- THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY ered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Mast

Our Natural Heritage

With people generally demanding more pay rolls for the city of Ashland it seems peculiar that we do not fully realize that we have an enormous pay roll right at our very door, and loudly knocking to

This potential pay roll would provide money to be spent in Ashland 365 days in the year. It would matter little what the weather might be, what the local demand for the product was, or any other conditions that might interefere ordinarily with pay rolls, and perhaps the finest thing about this is, that it would not require very much money to put it over, it would not require a solicitation of funds, from business houses, it would not involve a stock selling campaign, but it would necessitate some hard work on the part of those who are interested in see ing Ashland grow.

This pay roll is the poultry industry. Those who know, have said repeatedly that Ashland presents the best natural resources for poultry raising and its resultant egg production, on the coast. The granite in the soil, the ability to grow your own feed, are both contributing factors to making this positive fact.

In California, southern California in particular can be found large projects devoted entirely to poultry. Acres of ground have been subdivided into poultry ranches. It is claimed that independence can be attained on five acres and a lot of other things are held out to the prospective poultryman. They are getting results, they are attracting many to their projects, simply by telling them of the possibilities that exist, by doing some effective advertis-

It would seem only logical, that if they with their high priced land, their great cost of feed, and many other disadvantages, can still make this a profitable industry, that we here with the many natural advantages with which we are blessed, would put forth a little effort, we too could begin to realize our natural heritage."

Has Great Power

The president of the United States has the power to remove a postmaster without hearing and without the consent of the senate which confirms his pointment. This is the conclusion of the s court of the United States and it is of unusual im-

The late President Woodrow Wilson, removed Frank S. Myers as postmaster at Portland, Ore. and the latter brought suit to recover back pay for the period of his appointment, claiming he was removed from office without hearing and without the consent of the senate.

It is the conclusion of the supreme court that the 1867 tenure of office act, passed to prevent the president from removing certain postmasters, is unconstitutional. The court was not unanimous in its decision, which was written by a former president of the United States, Chief Justice Taft.

Minority members of the court hold the decisions to be revolutionary in character and places in jeopardy every appointee of the president, not only postmasters, but those who are serving on government boards and commissions as well as holding various federal offices.

While the power of a president is great, it seems very doubtful if the constitution conveys to the nation's chief executive the power to remove appointees without cause and without hearing, particularly that class where the consent of the senate is necessary to confirm the oppointment.

The supreme court of the United States, however, takes quite a different view and its decision must stand as the law of the land. Under it a president has in his hands a great power which, if used improperly, could and would do great harm to the country.

Be patient. If your wife throws a flatiron at you maybe she is only trying to take the wrinkles out of your face.

Queen Marie kissed an American baby on her way over. We didn't know she was going to be a candidate for office.

The open season on doorbells is here. And a fine time to put away the porch furniture.

The American Legion recommends gas warfare. What would Congress do without it?

The path of a lot of family troubles leads out of the frying pan into the courts.



What Others Say

(Albany Democrat)

Word that the state highway commission and the Linn county court have joined in an agreement to surface the Santism road between Lebanon and Sweet fifty-fifty basis is good news to Linn county and to the general public. The project is another link in Santiam highway which eventually will extend from Albany eastward into central Oregon across the Cascade mountains. The completed road will be a big asset in developing the two sections of the state thus united and will be a scenic highway of tremendous importance.

(Portland Telegram)

Pacific University, the college of the pioneers, is asking for an endowment which will permit it to carry on the work which began with the beggining of Oregon. The institution long ago performed such service for Oregon as entitles it to recognition and support, if only as a memorial to the pioneer educators who taught there, consciously building for that future which is now

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

The Rogue River Valley Col-

ege Women's Club was enter

tained in Lithia Park Saturday

large plate glass window in the

ed over Saturday.

A city is no worse than the

The man who loses his head rarely has much in his head to

Babies begin life with a noise, and the females never get over the habit.

Tommy says life supplies but two places for a child to go-to school and to bed.

There is so much to see these days that nobody but a nearsighted man has to rubberneck.

According to recent statistics, divorce suit costs from three to five times as much as wedding suit.

Hez Heck says: "Mussolini probably got his idea o' government from the one-man top and the one-piece bathin' suit."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

Mrs. F. L. Camps visited with her son, Charlie Logan, over county is improving a five and eagle the other day, north of the week-end. He lives in one-half acre tract on East Ash-

Mrs. Pauline Warner and fam-

large plate glass window in the front of his Main street barber shop taken out and fine mesh screen put in as a measure of preparedness for coming summer.

The Carter-Burdic-Staples syndicate has sold forty acres of the being a part of the program. Those who attended from Ashmer.

Mrs. Joe Hurt is spending a who was been last week received. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. W.

