

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Marconi's Achievement

How time flies. It seems hardly later than the day before yesterday that Guglielmo Marconi startled the world by sending a message clear across the Atlantic ocean without the intervention of submarine cables. And yet here it is the 25th anniversary of that epoch making event. Girl babies when Marconi began challenging the ether now have prattling infants of their own and boy babies are now in training to take the business leadership of their communities.

The wireless telegraphy invented and developed by Marconi has long been on a sound commercial basis and adopted to extremely practical uses. So much so that we accept it as a matter of course, when we note a dispatch in the paper has been transmitted by radio, when we receive a message from a friend at sea or read of a ship in distress sending out an S. O. S. call for help.

But wireless was destined to affect our daily lives much more intimately than in its use as a substitute for the transoceanic cable. When it was finally coordinated with the principles of telephony and burst upon us just after the war as what we now know popularly as radio it came in a form which touches every one as intimately as the phonograph or the movies.

The period since broadcasting first began has been one largely of trial and error. We have found radio a tremendously interesting and entertaining plaything, but a plaything which has developed into a great deal of a problem. We don't know yet just what to do with it. There are possibilities in it, we can see plainly enough, but we are still feeling about more or less for the way to develop them. It offers the musician a concert hall such as he never performed in before, the orator a forum for the expression of his views, the teacher an academy that is not enclosed in walls. But mostly thus far it has run to frivolous time wasting.

The development of radio's highest possibilities to the fullest extent seems now to be impossible except under the protection of government interference. We have found that the free air is not so limitless as it once seemed. It will accommodate only so many wave lengths. Unless confusion is to become worse confounded and radio to destroy itself there seems nothing for it but to limit the number of licenses for broadcasting and subject the licenses to rigid control. But this presents the problem of establishing in the first corners vested rights in the air which does not fit in very well with the democratic idea of every man for himself.

Marconi never guessed what a hard political nut he was giving our congress to crack, and if he had guessed it he probably wouldn't have cared. Enough for him that he pioneered a new field in scientific discovery. Let others worry over the economic and political problems to follow.

Just a Mere Man

Mulai Yusef, Sultan of Morocco, may wear royal robes of purple and ermine but he is a mere man after all. He proves it by his reaction to the Charleston.

It is recorded that his first view of the dance was at a Paris cafe a week or so ago. He watched intently it seems—the display of dimpled knees in the acrobatic contortions of the dance.

Then he did what every other normal man has done on first seeing the Charleston. After looking long and earnestly, Mulai Yusef expressed himself as shocked at the immodesty of the women doing the dance. He thought it "awful." He was certain that Mrs. Mulai Yusef (or is it the Mesdames Mulai Yusef?) would never do such a thing.

That just about establishes his sultanic highness as kin to all the rest of us, but what he did the next day clinches it.

He came back to see them do the Charleston again.

Whenever Mr. Dawes waxes hot under the collar over senate rules in the future, some good senator should remind him to "remember your Nobel prize, Charley."

Florida is opening for the new season. Most of the palm trees have been taken out of their plaster of paris casts and splints.

If a bridge is built across the Atlantic, we'll bet the Americans get all the advertising concessions.

They call it Three Star but it may be moonshine.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MARIN
Caretakes at Crater Lake Lodge

Friday, November 24, 1921

For the last eight hours it has been as still as death, just a low moan now and then, coming from who knows where. Since noon time all has been shrouded in a veil of mystery, the trees on the camp ground, the twisting line of those on the rim, honey arms with flowing sleeves, pointing in all directions, they are sitting beings for this land of silence. The lodge in outline looms high in the space where the skyrama time will be. As one wanders across the open space toward the Community House, he seems as one found out by his crime and all these things in white pointing and shouting, lest he escape the rewards for his misdeeds. What a fitting time for the lonesome call of the Gray Phantom to fade and swell, over hill and canyon, like the wail of the lost, coming through the gates of the damned.

