DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

C. J. READ, Managing Editor

W. H. PERKINS, News Editor

PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

ed at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

Seeing And Living

A man's life, it seems, is as long as the sight of his eye. It is directly relative to the size of the world in which he lives Time was when this world was limited to the visible, to what could be taken in by the eye on its own.

Not now. The telescope came and extended the world farther and farther into the sky, measuring of billions of billions of additional miles of elbow room in that direction. The microscope came and measured off figurative billions and billions of additional miles in the other direction. Out in the newly discovered reaches of the upper world, the world of gigantic forces, the telescope-aided eye learned hundreds and hundreds of things that helped to make the life of a man a little easier and a little longer. Out in the new reaches of the lower world. the eye first found horrors and then safety. It discovered billions of billions of unseen, infinestimal but deadly enemies, and discovery was but the first step toward conquering them. With all this the life of man was stretched out from twenty to fifty-eight

Now comes Dr. Mayo to announce the ultramicroscope which will stretch out the average life to seventy or more. There will be additional billions of billions of hitherto unseen enemies, of course, enemies so small that even the microscope could not reveal them. This will be additional horror, but eventually additional security, for seeing the enemies will be the first step in conquering them.

This should be an especial lesson for the apostles of all creeds of all kinds of suppression. Nothing is terrible once it is dragged out in the open and into the light. It is the hidden things, the things covered up, that do the damage.

On The Road To Eighty

Professor Irving Fisher predicts that by the end of the century America will have become a nation of octogenarians. There will be young folks too at that time we surmise, but we shall all have become so disgustingly healthy and the medics will have developed such miraculous efficiency that we shall be germ-proof. The result will be an unusual percentage of old folks hanging around waiting for their arteries to harden before booking passage to. the new Jerusalem.

Still germs aren't the only things which make life hazardous - and interesting. We may sterilize society and fumigate it and put it on a scientific diet and give it setting up exercises every morning and still leave it plenty of opportunity to play daily tag with death-

The octogenarian must have run the gauntlet of poisoned hooch, of grade crossings, of automobile hit and run speeders, of footpads and of county sheriffs who shoot first and investigate after. The process of getting to be 80 years old may be more scientifically regulated in the future, but it is bound still to be an exciting one.

What Will The Senate Do

Senator-elect Vare of Pennsylvania spent some \$700,000 to secure his nomination. Senator-elect Smith of Illinois spent some \$600,000, a large part of it coming from the public utility corporations subject to his jurisdiction as chairman of the state utilities commission.

The senate is already on record as declaring that so comparatively modest a sum as \$195,000, spent by Senator Newberry of Michigan, is harmful, demoralizing, menacing to the republic and altogether intolerable.

Will the senate therefore refuse to admit Vare and Smith to its August membership.

Vanishing America

The forest primeval. The old oaken bucket. The little red school. The one-horse shay.

Woman's crowning glory. The village smithy.

Milady's petticoat. The blue and the grey-

Before spanking William study his reflex, say the child hygienists. It may bounce right off.

The election is over, but the telephone poles still are actively campaigning.

By Williams



What Others Say

(Lincoln County Leader)

The grand old party was the victor in the recent election in the state of Oregon and, as a result, Frederick Stelwer, against whom the most malicious campaign that Oregon has ever witnessed was waged, has won the United States senatorship by substantial majority. The republicans also elected Ike Patterson for governor by an overwhelming majority.

(St. Helens Mist

Stelwer's winning of the seat in the senate should be a particular source of gratification to all real republicans. Stanfield, able senator though he was, forfetted any right to consideration, present or future, by his poor loser tactics. He played a single constructive part in demonstrating again that a bolter is always doomed to defeat, and this will have a good effect on potential political mavericks in the future. Patterson's victory over Pierce surprises no one, as the contributing factor to Pierce's election four years ago has disappeared. Pierce vanishes with it, and Oregon takes a real pride in saluting its new governor.

gone to his head.

Law: The method often adopted for making bad things worse.

Bigamist: One to whom every sweetheart is a hope and every wife a disappointment.

Fish: The raw material widely employed by both teur and professional liars.

History: A record of building things up so that wars could be started for tearing them down.

Dancing: A diversion enjoying much popularity because no infelligence is required to learn it.

Hez Heck says: "Outside o' jist gittin' along, a majority o' folks never does anything worth men-

Isn'f It Odd?

