

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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C. J. READ, Managing Editor

W. H. PERKINS, News Editor

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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Away With Him!

William G. Shepard, after an exhaustive survey of prison conditions throughout the United States, has concluded that life for the average felon behind the "cold, gray walls" of our penal institutions not only is far from something from which men shrink in dread, but, quite on the contrary, is a pretty ideal existence if one isn't too particular about how his family on the outside is faring. The criminal, Mr. Shepard declares, has it comparatively "soft." There are movies for him in the evening, and lectures and concerts. There are athletic events on certain gala afternoons, when the boys may romp in the sunshine, even as the lambs are said to gambol on the lea. The convicts have the best of food, properly prepared and regularly served.

This applies mainly to men convicted of major crimes, such as murder, rape, larceny, banditry, etc. The life led by these gentlemen is not to be confused with the unhappy existence of certain violators of the prohibitory law where farmer boys have been known to suffer through several weeks in a stuffy jail on bread and water for the offense of drunkenness or carrying a pint on the trip.

For instance of how the convicts in our state institutions come to love the old homestead to which they have been sentenced seems to be afforded in Iowa where a convict had to be forcibly ejected because his time was up. He had been sentenced to five years for larceny by embezzlement, but good behavior, alas, had reduced his sentence by more than a year and his time expired Monday. Advised that he was a free man, the convict coolly reminded the officials that he had been sentenced to five years and that he was going to remain where he had been put, despite the cruel leniency of the law. So they threw him out into God's great outdoors. Willy-nilly they threw him out to freedom, though it should break his heart.

How To Get What You Want

And now the American confectionery industry is raising a fund of more than a million dollars for a three-year advertising "campaign" in which the food value of candy will be stressed. The one sure way to America's heart, wise business men have learned, is through the advertising columns of his newspaper. As one industry after another another has discovered this fact, prosperity has settled upon it, and enriched its owners.

"Eat More Canday for Energy" will be the new slogan, which, the candy-makers fondly hope, will rival "Say it With Flowers" and "Eventually Why Not Now!" The psychology of the American philosophers who pen the ads believe, is to yield to iteration and reiteration. For those who can't read, or for the busy folks who have time only to glance at pictures, the appeal is to the eye. So we have lovely girls insinuating the merits of cigarettes, bathing beauties suggesting the beauty of form and grace of performance of automobiles. And for the ambitious folks of the world, those who struggle undauntedly to better themselves, who yearn for more exclusive social prestige, we have the lure of ads containing both pictures and text and that reveal the triumph of the men who read Albert Hubbard's scrap book, and who discuss, as masters, everything from Plato to the federal reserve bank act.

It is all very interesting and thrilling, especially since it has succeeded so well. The appeal of a given ad may miss one reader entirely, and the work of the copy-writer and artists may seem to him flat and without character, but there are hundreds of thousands of other folks who will be entranced, and who will buy and buy and buy. Advertising is the simplest formula the modern age has discovered, to win success.

A legion delegate, who had lost his memory, found out who he was at the recent Philadelphia convention. We thought delegates usually forgot who they were at conventions.

Four Texas rangers have been detailed to clean up the naughty little town of Borger. Three of them were sent along to help in the obsequies, we take it.

Racks were instruments of torture in ancient days. They are closely related to the rake which Willie weilds of a Saturday afternoon while a football game is in progress on the back lot.

The queen is here and everybody's happy, including Mr. Mellon, whose favorite rate, 6 per cent, remains unchanged.

By Williams



THE LAST STAND.

Isn't It Odd?

LONDON, (UP)—To escape the tremendously heavy burden of death-duties the Duke of Devonshire has turned his family estates into a company under the title of Chatsworth Estates, Ltd. He is the seventh duke who has taken this step in the last few years.

By turning his estate into a company a landowner avoids excessive taxation now imposed on large privately owned landed estates, and avoids death duties when he dies.

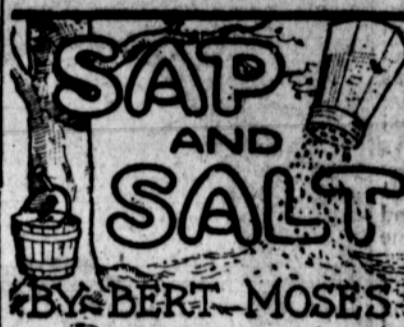
BUENOS AIRES, (UP)—Luis Lopez, 16, an orphaned nephew, bought a tablet of bichloride of mercury with his last thirty centavos and told the druggists that rats bothered him inordinately. He swallowed the tablet whole and this enabled him to survive and tell the police that he had no place to sleep or eat and wanted to commit suicide because he owed another nephew seven pesos. The rain had spoiled the newspapers he hoped to sell in order to redeem his debt.