What do you know about it, I found one of these ghosts on the rim with my hat on tonight, or you might say, he held it out at arms length.

In my scrup with the wind yesterday, I came out sound best. I wrenched the toes on one of my feet. They were black and blue this morning and I would hardly walk.

Work—None.
Weather—Day cloudy, wind south, snow fall since last observation, 7 in., precipitation, 7 1/2 in. depth of the snow on the ground, 47 in. Temp. H. 28, L. 22, R. 6, M. 28.



(Continued from page 1.)

Joan FELT the knowing glance from the helmeted, booted, and bright-shirted players who were selecting their first chucker ponies from the groups who were gingerly walking the blanket-swathed ponies. Yes, even from the wise little ponies themselves.

"Clay," she hissed, her cheeks aflame. "Go right ahead making a public show of your nasty temper. Then EVERYONE—with a comic shrug of her pretty shoulders—"can judge for themselves why I should get a divorce."

"Well, why don't you get it?" "Hypocrite! You know full well why I don't." Joan stormed. "It's because you're not in a n enough to provide me with grounds for divorce. If you were half the man you pretend to be, you'd go to Atlantic City with a chorus girl, or let me find you in your pajamas in some art model's studio. But no, you'd rather remain pure but cranky. And talk me to death by inches—"

"If you ever come to your death through talking, it'll be suicide." Joan's subdued cry marked the climatic height of her inner storm.

"Why don't you give me a divorce?" she gritted. "So you can marry that—"

Joan paled suddenly; "Who?" she whispered.

"—that—that worm I know more than I've been letting on with Ranny's emotions were getting a bit out of hand."

"What worm?" raged Joan with a bold front, under which she was quakingly wondering if and how he could possibly know.

The boom of a deep voice—a new voice—rumpled in the tensely charged atmosphere of the luxurious limousine. It was Clay Varick, Ranny's chum, looming his fat shoulders through a door window, grinning with shrewd amusement at the flushed and angry countenances.

"Greetings, little love birds," he chortled. Clay was a bachelor, and forthright. "Late, as usual. Five minutes more and I'd have called play without you, Ranny, much as I'd hate to deprive the Tornados of their fleetest back, and the spectators of the sight of their favorite hard-riding and sensational All-American player."

Clay was to referee the afternoon's game—the final in the Westbury Cup Match, in which Ranny's Tornados were pitted against the invading Argentines.

"So please cut short billing and cooing, you two—and Ranny come along and select your first mount. You will spare your boy friend for a while, won't you, Joan?" he grinned, wickedly.

Even though he was an old friend, Joan glared at Clay with the defensive hostility every married woman harbors toward backsliders. "Take him and lose him, and go along yourself!" she crackled.

"What," asked Clay, as he walked away hurriedly with Ranny, inwardly breathing his bachelor's prayer for single blessedness, "little pebble on the matrimonial sea has rippled sweet Joan's placid surface today?"

"Quit being poetic, chump," gloomed Ranny. "It has become serious. Joan wants a divorce."

"Congratulations!" enthusiastically. "Congratulations be blowed! I don't want a divorce. I—I love Joan!"

"Then why do you fight with her all the time?" "Because I like to fight!" bridling.

"Well," remarked Clay drily, "I know a bit of your career in South American revolutions, in the late European shindy, in many a hard-drinking port, and as amateur heavyweight boxing champion of America. But I was under the impression that you always picked MEN for your opponents."

"Then why not hold up her glove, and acknowledge your better half?"

"I'm afraid it's too late for a graceful surrender," Ranny said heavily, flint-eyed, and white around the lips. "For I've discovered that Joan loves another man!"

Clay stopped dead in his tracks on the turf. "Good Lord, Ranny, no—not that!"

Ranny shrugged miserably, silently. "Who—who is the man?"

"Abner Grattman."

"What? That fortune-hunting shrimp?" Why you could break him in pieces with your bare hands.

