

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Very Welcome

We fear we are going to become real fond of Queen Marie before she gets through with this American visit. We can feel ourselves slipping right now. The queen, you see, is a wheedler, and we never could hold out against wheedlers. "I love America," said Marie before she had even been introduced to the Goddess of Liberty, "and I want you all to love me and take me to your heart."

How are you going to resist an appeal like that? It can't be done. Ordinarily we don't care much for queens except when they come in sets of three. In such cases they demand a certain amount of respect. And if they happen to be reinforced by a good, solid pair you feel inclined to back them right up to the limit of your immediately available resources. But single queens who sit on thrones and wear crown jewels and really believe that heaven has endowed them with a superior quality of blood ordinarily leave us a little cold.

Queen Marie, however, brings such a pleasant smile, such a gift of blarney and such an engaging personality that one is inclined to forget the queen and think of the charming and clever woman who refuses to be hidden behind the title. It is evident from the reasons she assigns for her American visit that Marie has been at considerable pains to learn something of America, which is more than can be said of a good many Europeans coming to pay us a visit. She doesn't know America, but she evidently knows a lot about it.

Before she leaves we trust America will have reciprocated by learning something more about Roumania which to most of us represents chiefly one of the more difficult lessons in geography.

Some Facts About George Washington

Because of recent press notices regarding Mr. Rupert Hughes' biography of one George Washington, this column feels it a duty to point out to its great family of readers just who this gentleman was and the place he occupies in our national history.

Mr. Washington lived during the latter half of the eighteenth century, coming into some prominence between 1776 and 1883. It was like this: The thirteen original colonies had decided to cut loose from the mother country, Great Britain, and to paddle for a while their own canoe. In order to do this a war was necessary. It proved to be quite an extended conflict and, like all well-fought wars, required generals and majors and sergeants and privates and even lieutenants. It also called for a commander-in-chief. It takes a real man to be a commander-in-chief. In this particular war (which has been called the War of American Independence, of the Revolution), the people turned to Washington. We can't take our readers through all the details of the next seven or eight years, but suffice it to say that George Washington came through very well. There were times when nearly everybody else was willing to call it quits and return to British fold, but not George. As a matter of fact, George won the war and we became, theoretically, a free nation.

Later they wanted to crown Mr. Washington King George I, but he was off royalty for life, so they elected him president. He served two terms. The folks insisted on electing him a third time but again he called a democratic halt — and no man has ever been able to get a third term since, though some have looked longingly in that direction. Mr. Washington spent a tranquil period of years in his home down south and finally passed serenely out of the picture. They called him the Father of His Country then. They have called him that ever since.

According to the recent biography referred to above, Mr. Washington did, now and then, take drinks of wine and of whiskey and of rum. He also drank tea. Furthermore, he resorted to profanity on occasions. For instance, he once swore at one of his generals who seemed to be trying to betray his country and throw the war to the British. Mr. Washington, too, is said to have had several love affairs while yet in his 'teens and early twenties. Taken all in all, Mr. Washington was quite human.

If a swelled head makes a man happy he is welcome to it. Anyway it doesn't take much to make some people happy.

It requires courage to look inside your own mind and write down honestly what has been revealed to you.

When wheat sells for a dollar a bushel it does not follow that you classify it as buck-wheat.

Not all the bare limbs visible this fall are on the trees.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

What Others Say

(Baker Herald) Editorial subjects in the Sunday Oregonian were: "An Anniversary in Education," "Creatures of Habit," "Echo of Polar Discovery," "Practical Politics in the League," "Literary Chums of Children," "How Grandmother Dried Corn," and cases you had not noticed it, this is the paper that is accused of being Oregon's political dictator.

(Bend Bulletin) After the Baker episode Senator Stanfield announced that he had become a "militant dry." Now he says that he is for a national referendum on the prohibition question. That is rather a strange position for a militant dry. We wonder just how militantly dry Stanfield is?

(Medford Mail-Tribune) The Queen of Rumania is diffident about visiting Pacific coast, because of the hell-for-efficiency Espesee will not yank the royal party across the continent for \$1 in a special train. Most anybody will give the Espesee \$1.50 for the job, and use the regular trains, and not take everybody they know along as maids and companions.

Progress: Increasing taxes and enlarging the jail.

Kiss: A pastime that is a delight before marriage and a duty afterwards.

Tears: A weapon that widows can use with much better effect than wives.

Reformer: A stupid person who persists in doing the right thing the wrong way.

Merit: Something that gets little recognition until put into the show window and advertised.

Surgeon: A doctor who has discovered that he can make more money with a knife than with a prescription pad.

Hex Heck says: "Some feller sets down so much that they sort o' grow fast to the chair."

Isn't It Odd?