What Others Say

(Roseburg News-Review) Quite a number of universities throughout the east are discouraging the practice among students of taking "automobiles to school." It is claimed the students who flivver around do not get as high grades as those who use their pedal extremities. We think the disclosure is quite right. Also, that too many automobiles are in evidence on the public school grounds of this and other states.

(Eugene Guard) Economy was a chief pretense of Governor Hartley, of Washington, in his act of discharging Henry Suzzallo from the presidency of the University of Washington. Now the first act of the dean who was installed as acting president is to put in a requisition for sixty-eight new teachers.

(Corvallis Gazette-Times) The Portland police seem to be in doubt as to whether or not a woman could kill herself, crawl into a trunk, pack clothes on top of her dead body, put the tray in on top of the clothes and shut down the lid. They may have some reason for doubting it but we can't think what it is.



Tomorrow is a long time to wait for fun.

Few of us know what we don't want until after we get it.

Big ankles and pimples are woman's greatest protection against sheiks.

When a man "considers an offer," it means he is waiting for you to lower the price.

Just as we catch up with vacation expenses the empty coal bin sets us back again.

Men are often like a porous plaster—they stick tight to ideas that Time has punched full of holes.

Hex Heck says: "Eph Swopa says he can't cut down expenses any more until his son gets big enough so Eph kin wear the boy's old pants."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Miss Josephine Saunders has returned from Reed College at Portland and has taken up her duties as supervisor of the Children's playground.

Attorney G. C. McAllister returned Sunday from a sojourn of about two weeks on his alfalfa ranch of 120 acres in the Williams creek district. He has been engaged in preparing it for irrigation with water from Glade creek.

Mr. E. G. Snyder and daughters Miss Lucille and Nellie, leave tomorrow for their old home in Albany, Ore. They go by automobile. Miss Lucille Barner accompanied them and will be their guest for two or three weeks. Mrs. Snyder and Miss Naomi will follow by train, the latter's health not permitting traveling at present. Mr. and Mrs. Elmore will take the Almond street residence at the Snyders.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Miss Mammie McWilliams, who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. F. G. McWilliams for a month, left Thursday night for Calexico, Cal.

Mrs. J. M. Wilson entertained the members of the Presbyterian church choir at her home Monday evening in honor of Miss Eva Foley who leaves soon to teach school in Bandon, Coos county.

Mrs. P. Dunn who has been making her home with her son, Judge Dunn and family in Jacksonville for the past year is occupying her home in Ashland again. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schaumliffel, who have been occupying it in her absence, taking the Wilson residence on Granite street.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

E. C. Sherman and wife visited Central Point relatives over Sunday.

A. F. Hunt moved his family to Ashland Saturday for the winter and they are living in J. E. Pelton's cottage, near the depot. Mr. Hunt will spend much of his time at the Dead Indian ranch during the winter.

Max Pracht left for Roseburg last evening to attend to some work in the line of his duties as special agent of the land department. Mr. Pracht is recovering from his illness but is compelled to use his crutches yet.

Lowell Roach, who met with an accident on the railroad by which he lost a foot some months ago, has entered the Normal, to take a business course.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Arrival in City

Douglas and Dorothy had just arrived in the city. They had lived in the country where their neighbors were the cows and pigs and chickens, and where the view from their window was of long, long stretches of green fields and tiny brooks and the wandering stream here and there.

Now they were in the city where wonders were no longer wonders, but actual facts; wonderful things that really, really happened. Dorothy was in actual truth, and they were enjoying it. They had thought of this journey for so long that it almost seemed beyond belief that they had actually taken it and that their long-looked-forward-to and promised visit to their beloved Uncle John was at last about to begin.

Here they were in a big station. Uncle John was there to meet them and he had shown them how he had found out all about their train from the booth they called "Information Bureau." He had waited on a bench while upon a big blackboard was written the trains due to arrive and the time at which they would arrive.

They had waited in line with many other people and how excited Douglas and Dorothy were when they caught sight of him. They had been right on time. To think that these trains and tracts never get mixed and are hardly ever late, said Douglas. How thrilled they were at the entrance to the city. They heard of trains arriving and going out all the time. "I can see how people would want to come," said Dorothy, "but not how anyone would want to leave here."

