

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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

Our Trade Territory

During the past few weeks and years for that matter Ashland folks have proven themselves to be cheerful givers. They have built hotels, promoted industries, bought stock in community enterprises, voted water bonds, contributed to worthy drives and supported everything that came up that might be of some benefit to the community.

We believe that one side of the scales should balance the other, and that the business interests are worthy of some community cooperation in the development of more trade territory.

We are of the opinion that should a concerted effort be made to bring into Ashland, a fair portion of those who live within our rightful trade territory, every business institution would be in a position to increase the financial support given to the other type of project.

The Ideal Politician

That man who expects to be "eminently successful," year after year, in politics must have certain qualifications and attributes which will bring him the adulation of the mob.

He must have no opinions on any public question; or if he does, should keep them to himself religiously. He must never take an active interest in any community enterprise, the progress of which to a successful conclusion is bound to alienate erstwhile friends, no matter how meritorious the project may be or how much eventual benefit will accrue to the community.

If he is successful in this regard he may win the plaudits of the electorate - but it is doubtful. There are so many other things which he must do to maintain his seat on the precarious edge of public favor that self-respecting individuals usually fall from the perch into an ignominious oblivion.

The notion that mankind alone possesses power of consequential thought is a pleasing, popular, but somewhat arrogant assumption.-J. Ranken Towse.

Religion is the top of the world. Religion is the beyond which we cannot hope to reach.-John Haynes Holmes.

The soliloquy from "Hamlet" is a classic that ranks with "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and Kipling's "Gunga Din."-Al Jolson.

We are glad to be able to reveal today who started Apple Week. It was a group of duck-shooting doctors.

Famous last lines: "Well, now the car's paid for, don't you think we need a washing machine?"

By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

J.R. WILLIAMS

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BOWSER

Hearing Sleigh-Bells

It was Christmas Eve and the children and the grown-ups and the big black dog and the little white dog had all gone to bed.

Timmy had gone to bed at a slightly later hour than had his younger sister Kitty.

But Timmy was asleep now. And yet he was not so sure that he was quite sound asleep.

He knew he had really meant to go to sleep and that he was going on. He had wanted to hear Santa's arrival and the sleigh-bells and the reindeer.

Of course he had promised he would sleep, but if he were awake, he would not be able to sleep.

He knew Santa did not have the time to stop and talk and that he liked to be quite alone when he was fixing the Christmas presents and getting everything that he had for everyone.

But he had made up his mind he would have a beautiful time listening to the sounds of the sleigh-bells and of the reindeer and of Santa.

For he knew he could hear the slight sounds Santa made as he moved around the living room fixing the presents.

Yes, he had planned to have a glorious time listening. And so had his younger sister, Kitty.

They had both spoken about it. "I'm going to listen for Santa Christmas Eve," Timmy had said so many times.

"I'm going to listen for him, too," Kitty had said just as often. And then when Christmas Eve came Timmy was even more decided than ever.

He would certainly be awake until after Santa had gone. And so was Kitty more decided than ever.

She would certainly be awake until after Santa had gone. But now that he had gone to bed he really could not even tell whether he was awake or not.

That seemed a bit absurd, but it was quite true. He felt so sleepy, and yet he seemed to hear sounds. Did he really hear sounds or not?

Oh, yes, he was quite sure of it now. He was very, very sleepy.

He could hear, though. He was simply too sleepy to think very much about anything, but he could hear the distant sounds of sleigh-bells and of the reindeer.

LYDIA of the Pines

By Howard Wilcox

(Continued from yesterday)

"You shall have fifteen dollars, just as soon as you get well, honey," said Amos.

"All right," said Lydia, hesitantly. "I'll be glad to take it."

It was a hard pull, a sharp, hard struggle with body congested with cold and pain. Lydia had been sick for two weeks. Her mother had come every day with a basket, for Lydia practically fed Amos during the two weeks. Billy did chase. Kent was stranded by with the little car. And Adam sat on the doorstep for hours and howled!

But Lydia was splendidly strong. One night, after ten days of stupor and delirium, she opened her eyes on Amos' haggard face. She spoke.

"Lizzie came in at this moment with a bowl of broth. Billy moved over to sit on the edge of the couch, and Lydia began to sip the broth, spoonful by spoonful. She was thinking how Billy had improved. How immaculate he was and how well his blue suit suited him. There was no barnyard odor about him now! Only a whiff of the good cigars he smoked."

"Billy," said "what would you say if next year I took the short course in agriculture?"

"I'd be speechless!" he exclaimed. "I hate to think of teaching."

Lydia went on, "and I'm crazy about the country and farming and so is dad. And there's more than that to it."

"What more there was to it, she did not say then, for Ma Norton came bustling in."

CHAPTER XVII The End of a Great Search LYDIA returned to her college work the Monday after the Junior prom, a little thinner, and her color not quite so bright as usual, but in a most cheerful frame of mind. She was feeling, somehow, a new sense of maturity and contentment.

Kent was devoting a good deal of attention to Lydia but this did not prevent his taking Margery about. He was, he explained to Lydia, so sorry for her!