BROOKLYN, Nov. 1.—Motion pictures will be produced Sunday by the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, the radio preacher at his service to stimulate attendance. The offering will be a two-reeler "Forgive Us Our Debts," based on Matthew 18:23-35.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., Nov. 1.—Sweet are the uses of the motion pictures, said Dr. Samuel Reichman, dentist, after a cinema taken when they were living happily together was projected on a screen in the supreme court. The pictures were introduced by Reichman to show that he was not cruel to his wife, a contention which is the base of her separation suit. The court reserved decision.

OSKALOOSA, Ia. —Geo. Sievers, 18 year old pants presser, turned aviator just long enough to get himself nominated for president of the "Sadder But Wiser Club." He stole an airplane, crashed into a fence, wrecking the plane and wrecking his own pressing arm.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

It is reported that Mrs. D. P. Blue and Miss Frances Hamlin will return this summer from Honolulu and will conduct a rooming house in the Foster residence on Laurel street. Mr. Blue is in Ashland at present.

The Rev. P. K. Hammond left Monday evening to attend the annual convention of the diocese of Oregon of the Episcopal church, which meets in Portland this week.

Kenneth Lilly, recent graduate of the Ashland high school, who made quite a splash in Stanford Freshman football circles, is back in Weed, Cal., where his parents are located. He will return to Stanford next fall, a sophomore and eligible for the varsity team.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

C. M. Staples, who has been spending his summer vacation at the home of his father, E. T. Staples, in Ashland, leaves Wednesday for Berkeley to resume his studies at the California State University.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lane, who have been enjoying camp life at Johnson Prairie for the past fortnight have returned home.

Mrs. Dan Walker, and niece, Miss Amy Grubb, left Saturday night for Fall Creek, Siskiyou county where they will spend a week as the guests of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. L. O. McKee returned home the latter part of the week from Klamath Lake.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

George Rose, an employee of the Ashland Woolen Mills, had the misfortune to have his index finger crushed in a carding machine which he was working on Monday. Dr. Parson was called and amputated the injured finger.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor returned to Ashland Tuesday, after a pleasant visit to Portland and San Francisco, California.

W. P. Dodge, the well borer, has his machinery in operation at George Crowson's place, just south of town, and will keep it in this section if other jobs are offered.

Misses Maggie and Nettie Reeser have returned home from the visit to San Jose, California.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Squirrel's Rescue

It was half snowing and half raining, and the fairies were hoping it would get just a little colder. Then it would freeze, and the snowflakes would stick to the trees and make most beautiful crystal and icicles and they would play the castle game. Whenever there were icicles, or pretty ice shapes, the Queen and the fairies would call the other fairies and say:

"Let's play the castle game. It's the very day for it." Then the fairies would come from all around and get in their places for the castle game.

The Queen of the Fairies would pretend that she was to have the castle taken from her. They made believe that the icicles were turrets and towers, back of which was a huge wandering castle in which were prisoners held captive.

The Queen of the Fairies would pretend that she was the new queen of a land whose subjects had been badly treated. And she would begin her reign with no prisoners.

So all the fairies who were her followers helped her to destroy all the turrets and towers of icicles. Then the castle could come down and the prisoners get away without being seen.

Well, they got plenty of snowballs ready first and hit all the icicles with the snowballs. The biggest and strongest icicles which wouldn't come down with just the snowballs they would pull down.

And oh, such fun and laughing as they always do have over this game! The day I'm telling you about it did freeze, and they did commence their game of pulling down the castle.

The playground they chose was in a quarry where there were plenty of icicles attached to the rocks.

But behind an icicle what do you suppose they found? A little gray squirrel had jumped to a rock cliff where he had seen some nuts stowed away. After eating some of the nuts he had evidently felt so tired and sleepy that he had fallen asleep; for he was a very young squirrel.

