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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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England and America

"In your schools the children are taught to hate England — I have talked with men of 40 and youths of 20 and have actually found that many of them have been taught to either despise or hate England."

This is the indictment of our public schools brought by the bishop of London who cites this as one of the causes for mischief between the two countries. It is, however, a very intemperate statement and entirely contrary to the facts, a broadside quite unworthy of the high dignity of the church of England. But it illustrates a situation which really has something to do with whatever lack of sympathy there may be between the two great English-speaking nations.

It is easily possible that in some American public schools there are teachers who do not regard England as a superior type of nation. There may even be text books which discuss old facts and issues in a way not agreeable to Downing Street. But our respected friend the bishop is guilty of a ridiculous hyperbole when he makes the flat charge that our public school children are taught to hate England.

This is a very large country, just how large is seemingly incomprehensible even to the more intelligent people of England. A "spot" of influence which may be a mere speck on the map of this nation of more than 110 million people, may be magnified into a region of great importance in the story carried across the water. The great stumbling block in the way of sympathy between these two is ignorance. That ignorance is intensified and played upon by just such wild statements as the one made by the bishop of London. In one country there is likely to be a development of sentiment or opinion founded on just such unwarranted assertions until the people themselves become obsessed with a delusion that paints the whole people of another nation in bad characters. The trouble with the viewpoint of such high authorities as Bishop Ingram is that he as well as many of the more intelligent class of English people do not understand America. Their ignorance of our problems, their appalling lack of conception of the great task of this republic and the earnestness of its people, are discouraging features in our international relations.

If we mistake not, the British, strong in character and integrity, in national confidence, and enterprise, are just a wee bit upstage as the Scotchman might say. Their newspapers, rich in reflections of life in every corner of London and of England, are not informative at all, except in politics, regarding much of the rest of the world and particularly America. This is not an indictment of the newspapers for their endeavor to print, we assume, what the British public regards as important for daily reading. We have hope in this day of close communication, of the fast steamer, the airplane and the radio, that there may be a cure for this otherwise vigorous and wholesome, if self-centered people. Understanding will come. Bishops and others will obtain a better grasp of facts about the rest of the world. The time will come when no nation will be obsessed with the delusion that it is the studied and cherished object of hatred on the part of a brother nation. The God will "save England."

Reforestation Depends On Timber Use

The idea that to curtail the use of forest products is in the best interest of increasing our wood supply, is false, said A. Fletcher Marsh, Vice Pres., Marsh & Truman Lumber Co., Chicago, in a recent radio address. It is better to increase the growth of forest material rather than to curtail the output, he declared.

"The trouble with us Americans is not that we have been cutting our forests and using them, but that we have not been growing new ones," Mr. Marsh states. "No, we are taking up that job. While we are waiting for the young trees to get big enough for sawing, we must remember that the woods are full of aged and dying trees that ought to be cut and used if we are to prevent waste—and that is as much conservation as planting a young tree."

"Besides, you only have so much land for forest growing, and if you let the aged trees stand indefinitely you put off the time when you can plant young ones. The truly productive forest is in perpetual motion—old trees coming out and new ones coming in. It takes a certain volume of demand to make it worth while to bring the old ones out, and so start the rotation. Wherefore, you are justified, on conservation grounds, in continuing the use forest products whenever and wherever they seem to be better than other materials."

"Doing so, we shall have trees and forests, wood and its products, in perpetual sufficiency."

Today's definition: Marines (see U. S. Mails).

OUT OUR WAY By Williams

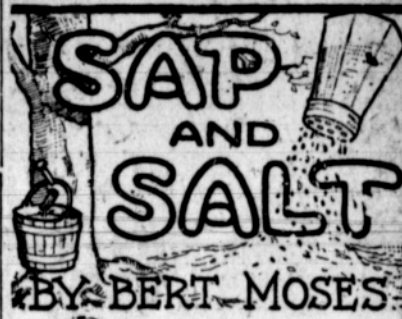


THE BLACK SHEEP RETURNS. © 1926 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

What Others Say

(Corvallis Gazette-Times)

The voters of Oregon for the second time have refused to saddle a graduated income tax upon the industries of the state. For the past three elections now this proposal has been before the people, via the initiative route. It ought to be impossible to initiate a measure year after year. A reasonable period between votes should be allowed on the theory that the people wouldn't change their minds so rapidly, or at least shouldn't. There should be a constitutional provision making it impossible to submit a measure till a given time had elapsed, say six or eight years, after the people had voted upon it once. This would prevent the ballot being cluttered up with hobbles year after year. If there had been an honest income tax measure it would have passed. Both the other measures were purely political, unfair and an insult to the intelligence. If a flat rate measure with a property tax offset and low exemptions is brought out, we will be glad to support and feel that hundreds of other people would who believe in an income tax, not as a punishment for thrift, but as purely an equalizing proposition.



BY BERT MOSES

Law gets more people into trouble than it gets out.

Consider the auto engine—it knocks nobody but itself.

Quite a good many folks seem to prefer being loved to being married.

No state is ever quite so bad as its Legislature seems to think it is.

Girls wearing too few clothes are apt to even things up by wearing too much rouge.