"What good would it do me? Only serve to rouse Joan's maternal sympathy for him." Ranny laughed, ruefully. "She—she does not know yet, that I know."

They had arrived at the temporary paddock, erected beyond one end of the long rectangle of perfect greensward. A fine-looking man stepped forth from the little knot of enthusiasts gathered.

"Gallop out and show your stuff, Forbes!" It was Stivner, billionaire lumber magnate, with whom Ranny had been seeking a big business deal. Negotiations were still pending and dubious, but Ranny's business sense was gratified at this friendly interest.

"I've got a cool fifty thousand wagered on your side," continued the magnate. Ranny whistled. "Even for opulent Westbury, that was a stiff bet. "With whom," he queried, polite, though curious.

"Abner Grattman," declared Stivner. (To Be Continued)

SCHOOL TEACHER FIRST WOMAN IN REVOLUTION

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 18. — (UN)—The first and only woman to leave this haven of filibusterers to participate in a Central American revolution is a former Nebraska school teacher.

Small and young and hazel-eyed, Mrs. William Brooks called for Nicaragua today on the S. S. Lempira. She went for the love of her husband, an aviator, who is to be assistant chief of Nicaraguan forces. His job is to drop 20 pound nitroglycerine bombs on the enemy.

"I've got to see Billy through this thing," Mrs. Brooks offered as sufficient explanation as she stood on the deck of the Lempira.

"We've banded together from Montana to Louisiana, over the Rockies and the plains. I've had a lot of forced landings. "But firecrackers terrify me. When we'd be flying at country fairs and there's a celebration I'd go to my room and bury my head under pillows. But I'd go with him to this war even if they were using fifty pound bombs."

Mrs. Brooks admitted as she smiled upon her husband just before the Lempira wheeled out into the river that she had made a serious mistake as a Nebraska schoolmarm three years ago. She failed to preserve order when an aviator made a forced landing in the schoolyard.

DAIRY BIRLS PASSAGE
"But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery." Matt. 5:32.

Here is a real condemnation of the vast numbers of divorces that are so prevalent today. Do these people who are taking their marriage vows so lightly thing they are getting by with anything in God's sight, hardly. There is always a judgment time, and they will some time stand before the bar. Time will tell what the verdict will be.

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK. At a house-warming party in Gotham's latest apartment hotel on exclusive Park avenue, hot dogs and champagne were served. The frankfurters were carried into the spacious living room in a tub of boiling water and served by butlers, who also provided rolls and mustard.

ST. LOUIS.—The engagement of Miss Marie Clarkson, who has been a bridesmaid at 13 recent weddings, to Robert Prince Casey of Los Angeles, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Halmer Clarkson.

CHICAGO.—Pupils of the Harvard public school here have taken a tip from the flapper sisters. In a petition sent to Corporation Council Busch they protest against the city ordinance which forbids the sale of cigarettes in any establishment located within 300 feet of the school.

Made Business Trip to G. P.—Douglas Reid on Coolidge St. made a business trip to Grants Pass today.

Visitors From Copco—Mrs. W. M. Wright and son Ernest of Copco, Cal., are in Ashland today visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Drake.

Hex Heck says: "Blunders ain't so bad if you hev sense enough to pick out the most advantageous time to make 'em."

Don't fail Read the new Tidings Serial beginning today.

SAP AND SALT
EUGENE MOSES
Gas meters never cheat the gas company.

Kings nowadays seem to be sort of vice-presidents.

Never mind what you did yesterday. What are you going to do today?

Progress is a simple matter of tearing down today what was built yesterday.

When you don't like a certain dish, there is sure to be plenty of it on the table.

The girl who hangs her clothes on the floor will hang a mortgage on the house if you marry her.

Hex Heck says: "Blunders ain't so bad if you hev sense enough to pick out the most advantageous time to make 'em."