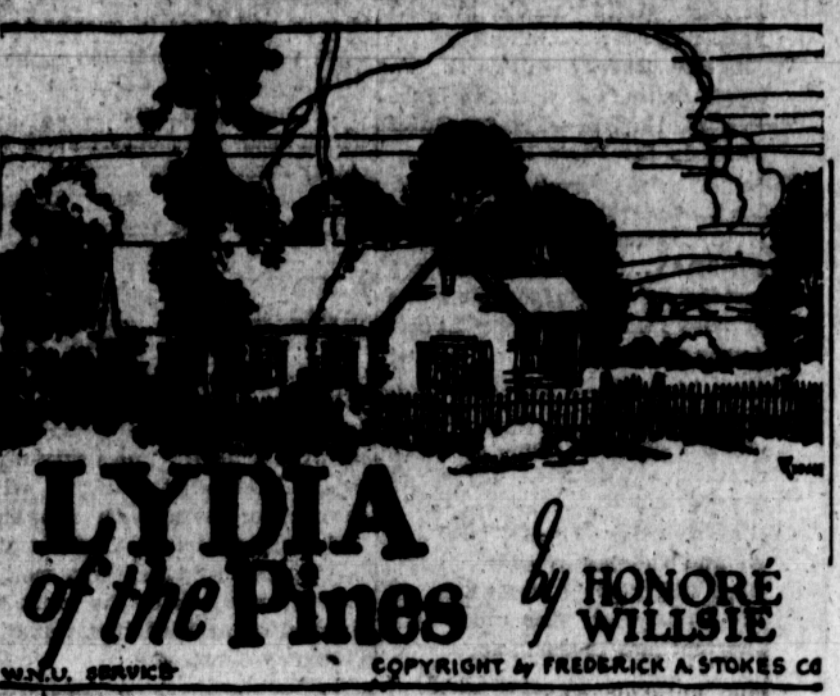
And as he slept it had grown suddenly very much colder and the icicle by the rock on which he was had grown so thick that he couldn't pass it.

So when the icicle was hit by a snowball and still did not fall down one of the fairies went up and pulled it down. You know that fairies have a great deal of strength, even though they are so dainty and light.

You can imagine the joy of the fairies when they found their imaginary game had really become true and that they had rescued a little squirrel.

The squirrel was very cold, but he had kept somewhat warm sleeping, and he soon revived by jumping around. He was so grateful to the fairies for saving his life that he invited them to the squirrel's next nut party.

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(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patricia, 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 Lydia, makes up his mind to go into politics.

CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patricia 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's banker, joins them. In their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out, unhurt 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 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 learns that a note of Amos, backed by Levine and held by Marshall, is due and cannot be paid. Lydia arranges for Marshall, and for her sake he agrees to renew the note.

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 learns that a note of Amos, backed by Levine and held by Marshall, is due and cannot be paid. Lydia arranges for Marshall, and for her sake he agrees to renew the note.

CHAPTER V.—Grieving for the loss of little Patricia, Lydia's health falls. Levine, understanding the situation, gives her a pup, which she names "Patricia." Lydia, reaching the age of fifteen, enters high school, where she at once attracts the attention of a crowd of admirers and general appearance of poverty set her apart from her better-dressed companions.

CHAPTER VI.—Levine is elected sheriff. Lydia, an Indian boy, Charlie Jackson, tells Lydia of numerous wrongs done his people. Lydia defends her friend vigorously, meeting Levine in Lydia's house. Levine, however, begins his campaign for congress.

CHAPTER VII.—Levine is shot by an unseen assassin. Recuperating at the Dudley cottage, he learns the real extent of Lydia's loneliness and her shrewd faithfulness. Lydia and girl enter into a compact to start "school for God" together. Levine recovers, begins his campaign for congress.

It had been a long time since she had known the heavy sinking of the heart that she felt now. She had an utter horror of repeating Marshall's message to her father. Money worry made Amos frantic. In the midst of one of her longest sighs Billy Norton overtook her.

"Hello, Billy," said Lydia, looking up at the young man soberly. Billy was a sophomore in college. "Billy, is there any way a girl like me could earn \$600?" she asked him.

"Golly, not that I know of! Why?" "Oh, I just asked. I wish I was a man." Billy looked at the scarlet cheeks and the blowing yellow curls. "I don't," he said. "What's worrying you, Lydia?" "Nothing," she insisted. Then, anxious to change the subject, she asked, "What're you studying to be, Billy?"

"A farmer. I believe a farmer's the most independent man in the world. And that's what I want to be, independent—call no man boss." "That's me, too, Billy," cried Lydia, pausing at her gate. "That's what real Americans are." Lydia did not tell her father that night of Marshall's threat. He was in such a tranquil mood that she could not bear to upset him. But the next day she gathered her courage together and told him. To her surprise, instead of walking the floor and swearing, he gave a long whistle.

"So it's that serious, is it? I wonder just what he's up to! The old crook! Huh! This will be nuts for John, though. If he doesn't come out this afternoon I'll go look him up this evening." Lydia's jaw dropped. "But, daddy, you don't seem to realize we'll have to pay \$800 the first of January," she urged, her voice still trembling. "For the first time Amos looked at her carefully. 'Why, my dear child, there's nothing to worry about,'" he exclaimed. "Now," his voice softened, "you stop worrying. Levine and I'll take care of this." Lydia looked at her father doubtfully and suddenly he laughed unsteadily and kissed her. "You get more and more like your mother. I don't know what I'd do without you, Lydia, I swear." Levine stole away from his vaci-

(Continued Tomorrow)

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