

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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## ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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### 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 get in.

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 interfere 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 seeing 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 a positive fact.

In California, southern California in particular can be found large projects devoted entirely to 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 advertising.

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 appointment. This is the conclusion of the supreme court of the United States and it is of unusual importance.

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 appointment.

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.



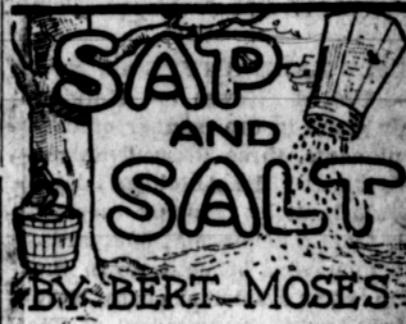
### What Others Say

(Albany Democrat)

Word that the state highway commission and the Linn county court have joined in an agreement to surface the Santiam road between Lebanon and Sweet Home next summer on a 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 beginning 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, conscientiously building for that future which is now the present.



A city is no worse than the people who live in it.

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

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 near-sighted man has to rubberneck.

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

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

## By Williams

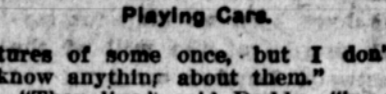
### Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

**The Tarantulas**  
Nick and Nancy had been playing cars all day. Nick was the conductor, who called out the stations, and Nancy and her dolls were the passengers, who got on and off at the different stations.

When Daddy came home he found them still playing. "Have the cars gone through any dark tunnels?" Daddy asked. "No, we never thought of that, somehow," said Nick. "We should have thought of them." "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?" said Nick. "I know," said Nick. "They're like beetles. I saw pic-



Playing Cars.

tures of some once, but I don't 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 never have their tunnels lined with 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 home. "It was a very long tunnel, lined with most exquisite silk. The little tarantulas used to give a great many parties to all their friends, and the beetles would be invited, too."

"And what do you suppose their favorite game was?" "You're right," said Daddy. "They 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 guests were the passengers."

"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. "He really wasn't a good little player at all, for he was too cross and too rough on the passengers. "Well, this little beetle in one of his attempts to shove a tarantula off the car in a hurry made the poor little tarantula stumble and fall and hurt himself. "The little rough beetle 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 next party we beetles will take turns with the tarantulas in being conductors and passengers."

(Baker Herald)  
It is interesting to note that Baker's building permits 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 two cities are growing.

**DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE**  
"Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thy heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven, and thou art upon earth; therefore see that the words be few."  
Eccl. 5:2.  
Successful prayer involves not only the general preparation of a good living and right thinking; it often costs special preparation.

### LYDIA of the Pines

Honoré Willis

CHAPTER I—With her baby sister, Pattience, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her impoverished father, at Lake City. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, after discussing affairs with Dudley, makes up his mind to go into politics.

CHAPTER II—Lydia, Pattience 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 popular playmate, enters the scene. Margery falls into the water, she is pulled out, and Lydia and Kent, her father home by Lydia and Kent. Her father calls on Amos to complain. "I know," said Nick. "They're like beetles. I saw pic-

tures of some once, but I don't 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 never have their tunnels lined with anything else."

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## Washington today

Marshall and his crowd, they'll make a big fight. I may have to compromise. I may make my bill read, only mixed bloods can sell their lands, not full bloods. "Good!" said an Indian. "Full blood don't want to sell, anyhow." "Better for you mixed bloods," agreed Levine, "because you'll get these lands for your land. But worse for us whites, for there'll be less land, unless you mixed bloods should happen to swear the full bloods are mixed, too. It'll be a good way for all of you to pay up old debts."

Lydia's heart was pounding so hard that it really pained her. She stared at John unbelievably. Yet it was the same familiar, sallow face with the gaunt look about the cheeks. Only the eyes were strange. Lydia had never seen these eyes before, so searching before. "Well," said Levine, "is that all you folks have got to report, after six months? What do you think I'm paying you for?"

What more might have come Lydia did not know, for an old squaw came tottering into the fire glow. She was gray-headed and emaciated. "Oh, that's our old squaw, Kent, remember?" whispered Lydia. "Shut up!" murmured Kent. The squaw made her way up to John Levine, she was something like a leech in the look of her and her robes. "What you do now, white man?" she snarled. "Steal! Steal more, eh?"

Lydia looked down on her and his voice was pitying. "Why, you poor old devil, you look half starved. He dug into his pocket and brought out a silver dollar. "Go get some grub," he said. The old woman stared from the dollar to Levine's face and her voice rose to a shriek. "Steal! Steal! Make our young men drunk! Make our young girls have babies that grow like these snakes!" she pointed a trembling, scrawny finger at the scowling mixed bloods. "White man—dirty fool—dirty thief," and she spat at Levine, at the same time striking out into the needles and lay shining in the sunlight.

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