"We shall start our adventures this very day," said Uncle John. "Now we are going in a train with many other people and the tracks right through the ground."

"Ugh," shivered Dorothy. "It will be dark and I'll hate it. Let's have another adventure first."

"No," said Uncle John. "It won't be dark at all. In fact it will be bright enough to read story books while sitting in the cars. If you wish to do so. You'll find lots of people reading."

"See," said Uncle John, "when you get there if what I have said is not so."

They were going now toward some stairs. "The trains are even higher than these stairs and this platform," said Uncle John, as they approached the platform at the foot of the stairs.

Oh, what a big, busy, bustling cavernous place it was. There were trains stopping, there were some going whizzing past as if they were running away. Douglas and Dorothy with Uncle John got into one of the long rows of trains which had stopped and almost were trampled upon by several people.

What a rush they were all in! How different from the country! The cows could always wait a few minutes to be milked.

But at once they were off again. A banging of doors, after the guards had called out to everyone to "Watch Your Step."

They had never had any one say that to them in the country. It was nice to think that everything was so thrilling and dangerous that one had to watch every step in the city.

That was the most wonderful feeling for two children to have who had never been near a city before in all their lives!

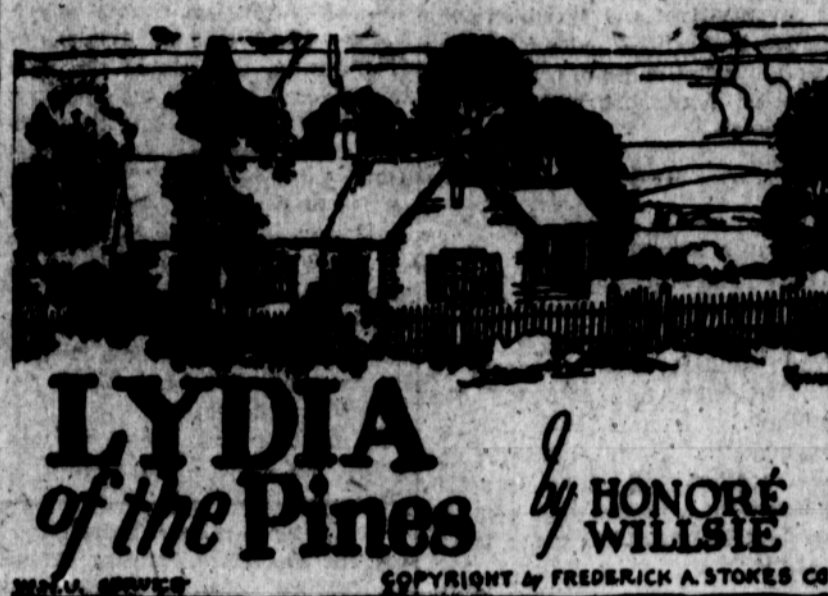
Now they were off. And every once in a while they stopped, while people rushed off and read newspapers and magazines.

Then they went rushing madly through semi-dark tunnels which they looked at through the front platform of the first car. Dotted all along were queer, mysterious lights, purple, red, green, blue, all signals for the motorman.

"It would be rather fearful if anything happened to the motorman in one of these dark tunnels," said Douglas.

"Oh, what a thought," said Dorothy, who was both terrified and fascinated by the subway. "You needn't worry about that," said Uncle John. "Should anything happen to the motorman, or should he drop his hands, the cars would all automatically stop—and that means of their own accord. That is a modern wonder."

AS 1254, Western Newsweek Union



LYDIA of the Pines by HONORE WILLISIE

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(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from play to a reservation of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City. Her father's friend, and her devoted cousin, John Levine, after discussing affairs with Dudley, makes up his mind to go into politics.

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 and otherwile 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 recovered, she is punished. Lydia is not a popular playmate. Marshall arranges for Lydia to teach Margery, swim and otherwile becomes "one of the crowd." Levine tells Amos his plan to take into politics, and ultimately has opened for settlement.

CHAPTER IV.—Patience succumbs to a attack of diphtheria, leaving Lydia feeling that her trust in God is lost and her small world has collapsed. "God," she whispers, in the loving kindness of John Levine. Lydia learns that a note of Amos, which she has hidden away, is due and cannot be met. The child pleads with Marshall and for her sake he agrees to renew the note.

CHAPTER V.—Grieving for the loss of little Patience, Lydia's health fails. Levine, recognizing the situation, gives her a sup, which the lonely child takes to her heart. Reading "God," she enters high school, where she at once realizes that her homemade dress is a general eyesore. Her poverty sets her apart from her better-dressed companions.

