

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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About Dog Poisoning

Ashland is now in the grip of an epidemic of dog poisoning. Whether it be malicious or accidental is not known, but this fact is known that during the last few weeks at least seven dogs have paid the penalty for eating that which some one has either carelessly or purposely scattered around.

Now there may be times when a dog will wear out its welcome, when through its ignorance of convention will commit crimes that would for the moment seem to justify the direst punishment possible to bestow upon his poor and unsuspecting self. There are better ways, when such time comes, to correct this condition, than to slyly, like a thief in the night, set out a little fish or meat, well saturated with poison. There are the duly constituted authorities, who are willing and anxious to correct such a condition. Then there is the owner of the dog, that may be appealed to. Either remedy should work and if one or the other should fail, we can think of nothing that a dog could do, unless of course he bit a defenseless child or attacked a non trespasser, that would justify such an overt act, as deliberately placing a bit of poison out and then gleefully setting back and watching for the first dog that came along to grab it.

We wouldn't want to go on a hunting or camping trip with a person who would resort to such tactics. We would be a little bit afraid that when our back was turned they might take a pot shot at us, just to see us suffer if their aim was good. We believe that if it were possible to secure an X-ray photograph of the heart of any person guilty of maliciously poisoning an unoffending dog, the photograph would just show one black spot, for we have been told by X-ray men, that stone or metal always takes that appearance in a photograph.

The Grandstand

Day before yesterday Ashland folks were some what startled to learn that we were going to have a new football field grandstand. The fact that we were to have the grand stand was not so startling as the accompanying news that it was to be completed and ready for use by Thanksgiving day. Now comes the rather surprising information that there are some who would discourage such a commendable activity. Not because they thought such an improvement was not badly needed, but because they were of the opinion that sufficient thought had not been given the plan before it was started.

Now there is only one way to do a thing and that is to do it. It would seem, from the number of men interested in this project that it was a worthy one, and if it be, then there can be nothing gained by waiting. The organization that is taking the initiative, has on its membership rolls some of the most substantial men in the community. They have demonstrated by their action in assessing themselves five dollars apiece and agreeing to donate one days time, that they are willing to do as much or more than will be asked of other individuals. We believe when such an organization, as the Lithians, express the whole hearted desire to accomplish something for which the majority of the community will benefit, then any personal feelings should be buried and we should get in and cooperate with them, to the fullest extent.

A Basketball League

Now that the football season is drawing to a close, the though presents itself that Ashland business men are missing a rare opportunity to secure some excellent exercise, as well as amusement, by not organizing a local basketball league comprised of teams from the various business houses.

In talking this matter over with some of the local sports enthusiasts it was found that there are numerous ex-high school players associated with business institutions who it was thought would be willing to take an active interest in getting the matter started. Then there is the High school and Normal school faculty, whom men have had more or less experience in college basketball. Taken as a whole, Ashland has a wealth of material, and some mighty fine teams could be organized, and some good wholesome rivalry generated from such a step.

By Williams



THE 'BULL' AND THE FOXES

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAMAM BOWSER

Top of the Tree

"Good evening, Santa Claus," said little Maggie as she called by the chimney several weeks before Christmas.

"I hope you're very well, Santa. I'll have sugar by the fire for your reindeer. I'll put it in my own little blue saucepans."

"You know, Santa Claus; it is the blue saucepans that came with the blue cup which you gave me two years ago."

"Do you remember, Santa Claus? You gave me a little blue cup for my cocoa. I still have it all, though there is a crack in the tray and one cup leaks."

"But the other cup is all right, and the cocoa pot is perfect. I love that little blue set, Santa. Santa, have you been well all the year? I do hope so, Santa Claus."

"I hope you didn't get too tired after last Christmas, Santa. You brought me so many presents, and you brought the rest of my family lovely presents, too."

"Santa, I'd like quite a few things this year."

"I'd like a little pink pig more than anything else. I saw one that

was a friend of mine and I'd love it better than anything."

"Santa, her little pig squeals when she presses it. And the pig is such a pretty, clean pink color. A very, very light pink shade."

"That's such a nice shade for a pig, especially for a pig to hold and love."

"We have pigs in the pig pen, but Santa, they get awfully dirty. And their mother never seems to care."

"Now, I wouldn't let my pig get dirty. That is, if you happen to give me a pig."

"I'd keep my pig so nice and clean. My pig would go to bed with me at night and sleep between nice, clean sheets."

"And I'd never let my pig go down cellar or get in the coal bin. I wouldn't let my pig go out in the woodshed. Sometimes I go out there, but I can wash my hands and my pig couldn't be washed so easily."

