

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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Spilt Milk

Blessed is the man who can look through the hole in the doughnut and see only the practical advantage that accrues from nature's failure to make the confection with a solid center.

Such we verily believe is Calvin Coolidge, the most popular president since the time of Washington. He has just seen what many other presidents have bitterly contemplated, evidence of growing diminution of his popularity, indications that the Coolidge name and the appeal in the Coolidge behalf have lost some of their potency. And he can still present what passes on the Coolidge face for a smile.

As is well known Mr. Coolidge speaks little in the presence of newspaper men. But there is a person who dogs his footsteps day and night and reports the soliloquies which reveal the Coolidge mind to the press. This spokesman has just succeeded in finding out what Mr. Coolidge thinks about the defeat of his personal friend and political adviser, Senator Butler of Massachusetts.

There was some suspicion that the president might have felt somewhat downhearted over the Butler debacle inasmuch as he had departed from an otherwise inflexible rule personally to urge the voters to return his friend to the senate. He said he just morally had to have Butler in the senate. Butler was apparently the one man in the whole legislative branch indispensable to the welfare of his administration, since he didn't say as much for anyone else.

But is he downhearted? Does he feel the administration is going on the rocks without Butler to answer the roll call when the vice-president calls the senate to order? Not so you can notice it. He feels, says the spokesman, that Mr. Butler is being relieved of his senatorial duties now has ample time to devote to the chairmanship of the republican national committee.

Uncle Joe Cannon

The death of Uncle Joe Cannon recently marked the passing of a political leader who held the stage for more than half a century. He served 46 years in Congress. Only twice in his career, marked by many political upheavals, was he defeated, once in the reaction of 1890 and once in the party split in Taft and Roosevelt in 1912. During 20 years of his 46 years of service in the house of representatives he was chairman of the appropriations committee and during eight years he was speaker.

Men who once ran on the ticket with Abraham Lincoln, and in Lincoln's own state of Illinois, are not now so numerous as to be divested of distinction. The Cannon span of life covered the period between Andrew Jackson and Calvin Coolidge. He could remember 18, perhaps 19 of the Presidents of the United States and had intimate acquaintance with more than a dozen of them.

There was a time when public resentment was greatly kindled against Mr. Cannon, but the fact remains that few men have been more typically American than this contemporary of great figures in our national history.

Another Rumor

A recent news dispatch told us that the monoplane in which Commander Richard E. Byrd and his crew flew over the north pole was snowbound in Cheyenne.

Things like that can happen. The veteran of a dozen bloody battles comes home unscathed to die of the infection caused by a pin prick.

The steeplejack undertakes to hang a picture for his wife, falls off the stepladder and breaks his neck. The adventurer traverses bandit-infested mountains, penetrates to the heart of unmapped countries without harm, only to be held up by a Christian highwayman on the first night of his return to his home town, Kismet!

Apparently the easiest thing in the world to start is a rumor of the engagement of the Prince of Wales. And by the same token it is the hardest thing to stop. He seldom is out of one rumored engagement before he is into another. About the only break in the series is when he obliges by falling off his horse.

The latest evidence of his engagement is seen in the fact that housecleaning is under way at his London residence, Marlborough house. Why should a prince clean house, if not to put the place in order for the reception of a bride?

By Williams



Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Punctual Christmas

The most wonderful thing in the world was that Christmas was never late in coming. It seemed, after one Christmas was over, that it would be hard to wait until another whole year was finished for Christmas to come around again.

But it came and it was never, never late. Right along it came, and if people were late, Christmas paid no attention to them.

People would say: "Goodness, do you realize that it's only two weeks before Christmas and that I'm not half ready?" But that was not the fault of Christmas. Every one knew that Christmas was the twenty-fifth of December and they were at fault if they were late.

At least, Christmas was not going to disappoint those who were on time.

Then another wonderful thing was that not only did Christmas come exactly on time, but Santa Claus was never late.

No, he managed so that no matter how much he had to do, and he certainly had a great deal to do, he was never, never late.

No one could imagine Christmas coming along in January because it had been delayed any more than one could imagine Santa arriving

in February because he had so much to do.

