THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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These Bridge Clubs

There are very few bridge players in the world who are not so fortunate as to belong to bridge clubs. "Fortunate" is used advisedly, for bridge, like golf, takes people out of themselves. Many a woman has postponed or even forgotten her nervous break down in the anticipation of an evening out and a chance to eat party food. Many a man has taken a new lease on life after holding five honors or a hundred aces.

Bridge clubs may be classified as men's women's and mixed. The mixed bridge club will be chosen for discussion as combining the characteristics of the other two. Of mixed bridge club there are two kinds, those that eat first and play afterward and those that play first and eat afterward. In the first, refreshment takes the place of an ordinary dinner and the hostess must devise some food scheme that will look like a party and yet be as filling as beefsteak and potatoes. Otherwise the men members are likely to be disagreeable. In the second, refreshment is one more meal than no one needs and must therefore be tempting as well as reasonably digestible. Otherwise all the members will think dark thoughts next morning as they take their soda and water.

Another problem is seating the players in such a way that no husbands and wives are at the same table, that three good-natured people are found to play with the dub and three hard-boiled people are found to play with the star. Guests help to solve the last two points. They may be bored or insulted without permanent hurt to the club.

Another initial problem is arranging things to suit members who play for money and those who don't. Luckily a compromise may be reached by playing for so much a corner. This is a sop to those who like something up on the game, while the higher moral courts have conveniently ruled that playing for so much a corner is no more than playing for a prize, which, of course, isn't gambling. Other problems arise about the third meeting. They are what refreshments to serve that haven't been served already, what frocks to wear that haven't been worn already, who will volunteer to entertain a second time to fill out the season and who will take the couple home who haven't an automobile.

Bridge clubs are worth while, even if they only go to prove that man is a social animal. You may place the accent where you prefer.

China and Peacemakers

China, if and when the Chinese nation becomes whole again, will probably celebrate the month of December as we celebrate the Fourth of July. China is the fireworks factory of the world, anyway, and for decades has rather tragically furnished the explosive power for our own celebrations in favor of Liberty, while she herself was squirming beneath the highly oppressive heel of this Western democracy. It must often have occurred to many thinking and starving Chinese firecracker makers that there was a good deal of hypocrasy going into the red paper with the powder.

Now China is free, however, freer at least than she has been for a century or two, since Western power laid hands upon her. After two years of peaceful protesting and bearing the yoke which protestations availed not to lighten, her dreamy population fell under the control of a few war lords, who sneered at the soft answer and the theory of brotherly love, and who brandished muskets instead.

Here lies the tragedy. The muskets brought home the bacon to China where the peacemaking brought home only rebuffs. And, with a cynical comfort to the jingoists in this country and in Great Britain, and in France, and in Germany, and in other quarters of a world which has been making something of a stifled effort toword the rule of right instead of might in international affairs, all this concession to China was made almost at the same time that Woodrow Wilson, the peacemaker, was being celebrated at idealistic banquet boards by high-minded and optimistic good souls.

It is very hard to sell an idea or a machine that won't work, and very easy to sell one that will. The musket idea worked in China when no other would. Dr. Wellington Koo might talk his lungs out before the idealistic gentlemen at the Washington arms conference about decent freedom from China from Western meddling; he got nothing but cold stares. But let a few military war lords fire on a British ship prowling up a Chinese river and China gets what she wants—hurriedly, from Great Britain and the Western powers.

It's going to take a lot more heavy work at Geneva to counteract that turn of circumstances and a lot more dinners and speeches to convince the skeptical world of the supremacy of peace on earth and good will to men over gunpowder and plenty of it.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK—The real estate business has a new record to shoot at—a sale at auction in two hours of 12 pieces of real estate for $6,714,000. The auctioneer's fee for disposal of the holdings of the late Charles A. Gould, poor farmer's son and inventor of a railroad train coupler, was $35,000. Bidders at the auction in the Hotel Commodore's ball room represented total wealth of $300,000,000. Among the properties sold was Aeolian hall.

SAN DIEGO—Theres' a warrant for Babe Ruth. He failed to appear at a hearing on charges that he violated the child labor law by having children go on the stage to receive autographed baseball.

PORT ARTHUR, Texas — The coffee guzzling record has been smashed again. D. Kinard, who sells real estate when he is not drinking coffee downed 100 cups in 7 hours and 10 minutes.