"I'd like some writing paper, Santa. If you can't give me the pig and the writing paper, don't bother about the writing paper."

"That would only be to answer and thank for presents. I can use my pig just as well."

"I'd like some hard candy and a new comb for my hair and a book and a chocolate Santa Claus. Of course, I wouldn't look so very much like you or I'd not want to eat it up."

"But Santa, I'd so love to have a little pink pig. If its eyes were pink it would be nice. Pinker eyes than its body, is what I mean."

"I'll talk to you again, Santa, but that is all for now. I go out, dear Santa Claus. My love to the reindeer."

Every night until Christmas Maggie called up the chimney to Santa Claus, and every time she spoke of the pink pig.

She knew just what she wanted, for she had seen the most lovely pink pig, and if she owned one she would love it more than any other toy.

And when Christmas came and all the presents were open Maggie did not find her pink pig. She had beautiful presents, but there was no pink pig, and though she knew she should not feel sad when she had so much else, she did feel just a little sad.

"Then suddenly she spotted a pink pig right on the top of the Christmas tree. Ah, Santa had not forgotten. And he had chuckled, she felt sure, as he had put it there on the top of the tree for her to discover and to enjoy more than she would have if she had seen it first of all."

It was a perfect pink pig. Quite the sweetest pig that ever was.

"For some reason, when she woke the next morning, Lydia half hoped that the soft pattern against her window was of rain drops. But it was the wind-tossed maple leaves, whose scarlet and gold were drifting deep on the lawn and garden. At three o'clock Lydia and Kent set off down the road to the Willows."

They strolled along the leafy road, with the tang of autumn in their nostrils, and the blue gleam of the lake in their eyes. It was only half a mile to the Willows as they turned in. Kent took Lydia's hand and drew it through his arm.

"Look," he said, "I believe there is even a little last of our car after all this time. What a rough little devil I was in those days. And yet, even then, I believe I had an idea of trying to take care of you."

He dropped Lydia's hand and faced her. "Lydia, do you care for me—care for me enough to marry me?" Lydia turned pale. Something in her heart began to sing. Something in her brain began to stir, uncomfortably.

"Oh, Kent," she began breathlessly, then paused and the two looked deep into each other's eyes. "Lydia! Lydia! I need you so!" cried Kent. "You are such a dear, such a dear, so pretty, so sweet—and I need you so! Won't you marry me, Lydia?"

"I've always loved you dearly, Kent, and now..."

What Others Say

(Eugene Register)
A new Jersey councilman told a teacher that the school staff would teach the children more if the members discarded rolled hose and short skirts. Well, some radical measure is necessary to improve teaching methods.

(Gold Hill News)
Now that the election is over what are you going to get the wife for Christmas?

(Grants Pass Courier)
Mussolini holds seven portfolios out of 13 in the Italian cabinet. This gives the dictator a good majority when the roll is called. And it's pretty safe to say that the other six won't oppose the "seven-in-one" government that the fascist leader has established. Italy may have a king, but the world doesn't know it.

(Baker Democrat)
Japanese foreign policy is said to be "turning toward Asia." There's nothing in the Monroe doctrine against Asia for Asiatics.

(Central Oregon Press)
After we read the books we shouldn't read, there's no time left for the ones we should read.

SAP AND SALT

BERNARD MOSES

Kindness is wasted when rubbed in.

The best time to do a thing is before the law makes you.

If you don't do something, sooner or later you will do somebody.

For every woman who is smart, you will find ten who are merely clever.

This much is sure: The number of divorces can never exceed the number of marriages.

The man or woman without something useful to do will get into a mess of some sort without fail.

Hez Heck says: "If you try to kiss a woman, she may be shocked, but if you don't try she will be disappointed."

TOM SIMS SAYS

Two Mexican Indians ran 62 miles in 9 hours and 37 minutes. The police blame a book agent.

A French scientist says man's supremacy may give way before the lowly insect. There are times when you can't tell them apart.

A human tooth a million years old has been found in Montana. But then it may have been only a piano key.

Today's object lesson: the ambition of a child which is always willing to work.

We are glad to reveal that, owing to the advent of the bob, the old gray hair ain't what it used to be.

Who remembers when the citizens used to hold ratification meetings for elected congressmen?

A fly in the bush is worth many in the hand.

