# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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# **Our Royal Guest**

There is much ado right now over the visit to this country of Queen Marie of Rumania. She is touted as the most beautiful queen. We are told she prefers American cigarets, that she wants America to love her, that she has refused to use any but American soap in the royal bath. Already, we learn she is asking for apple pie and American oysters. Remarkable what a kick the American public can get out of this more or less tommy rot because it has to do with a queen.

tered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matte

But Marie is not all fickle. There is another side to her, one which would endear her to the hearts of the people of this great nation if it were called generally to their attention. This queen, unlike the snob most of us imagine a monarchist to be, is courageous, tender of heart and with a great devotion for her people. As we read in the New York World:

"No woman in all Europe," Lady Astor said "has a better war record than Queen Marie. She showed the greatest courage, tenderness, and devotion. Do you know that she went into places where nobody else would go - into leprous buildings and villages filled with influenza, where the dead were piled high and people dying of disease, and others were afraid to enter?

'What she did is amazing; but in all her writings which are read in America she never spoke of these accomplishments. She has never written a great story about it - merely fancy things.

"She has the blood of all the Czars in her veins, and is a courageous and powerful woman of great charm. She is like a warm fire when go go into a room. There is nothing small or mean about her, and she is like Catherine the Great. Every one about her loves her."

It is this side of Queen Marie that we should see and love, not her beauty, her bobbed hair or her preference for American cigarets.

## The Romance of Electricity

What would happen if a giant switch could shut off electric current from world use today? E. B. Criddle of the Southern Sierras Power company, Riverside, California, shows the dependence of humanity on electricity. He says: "We are today living in what may well be termed the 'electric age'; the age of all others most replete with opportunity, action, romance. It has been called by some, and I think miscalled, the 'jazz age,' but, is not this very jazz a feeble if perchance a misdirected effort, to get into step, shall we say, into synchronism, with the spirit of the times; to keep up with the inevitably swift pace of this age of electricity which has linked together in intimate and immediate contact the uttermost ends of the earth.

"E-Embodiment of mystery. "L-Lightener of burdens.

"E-Energy; light, heat, power.

"C-Carrier of winged messages.

"T-Towering above all other forces

"R-Revolutionizing modern industry.

"I-Irresistible, incomprehensible.

### Get The Tariff Proposition Straight

Headlines in a Brigham City, Utah, paper read, "Beat Growers Get Increase."

How much better this sounds than to read a

headline, "Due to Foreign Competition, Sugar Beet Prices Must be Reduced." The tariff on sugar is a perfect illustration of

the equalizing tax which is necessary to prevent a cheaper labor foreign product from destroying a home industry. The theoretical amount the individual would save on duty-free sugar is infinitesimal compared to the amount he would lose in wages or business, if an agricultural industry such as beet sugar production was destroyed for want of reasonable tariff protection.

It is our desire to trade with foreign countries, both as buyers and sellers, but as buyers and sellers, it is essential that this trade be on an equalized basis, so that American laborers and farmers will still have jobs and the wherewithal to buy the products which our foreign neighbors can sell in this country.

The new cathode ray, which is said to cause hair to grow where none grew before, might be used to tone down the glare of the footlights over the barren wastes of Row No. 1.

Bandits in New York stole a player piano. The purches there had better be locking up their pipe

# ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

# By Williams



# What Others Sav

(Roseburg News-Review)

While much stress was placed upon an alleged split in the Republican party of this state previous to election day it appears from returns throughout the state that the division not so bad as many anticipated.

### (Medford Daily News)

This is the one week in the year that the public is urged to render material assistance to that splendid organization, the Salvation Army. Performing a work that other organizations were unable to do, or in many cases failed to do, the Salvation Army is rendering service to humanity of such value that it cannot be estimated.

### (Klamath News)

The neighboring town of Dorris is in the field with a new weekly paper that will do more than anything else to put Butte Valley on the map. It is a small sheet to begin with, but will soon be bigger. It fairly radiates enthusiasm, and that is the foundation stone of every real

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

Percy Cheever, who has been

(Long) Wilson

to Elkton, Ore., to visit parents

Wheatland, Cal., accompanied by

her small son, has been visiting

her mother Mrs. O. W. Long on

Eighth street during the past

O. B. Turner and family on

Sixth street are enjoying a visit

from Mr. Turner's mother and

stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Ingell.

Hiss Hazel Shaffer, who

street Sunday.

and other relatives.

employed in the railroad yards at Eugene, and a former Ashland

since last fall, recently returned boy, is visiting in this city.