New Secretary Expected—

C. T. Baker is expected to arrive tomorrow from Hood River to take up his duties as the new secretary of the Medford Chamber of Commerce, filling the position recently occupied by Robert H. Boyl, who resigned.

SAP AND SALT

BY BERT MOSES

The way to get good wages is to do good work.

If a book is only bad enough, it is sure to be a success.

Men whose pants bag at the knees never figure in breech-of-promise suits.

It is just about impossible to be stylish and sensible at the same time.

When common sense and professional ethics meet, they do not so much as nod to one another.

When a theory puts on the gloves with a condition, bet five on the condition winning out.

Hez Heck says: "In the matter o' coverin' sins, the confession magazine kin go around the track twice while Charity is goin' once."

What Others Say

(Corvallis Gazette-Times)

Representative James Mott of Astoria scores Al Norblad of Astoria by calling him a "lobbyist for the fishing interests." Funny There's an old saying about when thieves fall out honest people get their dues and while we do not wish to compare either of these gifted and estimable gentlemen to a thief yet the truth is that they both represent fishing interests—opposing fishing interests. Mr. Mott campaigned for the infamous measure on the ballot last fall to put a rival of his clients out of business by abolishing fish wheels. So, there is a possibility that these two gentlemen from Astoria may tell enough on each other so that the public, which owns the fish, may find out something about the truth of the whole situation. We have been in Oregon 12 years now and do not recall a single legislature in which the smell of fish did not disturb the nostrils. We would like to see the fish business settled forever, but we don't expect to.

Rosenbaum Here—

A. S. Rosenbaum, district freight and passenger agent at Medford, spent the day in Ashland yesterday on business and visiting with friends.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

A quilting bee was held at the home of D. B. Lyons on Mountain Avenue recently. Those present were Mesdames Fraley, Yeo, Sober, Eggens, Swing and Miss Anderson.

One hundred and fifty rooters of the Ashland high school pulled off a regular old time rally down the Main street Saturday with LeRoy Ashcraft, yell leader, at the head.

Game Refuge Warden George Hargadine has returned from his winter work on the Modoc orchards game refuge, the largest reservation of the kind and the best appointed one in Jackson county.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Robert L. Vining, who is extensively engaged in merchandising at Fairbanks, Alaska, is in Ashland visiting with his mother, Mrs. M. H. Vining.

Paul N. Lariver is expecting his family from Long Beach, soon. Mr. Lariver, who recently purchased a fine piece of property on Main street from M. J. Goodheart, will open up a merchant tailoring establishment.

Normal Notes—Prof. A. C. Joy is moving to his new home which he recently purchased from Benton Bowers. Mr. McIntyre and family will occupy the rooms Prof. Joy is leaving.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

B. F. Myer, of this place, who left home more than a year ago to viet Chicago and other places, returned home yesterday.

J. M. Casebeer will build a neat cottage in Ashland this year.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Hatch left yesterday for San Francisco, where the latter will spend several days visiting with relatives and frends.

Miss May Tiffany has been engaged to teach school in the district adjoining Woodville.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN
Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Wednesday, December 1, 1926.

There was some kind of an animal around my house last night. His tracks were melted out so I could not tell just what they were. By the tracks he made he was looking for something to eat or a place to sleep.

I was out to the snow pole tonight, and took a short stroll up through the trees. By the looks of the spurs of the hemlock cones the pine squirrel is still gathering his winter food supply or saving it by getting his daily rations from from the cones that are still on the trees. I am not sure, but I thought I saw a chipmonk today, he was some distance from me and I went and examined the tracks, but the snow was so loose I couldn't be sure.

In going through the timber there seemed to be something missing, for a long time I could not think what it was; there were the trees, the wind, snow and the squirrels. What else belonged, and wasn't there? The Birds! Not a cheep or a twitter, not a flash of black or brown wings, but I think that they are in canyons and thick brush out of the wind and sleet and when the sun shines again they will come back to the higher ground. When it is cold in the vally the timber is alive with birds of all kinds, and they fill a great corner of the picture of this land so void of life.

Worked on lamps.

Weather—Day cloudy; wind south and south west; snowfall since last observation trace; precipitation 0.35 in.; snow on ground 58 in., temp. H. 34, L. 30, R. 4, M. 32.

ROB CHURCH BOX

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 1.—(UN) — Pieces of glue-dipped whalebone were used by members of a gang which has been robbing San Francisco church poor boxes, police asserted tonight after arresting three of the alleged thieves.