Headlines you never see: "IT WAS ALL MY FAULT," SAYS WOMAN DRIVER AFTER CRASH.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Dr. F. A. Hall has engaged Dr. A. C. Caldwell to assist him in his office during the next month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lambkin returned last Wednesday from their ranch near Montague and report the outlook bright for a fine wheat crop this year.

Mrs. Elsie Churchman and Mrs. William Patterson left on Saturday for Portland, where the latter will attend the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star as a delegate from the Alpha Chapter of Ashland. Mrs. Patterson will visit her daughters Margaret and Mrs. Robley.

Miss Agnes Storey returned to her home in Ashland Friday after several days' visit with Miss Emma Deland and Mrs. Kitchen in Roseburg.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Harry Pellett has a fine new automobile touring and is doing a livery business with it in Ashland.

Pierre Provost, who was severely kicked by the family horse recently and suffered a broken collar bone, has so far recovered from his painful injuries as to be out again and receive the congratulations of his friends over his escape from more serious injuries in the accident.

Lester Barclay, a son of Mrs. C. B. Austin of this city, who left Ashland as a lad ten years ago and who has spent the intervening years in various sections of the United States, dropped in from the south, Friday, to pay a visit to his mother. He is now located in San Francisco.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

C. E. Donnelly, the efficient manager of the Western Union office in Ashland, left for San Francisco yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Donnelly, to spend a month in the Bay city and vicinity, his old home. This is Mr. Donnelly's first vacation in three years and he has certainly earned it. G. G. Eubanks, night operator, will be in charge of the office and Chas. A. Harris will do night duty.

Mr. S. O. Shattuck who has moved to Ashland from Fort Klamath with his family, to take advantage of school facilities, was a platoon caller at the Tidings office yesterday. Mr. Shattuck purchased property in the western part of town some months ago, and expects to make his home here while retaining stock interests near Fort Klamath.

LYDIA of the Pines

Honoré Willitts

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(Continued from yesterday)

CHAPTER XVI

The Military Map. MARGERY, for the first month or so, was silent and kept as close as possible to Lydia's apron strings. But she was as beautiful as she was could be kept in Oregan. Lydia had been refused for a time to go to parties, it was not long before Margery was taking tramps with the college boys and joining happily enough in the simple pleasures at the cottage.

Lydia did not hear from Kent until a week before the first college week, late in October. Then she received a formal note from him, reminding her of his invitation.

"Oh, Lydia!" exclaimed Margery, "aren't you lucky! I haven't seen Kent or heard from him since our trouble!"

"Neither have I," said Lydia. "And I suspect he's so cross with me that he hates to keep this engagement. But I don't care. I wish I had a new dress. But I've got to make do with this one. It looks as well as could be expected." she finished comically.

The hop was a success, a decided success, in spite of the organdie. Kent was inclined to be stiff, at first, and to wear an injured air, and yet, mingled with this was a frank and youthful bravado. And there could be no doubt that among the college boys, Kent was more of a hero. It was something to boast of, evidently, to have one's name coupled with Levine's in the great scandal.

Kent had supposed that he would have some trouble in filling Lydia's card for her, but to his surprise, he found that in her timid way, Lydia was something of a personage among the older college boys and the younger professors.

It was altogether an intoxicating evening and at its end Lydia pulled on her last winter's overcoat and stumbled into Kent's little automobile, quietly, with life.

"Oh, Kent, it doesn't feel as if I were a villain any more? You've forgiven me?"

"Forgive you, for what?"

"For not agreeing with you on the Indian matter. Gee, I was sore at you, Lydia, that morning at the hearing, and yet I was like your dad. I was proud of you, too."

you, somehow, I don't think we'd ever make each other happy! I'd like to know why not! Just try me, Lydia! Try me!"

"I'd like to try you, dear. Wait, Kent, wait! Let me have my playtime, Kent. I've never had a real one, you know, till now. Let me finish college, then ask me again, will you, Kent?"

Kent jerked his head discontentedly. "I think it would be better for us to die to each other right now. Please, Lydia, dear!"

Lydia shook her head slowly. "Let me have my playtime, Kent. I don't know that side of myself at all."

Kent looked into the clear, tender blue of Lydia's eyes. Then he said softly, "All right, dear! You know best. But will you give me just one kiss—for remembrance?"

Lydia lifted her face, and Kent pulled off his cap and kissed the warm, girlish lips tenderly, lingeringly, then without a word, gently turned Lydia homeward.

Kent's announcement that he had been with Billy Kerion did not amount to a great deal. As winter came on, he and Billy met constantly at the cottage and, outwardly at least, were friendly. The commission finished its sitting and turned its findings over to congress.

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