We should judge men by what they are and not by what they have—and we don't.

Hez Heck says: "I don't mind the fellow who makes a nuisance of himself unless he makes a specialty of it."

Isn't It Odd?

BRIDGEPORT, Conn. — The election scandal here concerns the report that an enthusiastic worker, unable to find Nicholas Tuzzio's father, took Nicholas, a 22 year old deaf mute to the polls and voted him under the parent's name. Tuzzio was unaware of the fraud.

FERGUS FALLS, Minn. — Arthur Isaacson was fined \$20 in court here after pleading guilty to emitting a loud and disorderly "amen" during a church service.

LOS ANGELES. — Believed to be the largest preliminary court record in the United States, the transcript record of the Almee Sempie McPherson case, containing almost 850,000 words was signed by Judge Blake here, bringing the preliminary hearing to a close.

LONDON — Flats are becoming so small that the London city council has ordered baby carriage garages erected in connection with its newest apartment buildings. Ten cents a week is charged for each perambulator.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Trundle-Bed Talks

The old trundle-bed had been brought down from the attic and was now used as a low sofa, having had one of the sides taken off.

"The trundle-bed was proud to think it was so admired and used after all these years it had been so lonely in the attic."

"Few people have trundle-beds left nowadays," the trundle-bed heard, and oh, such admiring tones were used.

"Well, what a good idea, you have your trundle-bed downstairs and are making use of it," the trundle-bed heard. "I had to buy one at an antique dealer's. How lucky you were to have one of your own!"

Oh, the trundle-bed could feel the pride of the family. And all the neglect of the trundle-bed, all it had suffered in loneliness was now more than made up for.

It had never been downstairs before. It had never been allowed to stay out in its place all through the daytimes.

It had been considered useful and comfortable but it had never before been considered a work of art, a thing of beauty, a matter for pride.

What tones the family used now when they spoke of the trundle-bed!

"And to think how we used to shove it under the big bed and thought it was simply a convenience in a house full of children," they now said.

The trundle-bed saw many changes. Outside in the yard the old swing had gone and an automobile tire was used as a swing. The trundle-bed felt very modern to be lying amidst such things.

Ah! no one led the way with a candle at night now. They switched on lights without any fuss or bother. And no one ever seemed to be in the dark or looking for matches or scolding some one for having moved the brass candlestick.

The trundle-bed said that some of the familiar old candlesticks were around—some of the bedroom ones were now on the bookcase. Just inside the door of the best parlor.

The trundle-bed was amused at seeing that.

"You should see what we see," the trundle-bed answered to the corner.

"You'd be surprised if you could take a look and see some of the now-called treasures. Do you remember that old earthen pot the children used to use for mud pies?"

"I remember hearing them talk about it at bedtime. Well, it's now on the very choicest little table in the room—all by itself with a beautiful lacy dolly underneath it."

"Not the earthen pot that old Ellen brought from Ireland?"

"The very same," said the candlestick.

"I can hardly believe it," the trundle-bed answered to the corner.

"But more than that," said the candlestick, "you should see the old torn reticule. When I saw that being brought down I thought it was going to be thrown away as of no use to keep longer. But here it is."

"And there's a bench just outside which was half of one of the old beds."

"There isn't a thing that is missing of all these old creatures we used to think nothing of in our old days."

John Bryant, of the Depot hotel was summoned to Roseburg this week as a witness for the state in the trial of Case and Pool for the robbery of the S. P. train at Riddle, July 1, 1895, on which he was a passenger.

John S. Silsby, the locomotive fireman who was seriously injured in the accident on the Skokholm a number of weeks ago, was able to leave the Sacramento railroad hospital on a furlough for a visit with his family at Hornbrook. He came over to Ashland also for a short visit.

LYDIA of the Pines

By Honore Willis

(© by Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

WNU Service

(Continued from yesterday)

The matter was not mentioned again directly. But the little scene rankled with Amos. A week or so later he said at supper, "Lydia, I'm thinking seriously of moving. I can borrow enough money, I mean, to add to the rent we're paying to rent the old stone home next to Miss Towne's. My idea is to move there just till you finish college. Then we'll go out on a farm. But I'll give you your chance, Lydia."

Lydia hesitated. To move into the house next to the Townes would be to arrive, to enter the inner circle, to cease to be a dowd. But she looked about the familiar rooms.

"Daddy," she said, "would you really want to leave this cottage?"

"I'd just as soon," replied Amos. "Most places are alike to me since your mother's death. I could stand doing without the garden, if I had the farm to look forward to."

"How'd we pay the money back?" asked Lydia.

"After the Levine bill passes," said Amos, "I'll have a section of pines."

Instantly Lydia's sleeping land hunger awoke and with it the memory of Charlie's tales. She sat in "deep thought."

"Daddy," she said, finally, "we're not going to borrow, and we're not going to move again. What's the use of trying to make a splurge with borrowed money?"

"All right," said Amos, reluctantly. "But remember, you've had your chance and don't feel abused about our poverty."

"I won't," replied Lydia, obediently.

And, to her own surprise, she did feel less bitter about her meager, homemade clothing. She had had a chance to improve it and had resisted the temptation.

