

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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OUT OUR WAY By Williams

Where The Credit Belongs

While the Tidings would not care to be placed in the category of not appreciating the many nice things that have been said regarding the part it played in the passage of the water bonds, we do believe that credit should be placed where it belongs. In that connection we should like to call special attention and publicly commend the splendid work that the present city council has done in bringing before the people for the first time a definite concrete plan for relieving the annual water shortage.



Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Empty Mind

Now, Mahalia hadn't a thought in her head. Not one. At least that was what she said. She was sure she couldn't think up anything to write for her composition class, and she was sure she couldn't think what she had learned in school the day before about kings and queens and presidents and other important persons.

LYDIA of the Pines

by Honoré Willits (By Frederick A. Stokes Co.) WNU Service

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patricia, Lydia returns from play to the quiet home of her impoverished father, Amos, in the little town of Lake City. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, after discussing matters with Lydia, makes up his mind to go into politics.

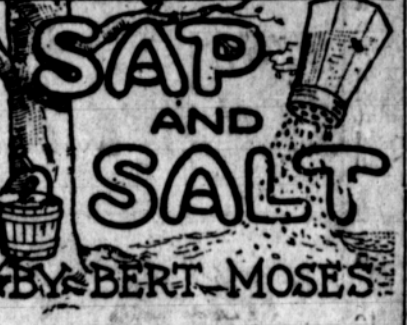
right cheeks and her yellow hair above the fawn-colored corduroy. Lydia looked half boy, half woman. "My son, Lydia, there's just grand!" cried Amos. "What boys are going in that crowd?" demanded Amos. "Charlie and Kent and—Margery's mother's given in—Gustus Black, I told you your first trip you like the suit?" "Like it!" exclaimed Amos. "Lydia, I'm stunned by it! I wish I could have bought you your first suit myself, Lydia. But on a dollar and a half a day, I swan—Lydia, the gown, your junior emerald and diamond necklace, your marks and final averages were of little importance to her. For the week after school closed she was going camping!

Bury The Hatchet

Now that the election is over and the city of Ashland can again assume the peaceful and tranquil way of its ordinary existence, the entire community should be as one unit in supporting the will of the majority. There is not room in Ashland for a division of opinion after the majority has spoken. Assured of an adequate water supply for years to come, with an abundance of natural resources, backed by the united spirit of a progressive populace, this city can face the future with a feeling of confidence.

What Others Say

(Bead Press) Some day someone is going to hit a cow or horse on the highway and is going to get killed or injured as a result. An animal the size of either species is plenty large enough to send a powerful motor car into the ditch. And it's not an easy matter to avoid collision sometimes, especially when stock walks into the middle of the road as a car is rounding a turn after sunset. The headlights do not reveal it until almost the last moment and sometimes collision is absolutely unavoidable. A man hit a horse a few days ago on The Dallas-California highway several miles north of this city. He escaped injury, but according to reports reaching here, the horse is still dead.



Poverty rushes in where Riches fear to tread. When a man stops growing, his business does the same thing. Moderation works well usually, but fails when you try to make a home run. A friend just back from his vacation is a poor prospect to touch for a loan. Nothing is sure until you get it in your hands, and even then it may get away. Autos don't run over folks who keep away from in front of them and liquor doesn't hurt folks who don't drink it. Hez Heck says: "It takes an advanced knowledge o' chemistry to keep hard cider from spoilin' itself by turnin' into vinegar."

Isn't It Odd?

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 4.—(United News)—Mallard ducks which have been raised in captivity are going wild in Oregon, according to E. F. Averill, state game warden. Averill made the assertion after receiving a report from J. H. Raley of Pendleton, who killed a mallard hen bearing a leg tag. The bird was a part of a wild flock, but the tag was a means of identification used by an owner of domestic ducks. BUDAPEST (U P)—At Fonyod, near the Hungarian Lake Balaton, apple trees bloomed twice this year. The second crop of blossoms appeared on the trees before the first crop of fruit had ripened. The trees presented a novel and striking sight as the ripening fruit peeped out through the fragrant blossoms. LOS ANGELES, Nov. 4.—The magician finds it easier to deceive a scientist than a child, according to Frank Fewins, the barber magician, who entertains his customers with an exhibition while they get the customary morning "once-over."



A Funny Looking Little Object.

