## THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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#### Winter Trees

A Thanksgiving dinner group were giving their individual reasons for thankfulness. The reasons ranged from those serious enough to moisten the eyes to those frivolous enough to bring laughter. One woman hesitated, looking out the window at a northern November landscape, and finally said: "I think perhaps I am most thankful for bare trees."

It seemed so curious a cause to the rest that she explained further.

Green leaves were lovely, she said, but they were like beautiful clothes, or splendid houses. They did not exactly hide the tree; they were part of it. But when they were gone, the essential structure of the tree showed forth in all its exquisite reality. The fine, upstanding tree of splendid all-round growth was seen for what it is; so, too, the twisted one. Nor do even the twisted ones lack their own weird beauty. Never appeared the trunks so sturdy, the twigs so delicate as when they etched their twigs against a winter sky. Winter skies also are heavier in color. Summer has none of those rich, dull, deep smoky blues, the copper gold and flame against which the black traceries are made.

So much for sheer beauty of form and color. There is more in bare trees than this. Sentimentalists lament the "dying" of the year—they speak of the bars trees as "dead" and doleful. But look at bare twigs closely. There is no death. One can hardly say there is sleep. The trees grow more slowly in some ways, that is all. See the color at the end of the lilac twig in midwinter. Notice the vigorous upstanding of the branches and twigs of the great hardwoods.

"One can no longer believe in death," the woman concluded. "There can only be rest, quiet, assimilation of past experience, along with slow growth and deep preparation for the greater, swifter development and beauty of another spring."

#### Power For 1,000 Miles

The other day street lamps in Boston were lighted by electric current from Chicago. It was the first time power had ever been transmitted such a distance. It was no trivial experiment, either. The whole northeastern corner of the country was connected in the temporary hook-up, and more than a dozen big light and power companies in New England were operating with Chicago power,

That was merely an experiment, but a significant one. It showed clearly the possibilities of interconnected power lines. It is not yet commercially practical to send power regularly for 1,000 miles as was done in this case, but equipment is not yet far enough advanced to handle the requisite 500,000 volts. But that will come in time,

Electrical officials expect eventually to make the experimental line from Chicago to Boston part of a "bus line" operating from coast to coast and gathering and distributing current for light, power and heat to a broad belt of communities all the way. The electrical age is beginning in earnest.

#### The Stylish Horse

The automobile has driven the horse off the highways and by-ways, almost off the farms where he used to be indispensable. But to date no automobile show receives the headlines that the New York horse show still receives.

"Horse Reigns At Madison Square, Opening Of Show Today Inaugurates New York's 'Real' Social Season."

Luncheons and teas and dinners and stylish clothes, for the wear of Nov. 22, were all linked in some way with the horse show.

Furthermore, there were horses and riders there, the best that this country can present along with the finest from Canada, Poland, France and Belgium.

The horse may be a back number in many respects, but he is still necessary to the correct opening of the social season. For one week of every year, apparently, automobiles and grand opera and other big matters must yield the horse first place.

Anyway, as between foreign queens and foreign lecturers, Americans can hardly be blamed for preferring queens.

A hairdresser curls up and dyes, we have it from Princess Ileana, but a sculptor makes faces and busts, Prince Nicholas avers. Can it be that the visiting royalty is becoming Americanized?

The rockpile afforded by some southern states has been condemned by the national hobo convention. What's a man going to do for a winter home?

### ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGSOUT OUR WAY



#### What Others Say

(Baker Herald)

Now that Aimee has fallen into obscurity and the queen of Rumania has faltered'a little as a headline attraction we can read that Rey. Hall kissed Mrs. Mills an that she called him "ba\_ bykins". It's a great world.

(Junction City Times)

A beauty doctor has said that nothing looks worse than an elderly lady with bleached or hennaed hair. It seems that not only the good die young, but only the young dye good.

Regarding the squabbles aboard Marie's train, the impression grows that in dealing the hand a couple of Jacks were included with the queen.-Eugène Regitter.

A lawyer in the famous McPherson case stated that there are four kinds of ankles, But the general opinion of the boys around our office is there there are only two kinds—those that are and that that ain't .-Jefferson Review.

feeling foolish about it.

After the feet get cold is when ve form our best judgments.

Turn a misfortune into a joke, and it will disappear over night.

When two strangers meet each

fries to tell his own troubles first. Wisdom is a simple matter of knowing when to hold on and

when to let go. The value of a thing is what ou can get somebody to pay for

it, and not a cent more. Hes Heck says: "Many a man owes his honesty to the fact that he don't know the combination of the company's safe.