Oh, no, Santa was always on time. Sometimes the snow didn't come on time, or it didn't come at all. In the warm places it didn't come at all, but Santa knew how to get around in the warm places as well as in the cold ones.

He knew how to get everywhere, Santa did.

He knew how to get to the city apartments where there were no chimneys, for did he not know how to get down the fire escapes, too, at the right time.

As the clocks struck twelve in the different towns and cities and villages and country places on the midnight of December twenty-fourth, it meant that Christmas had come.

Or if a clock was slow, or if a clock had not been wound up and so had stopped, Christmas did not pay any attention to that.

Christmas came along right on time.

Just as Santa Claus came on time, Oh, Christmas was absolutely punctual, and so was Santa Claus.

And when Santa went back home where he lived, way up North with his reindeer and where his workshop occupied a great, great open space in a snowy land where there were great woods around and oh, such lots of snow, then he would sit down and read again all his letters.

He would get out his magic telescope and look through it and see into the homes and see how the children were enjoying his presents.

And his dog, Boy of the North, would thump with his tail on the floor as his master chuckled and laughed and shouted with glee at the pleasure of the children.

Boy of the North would sometimes bark his delight and Santa would pat Boy of the North on the head and say:

"There is no time like Christmas, is there, Boy of the North?"

"It's a busy time and a rushing time and an exciting time, and there is just no other time like it." (© 1926 Western Newspaper Union.)

(Medford Mail Tribune) All hands in the rural districts are busy these days performing autopsies on turkeys—the milked birds who ate grasshoppers all summer.

F. M. Walker and family are again residents of Ashland. Mr. Walker exchanged his place on a farm down at Sheridan, Yamhill county, for his old position on the S. P. section force, with Geo. W. Rockwell, who removes to Yamhill county with his family.

R. Boswick and family left today for a visit to Ager and vicinity. Mrs. Boswick will go to Klamath hot springs for a brief stay.

The following Ashlanders joined the Portland excursion last Thursday: G. W. Crowson, Frank Dodge, G. W. Pennebacker, Mrs. Eunice Evans, Mrs. Bess, Mrs. O. Galtard and Tom Dodge.

LYDIA of the Pines

by Honor Willis

(© by Frederick A. Stokes Co.) WNU Service

(Continued from yesterday)

John looked after her, at the lengthened skirts, at the gold braids wrapped round her head. "She doesn't change except in size, that God," he said.

"Oh, she gets prettier," said Amos, carelessly. "She's sort of grown up to her mouth, and the way she wears her hair shows the fine set of her head. She's improved a lot." Amos paused and looked out at the shimmering lake.

"John, I wish I had five daughters. There's nothing like 'em in the world."

Lydia did not answer for a moment, while his gaze followed Amos' out over the familiar outline of blue water and far green hills.

"Sometimes, Amos," he muttered, finally, "I feel as if my whole life had been wasted."

It was an extraordinarily pleasant supper. After the dishes were washed, Lydie asked Lydia to stroll up the road with him while Amos did his evening chores.

It was dark when they turned out the gate to the road, Lydia clinging to John's arm.

John put a long, hard hand over the small thin one on his arm. "Have you missed me, young Lydie?" he asked.

"Yes," answered, "especially as you never came near us after the hearing."

"How could I come?" asked the man, simply. "You had washed me and found me wanting. Have you forgiven me, Lydie?"

"It wasn't a matter between you and me," replied the girl, slowly. "It was between you and your conscience and if your conscience approves, what's the use of asking me to forgive you?"

"Because, I can't stand not having your approval," said Lydie.

They strolled on in silence, while Lydie considered her reply. "No matter if the destroying of the Indians were right, that wouldn't exonerate the whites for having been cruel and crooked in doing it. People will always remember it of us."

Lydie gave a laugh that had no mirth in it. "Lord, who'll say the New England spirit is dead? You're as cold in judging me as one of your ancestors was when he sentenced a witch to be burned."

"Oh, no!" cried Lydie. "Dear John Lydie, I couldn't be cold to you. Nothing could make me love you less. And you yourself told me to be true to myself."

John sighed, then said abruptly, "Let's never discuss it again. What are you reading now, Lydie?"

