eccleticid from Garnett, where Mr. Watson addressed the Kan., father-in-Jaw respectively McKinley club. They will return against the

shrieked and yelled and the white boys did, too. In fact, you could hardly tell which were Indians and which were white from the way they acted, only when one of the In-dians disapproved of the umpire's decision about one of the points, he wanted to lasso the umpire, which was a little more than the white boys wished. And Earle wrote home to the crowd that he was playing baseball against the son of an Indian chief, who showed his high rank by hav-ing a fingpole outside his hut-though no fing ever waved from its top!

Mike Parker and wife and But ler Walker of Sprague river valley, Klamath county, arrived in

(@ 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

For what is a man profited. if he shall gain the whole worki, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

"Red's my favorite color." "Red's all right." Olga tossed her head, "but that dress! She ought to know better. A five-cent cheese clath would have been better'n disappeared. He always felt near-er to his wife, in the garden. She, too, had been bred on a New Eng-land farm. He always felt as if the fine orderliness of the rows was for her that."

Kent was truly enamored of pret-ty Olga but he looked at her anfor her. Lydia greatly preferred weeding the garden to cleaning the house. Indeed the contrast between the

"You girls make me sick," he grunted and started dodging among fine garden, the well-kept patch of the dancers, across the room to Ly-dia's side. Olga stood pouting. lawn and the disorderly house was startling. One afternoon in August, clad in "What's the matter?" asked Charlie Jackson. her bathing suit, now much too small for her, she was working in the garden, when a voice behind her grunted:

barts. But Earle could hardly believe his eyes when they were pointed out to him at first. They did not wear regular In-dian suits—only when there were special dress-up occasions, he was "Oh, I just said Lydia's dress was a fright and Kent went off Charlie in turn stared at Lydia. Kent in the meantime was grin-

ning at Lydia amiably. "Hello, Lyd! Want to dance?" "I can't. Don't know how," replied Lydia, despondently, "Kasy as anything. Come

I'll teach you." Lydia seized Kent's lapel with

> The squaw nodded eagerly and The squaw nodded eagerly and held up the dirty apron she was wearing. Lydia began slowly to fill it, talking as she worked. "Where do you live?" she asked. The Indian Jerked her gray head toward the north "Big Woods." "But that's twenty miles. It must take you a long time to walk it. Poor thing."

The squaw shrugged her shoul-ders. Lydia stared at the tooth-

I'll teach you." Lydia seized Kent's lapel with ingers that would tremble slightly. "Kent, I dassn't stir. My back breadth don't match and my skirt hangs awful." "Oh, shucks!" replied Kent, an-grily, "you gins are all alike. Red's my favorite conor." "Mine, too," said Charlie Jack-son at her elbow. "What're you two arguing about?" "Her dress," growled Kent. "I don't see anything the matter with it do you?" "Nope, and it's on the pretilest siri in the room, too, eh, Kent? "You bet," returned Kent, bellev-ing, though, that he lied, for Oiga was as pretty as a tea rose. Lydia blushed and gasped. "If you wou't dance, come on over and have some lemonade," suggested Kent. "If I sit in the window, will you bring me a glass?" asked Lydia. "You take her to the window and ril get the lemo, Kent," said Char-lie.

Kent led the way to the window-Kent led the way to the window-seat. "You're a good old sport, Lyd," he said. "Charite'll look out for you. I gotta get back to Olga." He returned to make peace with the pink organdie. She was very lovely and Kent was having his first firtation. Yet before he went to sleep that night the last picture that floated before his eyes was of a thin little figure with worn mit-tens clasped over patched 'knees and a ravished child's face looking into his.

and a ravished childs face looking into his. Charlle Jackson sat out two whole dances with Lydia. Their talk was of Adam and of fishing. Lydia longed to talk about Indians with him but didn't dare. Prompt-ly at teu, Amos appeared at the front door. Lydia's first party was over. Amos and old Lissis were charmed, with Lydia's coscription of it and were sure she had had a wonderful time. But Lydia feit that the dress had made of the party a hideouw failure. She knew now that she

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

and a section and a section of the section of the section of the

of you?" "All sick-boy sick-man sick-sick. All time sick, all time nothing to eat." "But won't some other Indian make you a garden, a little one?" Again the squiw shrugged her shoulders. Her apron was full now. She produced a string from inside her waist and tying the apron up bag-like, she slung it over her shoulder. Then she gave Lydia a keen glance. "Friend," she said, briefly, and turning, she tottered painfully out of the gate. But won't some other Indian

turning, she tottered painfully out of the gate. Followed by Adam, Lydis walked thoughtfully out upon the little pler Amos had built. It was hard to understand how the In-dians with all their rich pine land could be so poor. She resolved to ask her father and Levine about it and turned a somersault into the water. She swam about until tired, then turned over on her back to rest. Lying so a shadow drifted across her face and she raised her head. A gray birch bark canoe floated silently beside her. In it, in a gray bathing suit, sat Charlie. Jackson

(Continued Tomorrow)

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white boys in the settlement. Those were the games when the Indians shricked and yelled and the white

Mrs. Adams and daughter, Miss Minnie Preadmore, left on today's train for Oakland, Cal., to remain