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 16.-(United News) - Mrs. Agnes Johnson is having 51 guests at her birthday dinner Wednesday-and Frank. Frank, 7 years old, is Mrs. Johnson's driving horse and she is very fond of him. So he is coming right into the parlor with the other guests and he's to have a dish of oats at the table. "I'm sure none of the other guests will mind," said the hostess. "Frank is such a nice horse."

LONDON - Nearly 10,000 bottles of claret wine were deliberately poured into a drain in the Savoy hotel here not because of any American prohibition invasion, but because the wine was losing its quality. American visitors opined the Londoners were too discriminating.

DETROIT - Ben Hoffer, part owner of a cleaning establishment, bemoaning the theft of 45 suits while he was making deliveries, and the requests of customers for their clothes or cash, said: "I've been cleaned, now I'm being pressed; and everywhere I turn it is

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

August Schuerman of this city and E. T. Simons of Gold Hill eral warehouse and commission here, accompanied by her mother, public schools of this place in his town, being situated in the cenbusiness with headquarters at Mrs. W. H. Deardorff, of Oakland, official capacity. He reports the Gold Hill. Mr. Scheurman goes Oregon, who is visiting her schools visited to be in splendid with no place to buy gold dust." to the lower valley city this week. daughter, Mrs. A. F. Hunt of Ash. shape and compliments very high-His family will remain in Ashland for the present his son Rilling. being enrolled at the local high

street, to J. C. Craig of Oakland, ed at Santa Cruz. for Oakland property. Mr. Craig came to Ashland several weeks ago with his family and decided remain in Ashland for the sum- relatives and friends. mer at least and are moving today to the Dean place on Vista

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprat Wells and

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Smith of Misses Mabel Wagner and Nel-

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Loosley of that Ashland was the place for Fort Klamath came in from there him. Mr. Metcalf and family will yesterday on a visit to Ashland

rived in Ashland last Wednesday. stiff as a week ago.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

County School Superintendent infant came in from Bly a few Gus Newbury spent a day or two days ago on a visit to relatives in Ashland this week visiting the ly the efficiency of Principal C. A. Hitchcock in his conduct and superintendence of the schools.

Ashland left yesterday for Santa lie Russell, two of the most com-Cruz, Cal., where they may lo- petent lady typists in this part of C. H. Metcalf has traded his cate. There is quite a colony of southern Oregon, leave for Saresidence ranch property on Holly former Ashland people now locat- lem on this evening's train to take cases in the state printing of-

> J. W. Willey returned home from San Francisco Saturday evening, having accompanied a shipment of beef cattle to the city He reports the market still firm Joe Wertz, the mail clerk, ar- in the beef line, but not quite so

Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Rabbits' Ice-Boating "I must tell you," said Daddy, "shout the rabbits' lee-boating party.

"A big pond, which was very near the field where a great many rabbits lived—in fact, so many rab-bit lived in the field, that it was called Rabbit Village—had frozen

"The rabbits wasted no time in sending out invitations for the ice-boating party.

"They had plenty of boards to use as boats, and they made sails out of branches of evergreen trees."

"The rabbits are devoted to fun, and can always think of ways to have the best time imaginable.
"The rabbits thought they'd have their party in the afternoon, for then the wind blew the strongest, the strongest to the strongest. and in the evening it was apt to



sidered a long time before they decided whether or not they'd invite any outsiders to the party.

"Now, the possums lived very near the rabbits, so near that they had been able to watch the rabbits make ice boats, and they wondered who would be invited to the party, for they were certain the rabbits were going to give a party. "So they were going to give a party.
"So they were pleased when they received their invitation, and when they got to the party and found that they were the only outside guests invited they were still hap-

oh, how the boats did skim across the ice!

"Such squeals of joy as you never heard in all your lives came forth from the rabbits and pos-

But, alas, a dreadful accident happened. In selling over a bit of

happened. In sailing over a bit of thin ice the sail of the boat containing Jimmie Possum and Harry Rabbit fell over, and the boat went through the ice.

"Such a cry as Jimmie Possum and Harry Rabbit did let off!

"All the other possums and rabbits hurried to the rescue.

"Neither Jimmie Possum nor Harry Rabbit were good swimmers, and the water was so cold they

Harry Rabbit were good swimmers, and the water was so cold they would have drowned at once had not old Grandpa Rabbit, with great presence of mind, thrown out a pole, which Jimmie Possum and Harry Rabbit got hold of, and so were pulled out on the ice.