It is getting empty, and if she should order more coffee. "I'd go about your head in just the same way," said the brownie. "Shall I try? I won't hurt." "All right," laughed Mahalia. "Then the brownie came and shook her head. "It's not empty," he said. "If it were even getting close to being empty, I could hear the few last remaining thoughts rattling around. And if it were quite empty it would be fearfully light. "In fact, it's quite well filled. "I don't see how it's possible," said Mahalia. "Not only possible, but so," said the brownie. "Now let me see, you have to write a composition?" "Yes, but I can't think of anything to write about. You see it can be about anything, and I just can't think of anything." "Well," said the brownie, "don't bother to think of anything. Anything is always fearfully, dreadfully annoying. I have trouble with anything myself, sometimes. "Just think of something. Think of your favorite games, your best friends, your favorite seasons—maybe it's the spring time or the winter or the autumn or the summer, or all four, and if it's one, or even all four, you must have your reasons. "Or think of the dog you would like to have and how you would enjoy him and how you would take care of him if you had him. "Or think of the day your father put up the old automobile tire as a swing and how you felt swinging in such a new kind of swing. "Just think of something and you'll be all right. For I find that your head isn't empty at all, and I'm really, in my own quiet way, a bit of a student of heads. It has come from my experience in belonging to the pencil family. "Then you are a pencil? And not a brownie after all?" asked Mahalia. "But the brownie had disappeared and she was picking up a brown pencil with a rubber at the end, and suddenly she was writing, not only of something, but of many things. "A Civil War type of locomotive, plunging through a burning trestle, recently cost a movie producer \$40,000. SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIDINGS.

Turning The Pages Back

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago Wesley Eastman, who is recuperating from an operation for appendicitis in the Southern Pacific general hospital at San Francisco, is reported to be doing well. Prof. Irving Vining returned Tuesday from a several month's stay in the east, mainly in the vicinity of New York City, where he has been recovering. He reports stopping to see Roy Sanford, a former Ashland boy, at Ithaca, N. Y., where Roy has a fine position with the Remington Arms Company. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beagle and son, Billy, returned the first of the week from a few day's stay at Grotville, on the Klamath river in northern California. They intended to stay much longer, but Mrs. Beagle suffered an attack of illness which necessitated the return. Miss Bernice Studebaker of this city spent Sunday with her brother, Robt. E. Studebaker at Colestein. Rev. Frank Howell and family left this morning in company with Mr. and Mrs. George Howell of Merrill, for a visit of a few weeks at the home of the latter. Fred VanNatta and family have come out from Goldfield, Nev., where Mr. VanNatta is the Wells Fargo Company express agent. They will visit Will VanNatta of this city. C. K. Klam, who has disposed of his sheep interests in Klamath county, returned to his home in Ashland, Saturday. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Owen McKendree and her little son, of Bly, who are visiting home folks in this city. The Misses Lizzie and Clara Gloor, pupils of St. Mary's Academy at Jacksonville, and grand-nieces of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gross have been enjoying a visit of a few days with the latter. D. H. Jackson met with an accident about ten days ago, falling and fracturing a rib, while engaged at the barn on his place near town, and has since been laid up for repairs as a result. G. G. Cray came in from Pelican Bay lodge last evening, accompanied by Messrs J. D. Kendall and W. W. Chibalm, who left on this morning's train overland for their home at Salt Lake City. They left the lodge at 6:30 in the morning and arrived in Ashland the same evening at 7:30. Ducks and geese are reported to be plentiful at the Bay Now, and in prime condition.

ing glance. "It's a miserable, disreputable plain girl," said the teacher. "Why look at that when you have these beautiful hills before you? How far into the reservation do we go, Charlie?" "About four miles. It's where I camp every year." "The route curving around a hill, had without warning entered the pine woods." "The others felt to chattering again. But Lydia was too moved for words. The incense of the pines, their curious murmuring stillness, roused in her memories that were not of the reservation, but of the city and the people who lived there. "I think that's a very nice arrangement," decided Miss Towne. "Come, girls, let's unpack and arrange the tent." There was a very early pairing off in the camp. Kent devoted himself to Olga. Gustus to Margery and Charlie to Lydia. Kent and Olga kept the camp supplied with fish. Excepting at meal time and the bathing hour, they spent the day in a birch-bark canoe on the lake. Charlie undertook to show Lydia the reservation as the Indians knew it. If Lydia was a little puzzled by his eagerness to make her understand conditions on the reservation, she gave little thought to the riddle. They visited one or two neat Indian farms, but for the most part Charlie led her from one wick-up to the other, deep set in recesses of the wood, where the only whites to intrude on the Indians were the occasional government wood cruisers. These wick-ups were hovels, usually in the last stages of poverty and desolation. (Continued Tomorrow) DAILY BIBLE MESSAGE "And Jehovah spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." Exodus 33:11. The most transforming influences in life are personal friendships. Henry Drummond said, "Ten minutes spent in Christ's society every day; five, two minutes, if it be face to face and heart to heart, will make the whole life different."