Beturned to School

Miss Thelma Perozzi has returned to Eugene where she is a student at the University of Oreson. She spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Perozzi on Granite street.

SUBSCRIME FOR THE TIDINGS, SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIDINGS.

#### Isn't It Odd?

ALBANY, Nov. 27 .- Mrs. George Taylor was rescued from drowning in the local Mountain States Power Company canal this morning, when Joe Warner, mail carrier, jumped into the water and soized her as she was passing under a bridge.

CORN ON COB

Tom Hill and family enjoyed fresh corn on the cob as a part of their Thanksgiving dinner. Late in June Mr. Hill planted some corn in his home garden. In spite of the water shortage, the corn flourished and the tender corn on the cob was his reward Thanksgiving

OORVALLIS, Gre, ('JP)
-"Hammer and Coffin," a national humor fraternity whose principal work is the publication of comic magasines, will be revived at University of Oregon, according to members of the Oregon Agricultural college chapter.

TOKYO, (UP)-A peculiar phenomenon is reported from Imbari City where 200 sparrows nestling in a big tree near a cotton mill, were killed when lightning struck the tree. Two baskets full of dead sparrows were collected by workman the morning after the storm.

## TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mrs. George Jenkins and Mrs. will vist all southern points.

Mrs. J. E. Crowson of the Boudaughter Mrs. Albert Thomas at Soda Springs.

for his home at Marshfield after ing department this week. a stay of some time as the guest of Rex Stratton of Ashland. Mr. Simpson played solo cornet with place in the Vining brehestra. Bank.

#### ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

I. C. Smith has resigned his Bella Boner left recently for Cali- position with Vanpel, Beebe & Fresno were on yesterday's train vernie. Mrs. Jenkins will make Kinney and will leave soon for his through Ashland enroute home an extended visit with her broth- old home in Tillamook county, from their wedding trip, which inor at Grange, Cal., and Mrs. Boner where he will engage in business.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Sparr took at the train to greet them. this mornings train for Roseburg, levard is spending a week with her ing to be gone for some time.

Halley Simpson left last week from Tillamook, entered the train. there.

#### ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Geo. R. Andrews and bride o cluded an ocean trip from San Francisco to Portland. A number of George's Ashland friends were

Mrs. G. G. Bubanks and little daughter Madge, are at Colestin and expect to spend some time Normal Notes-Louis and Mary there. Prof. and Mrs. C. A. Hitch-Sander of Ashland, but recently cook will also spend a week or two

Mrs. Haberlis, wife of Frank E. V. Carter and J. K. Van Sant Haberlis, one of the employees the Ashland band and will be went to Grants Pass the jast of of the Ashland Steam Laundry, much missed, from these organi- the week on business connected arrived here Thursday evening to zations. Clark Bush will take his with the new Granite City Savings join her husband at their new

## Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER



"Well," said the big sed apple "what you say is very true but the it is fun to have so much food around at Christmas time.

around at Christmas time.

"Even if there is so very much it is part of the Christmas season to have less of everything.

"Then people come to the house and they are given some good things to eat, toe.

"Little boys bringing packages are given goodles.

"Besides, some things just seem to belong to Christmas such as the pop corn and the cranberry jelly and the hard candy and the quantities of fruit and the chocolate Santa Claus gentlemen.

ta Claus gentlemen.
"I say we sing a song about Christmas food.
"It won't be a song that one can take in the month and eat but it can be sung from the mouth!"
So the Christmas food sang this

We belong to Christmas, yes, we do, We nuts, and fruit and raisins, too. We like to be eaten with appetites For we're all a part of the Christ-

We belong to Christman full of

land. Miss Artus Sharp of Grants Pass and Miss Myrua Bush of

Time Table: Similar to Women eing subject to change without

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. 1:1.

We need God in the begin-ning of the day, in the begin-ning of our joys and sorrows. God in the beginning of every-thing worth while. There would be less sorrow, and more joy in the world.

# LYDIA of the Pines

(Continued from yesterday)



"I Want to Build a Home."

"But—why, Lydia, dear, you're going to be a lawyer's wife. For heaven's sake, let that beastly land

"No, I'm going to be a ploneer's There was a little pause, then Billy laughed uncertainly. "Well, I'm not going to talk about it tonight. I'm in a frame of mind tonight where I'd promise you to be an Indian chief if you ask it. Mother and dad are in the kitchen." They opened the kitchen door and stepped in. Pa Norton was sitting in his stocking feet, reading the evening paper. Ma was put-ting away the day's baking. She paused with a loaf of bread in her hand as the two came in and pa-looked over his glasses. "Mother and dad," said Billy, un-certainly, "I—I've brought Lydia

me to you! Look at her dad!