"Exercise, exercise; that's the best thing after falling through the lee!' cried Grandpa Rabbit.

"And he produced a bag of skates which he had brought along in case the wind had gone down or that

the wind had gone down or that ice-boating had grown tiresome to

"So they all skated with as much vim as they had shown in ice-boating, and Jimmie Possum and Harry Rabbit, who both quickly recovered, enjoyed being the heroes of the day."
(C. 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Gold-Brick-Shy-

A couple of young men came to Medford Wednesday broke except for two ounces of gold dust. They hailed from the Althouse mining district and were trying to get to California but run out of cash, and when they tried to find someone to buy their gold dust, queer as it seems there was no one who would buy it. They made the remark that Medford "is a queer ter of a mining district, and yet -Medford Mail Tribune.

Statements Untrue-

Statements that Oregon is already over supplied with normal school trained teachers are declared to be without foundation by R. R. Turner, state superintendent of public instruction. Turner points to the fact that he has spent more than two weeks in finding a normal school 'trained teacher to fill a teaching position in this state, as proof of short-

Medford-Pears and apples shipped and stored here total 2,-

Kiddies' Evening LYDIA of the Pines

(Continued from yesterday)

The celebration made table talk and newspaper topic for several days. No real attempt was made to punish the Indians. For once, the whites, moved by a sense of tardy and inadequate justice, withheld their hands.

It was just before college opened that Amos announced that he was going to buy the one hundred and twenty acres John had set saide for him.

"How are you going to pay for it?" Lydia asked.
"Don't you worry, I'll tend to that," replied Amos. "John's going to hold it for me, till I can get the pine cut off. That'll pay for the land."

"How much did you pay for it,
Mr, Levine?" asked Lydia.
Levine grinned. "I forgot!"
Lydia sat with her chin cupped
in her palm, her blue eyes on Levine. To the surprise of both men,
she said nothing.
After the supper dishes were
washed, and Amos was attending to
the chickens, Lydia came slowly
out to the front steps where Levine
was sitting. She leaned her head
against his arm and they sat in silence.

"Lydia," said John, finally, "how does the Great Search go on?"
"I don't think I make much headway," replied Lydia. "The older I grow, the less I understand men and I've always felt as if, if there was a God, He was a man."

"You mean male, rather than fe-male," agreed John. "Lydia, dear, I wish you did have faith."

"But do you believe, yourself?"
urged Lydia. "Yes. I know that the soul can't die," said the man, quietly. "And the thing that makes me surest is the feeling I have for you. I know that I'll have another chance."—"

"What do you mean?" asked Lydia wonderingly. "That, you'll never know,"

"Well, I know that you're a dear," said the young girl, unexpectedly, "no matter how you get your Indian lands. And I love you

She patted his cheek caressingly, and John Levine smiled sadly to himself in the darkness.

College life was not much unlike high school life for Lydia. She was very timid at first; suffered agony when called on to recite; reached all her classes as early as possible all her classes as early as possible and sat in a far corner to escape notice. But gradually, among the six thousand students she began to lose her self-consciousness and to feel that, after all, she was only attending a larger high school.

Except for flying visits home, John Levine spent the year at Washington. He was returned to congress practically automatically, at the end of his term. Kent throve mightily as a real estate man. He continued to call on Lydia at irreg-

continued to call on Lydia at irregular intervals in order to boast, she thought, of his real estate acumen and of his correspondence with Margery and Olga, both of whom

were now at boarding school.
One Sunday afternoon in March
Amos was in town with John Levine, who was on one of his hurried visits home, when Billy Norton
came over to the cottage. Lydia saw at once that some

thing was wrong.
"What's worrying you, Billy?"

thing was wrong.

"What's worrying you, Billy?" she asked.

"Lydia," he said, dropping into Amos' chair and folding his big arms, "you know my tract of land—the one I was going to buy from an Indian? I paid young Lone Wolf a ten-dollar option on it while I looked around to see how I could raise enough to pay him a fair price. He's only a kid of seventeen and stone blind from trachoma. Well, yesterday I found that Marshall had bought it in. He looked young Lone Wolf up and gave him a bag of candy. The Indians are crazy for candy. Then he told him to make his cross on a piece of paper. That that was a receipt that he was to keep and if he'd show if at the store whenever he wanted candy, he'd have all he wanted, for nothing. And he had two half-breeds witness it. What Marshall had done was to get Lone Wolf to sign a warranty deed, giving Marshall his pine land. The poor devil of an Indian didn't know it till yesterday when he showed me his 'receipt' in great glee. Of course, they'll swear he's a mixed blood."

