

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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OUT OUR WAY By Williams

Do Mothers And Babies Matter?

If an epidemic breaks out among the hogs in this great country watch the statesmen hustle to vote appropriations for checking it.

Have you ever looked over the amounts of money voted by Congress for the improvement of rivers and harbors in response to the demands of local interests?

Not much is being said these days about battleships, but millions are still being poured out for building and repairing war vessels.

Is there any farm animal as precious as the 180,000 babies who die each year and the 16,000 mothers who die in childbirth annually?

Is there any shorefront, harbor or channel so essential that it must be reclaimed at the cost of these lives, or any business that is paramount to them?

Is there any war as close to us as the war on the ignorance, negligence and cruel environment that needlessly crush out the spark of life in babies new born and the patient woman who bear them?

To our shame it is recorded that Congress has so far failed to renew the appropriation for the most practical work that our government has ever done for the saving of mothers and babies.

Why? Is it some reckless extravagance that would seriously cripple our expenditures on behalf of the farmer, the business man and the military?

What has been done? Well, in two years nearly 600,000 babies were examined; 75,000 mothers given proper advice; 40,000 mid-wives instructed and nearly 10,000 expectant mothers visited and their anxious questions answered.

This work has won the endorsement of doctors and public health authorities, of women's organizations and parents, and the eternal gratitude of thousands of mothers.

The session of Congress now opening must pass the bill to extend the appropriation. It must pass it at once in order that the state legislatures, many of which are meeting, may make their appropriations to match the federal grants.

News dispatches tell us that Japanese censors have cut out a million feet of film kisses. This must make it hard to end a show in Japan.

The cynic who said flappers' clothes resembled dish rags had better leave the country before some flapper finds out what a dish rag really looks like.

Some of us are anxious to live another twenty-five years, if only to see what the descendants will consider a demonstrative child; or, mayhap, to see what Dame Fashion decrees for milady.

Years ago they fed the prodical son on fatted calf. Now he gets buckwheat cakes and sausage at a White House breakfast.

Organized baseball seems to be having a hard time getting rid of its diamond flaws.

It is estimated that only three per cent of all pronouncements of war are felt by persons who have nothing to sell the government.



Isn't It Odd?

LOS ANGELES—Request of an unidentified "man without a country" that he be buried in "an international ocean" had to be ignored because the coroner's office did not believe the man's wish should be fulfilled at public expense.

BROOKLYN—Declaring a hot towel to be the inalienable right of every patron of a barber shop, Joseph Solomon defended his refusal to pay for a shave when hailed into court by the barber.

BAILEY BIBLE PASSAGE "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; Matt. 5:14.

A hard thing to do, and yet what good does it do one to cry and get even with the man who does you dirt? It simply lowers you to his low level, and makes you hate yourself for so doing.

Advertisement for 'SAP AND SALT' by Bert Moses, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman.

Some claim to be honest, while others really are. A cigarette flavor takes all the kick out of a kiss.

The best way for women to receive men's wages is to marry them. Faith may move mountains, but it should first be tried on a hill.

The man who considers himself extra smart is the easiest to be swindled. One of the few facts actually known about Omar Khayyam is that he was not a prohibitionist.

Hez Heck says: "Who's a bigger nuisance than the fellow who puts in most o' his time keepin' out of a draught?"

Visitors in Ashland—Mrs. Herman Summers of Wagner Creek, accompanied by her aunt from Crescent City were shoppers in Ashland Tuesday.

An instrumental trio has been formed by Mr. and Mrs. Carlton James and Carl Loveland, who will play violin, piano and cello, for the pleasure of local audiences.—Medford Daily News—

What Others Say

A case where bobbed hair failed to make a woman ten years younger is reported of a French woman who had her hair bobbed when 103 and died at the age of 104—Sheridan Sun.

Of course, another thing which might help the farmer would be for the commodities which he has to buy to show a disposition to come down to the present level of his table.—Silverton Tribune.

Heaven is pictured as a place to rest, and people now on earth will be fully qualified to start right in when they get there—Silver Lake Leader.

Bel respect is of more importance than what the neighbors think of you.—Eastera Clackamas News.

NEW YORK—John Carrington, charged with a traffic law violation while driving a taxicab appeared in court arrayed in correct morning attire.

"Are you a taxi driver?" asked the magistrate, surveying the frock coat.