Isn't she a peach!"
Lydia stood with her back against the door, cheeks scarlet, golden head held high, but her lips

That's why so much food is here!

(A 1924. Western Newspaper Union.)

Medford People Entertain Thursday—

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith delightfully entertained friends and relatives at their home on Vanvoucer street, Medford, with a Thanksgiving dinner Thursday afternoon.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lester De Armond and two children and Davis DeArmond of Ashland Miss Artus Share of Grants.

That's why so much food is here!

Ma dropped her loaf of bread.

"Oh, Lydia," she cried, "I thought that numbskuil of a Billy never weuld see daylight! I've prayed for this for years. Come straight over here to your mother, love."

But Pa Norton had dropped his paper when ma dropped her bread and made three strides to Lydia, and gave her a great hug and kiss, Then he said, "First time I saw you carrying that milk for Billy's books I said, there's the wife Billy repair to have. Ma, wasn't she the dearest—"

But ma shoved him aside constitutions of the proving.

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But ma shoved him aside contemptuously. "Get over and talk to Billy. This is a woman's uffair, to Billy. This is a woman's affair, Who cares about reminiscences now. Oh, Billy, do you remember I used to worry because she didn't keep the back of her neck clean!" "Who's reminiscencing now?" asked pa belligently.

Everybody laughed. Then pasighed "Well, I feel almost reconciled now to Bill's giving up farming. When're you going to be married?"

ried?"

Lydia blushed. "Oh, not for a long time. Now, let's go and tell my people. Billy."

Out in the night again! Curious how long the short walk to the cottage could be made! Curious how near the stars were—heaven just over the road where the lovers strolled. Not strange that each eccentric strolled.

strolled. Not strange that such ec-stasy cannot last forever. The hu-man mind could not bear that hea-ven-born rapture too long.

man, who stood returning his gaze "Take her, Billy, and heaven help you if you're not good to her, for John Levine's spirit will haupt you

with a curse."
Billy raised Lydia to her feet and the extraordinary smile was on his face.

"What do you think about it. Lizzie?" he asked.

Lizzie, who had been crying com-

fortably, wiped her eyes with the sock she was darning. "I'm thinking that anyone that can bring the look into Lydia's face

can bring the look into Lydia's face she's been wearing for twenty-bur hours, deserves her. Rheumatism or no, down I get on my old knees tonight and give thanks—just for the look in that child's eyes."

And now for a while, Lydia was content to live absolutely in the present, as was Billy. Surely there never was such an April, And surely no April ever melted so softly into so glorious a May. Apple blossoms, tilac blooms, violets and wind flowers and through them. Lydia in her scholar's gown, hanging to Billy's arm after the dear ing to Billy's arm, after the day's

work was done.
She seemed singularly uninterested in the preparations for commencement, though she went through her final examinations with through her final examinations with credit. But the week before commencement she came home one afternoon with blasing checks, Billy was at the cottage for supper and when they had begun the meal, she exploded her bomb.

"Dad! Billy! Lizzie! They've elected me a member of the Scholary club!"

ary club!"

"For the love of heaven!" exclaimed Amos, dropping his terk.

"Why not?" asked Lissie.

"Lydia, dear, but I'm proud of you," breathed Billy.

"Professor Willis told me, this afterneen," Lydia went on, "and I laughed at his at first. I thought he was teasing me. Why only high-brows belongs and the best of the professors and only a few of the professors and only a few of the post-graduate pupils. But he says I was elected. I told him lots of students had higher standings than I, and he only laughed and said he knew it. And I've got to go to that banquet of theirs next week!"

"Fine!" said Billy.

"Pine! Why, Billy Norton, I never went to a banquet in my life. I don't know what forks to use, and I never saw a finger how!"

I den't know what forks to use and I never saw a finger bow!"

and I never saw a finger bowl?"

Amos grianed. "What's the use of being a scholar, if that sort of thing bothers you?"

"I might get a book on etiquette and polish up," said Lydia, thoughtfully. I'll get one temosrow, and practice on the family."

Amos groaned, but to no avail, Lydia borrowed a book on etiquette from the library and for a week Amos ate his supper with an array of silver and kitchenware before him that took his appetite away. He rebelled utterly at using the finger bowls, which at breakfast were porridge dishes. Lizzie, however, was apt and read the book so diligently while Lydia was in class that she was able to correct Lydia as well as Amos at night. (Concluded Tomorrow)

William to the At & detto - In a manage of it is