Mrs. Joe Hurt is spending a who was here last week, return- Storey, Mesdames A. Bish, J. R.

vacation outing at Eagle Ridge ed to Coos county after his fam- Casey, G. Barclay, I. W. Burris, tavern over on the Klamath Lake. Hy, and they will make their S. M. Beach, D. High, L. M. Mr. Hurt and Miss Grace motor- home upon the property and im. Caldwell, Misses Stephenson and

land to frest.

prove it.

afternoon, Mrs. F. D. Wagner ily of Cleveland, Wash, came in

and Miss Minnie Jackson being last Thursday and will make

Clyde Costello has had the East Ashland,

land street, by building a new town, the bird measuring 6 feet dwelling upon it, and setting the 8 inches from tip to tip of the land to treet.

last Thursday and will make bers of the Ashland lodge, went Ashland their home, having to Jacksonville Monday evening

lsn't It Odd?

VAN NUYS, Cal., (UP)mid-morning lunch for thin girls who desire to attain weight has been installed as part of the regular cirriculum at Van Nuys high school. Graham crackers and milk compose the "weight food." Girl students who qualify in the underweight class are dismissed from other classes for 20 minutes each morning. Charts are kept to show the amounts caten and the ounces gained

PORTLAND. (UP)-That a man has a right to act as his own physician and prescribe a "shot of hootch" when his heart needs stimulant was denied by District Judge Hawkins, who sentenced J. D. Donaldson, 71 to 60 days in jail. Donaldson said he learned to make good liquor years ago and found it excellent medicine for fainting spells.

WELLESLEY, Mass., When John Hastings "gets" so's he can't work he doesn't want to live any more, he says. Every day the 80-yearold man takes a saw and saws up firewood. He is the grandson of a Revolutionary soldier.

ASHLAND

30 Years Ago

jolly party of Rebekah de-ladies and gentlemen, mem-

in response to an invitation to meet with the lodge at that place

Dr. C. W. Barr.

By Williams Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Tarantulas

know anything about them."

"They live," said Daddy, "in a little tunnel, which they line with silk, for they are very fussy over the looks of their homes and will

anything else.
"Once there was a family of tarantulas—a mother, a daddy, and four little tarantulas.

"The daddy tarantula had always been very successful in business, and so they had an especially fine

liked it above all things, and their long tunnel homes were splendid for it.

"The beetles always insisted, though, on being the conductors, while the tarantulas and the other "But one little beetle was a very rough player. If the tarantulas did not jump off the cars quickly enough he'd shove them off."

his attempts to shove a tarantula off the car in a hurry made the

next party we beetles will take turns with the tarantulas in being conductors and passengers.""
(@. 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

(Portland Journal)

In the things that congrateful.

(Baker Herald) is interesting to note that Baker's building per-

"Be not rash with the outh, and let not thy hear hasty to utter anything hero God; for God is in heave of thou upon earth; there let thy words be fow,

Successful prayer involved not only the general prepara-tion of good living and right thinking; it often costs special

"But we'll have to have lots of tunnels tomorrow when we play, won't we, Nancy?"

"Yes," replied Nancy. "But Daddy, you're going to tell us your story now, aren't you?"

"Yes," agreed Daddy. "I'll begin at once, and as you seem to have been interested today in playing cars I think I'll have to tell you about the little tarantulas."

"What are they?" asked Nancy. "Animals?"



"It was a very long tunnel, lined with most exquisite sik. The little tarantulas used to give a great many parties to all their friends,

"And what do you suppose

favorite game was?"
"Playing cars!" cried Nick.
"You're right," said Daddy. "They

"He really wasn't a good little player at all, for he was too cross and too rough.
"Well, this little beetle in one of

poor little tarantula stumble and fall and hurt himself. "The little rough a retle felt very badly when he saw that he'd hurt the tarantula, and he said:
"I see what it is. We've been altogether too selfish, and at the

cerned Oregon in congress, Mr. Stanfield was one of the ablest and most successful representatives at Washington this state has ever had. His retirement at the height of his achievement seems to indicate that at least sometimes, republics are un-

mits for the first 10 months of 1926 were \$482,486 while those of our ambitious sister city of La Grande were \$320,982. These figures show pretty clearly the proportion in which the cities are growing.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

preparation.

of the Pines

THE STORY

CHAPTER V.—Grieving for the loss of little Patience, Lydin's health fails. Levine, understanding the situation, gives her a pup, which the lenely child takes to her heart. Reaching the age of fifteen, Lydia enters high school, where she at once realizes that her homemade frock and geneval appearance of poverty set her apart from her better-dressed companions.