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What Others Say

(Eugene Guard)
The cigarette has won a victory and in that strongest rebuff of masculine disciplines according to a news dispatch from West Point. The commandant has promulgated a ruling to the effect that cadets may smoke in barracks, in academy buildings, and elsewhere. However it was a battle won only through the aid of the girls. Owing to the stringent rules of the academy the social functions of West Point were unable to tap their warrior escorts for tags which they considered as important as any other phase of entertainment. So the powers that be have ruled that as it is conduct unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman for cadets not to gratify this wish of feminine visitors, cadets may carry cigarettes. And as it would be manifestly unfair that the embryo officers should carry cigarettes and not have permission to smoke them, they may now smoke them. The cadets, no doubt, will not be loath to depart from the ancient tradition of a smokeless campus.

Attended Meeting in G. P.—Ralph Koozer of the Bagley cannery in this city, spent the day yesterday in Grants Pass, having gone there to attend the meeting of berry growers tonight.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

O. J. Stone, who recently came to Ashland from Chicago, with his family, has purchased the W. B. Smith place adjoining the old North public school property on North Main street. They will make their home here and are quite an acquisition to Ashland.

Medford Mail—W. M. Teague has sold his fine home in northwest Medford to O. N. Wilson. The price paid was \$2100. Mr. Teague will move to Ashland and will make his home in that city and go into business there.

A. C. Nintner is now at El Centro, in the Imperial Valley of Southern California.

Mrs. Warren Williams is visiting at Red Bluff.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Fred Homes went down to Medford today, to arrange for the county Sunday School convention to be held next week.

William M. Mathes, one of our old and highly respected pioneers, has been quite ill at his home in Ashland for the past two weeks.

Thos. J. Fuson and his team of basketball players left Tuesday evening for the Willamette to play match games with teams at Cottage Grove and Eugene. In the bunch were Markshury, Edington, Briggs, McCallon, Robertson, Shepherd, Spencer and Eastman.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Normal Notes—W. J. Schmidt has begun work on a contract to erect fire escapes from the third story of the main building.

The county clerk has issued a marriage license to Cristle Worth and Miss Joie Ross of Ashland.

It is reported that J. H. Martin has made a rich strike on a ledge a short distance from the Ashland mine. The pay ore is four two and a half to three feet thick and about fifteen inches of it is very rich.

E. T. Fradenburg and J. M. Etnier left for Astoria yesterday on a business proposition.

HIGHWAY COMMISSION TO BUILD BRIDGES

Ten New Bridges Will be Considered at the Next Meeting

SALEM, Jan. 18. — Construction of ten bridges and the grading and resurfacing of great stretches of public roads in various parts of the state will be considered by the state highway commission at its next meeting in Portland on January 27 and 28, according to notices being sent out to contractors.

Six of the projected bridges are to be located on the redwood highway near Grants Pass, two others, both 70 foot steel spans, are to be constructed on existing abutments on the Pacific highway near Canyonville, one is a bridge over the north slough near North Bend in Coos county and the other is a steel superstructure over the McKenzie river on county road 10 miles east of Eugene in Lane county.

The grading and resurfacing program on which bids have been asked for follows:

Clatsop county, Seaside, Jack Horner creek section of Roosevelt Coast highway. Furnishing of 10,000 cubic yards of broken stone for resurfacing and maintenance purposes.

Deschutes county, Redmond section of The Dalles-California, McKenzie and Ochoco highway. Furnishing of 5,100 cubic yards of crushed gravel for maintenance purposes.

Jefferson county, Metolius cut-off section of The Dalles-California highway, 1 mile of grading, involving approximately 6,800 cubic yards of excavation.

At the Oregon Hotel—F. F. Alexander and W. M. Sadler of Weed, Cal., and R. E. Ryan and J. C. Early of Fresno, Cal., are among those who stopped at the Oregon Hotel yesterday.

In Portland—H. B. Hurst of the Vining Theatre left Sunday morning for Portland, where he will spend several days looking after business affairs. Mr. Hurst accompanied John and Jimmy Daugherty to Portland.