

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

What's Been Your Experience?

A couple of local bachelors were exchanging confidences the other day regarding their respective ideas of the qualifications of an ideal wife. Such discussion is harmless, but it is the outstanding fact concerning love's young dream before marriage that no matter how a man may have determined upon a certain type of girl, no matter what attributes of character and personality he may have decided are essential, some day he may see a girl who bowls over all his convictions, who upsets every standard he has outlined, and whom he marries in defiance of his own better judgment and the advice of friends. The comforting thing is that so many marriages turn out successfully. The emotional complex we call love that generally precedes matrimony is thrilling because of its disregard for all the rules. The qualifications of an ideal wife could be determined with considerable accuracy by any group of intelligent scientists. But no man would be guided a moment by them when the fated pretty pair of eyes, grace on the dance floor, or skill of the skillet, crossed his path. He knows then only that he sees the girl and wants her, and he thinks he will die if she won't have him. So they are married, and if they don't always live happily ever afterward, the chances for such happiness are as good as if he had applied to her a set of ideal rules, tested her for all the noble abstract virtues, or quizzed her concerning all the qualifications that he, in his reasonable but loveless moments, had decided his wife should have.



MORE REINFORCEMENTS.

Speaking of Morals

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" may not be a great book but more than one worthy soul in the light of his own experience has found it true. Neither are the two famous Stevenson characters original, being nothing more than well delineated reproductions of the average human type. Few of us probably ever achieve the extremes attained by the saintly Jekyll or the wicked Hyde, but many go wiggling and wobbling through life inclining first toward lofty sentiments, high emotions and sublime idealism then leaning suddenly and distinctly in the unhappy direction of motives and longings of the baser sort. The wind which stirs the waters beneath life's somewhat leaky vessel is a treacherous one, likely to shift when we least expect it.

Even the serious-minded young Sunday school teacher who hurries away each Sabbath morn to her class of boys is in constant danger of at least thinking "darn it" under sufficient provocation whether or not she yields to the more horrible temptation to say out loud, Mrs. Hyde!

The Jekyll-Hyde combination, however, does not invariably run true to the most generally accepted tradition. There have been men whose very lapses have resulted in the temporary ascendancy of the Jekyll strain. Thus one occasionally sees a gregariously inclined gentleman, plainly shaky on his several legs, yielding to the finest impulses of sweet charity and good will, giving abundantly of his material substance even when most under the influence of what at first glance appear to be Hyde attributes. Next day, with his mental faculties and blood pressure restored to something approaching normal, he will snap at his stenographer, talk meanly over the telephone to his wife and refuse the Salvation Army lassie the little penny she beseeches in behalf of the worthy poor.

As a matter of fact it is rather difficult to determine the thing most likely to elevate a man to the Jekyll class or send him tumbling ingloriously down among the Hydes. Inhibition probably has made as many of the latter as the former, while a proper amount of intellectual and emotional elasticity has been the saving factor in the life of more than one fortunate individual who never is quite a saint or quite a sinner. Extremes are a good thing to shy away from. Good or bad, they are likely to prove embarrassing in the end.

A commercial reporter advises of the fact that last year America spent \$50,000,000 for imported foreign nuts. Now, that's one crop we were sure this country had a surplus supply.

Whether it is cheaper to buy votes in a primary or the delegates to an old-style political convention, is an interesting question of practical politics.

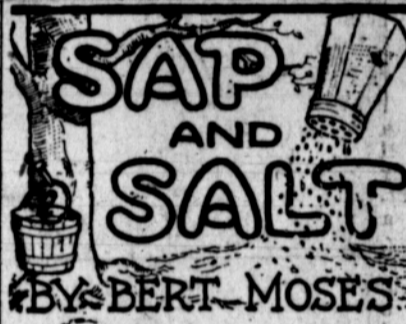
The modern bathing suits of the past season may be fully and simply described as "something that begins nowhere and ends at once."

Isn't It Odd?