The Rev. Edward T. Mallon, pastor of St. Mary's church, suspected that his poor boxes were being looted systematically and telephoned the police when he saw a group of men busy about one of the receptacles. Albert Gonzales, 56; Erneste Fernandez, 27; and Angelo Sabini, 32.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Pursuant to license granted by Order of the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, made and entered January 8, 1927, in the matter of the Guardianship of Joseph Welch, an incompetent person, the undersigned, will, from and after the 11th day of February, 1927, proceed to sell, at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, and subject to the confirmation of said Court, the following described real property, situated in Jackson County, Oregon, belonging to the Estate of said incompetent person, to-wit:

The Northwest Quarter of the Northeast Quarter of Section 4 in Township 40, South, Range 2, East of the W. M.

Persons interested may inquire of L. A. Roberts, Citizens Bank Building, Ashland, Ore.

Dated and first published, January 11, 1927.

ISABELLE BARNARD,
Guardian of Joseph Welch, an incompetent person. 4-Tues.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Mat. 7:7, 8.

The one who asks Gods guidance in this life, and then seeks the way and the truth as exemplified in Jesus Christ; to such a one will the way be opened and he will be guided into the realms of happiness and abundant life. And to him that knocketh at the door of opportunity and of service in God's Kingdom, that door will open quickly.

Don't Tell the Wife

BY WILLIAM R. COURTNEY

Copyright 1926 Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

"DON'T TELL THE WIFE," starring Irene Rich, is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS

Ranny Forbes, star polo player, and his beautiful wife, Joan, are temperamental strangers. Joan wants a divorce. Ranny confides to his chum, Clay, that he loves her, but secretly knows that she loves Abner Gratman. Unnerved, Ranny loses the International Cup Match for America. When he goes to take Joan home, he finds she has gone with Abner. Lacking proof that Joan is faithless, Ranny plans to trap her and Abner while they are all on a proposed trip on the yacht of Livingstone Stivner, a billionaire lumber magnate, with whom Ranny is trying to consummate a big business deal.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Your real soldier of fortune loves intrigue.

To him it is the cocktail of Life; its battle is its Beer, and adventure its gin, and roaming its rum.

As all the adverse currents and involved cross purposes of that unbound group on the luxurious lounge deck of the "Speedwell" flowed into the reservoir of his consciousness, an exciting sparkle welled behind Ranny Forbes' keen eyes.

He had come prepared—literally as well as figuratively—for some grim trouble with the man who was trying to steal his wife.

He had not expected, however, to find himself in danger of being stolen from his wife.

Blonde Clare's obvious blandishments, as such, had not meant much in Ranny's young life until he became aware of the effect the billionaire widow's play for him was having upon his wife.

At first he did not understand why Joan should mind, in view of her own extramarital interests in Abner Gratman. If she were sincere in her demands for a divorce, it should be to her advantage to encourage intimacies between her

"I shall certainly stop in and sign the book," said Ranny.

husband and another woman. That would be the logical thing to do.

But Ranny, in common with the rest of mankind, realized in his superior way that it was too much to expect logic from a woman when an affair of the heart was concerned.

Inconsistency, thy name is Married Woman! So mused Ranny contentedly.

Joan was letting silly feminine pride interfere with clear reasoning. That was as plain as the mole on Mrs. Remington Teffin's sternum. It was a matter of vanity with Joan that if any genuine philandering were to be done in the family, it would be done by her.

Selfish as well as stubborn. That was Joan all over.

As benign as it is possible to look at forty odd, Ranny looked—as he smiled with arch indifference toward Joan—meanwhile making plain that he was more interested in Clare's flaxen hair and buttercup of an ear at that moment than in anything else in the world, including his lawful wedded wife, Joan.

"I shall certainly stop in and sign the book," he whispered to Clare, feeling very risque.

Whereupon a seductive mist diffused over the large and babyish—but not too innocent nor too trustful eyes that were the beacons of Clare's fickle soul, and imparted to their blueness the remote dreariness of a winter sky.

Silken and fleet, one little hand brushed an understanding pat on Ranny's bronzed paw, which gripped the side of Clare's chair as he leaned toward her.

Delicate the smile and subtle the touch—but they were not lost upon several dissembling companions, notably Clay and Stivner and Joan.