CHAPTER VII.-Levine is shot by

CHAPTER VIII.—Lydia is unable to drive the hatred of Levine from Charile's heart, and despite herself her faith in her old friend is shaken by the young Indian's stories. Levine has long realized that despite their disparity in age he' is passionately in love with the young

(Now go on with the story)

"Tou'd better ask your ratner, "I did and he said I'd know when

There was silence again, Kent There was silence again, Kent was only seventeen. He sat staring with puzzled eyes into the darkness. He tried to picture Olga putting a question like this to him, and failed. A sudden realization of the loneliness of Lydia's unmothered girlhood, of her innocent faith in him, touched the best that was in him. His voice was a little husky but he answered coolly.

but he answered coolly.

"A hussy, Lyd, is a flirt who's gone to the bad. Those around Lake City chase after the students and the Indians who've got government allowances, and get their money away from them."

money away from them."

"Oh," said Lydia. "Oh!" Then thoughtfully, "Aren't men silly!"

"Yes, they are," agreed Kent. "And, Lyd, whenever you want to know about such things, you ask me. It's a man's place to tell a girl the things she ought to know."

"All right," replied Lydia, "and of course, you are just like a brother to me."

"Oh. I don't feel so brotherly as— Gee, there's a fire, Lydia!" Faintly through the trees gleamed a distant blaze. "It's the camp crowd, I guess," said Lydia.

said Lydia.

"No, it isn't, it's a bunch of men," corrected Kent, "Hold on a minute, Lydia. Let's see what we're getting into."

He pulled her into the shelter of a giant pine trunk and the two peered at the group around the fire. There were six halfbreeds in "store" clothes and moccasins squatting around the blaze. None of them was speaking.

"They act as if they were waiting for some one," whispered Lydia. "Hugh! There comes some one else. For the love of cats!"

John Letine emerged from the darkness of the forest into the fire

darkness of the forest into the fire

"How!" he grunted, slipping into an empty space, opposite the two eavesdroppers.
"How," returned the Indians. Silence in the woods, except for the crackling fire.

"Kent, let's go! I don't want to listen. I don't want to know."

Kent seized her arm. "You've got to stay. It's your business to know," he whispered sharply.

"Where's Eagle's Feather?"

saled Levin.

"Sick," replied an Indian.

woice rose to a shriek.

"Steal! Steal! Make our young men drunk! Make our young girl have bables that grow like them snakes," she pointed a trembling scrawny finger at the scowlin mixed bloods. "White man-directions are the statement of the st out into the needles and lay shini

gry." And she started slowly away from the fire in the direction of Kent and Lydia's hiding place.

"Quick!" whispered Kent, and noiselessly the two ran back into the darkness of the woods, thr which, however, a silver light was beginning to filter. "There's the moon," he said in a low voice.
"Now I can find the lake."
In less than half a mile they found the lake and far around its

"Holy Mike! What do you think of that!" demanded Kent as they headed for the fire. "Isn't Levine

Lydia scarcely heard him. "John Lydia scarcely heard him. "John Levine!" she murmured. "My best friend! Oh, I cannot believe it." They were nearing the camp now and Kent stopped and in the moon-light took Lydia by the shoulders. "Look here, Lyd, don't you tell a soul about what we saw. Promise

me!"
"I'll do nothing of the kind," napped Lydia.

romise!" repeated Kent. "I will not!" returned Lydia. Kent's hold on her shoulder ightened. He wanted to box her ears and yet, as he gazed at the wistful, sensitive lips, he felt a sudden desire to kiss her. "Well, promise me you'll say nothing while we're in camp, any

thought, to whom could she tell the story and what could any one do! "All right, I'll promise that," she agreed, slowly. It was scarcely nine o'clock, after all, when they trudged into camp. Charlie and Gustus came in

Lydia hesitated. After all, she

a moment later, having heard Miss Towne's call. "Oh, Lydia! Lydia! I've worried myself sick." And the cruel
Miss Towne, the grouchy Miss
Towne, threw her arms about
Lydia, with a little murmur that
was curiously like a sob.

"We were just going to the set-tlement for help," said Charlle, "though we were pretty sure noth-ing serious could have happened." "We saved your supper," said Margery. "Come on, Gustus, we'll heat it for 'em."

Lydia was tired the next day and elected to stay in camp with Miss Towne while the others went on an all-day strawberry hunt.

Lydia was lying in a hammock with a book, when a horse's hoof beats sounded under the trees and Levine rode into the camp.

Lydia had been wondering how, when she saw him in town, she was going to meet him, what she was soing to say to him. But now, her only thought was that here was the devoted friend who had understood her since babyhood.

her since babyhood.

As he dismounted, she jumped to her feet. 40h, my dear Mr. Levine My dear! My dear!" she cried and her hair flying, she ran to him and threw her arms about his neck.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Klamath Falls Forest Lumbe Company buys \$20,000 worth of rails, for logging railroad near Kirk.

Rainier-City lets contract to connect Apiary road with high-