"English essays and Emerson. I'm crazy about Emerson. I learned one thing from 'Friendship' to quote to you. It's like you and me."

She quoted: "Friendship—that select and sacred relationship that even leaves the language of love auspicious and common so much is this purer; and nothing is so much divine."

John stopped and taking Lydie's face in both hands, he exclaimed huskily, "Oh, my dear, this is my real welcome home! Oh, Lydie, Lydie, if you were ten years older and I were ten years younger—"

Lydie laughed. "Then we'd travel—to all the happy places of the world. We must turn back. Daddy'll be waiting."

Lydie was very busy with the details of the Indian removal for the next week or two. The exodus was accomplished in a businesslike manner. There were some disturbances on the reservation, but for the most part, the Indians were dazed and unprotesting. Before the concentration began, the precaution was taken of sending Charles Jackson under guard to the new reservation in the southwest.

Lydie had never seen him after her day at the hearing. She always was to carry in her memory, his handsome bronze face, thin early marked with lines of despair, as she saw it while she uttered her protest to the commissioners. And it was a hauntingly sad memory to carry.

In the evening Lydie sat with her Emerson open before her, but with her unseeing eyes fastened on the open door. It was a little after nine when the chug-chug of Kent's car stopped at the gate and in a moment Kent, white faced, appeared in the door.

"John Lydie's been shot. He wants Lydie!"

Without a sound Lydie started after Kent down the path, Amos following. Kent packed them into the little car and started back toward town at breakneck speed.

"How bad off is he?" asked Amos.

"Can't live," answered Kent. "That d—d sister of Charlie Jackson and old Sued both took a shot at him, just as the last carload was finished. The police and militia got 'em right off. Shot 'em all to pieces."

"Where is John?" asked Amos.

"In Doc Fulton's office. They can't move him."



Started Back Toward Town at Breakneck Speed.

No one spoke again. Kent brought the automobile up with a bang before the doctor's house and Lydie, followed closely by the two men, ran up to the door, through the outer office to the inner, where a nurse and Doc Fulton stood beside a cot.

Lydie lay with his face turned toward the door. When he saw Lydie he smiled faintly. She was quite calm, excepting for her trembling. She walked quickly to his side and took his hand.

"Looks like I was going to start traveling alone, young Lydie," he said feebly. "I just wanted to tell you—that Great Search is ending all right—don't worry."

"I won't," said Lydie.

"Only I hate to go alone—my mother—gimme something, doc."

The doctor held a glass to his lips. After a moment, Lydie said again, "My mother used to hold me—" his voice trailed off and Lydie said suddenly:

"You mean you want me to comfort you like I used to comfort little Patience?"

"Yes," Lydie whispered. "It's going to sleep alone. I—Mother—"

Lydie knelt and alighting her arm under Lydie's neck, she pulled his head over gently to rest on her shoulder. Then she began with infinite softness the little song she had not uttered for so many years. And she reached the land of core and wine.

And all its riches surely mine. I've reached that heavenly, shimmering shore.

My heaven, my home, for evermore.

Suddenly the nurse shifted John's head and Doc Fulton lifted Lydie for her. "Take her home, Amos," he said.

John Lydie had finished the Great Search.

Curiously enough, nothing could have done so much toward reinstating Lake City in the good opinion of the country at large as did Lydie's tragic death. There was felt to be a divine justice in the manner of his taking off that partook largely of the nature of atonement. He had led the whites in the despoiling of the Indians. For this the Indians had killed him.

That a white life extinguished for a tribe destroyed might not be full compensation in the eyes of that Larger Justice which, after all, rules the universe, did not seriously influence the reaction of public opinion toward thinking better of Lake City. And John Lydie, known in life as an Indian graft politician, became in his death a statesman of far vision.

Lydie's will was not found at first. Distant cousins in Vermont would be his heirs. If indeed after his estate was settled, it was found that there was left anything to inherit.

After her first wild grief had expended itself, Lydie, found that after all, Lydie's tragic death had not surprised her. She realized that ever since she had known Charles Jackson, she had been vaguely haunted by a fear of just such an ending.

Billy, tramping up the dusty road from the law office on his bicycle, late each afternoon, would stop for a moment or two.