"Only at night," Carrington replied. "In the day time I am a stockbroker." Whereupon he paid his fine and hurried off to his place of business in Wall street.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Saturday, November 27, 1926.

At one time today it looked as if the sun would shine and I got my Kodak all ready and watched. I knew it wouldn't stay out long when it came.

The lake has not been visible for a number of days. At times I can hear the waves so I know there is still water in it. The waves have been rolling high down there from the sound that comes up over the rim.

Tomorrow, if the day is fair I am going to take a trip around and get acquainted. I know things have been moved around a bit and I am going to see if I like the way they are arranged.

Work—Worked on table lamps. Weather—The day has been cloudy, wind south and west; snowfall since last observation, 9 in., precipitation .99 in., depth of snow on ground 50 in., Temp. H. 29, L. 24, R. 5, M. 26.5.

VALLEY VIEW NOTES

Mrs. Roschert

Mrs. Carl Glasgow's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Amano of Wolf Creek, Ore., were visitors at the Glasgow home last week on their way home from Oakland, Cal., where they spent the holidays.

Monday afternoon Mrs. A. H. Davenport very delightfully entertained the program committee, and program leaders of the Valley View community club.

Mrs. Morris Jones who was reported ill last week has sufficiently recovered to be brought to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Lemox Monday afternoon.

The Southern Oregon poultry Producers Association is doing a real service to the people of Valley View by collecting eggs and delivering feed each Wednesday. The association should have the cooperation of all poultry producers, for, as in other lines of business, success lies in organization.

The Southern Oregon Cooperative Telephone Association held their annual business meeting at the school house Monday evening.

The piano at the school house and several others in the community were tuned last week by Mr. Brooks of the Palmer Music House in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Schirman of Medford and Mr. and Mrs. Santee of Coos county were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Arnold Tuesday. Albert Arnold returned Tuesday from Dead Indian where he was looking after cattle interests.

Don't Tell the Wife

Copyright 1926 Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. "DON'T TELL THE WIFE" starring Irene Rich, in a Warner Bros. production of this play.

The hot and scorching temper of Ranny Forbes, star polo player, and his beautiful wife, Judy, caused the temporary cessation of the polo season with their going. John made a decision, but Ranny, who had loved her, was to be a good sport and let her go. He was to be a good sport and let her go. He was to be a good sport and let her go.



The Argentinians galloped after Ranny, but they were for the second time in a chance to retrieve this immediate advantage their friendly enemies had secured. But Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of Ranny's side closed in and rode straggling to stirrup with him at a somewhat less eager pace.

It was the essential boyishness of his nature that made Ranny sulky about his shot, not for what it had meant, but for its reaction upon the object of his jealousy and contempt.

He massaged a furtive glance back toward his opponent. It was not hard to conjure up a delightful picture of the chagrin on Abner's dark face.

into it again. There! Take it, Number 1! Ride him out, 3-ride him out! Ah, beautiful long diagonal pass and a wiffon! Abner back striking after it, dribbling it along with short, snappy strokes until he should escape within range of the Torneo goal. A clear shot ahead of him. Discovered! "After him, Ranny, after him!" But Ranny had hesitated instantly, his thoughts with Jean and Abner in the car instead of on the shimmering 500 by the yard expanse of playing field.

The game mad mare stretched out at full tilt until her lean little body almost scraped the ground beneath her flying feet. Man and mare were a blurry oneness. Ranny followed up over her neck jockeywise, giving her free head. There! The Argentinian has placed the ball beautifully for a straightaway try at the goal, only eighty yards away. He tapers at the almost motionless sphere, as the condenser in the world in the free swing of his mass mallet, the easy way in which he stands in his stirrups for a toehold and throws his weight over to his killing side. Swish!

Goal! Goal! Judy had rushed her soaring scowl into the picture. Ranny's mallet flashes overhead in a queer back stroke and meets the ball simultaneously with the Argentinian's forward smash. The ball is struck off as a lump. The Torneo goal remains vacant.

Ranny burned up the grades with Forbes getting to midfield. "It's Ranny's day," gloated the spectators, seeing his incendiary riding. The backfire of this talk reached the Forbes' sedan. "You look quite proud of—him!" pouted Abner.

Rebels operating in the state of Guanajuato sent word to the town of Tlalpujaco, which is a railroad junction, demanding that the town surrender or it would be taken by assault tomorrow.