ASBURY PARK, N. J., A freak of the 80 mile gale which swept New Jersey Monday was to scoop a sheet of water from Deal lake, carry it 300 feet away and toss it on the roof of the coastguard building. No one was hurt.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., A difference in automobile headlight regulations in Massachusetts and New York has become a bugbear for motorists, especially those from the bay state who are being penalized by the police as they cross the line into Nassau, N. Y. Retaliations by Massachusetts police are threatened.

CHICAGO, — To temper the storm he created in church circles with his recommendation of wines and beers as an aid to longevity, City Health Commissioner Herman Bundesen came out today with the mild advice that fish were a simple but certain preventative for goitres.



Selfishness makes riches, but never happiness. A poet's sole chance for getting money is to marry it. No matter how little we want, we will manage somehow to get along on less. Women, as a rule, have poor judgment, as you can see by looking their husbands over. Marriage has its limitations, and nobody has ever exceeded them without making a mess of it. The kind of momentum that takes you up hill is different from the kind that carries you down. Hez Heck says: "If you are talked about, you are Somebody; if you ain't talked about, you are just a plain snob."

What Others Say

A circuit court has ruled that candidates may have slogans following their names printed on election ballots, and we know of a few candidates who will not measure up to their slogans. —Athens Press.

Hurricanes in the south and earthquakes in California. Stay where you are in the Willamette valley. —Woodburn Independent.

The world is a great hotel and you may always have such accommodations as you are willing to pay for. —Central Oregon Press.

"What the laboring man wants," said the old wheeze, "is more work and less of it." But it took Henry Ford to figure out how to give it to him. —La Grande Observer.

Who said that this is an age of young blood? Just look at such old timers as Walter Johnson, Ty Cobb, Grover Alexander and many others. —Newberg Empire.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Francis Winter who has been seriously ill from tonsillitis is reported to be improving.

Mrs. Mary Wilshire entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Umshier, Mrs. M. M. Long, Mrs. Arthur Hubbard, Mrs. W. M. Wright, Mrs. J. P. Johnson and Miss Pearl Wilshire last Thursday evening.

Benton Bowers left for Portland Friday to attend the Oregon State Tax Conference held Saturday and at which over thirty counties of the state were represented.

Miss Waive Jacobs of Klamath Falls is leading in the contest for queen of the Rose Festival at Portland. Miss Jacobs is well known in Ashland and became very popular with the younger set during a visit as the guest of Mrs. H. G. Enders, Jr., last year.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

G. M. Granger was in Grants Pass the first of the week meeting brother game wardens in convention.

J. H. Cole, wife and six children, from Knowlton, Wis., arrived in Ashland this week, to locate here.

Mrs. A. McCallen returned to Oakland, Cal., yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Mutt and son accompanied her. Mr. Mutt will be back to resume his duties at the First National Bank in a week or more.

T. D. Jackson of Hot Springs, S. D., is among the new residents of Ashland. His son, John Jackson and family preceded him here and were so well pleased with the country that they passed the good news along, and more of the South Dakotans are likely to follow.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Chas. A. Harris of the Western Union office in Ashland, went over to Yreka yesterday where he will have charge of the company's business for a month or more during the absence of the regular operator.

Capt. J. L. May is now on night duty at the S. F. station in Ashland and G. W. Cates performs the duty of freight and baggage agent on the day shift.

Reverend William Clyde will officiate at the morning services at the Presbyterian church, during the absence of the regular pastor, Reverend Mr. Strange, in the east.

Miss Elvira Victor, one of the teachers of the Ashland public schools, has been granted a state life diploma by Bupt. of Public Instruction Irwin.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Daniel and the Snow
John was driving Trotry in the sleigh to the supper party that was being given "way down the road." The other had left earlier in the day, and now, not long after they had started it began to snow furiously.

Daniel, the horse, now partly belonged to John. He seemed to know that John had been given part-ownership in him as a birthday present.

It was such fun to go off quite alone, just Trotry and John and Daniel, the horse.

Trotry loved the snow and the beauty of it as it fell so quickly and so wildly all about her.