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

is an empty stomach.

It requires no physical training to be able to jump a board

You should use your science on yourself as much on other people.

Doctors always know what to do, even when they don't know what the trouble is.

It won't be long now until we have both the coal barons and Congress to kick about.

Hez Heck says: "Europe seems to think about as much of us as we thought of Taft when he run for President the last time."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

Guy Jacobs, deputy postmaster

Mrs. M. F. Eggleston is rebuild-

ing and enlarging the Brunk

dwelling in Nob Hill addition

Miss Myrtle Hunt arrived home

Saturday night from Oakland,

Douglas county. She was accom panied by her friend, Miss Hattle

Beckley, who is visiting at the

Bruce Wilcox, who came Ashland a week or two ago, from Nebraska, with his family, has

and will make his home here.

which she recently purchased.

# Isn't 'It Odd?

brother and sister filed suits for divorce today and each named the other's mate as co\_respondent. They were Emma Dillow, suing her husband, and George F. Scherrier, her husband, suing his wife Eunice. The couples had been united at a double ceremony.

LOS ANGELES-"I have had more than 300 bouts in my ring career, but I am certain I had many more than that at home," testified Phil Salvador, former Pacific coast lightweight cham\_ pion, in his suit for divorce from his wife. Willens, on grounds of cruelty.

Gebb, who started for court with \$300 in his pocket ready to pay till it hurt for violating a traffic regulation found when he got there he His pocket apparently had suspended sentence.

SUNDERLAND, England Privation in the Durham coal mining area, caused by the strike has resulted in a drop in the death rate to 4.1 per 1,000 at Sedgefield, the lowest on record.

ASHLAND

30 Years Ago

The Briggs-Carter-Pickel-Leeds

hunting party are due to arrive

on their return from Klamath

Lake today, as are also, Messrs

Supervisor J. M. Tyler has

rew of men at work on the Ash-

J. M. Hicks, who successfully

sive scale in Ashland, this season

land-Klamath road, repairing the

Kean Creek hills.

Leman, Blount and Brownell.

CANTON, III., Nov. 6 .- A

NEW YORK - Rudolph couldn't pay even a \$1 fine. been picked so the court

strange noises on the roof, and then a little soot began to fall down

"At first he trimmed the tree. He

the mice), he strung popcorn over the tree and made it look as if the snow had fallen over it.

"Then he tied on the branches candy canes and candy animals of

all sorts.

"Next he filled the stockings, and how the mouths of the two little mice did water as they saw all sorts of nut, raisins and big, rosychecked apples going in!

"The toys didn't interest the mice, as they were longing to get at the things to

the things to eat.

"Before long old Santa was through and "And then—
the mice begen their feast.
And oh, what
a time they did

have! eat no more, and thought Christmas the

finest time of the year, for never before

JACKSON, Miss., -Timothy Ellis wanted to catch a train, so he called for a taxi. The phone girl misunderstood his number and called Ellis was taken to his train

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Neither for these only do
I pray, but for them also that
believe 'on me through their
word. that they may all be
one; even as thou, Father,
art in me, and I in thee, that
they also may be in us: that
the world may believe that
thou didst send rice. And the roadbed on the Green Springs and carries on gardening on an extento had 13 acres set in tomatoes alone. The yield was almost phenominal amounting to 600 purchased the Jesse A. McCall boxes or 20 tons, which was toaching at Soda Springs was vis-bungalow on south Main street, marketed at fair prices ,the pick-iting her aunt, Mrs. Mazedon on B near the Congregational charch, ing season covering a period of 3

let the children know they were there, and with a great deal of self-denial they stayed out of the par-try, living for their very own Christmas party.

Santa Claus."

dren saw so many nutshells and bits of popcorn lying around they knew that some little mice must have had a party, but they didn't set a trap, as they thought it was fine that the mice had had a Chistmas party, too!"

a fire department instead. So on a fire truck,

# LYDIA of the Pines

### THE STORY

CHAPTER VII.-Levine is shot by at the Dudley cottage, he learns the real extent of Lydia's loneliness and her shaken faith in God. The man and girl enter into a compact to start a "search for God" together. Levine, recovered, begins his campaign for congress.

CMAPTER VIII.—Lydia is unable to drive the hatred of Levine from Charlie'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 girl.

(Now go on with the story)

and held her to him closely, while with his free hand he smoothed back the glory of her hair. And Miss Towne, watching, saw his long saturaine face transformer. "Why, Lydia, my little sweet-heart! I didn't realize you'd missed

Towne's gaze, he smiled.

