DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and PEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

historica at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Mate

Good-By, Mars!

The recent scrutiny of Mars, while that planet was hearer the earth than usual, has brought from astronomers a little more definite information as to the possibility of life existing there.

Formerly it was thought that the Martin temperature was too cold to sustain life, and that there was probably too little atmosphere there, and too little moisture. Dr. W. W. Coblenz of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, who conducted extensive observations from the Lowel Observatory in Arizona, reports that in September the temperatures observed on Mars were considerably above 68 degrees Fahrenheit, which was the highest mark previously known. Also that clouds were observed, suggesting atmospheric conditions not greatly unlike our

This does not prove that life exists on Mars. It does indicate, however, that it is not impossible that there is life of some sort there.

That is very far from saying that there are men on Mars, or any type of intelligent creatures comparable to man.

We may never know much more about the matter. So terrestrial men and women might as well settle down to learn all they can about this little old footstool of the Creator, and make the best possible use of it. There are plenty of problems here to occupy their attention.

What a Life

A speaker at a big church gathering in the south told his listeners there was more money lost in the United States last year, as a result of crime, than the whole international war debt amounts to. He was out to find fault with the nation and he did. He found that there are more divorces in this country every eleven days than there are in Great Britain in a year; that there are six policemen killed in Chicago to one ermilnal and that there are more criminals in the United States by 50,000 than there were soldiers in the combined armies at Water loo.

Unfortunately we cannot question the truthfulness of the speaker's remarks. But we can advance just as good argument on the other side to show what a decent, kindly, honest country this is. We can show him that we have millions who are good law-abiding, God-fearing citizens. The criminal element is in a minority. This is not such a bad country as some of the critics would like to paint it. They continually preach of its faults but are slow to notice any of its virtues.

Not So Bad!

Editors generally have some kind of a howl! Most of the time the objective is a serious wail that "Art for Art's sake," doesn't put new shirts on the editorial backs.

Here is our idea of getting out a newspaper:-

It is not a picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter, they say we lack-

If we publish things from other papers, we're too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rust-

If we're rustling news, we're not attending to

business in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show

proper appreciation.

If we do print them, they say the newspaper

should not be used for that purpose. Like as not, some one will say we swiped this

from some magazine. We did.

Now that it's all over, it must be admitted that the Royal Troup put on a very good show.

Eventual cost of Roosevelt Highway, Columbia River to California, estimated at \$16,000,000

Columbia River Paper Company's new merger of paper mills at Salem, Vancouver and Los Angeles with \$60,000,000 capital stock.

Oregon lost 225,000,000 feet of timber by fire this season.

By Williams





the quarry of many big game hunters; the one on nickels.

What has become of the old-fashioned juryman who never lost a case?

Do you remember the jolly storekeeper used to gide a dime to the stop of the showcase?

One man sues another because the other's bees attacked his goldfish. Not the first case where a fish has been stung.

Aimee may be right and the devil may be the biggest Har but we've seen some formidable runner-up.

Houdini left his books to the Congressional library. Perhaps the congressmen can find in them some way to pass farm relief.

L. D. Goodwin today sold place in western Ashland, one acre, with house, fruit, etc., to S. O. Shattuck of Fort Klamath. Mr. Shattuck will remove to Ashland soon to educate his children Carson and Langrell, as well as in our schools.

When you think you know all about a thing, you don't.

The average church choir does

Those who buy on installments can be said to live on the ragged edge of nothing.

Good resolutions are often made so late in life that they can't be carried out.

To get the thing done with the least waste of time and effort is the mintage of wisdom.

Truth is such a peculiar thing

that when you tell it at least half the people will call you a liar. Hez Heck says: "It don't speak

well fer the dead if there's many dry eyes at the funeral."

Halfway - Idaho Power Company buys 5 1-2 miles Cornucopia Mines electric line, and will serve many farmers.

Isn't It Odd?

NEWTON, Ran. seat covering of a sleeping car proved a safe hiding place for Mrs. Tillie Albright's \$175. Although she dreamed of having lost the money, and although she actually forgot to take the tidy sum when she left the train, a porter found the cash and it was later returned to her.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., After catching mice, disposing o fish heads and performing other household duties for many years, old Tom, Pet of Mrs. Hermine Wiltsik, suffered a fit Sunday and bit his mistress and her two astonished daughters, whereever he could get a hold. They went to a hospital while three policemen disposed of old Tom with revolver shots.

SEATTLE. - A husband's hunch has saved his wife from injury. Fearing for his wife's safety, Vernon F. Pavey told his wife to take a trolley while he drove the family automobile. The car turned over in a ditch and Pavey's skull was fractured.

Two large dairies in Medford helped start the campaign last Saturday by placing seals on 2000 milk caps.

Kiddies' Evening Story By MARY CHAHAM BUNNER

Mean Measles Again



his bag (he had an extra supply always) and scattered them around Edward Junior.
Edward Junior felt poorly. He did not know why. He did not quite know the reason for it. But soon he was told that he had the Measles.

Measles.

And it was so nice in his lovely home in the country that to have measles seemed so mean, so very

He wondered if Santa Claus was afraid of Measles. Some people were because they got Measles when they went near one who find them or went into a house where there was Measles.

But Edward Junior had one of the nicest Christmases in his life—

the nicest Christmases in his life—and he had had several of them.

For Santa Claus had been more generous than ever. Santa Claus had come the night before Christmas and he had heard about Edward Junior's Measles.

"Well, Santa Claus never had

"Well, Santa Claus never had to stay away on account of any sickness, for he had every single child's sickness years and years ago when he was a child, and new he can't have any of them.

"But he knows what they're like and he's fust going to see that Edward Junior has the best Christmas in his life. And also his little brother, Robert."

That was what Santa said.