Lydia burst out, "Oh, I wish that reservation had never heep beard."

a mixed blood."

Lydia burst out, "Oh, I wish that reservation had never been heard of! It demoralizes every one who comes in contact with it."

"Lydia," said Billy, slowly, "I'm going to expose Marshall. I'm going to show up his crooked deals with the Indians. I'm going to rip this reservation graft wide open. I'm not going to touch an acre of the land myself so I can go in with clean hands and I'm not going to forget that I came pretty close to being a skunk, myself."

"Oh, but, Billy!" cried Lydia. "There's John Levine and all our friends—oh, you can't do it!"

friends oh, you can't do it!"

and back again. Kent was by interest the handsomer of the two. He dressed well, and sat now, knees crossed, hands clasped behind his head, with easy grace. Billy was a six-footer, larger than Kent and inclined to be raw-boned. His mouth was humorous and sensitive, his gray eyes were searching.

Billy stayed and helped Lydia to clean up the dishes. Kent would never have thought of this, Lydia said to herself with a vague pang. When they had finished Billy gravely took Lydia's coat from the hook and said, "Come, woman, and walk in the gloaming with your humble servant."

Lydia giggled and obeyed. They walked briskly till a rise in the road gave them a view of the lake and a scarlet rift in the sky where the sun had sunk in a bank of

the sun had sunk in a bank of clouds. "Now, Lydia," said Billy, "answer

"Now, Lydia." said Billy, "answer my question. Are you for or against Indian graft?"
Lydia's throat tightened. "I won't take sides against Mr. Levide," she replied.
"Do you mean that you don't want me to expose Marshall?" asked Billy.
"You've no right to ask me that."
Lydia's voice was cross.
"But I have. Lydia, though you don't want it, my life is yours. No matter whether we can ever be anything else, we are friends, aren't we, friends in the deepest sense of that word—aren't we, Lydia?"
Eriendship! Something very warm and high and fine entered Lydia's heart.

warm and high and fine entered Lydia's heart.

"Yes, we are friends, Billy," she said slowly. "But oh, Billy, don't make me decide that! You'll have to let me think about it. You see, it's deciding my attitude toward all my friends, even toward dad. And I hadn't intended ever to decide."

"And will you tell me, tomorrow, or next day, Lydia?"

"I'll tell you as soon as I decide," she answered.

ane answered.

Amos brought John Levine home Amos brought John Levine home with him for supper. It seemed to Lydia that Levine never had been dearer to her than he was that evening. He did not talk of the Indians, to Lydia's relief, but of Washington politics. As the evening drew to a close, and Amos went out to his chickens as usual after Lizzle had gone to bed, John turned to Lydia.

"Really grown up, aren't you, Lydia? Do you enjoy being a young lady?"

lady?"
"Yes, I do, only I miss the old days when I saw so much of you. No one will ever understand me as you do." "Oh, I don't know. There are Billy and Kent."

"There'll never be anyone like you." Then moved by a sudden impulse she leaned toward him and impulse she leaned toward him and said, "No matter what happens, you will always know that I love you, won't you, Mr. Levine?"

John looked at the wistful face, keenly. "Why, what could happen, young Lydia?"

"Oh, lots of things! I'm grown up now and—and I have to make decisions about the rightness and the wrongness of things. But no matter what I decide, nothing can change my love for you."

matter what I decide, nothing can change my love for you."

"When you were just a little tot," said Levine, "you were full of gumption and did your own thinking. And I've been glad to see you keep the habit. Always make your own decisions, dear. Don't let me or anyone else decide matters of conscience for you,"

He rose as he heard Amos coming in the back door, and with his hand under Lydia's chin, he looked long and earnestly into her eyes. Then as Billy had done earlier in the evening, he sighed, "Oh, Lydia' Lydia!" and turned away.

Lydia!" and turned away. (Continued Tomorrow)

MANY BODIES RETURNED

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16 .-(United News) - Forty-four bodles of American soldiers were brought back from overseas during the year ending June 30, 1926, according to Quartermaster General Cheatham.

This makes a grand total of 46,344 bodies. Identification work is still going on, 132 bodies having been identified during the last fiscal year. The government spent \$79,635 on upkeep of American cemeteries in Europe

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise." Eph. 6:2.

If we would but howour father and monther in all we do and say, few of us would go far wrong in this world.