But John was worried. He did not want to admit it, but he had been out in more storms and blizzards than Trotry and he seemed to feel when a really bad one was on the way.

There was something about this one that seemed to him to act as though it would be increasingly bad.

"I hope it won't turn into a real blizzard or a gale," he thought to himself.

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her mother. Her father's friend, John Levine, who has just returned from the city, is staying at the home. Lydia's mother, Mrs. Marshall, is very fond of John Levine. Her father, Amos, makes up his mind to go into politics.

CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patience and her mother, Mrs. Marshall, are playing by the lake, are accosted by a man from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her mother's name. The man, Mr. Marshall, is a small, dark, round-faced man, with a friendly smile. Lydia's mother, Mrs. Marshall, is a large, well-dressed woman, with a stern expression. The man, Mr. Marshall, is a small, dark, round-faced man, with a friendly smile.

CHAPTER III.—Lydia explains the accident and asserts that because Margery is considered "stuck up" she is not a popular playmate. Marshall arranges for Lydia to teach Margery 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.

CHAPTER IV.—Patience succumbs to an attack of diphtheria, leaving Lydia feeling that her trust in God is lost and her small world has collapsed. She finds comfort in the loving kindness of John Levine. Lydia gives a note of Amos, backed by Levine and held by Marshall, is due and cannot be met. The child pleads with Marshall, and for her sake he agrees to know the note.

(Now go on with the story)
"Goodness!" exclaims Lydia. "How in the world you do it so quietly, I don't see. Come on in. It's as warm as soda."

Charlie shot his canoe to the pier and in a moment was floating beside Lydia. "How's that? A deep breath, let yourself sink and a moment or two later came up several yards beyond him. He did not miss her for a moment, then he started for her with a shout. A game of tag followed ending in a wild race to the pier.

"You certainly are a little sunfish in the water," panted Charlie, as they sat with feet dangling off the pier.

"Ought to be, I'm in it enough," returned Lydia. "Charlie, there's a piece of square canvas here today. What's the matter with the Indians? Why don't they work?"

Charlie's mouth twisted in a sneer. "Why don't they work? Why don't the whites give 'em a chance? Dirty thieves, prowling round like a bunch of hounds, eating up our land. Ask that gumshoeing crook of a Levine. Don't ask me."

"Levine's not a crook," shouted Lydia. "He's my friend."

"The sneer left Charlie's face and he laughed. "Your friend is he, little sunfish?"

"Yes," said Lydia, furiously. "He gave me Adam," hugging the dog's ugly, faithful head. He immediately tried to sit in her wet lap. "And he's done as much for me as my own father."

"He's your friend," said the Indian gently. "I won't speak against him to you again."

Lydia instantly was mollified. Charlie was so old and so young! He was so different from Kent that staring into his deep black eyes, Lydia suddenly felt his alien race.

"I must go in and dress," she said. "It's time to get supper."

Charlie nodded and untied his canoe. "Daddy," Lydia said that night at supper, "why should Mr. Marshall and Charlie Jackson both say Mr. Levine is a crook?"

Amos ate a piece of bread meditatively before replying. "Any man that goes into politics in this country leaves his reputation behind him. You and I'll never have a better friend than John Levine."

Lydia nodded. She was only a child, after all, and still retained implicit faith in the opinion of those she loved. She went back to school that fall full of interest and importance. She was a sophomore now and very proud of the fact that she knew the ropes. Her arrangement with Billy held for his second-year books. With much pinching of the grocery money, Lizzie had achieved two new galatea sailor suits and so while she felt infinitely superior to the elaborately gowned young misses of her grade, Lydia was not unhappy.

She planned a real feast for Thanksgiving. She negotiated with Billy Norton for the exchange of two pounds of fudge for a brace of wild duck. The Saturday before Thanksgiving, she gave the house its usual "lick and promise" and then started out with her skates to enjoy the first ice of the season. There was a glorious morning. She had no snow and the lake had frozen crystal clear. The air was breathless. As she skated she chanted, to improvised tunes, bits of verse.