Santa could not stop the Measles from visiting the two boys. Little Robert celebrated New Year's Eve by getting them. He was not, so his father said, going to be outdone in anything by his big brother!

done in anything by his big brother!

But even though Mean Old Mensles came to the bouse where Edward Junior and Robert lived with their mother and daddy. Christmas came more gayly and gloriously than ever.

Santa Claus could not be shoved out of the way by Mean Old Mensles of any one.

Never. Never. Never!

(@. 1926. Western Newspaper Union.)

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIDINGS

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Jas. 2:10.

Some of our so called respectable citizens who try to get by with little drinking how and then need to read this. They are just as guilty, and in the same class as the bootlegger, and are deserving of the same punishment. A man's position should not shield him from prosecution.



A police dog tethered to a post. There was a puppy with it

Continuing to live long beyond the time he expected, he presently took note of his surroundings as these resolved out of the night aided by the flares which patched up a semblance of misony daylight.

He saw not a soul—nor a Boche. Whereupon he got to his feet and, with beyonet splitting the thick hase in front, shakily began an investigation. The claimty, chilly night pressed down. Hundreds of miles on either side of him was rarged; at any moment a greade in the face, a bayonet in the bowels, a builted in the lungs, might—perhaps Mr. Murtagh was visiting Ruthie this very minute, cheering her up, in the top floor parlor on West Twenty-second. No, it was a bit carly yet at home. There was the difference with which lovesick selders thoughts seldom reckon. Five hours—or was it six of fourt About seven o'clock, there. Jimmy hoped the landladry would forget to hach the hall sasiet tenight and that Dan the Dude would fall downstairs and break his neets. "Oh," Ruthie would have said to that wish, "what a terrible thing to that wish, "what a terrible thing to that wish, "what a terrible thing to had a seen had not looked so ferrolious for any different, really, than his ewn bunch. Hell, there were some of tham he'd like to take the man because they had vaguely thought, as but "halmy," as the Coregon's 2,000,000 sheep pro-

Oregon's 2,000,000 sheep pro-

more, Mr. Murtagh. 1—I want to met design. Boche. Again he lis-be alone with my memories—" Thus Ruth. A hardbolled, big city gangater type of American voice—

Thus Ruth.

Jimmy was weeping so bitterly a suave, precise questioning voice, cultured, with a gentlemanly German accent.

Coercion, thought Jimmy—a poor translation of the coercion of the c

when the Very lights lit up No lian's Land. Forgot where he was said where he was going—until, in a spell of pitchy darkness, he fell headfirst into a German trench!

That is, he thought it must be a German trench—after the shock of the unexpected drop that jarred him out of the self-satisfying glut of maudlin fancy and back to the deadly reality of the present. Ruth and Chelsea were far away as he lay there in foot deep water and shiveringly waited for the horrible crunch of a German bayonet into his bones and flesh.

Continuing to live long beyond the time he expected, he presently took note of his surroundings as these resolved out of the night aided by the flares which patched up a samplance of moony daylight.

Coercion, thought Jimmy—a poor prisoner. He'd rescue him. He leaned incautiously far down to look. Odd sight. A large police dog tethered to a post. There was a puppy was whimpering because it had been anmercifully kicked by the American when it crawled on his boot in a friendly bid for petting. The mother dog was growling in a subdued way—afraid, ostensibly, of the German officer. The puppy trembled and cowered in the shadows and glared up at the American with a birth of hatted in its eyes—the never-dying, never-forgetting animal hatred.

Jimmy saw and heard enough to convince him that the American was no prisoner. He'd rescue him. He leaned incautiously far down to look. Odd sight. A large police dog tethered to a post. There was a puppy was whimpering because it had been anmercifully kicked by the American when it crawled on his boot in a friendly bid for petting. The mother dog was growling in a subdued way—afraid, ostensibly, of the German officer. The puppy trembled and cowered in the shadows and glared up at the shadows and glared up at

Medford - Owen Oregon Lbr duce 18,000,000 pounds of wool Co., will soon have \$1,000,000 which brings \$11,000,000 an- plant in operation, to cut 350,-000 feet a day.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

which did anything but ornament from Portland Saturday, having gamized in Ashland at the home knows where Peil's stand is and obliged to stop on account of fail- the famous author. Permanent he doesn't need the ugly signs any ing eyesight.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. DeLap and Mrs. S. K. Lake, of Eugene, ar-Robert Casey, Mrs. DeLap's fa- rived in Ashland Sunday, to join ther, have returned to Ashland Mr. Myers and make their home has just completed the sale to from Crook county and will re- therb. main fiere. They have been ranching in Crook county.

The Ashland Trading Co. held its annual meeting last Monday, the Sunset Telephone Company's Officers chosen were L. S. Brown, office at Ashland, and entered president; C. W. Chattin, secre-upon her duties Friday morning. tary; T. J. Acklin, treasurer and manager. These three and Wm. H. Smith and Mrs. Mary Butler constitute the board of directors.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

corner at the entrance of the stopped at Albany and Eugene to of Mrs. A. Johnson last evening. It is proposed to hold weekly the pole at the corner of his a student at the Benke-Walker meetings during the winter building. He says everybody Business College, but has been months devoted to the study of

Mrs. J. L. Myers and mother.

Miss Jennie Bolton has accepted a position as bookekeper for

ford Friday to visit with friends.

30 Years Ago

dec. W. Roper, who came out here from Nebraska some months ago, of 110 acres of land in the G. F. Myer tract near the foot of Oak street, at the northern sub-

Hermiston - George Strohm Mrs. Harry Hosler went to Med- harvests potatoes worth \$1051.34,

ASHLAND

meeting to be held at the same place, Dec. 19.

G. F. Billings, the well-known urbs of town, at the price of