Not least important, Abner Gratman, too, furtively drank in the byplay; and used it, the next instant, to the account of his own suit.

"You see, Joan, dearest," he whispered plaintively, "the sort of character he is to whom you so foolishly remain 'true,' as you call it. There's no question of truth or honor involved between any husband and wife unless it is reciprocal, now is there, I ask you?"

Abner felt quite convinced by his own argument. He felt that if he were a woman in Joan's shoes, such a situation and such an argument would bowl him over into the hottest fleshpots.

Joan's murmur, barely audible even to his heart attuned ears, unseated Abner's complacency. It was just another demonstration of the philosophic fact that women know and men won't believe: that no man can project himself behind feminine reactions.

"There's the question of my own honor—in my own eyes!"

Though Joan's answer plunged Abner into sullen, childish pouting for the time being—as her endless variations of it to his endless versions of the selfsame plea had, these many weeks past—she was startled to find herself, for the first time, critically examining the wisdom and the necessity for her own steadfast clinging to an ideal.

Once she were rid of Ranny, she would marry Abner—gladly.

She felt that Abner would mean to her the things that Ranny had not. He would fill the inner voids that Ranny's clumsy, essentially masculine approaches had left unexplored.

Abner was so thoughtful, so profoundly understanding. The antithesis of Ranny.

What was it that they called such men as Ranny in those curiously stark, elementarily frank and true, labels of character in the cinemas? Oh, yes. "Two-fisted!"

That was Ranny Forbes! Two-fisted! Yes, thrice two-fisted!

And finis, Joan reflected with a bitterness softened only by her natural whimsicality, were not the most perfect nor most delicate nor gentlest means of touching the tender places of a woman's heart!

Successful lovers—the sort of husbands who wear well and abidingly—need a saving dilution of effeminacy in their make-up. Cave men and swordsmen and debauchees were romantic enough for a flaming month; but one could not imagine Cellini, for instance, as a constant husband!

And Joan wondered why she had ever been led to envision Ranny Forbes, the soldier of fortune, in the role of a fireside ornament.

She had been captivated by his strength of body and will and character, as she was repulsed by it now—for it had meant only neglect, only a secondary place in his interests.

Abner, having no purely animal pride in his physical prowess, would delegate her to the first throne in his scheme of life.

Ranny's attitude had caused her a severe reaction against his type.

Abner was the opposite pole—the lode for which her heart now hungered. Abner represented domestic quietude. Harmony. Adjustment.

Perhaps if Ranny had only met her halfway, there might have been adjustments, she reflected regretfully. He might have filled her days and nights. Now it was too late.

Here he was, the tanned rascal, openly enfolding himself in the blonde web of a lady spider!

With characteristic feminine shortsight, Joan thought not of her own open friendship with Abner, the sure gossip it had stirred up, the certain embarrasment it had brought Ranny. She knew that she was morally blameless—so far. Foolishly, she took it for granted, so great was her own prideful faith in her own virtue, that others must know the same.

But Ranny! He was different. It must be apparent to everybody that he was shameless. That Clare was brazen!

Womanlike, wifelike, Joan traced a comparison between herself and Clare—greatly in her own favor, of course!

Joan's eyes flashed her haughty lack of fear of a public accounting of the vast difference between her innocent talk with Abner and Ranny's bold reception of that bold blonde's advances.

She felt herself exalted to pinnacles of virtue, and in her mood dragged Abner to the heights with her—without his knowledge, of course.

Abner's hot, glistening eyes in that moment when he scented the end of the hunt would hardly have suggested summits of morality to honest appraisers.

But Joan, being very virtuous, was, of course, not honest. In truth, she was gosh darn mad! Jealous.

She was not, however, a lady to permit pique to parade for long through the Alpine polish of her hauteur. She was too alive to the satisfaction that such a display would give to certain people of immediate importance—Ranny, for instance, and that grinning and self satisfied Clay Varick, and Clare Clemoneau. Oh, that Clare!

Joan employed a subtle counter offensive. She exuded unruffled indifference. When Joan wanted to turn on the full batteries of her indifference her high disdain was a cloud piercing Matterhorn.

(To be continued)

Visitor from Grants Pass—

J. L. Webster of Grants Pass, Ore., spent yesterday in Ashland visiting with friends.

From McCloud—

R. C. Goodman of McCloud, Cal., spent yesterday in Ashland looking after business affairs.