LYDIA of the Pines by HONORE WILLISIE

(Continued From Yesterday)

She hunted through Scottish mountains and moors, she whirled from Ghent to Aix and still high-hearted and in the land of visions, took off her skates and entered the house. She banged the door, then stood for a moment staring at Elvira and Margery were seated before the living room stove, while old Lizzie sat on one edge of Amos' armchair eyeing the two billigently.

Margery was wearing a new fur coat. Her beautiful black eyes looked out from under a saucy fur-trimmed hat with a scarlet quill on the side. Elvira wore black broadcloth with fox collar and muff. Lydia, in a remodeled coat of her mother's, and her old tam and hooded mittens, recovered from her surprise quickly.

"Hello!" she said. "When did you come? This is the first time you've ever been in our house, Mrs. Marshall, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Elvira, "and with a glance at Lizzie I know it had been here when Mr. Marshall hadn't made me."

"Oh, mamma," protested Margery. "I wanted to come."

"You hush up, Margery! What I came for is that Lydia Marshall would like to have the honor of coming to our house for Thanksgiving dinner."

Lydia suddenly giggled. "Don't worry, Mrs. Marshall, we can't come. We're going to have company ourselves for Thanksgiving."

Elvira gave a huge sigh of relief. "Well, that's too bad. I was sure we were going to have a grand dinner, too."

"So are we," retorted Lydia. "How's Florence Dombey?"

"asked Margery. "Mamma, can't I stay and play with Lydia a while?"

"No, she's got to go home and get Lydia, losing her furs and settling back in her chair. It's a real small place, Lizzie, but you can do as little work now, I s'pose it's just as well."

Lydia had produced a pasteboard shoe board, the kind which she gave to Margery. She cuddled Florence Dombey in her arms and gave one ear to Margery's questions as to the names and personalities of the paper dolls, the other to Elvira's comments.

"It's bigger'n anything you ever lived in. Elvira, till Dave sold enough lumber he stole from the government to start a bank."

"Land, Lizzie, don't be so cross," said Elvira. "I suppose you've heard of the Indian agent Levine? He's getting in with that crowd of the Indian agent's such friends with. They say Levine's land hungry enough to marry a squaw. He's so dark, I wouldn't be surprised to have the Indian blood in his veins. Land, that's nothing about Elvira! He's just naturally crooked."

Lydia and Florence Dombey suddenly stood in front of Elvira.

"Don't you say such things about Mr. Levine," Lydia said slowly, cheeks bright, eyes as blue as Florence Dombey's.

"Well!" exclaimed Elvira, beginning to pull her furs up. "I don't seem to be able to please you two with my conversation, so I'll be going. Margery, get up off that dirty floor. I never cared much about Amos' wife, she was too proud, but at least she was clean. She'd turn over in her grave if she knew what this house looked like. Come, Margery, the horse will be cold, standing so long."

Lizzie opened her mouth to speak but Lydia shook her head, and the two stood in silence, watching the departure of the visitors. When the door had closed Lizzie burst forth in an angry tirade, but Lydia only half listened. She looked slowly around the living room, then walked into the dining room and thence into the kitchen. She opened the pantry door and stared at the dust and disorder, the remnants of food, the half-washed dishes.

She came slowly back into the living room. Old Lizzie was replenishing the stove, still muttering to herself. Lydia observed for the first time that her apron was dirty. Thinking it over, she could not recall ever having seen Lizzie with a clean apron. A deep sense of shame suddenly enveloped Lydia.

"Oh, I wish someone had taught me," she groaned. "I wish mother had lived. Everybody has to go and die on me! I suppose Lizzie and dad'll be next. Adam helps to keep the house dirty. There's dog hair everywhere."

(Continued Tomorrow)

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE
"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."
Matt. 5:8.
Impurity always obscures the vision to the lovelier things in life. Happy are they who have a pure heart; they see God in all His glory, and seeing Him, behold the lovelier things of life.