Lydia, so sorry for her! "You don't have to explain to me," protested Lydia. "I want you to go with all this, I want you like. I intend to see all I want of as many men as care to see me. I told you this was my playtime."

Kent's reply to this was a non-committal grunt. It was in May that he told Lydia what John Levine had finally accomplished in his month's work in Washington. The Indians on the reservation were to be removed bodily to a reservation in the southwest. The reservation was then to be thrown open to white settlement.

"What will poor Chas the Jackson say?" were Lydia's first words. Kent shrugged his shoulders. "Poor old scout! He'll have to make a new start in the West. But isn't that glorious news, Lyd! The land office opens its doors as in pioneer days. Everybody's title's in question now can rest under settlement laws. Isn't Levine a wizard! Why don't you say something to Lyd?"

"I don't know what to say," said Lydia. "I'm sick at heart for the Indians. But I'm glad that the awful temptation of the pines is going to be taken away from Lake City. Though how good can come out of a wrong, I'm not sure. When will Mr. Levine come home?"

"Next month," he said. "On a Sunday afternoon, late in June, John Levine turned in at the gate as casually as though he had left but the day before. Lydia was inspecting the garden with her father, when she heard Adam bark and whine a welcome to some one. "Oh, there he is, daddy!" she cried, and she dashed down the rows of young peas, her white skirts fluttering, both hands extended. "There isn't any other girl," replied Billy. "If I can't go with you, I'll be hanged if I go at all! Lydia, I don't see why a sensible girl like you lays such stress on clothes. Honestly, it's not the way. Come on, be a sport and go in your usual dress, or let me lend you money to get a complete party outfit with."

"Billy Norton, you know I would not borrow money from a man!" exclaimed Lydia. "Besides, I've got enough money I earned myself!" "You have! Then what's all the worry about? How'd you earn it, Lyd? I thought your father..." Lydia dug the little pocketbook from under the sofa pillow and spread the money proudly on her shawl. "There it is and it's the root of all my troubles." Billy looked at her suspiciously. "Young woman, how'd you earn

What Others Say

(Baker Herald)

Should the government reduce taxes or reduce the national debt? The battle will rage in Washington this winter. The country won't be raised if either side wins.

(La Grande Observer)

You've got to hand it to Henry Ford for reconciling philanthropy with practical business. He's perfectly willing to give six days' pay for five days' work, if the employe does six days' work in five days.

(Bend Bulletin)

A headline on one of our football stories on Saturday declared "Miss Fancy Plays." We did not know there were any girls on the team.

(Cottage Grove Sentinel)

By worrying for fear something may happen, you will get yourself into a condition where you won't be able to stand it when it does happen.

(Banks Herald)

Still, if Newton hadn't figured out gravity when the apple fell, somebody would have done it with the franc.

Advertisement for SAP AND SALT by BERT MOSES. Includes an illustration of a person and text: "Necessity: The mother of hard work."

Advertisement for TOM SIMS SAYS. Includes an illustration of a person and text: "Paper can be made from corn by a new process. Thirty souls who can't drink it can write home about it."

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TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mrs. A. E. Connor and daughter, Helen, returned from San Francisco Tuesday, where they had been with Mr. Connor, who is very sick in the railroad hospital. Today Mrs. Connor and daughter started on their return to San Francisco to remain with Mr. Connor until he improves.

Miss Esther White returned today from San Francisco, where she has been employed in a large art establishment since leaving the San Francisco Art Institute last fall. She will leave Monday for Berkeley.

Mrs. Charles Cusick, daughter Marian and son Charles, returned Tuesday from a two week's visit with relatives in Sacramento and other California cities.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. J. N. Kinney is visiting in Ashland at the home of her son, A. E. Kinney, of the Mercantile firm of Vaspel, Beebe & Kinney. Mrs. Kinney's home is at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. For the past year she has been visiting at Petaluma, Cal., with her son, J. W. Kinney formerly of this city, and has already become attached to life on the Pacific Coast.

H. G. Mathes and family of Phoenix left yesterday for Oakland, Cal., where they expect to spend the winter months visiting Mrs. Mathes' relatives. They are planning to return to Ashland in the spring and make their home in this city. Mr. Mathes who last week purchased the Hunt lands of nearly a thousand acres in the Dead Indian country east of Ashland, has left that property in charge of Lindsay Bros. of Lily-glen, who will look after it.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

G. W. Stephenson last week sold the property on Oak street, known as the "truck and transfer barn" to H. J. Hicks for a consideration of \$1650. Mr. Hicks in turn sold a half-interest in the property to A. C. Dixon for \$325. They purchased the barn as an investment.

The deer hunters, Chas. Winters, D. L. Minkler and Guert McCull, who have been having great sport in the Dead Indian country succeeded in killing 3 deer. They brought 7 to town as evidence of their success.

A. E. Hildreth and D. Hildreth have begun the erection of two dwellings on the Highland Park tract in the south end of town.

John Standard leaves tonight for Little Rock, Arkansas.