"The drought is something frightful," he said to Lydie one afternoon in late August, "wiping the sweat and dust from his face. 'Are you feeling any more cheerful, Lydie?'"

"I shall always have a gap in my life, where he went out," she said, slowly. "I shall never get over missing him. Oh, he was so dear to me! And yet, Billy, it isn't at all like Patience's death. He didn't depend on me and I didn't live with him so that everything doesn't cry his absence to me. And I've got more resources than I had then—"

She laid her hand on the open book in her lap.

"What're you reading?" asked Billy.

"Emerson—Compensation. Listen, Billy—I cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may be at pieces."

"No woman is ever so happy as a man thinks she is, or so miserable as she believes herself to be."

What Others Say

A fellow in Minnesota qualified as the world's champion coffee tippler by drinking 62 cups in 12 hours, but he couldn't sleep that night. He was probably excited by the high honors that had come to him.—Eugene Register.

The greatest progress of the ages has been made by men who turned peers into plaudits.— Cottage Grove Sentinel.

The merchant or the manufacturer who advertises his goods shows, at least, that he has faith in himself, and confidence wins many a business battle.— Roseburg News-Review.

"Italy on Crest of Fascist Wave," reads a newspaper headline; as if the cap of the wave has not been Mussolini ever since the first body of black shirts marched through the streets of Rome.—Athens Press.

Toy Cobb, manager of the Detroit Tigers, won no pennants, but he retired with \$1,000,000. Finance hath her victories no less renowned than sport.—Baker Herald.

SAP AND SALT
BY BERT MOSES

A man's shirt tells what kind of a wife he has.

Many good women are not wise, but all wise women are not good.

Things you most appreciate are things you had to work hard to get.

If you want to know what big rascals lawyers are, just ask any lawyer.

We have no records of Eve calling Adam for running around with other women.

The doctor who gives the least medicine is usually the most successful doctor in town.

Hez Heck says: "So far as I've noticed, virtuous men don't seem to hev much standin' with wimmen."

TOM SIMS SAYS

Mussolini calls "a mystic something" his protection against assassins. We are wondering if it could be luck or that famous leather shirt.

Science has perfected a synthetic sausage casing of cellulose, but all-wool still is meeting with some demand.

Japan sends the United States a stone lantern as "a gift of light." Maybe we should send a few of our European friends and old stockings or two this Christmas.

Now that the Fascists have revived capital punishment, you might say the noose hangs high in Italy.

Famous last lines: "Didn't we borrow an umbrella the last time we were over here?"

We recommend for a niche in the hall of fame the porter who worked President Coolidge for a tip with "puah Vuhmost maple shup."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mrs. L. Hilty, expects to leave this week for Kansas City for a visit with her parents.

G. H. Barnhill and wife, Gratz Barnhill and Miss Minta Cherry were among those from Ashland who attended the high school debate at Talent Friday evening.

An epidemic of mustaches has bit the Medford high school, according to reports from that city. As yet Ashlander has only been scorched in spots by the mustache disease among the young men.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Snyder, also Mrs. Brown of Bellview were in Ashland Saturday and the latter also attended the party given by her Sunday school class at the home of Marian Cusick.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Owens, Charles and Will Lindsay were at Medford, Friday on timber land business.

Wm. Fox, treasurer of the Ashland coal mining company, who has been in California for the past few weeks, returns tomorrow to attend to active operations that are being put under way.

Geo. Dean, and old timer Ashlander boy, was here several days last week, outfitting for a trip across the mountains to the Coyate Hills mining district in Lake county. He expects to spend some months there in search of gold.

John Rader, who is largely interested in mining in Southern Oregon, leaves this week for a months trip to the Gila river country, Arizona.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Mrs. John Cummings, wife of the locomotive engineer, has returned from a visit to Redding California.

F. M. Walker and family are again residents of Ashland. Mr. Walker exchanged his place on a farm down at Sheridan, Yamhill county, for his old position on the S. P. section force, with Geo. W. Rockwell, who removes to Yamhill county with his family.

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DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you." St. John, 15:16.

Jesus must bring the world of mankind to His pierced feet. Every realm of life and labor must be made subject to His control. He challenges us to make this possible. Are we worthy of the trust placed in us?