"Lydia has few loves, but they're strong," he said. "Tm her foster father. My name's John Levine."

Lydia disengaged herself. "And this is Miss Towne," she said, "my dearest teacher."

"Sit down," said the chaperone, while Lydia and I finish dressing." "You'll have lunch with us?" called Lydia as she retreated to-ward the tent.

"Yes, but I can't stay longer.
Must be back in Lake City for sup-per," replied Levine, tying up his

Lydia was delighted to put her hand to cooking again, and while Miss Towne set the table, John chatted with both of them of his Washington experiences. He rode away immediately after he had finished eating. Miss Towne wiped the dishes thoughtfully.

"It's hard to realize that he's the scandalous John Levine," she said.

"It's hard to realise that he's the scandalous John Levine," she said. "He's simply charming!"
Lydia flared, flushed and subsided. Never again, she realized, could she contradict aspersions cast on Levine's character. And yet, how like a bad dream, the episode of last night seemed. If only it had been a dream!

### CHAPTER XI

Lydia Giggles.

The days flew lightly by, lightly for Lydia, too, in spite of the heavy secret she carried of Levine's

The day before they broke camp, Lydia's old squaw appeared and asked for Charlie Jackson. Charlie and Kent were cooking

dinner.
"Dear me," said Miss Towne, "Dear me," said Miss Towne,
"tell him to take the poor thing
away, Lydis."
"He must feed her, first," exclaimed Lydia, leading the old Indian over to the cooking shelter.

Kent and Lydia exchanged
glances as Charile led the squaw—
Susle, he called her—into the
woods, after Lydia had heaped her
old arms with food. Kent and Gustus had put the dinner on the table
and they all were seated at the
meal when Charite returned.

"What did she want. Charita?"

"Oh, Charlie! I will try," cried Lydia. "I truly will."
"I knew you would," said Char-lie, huskily, and he turned back

Lydia stared about her. Supposing, she thought, that she owned a hundred acres of this pine land. She forgot Kent and concentrated every force of her mind on sensing what land ownership would mean. And suddenly there stirred within her a desire for acreage, for trees, soil streem, and street.

Look here, Lyd, don't tell him I was with you, anyhow."

"Oh, all right," replied Lydia, crossly. "For goodness' sake, don't let's talk about it any more. I don't see why men always have to be plotting! I'm going back to camp and help pack."

The driver arrived with the carry-all at nine o'clock the next morning, and at mid-afternoon, Lydia was dropped at the gate, where Adam took possession of her.

The house seemed small and dingy. Lydia dropped her suitease in

gy. Lydia dropped her suitcase in the kitchen. "Tve just got to train old Liz-zle," she said, "so that she won't leave her old carpet slippers and her apron in the middle of the kitchen every time she goes out. I do wish we had Mission furni-ture instead of this everlasting old mahorany. I just sweet there's ever mahogany. I just guess there's got to be some reforming in this house this summer.'

Amos came in the gate shortly after six. Lydia was waiting for him at the front door. He looked suddenly shabby and old to Lydia and she kissed him very tenderly. It required all the supper hour and all the remainder of the evening to tell the story of the camp and to answer Lizzie's and Amos' ques-tions. There were several episodes Lydla did not describe; that of the half-breed council in the wood, for

Lydia was sitting on the front steps, the next afternoon, with a book in her lap and adam at her feet, when Billy Norton called. He stopped for a chat in the garden with her father, before coming up to greet Lydia.

"He is awful homely. A regular old farmer," she thought, comparing him with the elegant Gustus and with Kent's careless grace.

"Hello, Lydi Awful giad you're back!"

He sat down on the step below.

He carried with him the odor of hay and horses.

"How's your mother?" asked Lydia. "I'm coming over, tomorrow."

"Mother's not so very well. She works too hard at the blamed canning, I told her I'd rather never eat it than have her get so done up."

eat it than have her get so done up."

"Til be over to help her," said Lydia. "We had a perfectly heavenly time in camp, Billy."

"Did you?" asked her caller, indifferently. "Going to try to sell fudge, this winter, Lyd?"

"I don't know," Lydia's tone was mournful, "Daddy hates to have me. Now I'm growing up he seems to be getting sensitive about my earning money."

"He's right, too," said Billy, with a note in his voice that irritated Lydia.

"Much you know about it! You just try to make your clothes and buy your school books on nothing. Dad's just afraid people'il know how liftle he earns, that's all. Men

(Continued Tomorrow)