Late in March the valedictorian and salutatorian of the class were chosen. The custom was for the teachers to select the ten names that had the highest scholarship during the entire four years and to submit these to the pupils of the class, who by popular vote elected from these the valedictorian and the salutatorian.

To her joy and surprise, Lydia's was one of the ten names. So were Olga's and Kent's.

The day on which the election took place was cold and rainy. Amos, plodding home for supper, was astonished to see Lydia flying toward him through the mud a full quarter of a mile from home.

"Daddy, they elected me valedictorian! They did! They did! Olga got four votes and Mammie Aldrich ten and I got sixty-six. Daddy! And Mammie wasn't cross but Olga was. Oh, isn't it wonderful?"

"Valedictorian! My little Lydia! Scholarship and popular vote! I wish your mother was here. I'll write to Levine tonight. He'll have to be here for the exercises."

"And Kent is salutatorian. He won by just two votes. I've got to begin to plan about my dress."

"Now, I'm going to buy that dress, Lydia, if I have to borrow money. You aren't going to begin any talk about earning it."

"Oh, all right," said Lydia, hastily. "You won't have to borrow. White goods is always cheap and I'll get it right away so I can put lots of hard work on it."

"What's your speech going to be about?" asked Amos, as they turned in the gate.

"I haven't had time to think about that. I'll plan it all out while I'm sewing."

Billy did not congratulate Lydia. He passed her just as he had during all the months, with a curt little "Hello." To tell the truth, Lydia was heartily ashamed of herself for her shabby reception of Billy's plea. She knew she had been unkind and she missed the desultory companionship she had had with Billy.

The preparation of the dress went on amazingly well. The speechmaking was less simple. As was customary, Lydia chose the class motto, "Ducit Amor Patriam," for her subject and sweated indignantly to find something to say. She complained bitterly because during the four years at high school nothing at all was taught about love of country, or patriotism, or anything that would make the motto suggestive.

Amos answered her plaint indignantly. "Well, for heaven's sake! Lydia, don't tell me that! The Puritans! Lord, what's become of the old stock! No, I won't help you at all. Think it out for yourself!"

Mortified and unhappy, she avoided her mates during the last week of school, fearing the inevitable question, "Who is going to take you, Lydia?"

The tenth dawned a lovely June day. The exercises began at ten and by half-past eight Lydia was introduced into her pretty little orchard. Lizzie was puffing in her black alpaca and Amos was standing about in his black Sunday suit, which dated back to his early married days. By nine-thirty they had reached the Methodist church and Amos and Lizzie were established in the middle of the front row of the balcony, while Lydia was shivering with fright in the choir-room, where the class was gathered.

Somebody began to play the organ and somebody else who looked like Miss Towne, shoved Lydia toward the door and she led the long line of her mates into the front pews. A college professor spoke at length, then Kent appeared on the platform.

Good old Kent, even if he wouldn't take Lydia to parties! Kent, with his black eyes and hair, his ruddy skin and broad shoulders, was good to look on and was giving his speech easily and well, but Lydia was seeing him in a red bathing suit as he hung Florence Dombey from a yard arm of the willow. What a dear he had been! Now it all was different. They were grown up and Kent didn't want to take her to parties.

Kent bowed and took his seat. The quartette sang and somebody prodded Lydia smartly in the back. She made her way up to the platform and began to speak automatically.

Amos with tight clenched fists and Lizzie with her lips a thin seam of nervous compression, were swelled with vanity and torn with fear lest she forget her lines.

But John Levine, who had dashed in late and stood unnoticed in the crowd under the gallery listened intently, while he yearned over Lydia's immature beauty like a mother.

"And so," she ended, "when we say good-by, you all must remember that we go out into the world resolved to live up to our motto. That we believe with our forefathers that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. That all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And that because the New England people in the Middle West are far from the cradle of liberty, where these ideas were born, living among foreigners it behooves the members of our class to carry our motto into their daily lives. Love of country leads us, and so farewell!"

"It was a foolish, sentimental little speech with one or two real thoughts in it and John Levine smiled even while the tears filled his eyes. He told himself that no one, least of all probably Lydia herself, realized the cynical application of the class motto to Lake City conditions.

The diplomas were distributed. The great morning was over. After dinner Amos rushed back to the factory. Lydia hung the graduation gown away in her closet and she and Adam spent the afternoon on the lake shore.

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noon on the lake shore, where the delicate splendor and perfume of June endeavored in vain to prove to Lydia that the senior ball was of no consequence.

After the supper dishes were washed she sat on the steps in the dusk with Adam's head in her lap when a carriage rolled up to the gate. A man came swiftly up the path. Lydia, with a gasp recognized Billy Norton. Billy, wearing a dress suit and carrying a bouquet of flowers!

"Good evening, Lydia," he said calmly. "Will you go to the senior ball with me?"

Lydia was too much overcome for speech. She never before had seen a man in a dress suit! It made of Billy a man of the world. Where was the country boy she had snubbed?

"Here are some flowers I hope you'll wear," Billy went on formally. "Would you mind hurrying? It's pretty late."

(Continued Tomorrow)