CHAPTER VI.—Levine is elected sheriff. A sixteen-year-old Indian boy, Charlie Jackson, tells Lydia of numerous wrongs done his people, mainly by Marshall and Levine. Meeting Levine in Lydia's house, Charlie Jackson threatens and endeavors to attack him.

CHAPTER VII.—Levine is shot by an unseen assailant. Recuperating at the Dudley cottage, he learns the real extent of Lydia's loneliness and loneliness. "God," she whispers. The man and girl enter into a compact to start a "search for God" together. Levine, however, begins his campaign for congress.

(Now go on with the story)

but John Levine did wait, standing with his hand against his lips, his head bowed, till he heard the click. Then he lifted his face to the stars. "God," he whispered, "why do you make me forty-five instead of twenty-five?"

CHAPTER IX
The Election.
IT RAINED on election day, a cold November drizzle. The day was a legal holiday and even the saloons were closed. Yet Lake City was full of drunken men by noon.

There were a great number of Indians in town that day, his dark fellows in muddy moccasins and faded mackinaws, who stood about watching the machinations of the whites without audible comments.

Toward night the rain stopped and Lydia begged her father to take her into town to see the parade that would be indulged in by the victorious party. Nine o'clock found the two at the square with a great waiting crowd. There were very few women in the crowd.

Those that Lydia saw were painted and loud-colored. Amos told her vaguely that they were "hussies" and that she was not to let go of his arm for an instant.

Lydia didn't know what a hussy was, but she didn't want to stir up a fuss from her father's side because of her fear of drunken men.

It was close on ten o'clock when the sound of a drum was heard from the direction of the Methodist church. Binny Bates, the barber, in a steeplehat, mounted on a much excited horse, rode up the street. Binny was a Levine man and the crowd broke into cheers and catcalls.

After Binny came the band, playing for dear life, "Hail the Conquering Hero," and after the band, a great number of citizens with kerosene torches. After the torches came the transparencies: "Levine Wins!" "The Reservation Is Ours!" "Back to the Land, Boys!" "We've Dropped the White Man's Burden."

And following the transparencies came a surprise for crowd and readers alike. Close on the heels of the last white man strode Charlie Jackson, with a sign, "The Land Is Ours! You Have Robbed Us!" and after Charlie perhaps a hundred Indians, tramping silently by two.

For a moment the crowd was

surprised into silence. Then a handful of mud caught Charlie's sign and a group of college students, with a shout of "Break up the line! Break up the line!" broke into the ranks of the Indians and in a moment a free-for-all fight was on.

Amos rushed Lydia down a side street and upon a street car. "Well! Well! Well!" he kept chuckling. "John ate 'em alive! Well! Well!" "How soon will the Indians have to get off the reservation?" asked Lydia.

"Oh, in a year or so! John's got to get a bill through congress, you know."

"Oh," Lydia gave a great sigh of relief; a year or so was a very long time. She decided to forget the Indians' trouble and rejoice in Levine's triumph.

One Saturday Afternoon She Went to Call on Ma Norton.

earn the twenty-five dollars that her share in the camping trip would cost. One (in January) Saturday afternoon she went to call on Ma Norton.

"Who's looking to chaperon you children?" she asked Lydia.

"Miss Towne."

"Who of the boys and girls are going?"

"Charlie and Kent and Olga and Margery's crazy to go, only her mother hasn't given in yet. If she does go, we'll ask Gustav Bach too."

"It would be nice for you to have the camping trip, dear," said Ma. "You've had so little to do with children of your own age. I suppose you're worrying over the money end?"

Lydia nodded. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Every spring you get some one to help you clean house. If you'll do it Easter vacation, this year, and let me help, why, that would be a couple of dollars, wouldn't it?"

Ma Norton looked at the slender little figure and thought of the heavy carpet beating, the shoving of furniture, the cleaning of mattresses that the stout old colored man hustled through for her every spring. Then she recalled the little figure that had slightly trussed two miles delivering milk rather than take Billy's school books as a gift. And Ma Norton smiled a little ruefully as she said:

"All right, you can help me instead of old Job and I'll pay you."

(Continued Tomorrow)

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Jehovah, in trouble have they visited thee." they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." Isa. 26:16.

How many of us leave the instinct of prayer dormant until a crisis calls it into activity. Consider how inadequate such a use of prayer is. "And Jehovah spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." Exodus 33:11.