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C. J. READ, MANAGING EDITOR

W. H. PERKINS, NEWS EDITOR

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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The Lithia Water

During the last few days the Tidings has been approached repeatedly as to our attitude on the controversy that is going on over the proposed location of the Lithia water in the Plaza. While we presume it is a newspaper's duty to take a stand on those things that affect the city as a whole, we are very frank to admit that we do not care particularly as to the location of the Lithia water. We admit that there are valuable arguments on both sides but we as a newspaper confess that we are not competent to judge which would be the best.

We do feel however, that a lot of energy, arguments and time is being spent upon a proposition, that is not deserving of this interest. We feel that when there are problems that concern the future prosperity of every business institution, every property owner, and every individual in Ashland, waiting to be solved, we should not waste our time and energy upon details, but should present a united front in working out those things that mean so much to all of us.

We are refering particularly to the poultry industry when we say there are problems that mean prosperity to every one. Here at our door step we have what is acknowledged to be the best natural climate on the coast for the raising of poultry. We have men who are making a success of this business right in our very midst. If there was a concerted action on the part of the entire community to properly develop this industry, many new people could find this a profitable place to live. A daily payroll would be created, merchants would have more prespective customers, and incidently the Tidings could have more subscribers, and would become a larger and better paper for it.

Why not get together and settle the Lithia water controversy without the feeling that is liable to become a part of this scrap, then forget about it until the proper time comes to properly exploit the Lithia water. When that time comes go at the job as a whole and not waste time upon the details, and in the meantime lest we forget, we have a veritable "acre of diamonds" at our very door step, just waiting the necessary shove on our part to put it over.

The Normal School Athletics

It is with increasing interest that we note the success being attained by the Normal school basketball team. Regardless of what might be our personal feelings regarding athletics as a part of a school system, there can be no doubt as to its value in attracting students. A good athletic team will do more to advertise a school than any other method that may be adopted.

The support that the team is receiving however is a disappointment. Not to the school authorities, for we are not in a position to comment upon their feeling in the matter, but with a team that is a consistent winner, that is able to adapt themselves to any competition, and above all composed largely of local boys, it's hard to understand why there are not more local people attending the games. It is a known fact that with the exception of one game, money has been lost on every basketball game played this season.

Local people would do well to attend these games, they will be making a double investment, for first there will be the entertainment provided, and second, by the proper support of athletics, this phase of the Normal school's activities can be enlarged upon, and there will result a larger and stronger institution.

The secretary of the chamber of commerce in Orange, N. J., urges that a publicity man be appointed to herald the needs of the firemen whose deeds "are not sufficiently appreciated." Now we can expect to see the headline: "Firemen periled in rubbish blaze."

Moan not your lot today. There's an eightfamily flat in Jersey City with eight radios, eight pianos and eight phonographs.

Senator or no, Frank L. Smith ran a ball team in Illinois for years and years, and I guess you can't overlook that.

If the radio keeps growing in popularity as it has, pretty soon we'll have to have a constitutional amendment against it, we fear.

A strange bird attacked a timberman up in Quebec. Maybe it was the first robin, enraged at being spotted so early.

By Williams



Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK-Because his parents separated him from his bride, the former Mildred Gander of Cambridge, Ohio, William Gardiner, 23, who says his father is a wealthy Clevelander, came to New York and started making the rounds of the gay night

in court tomorrow on a charge of grand larceny, preferred by fellow patrons of several of the clubs, who accuse him of stealing their jewels. Gardiner said he quit his classes at the University of Michigan to come to New York and drown his sorrows in the night life of Broadway.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,-Mary Campbell, 13 months, talked to her uncle, Joseph Harkness, in England over the trans-Atlantic telephone today. Joseph told Mary's mother that he could hear her distinctly, and that he could almost make out what she was trying to say.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Formulas for whisky and brandy have been restored to the United States pharmacopedia after being dropped in 1916 out of deference to prohibi-

To double your troubles, take them to a lawyer.

Some people have rheumatism, but usually the rheumatism has

Rumor will travel fifty furlongs while a fact is traveling a foot.

The less a man knows about the science of government, the crazier be is to go to Congress.

Many respectable folks are not good, and just as many good folks are not considered respect-

It would seem; from the number of boys who smoke that smoking was taught in college and made compulsory.

Hez Heck says "The quickest thing to turn sour is love picked up on the bargain counter.

What Others Say

So much interest has been awakened by the Tule Lake homesteading plans we are agreeably surprised at the craze for land. The News has maintained all along that more people would get back to farming and freedom "If they knew how, but someway they seem to have lost their birthright. It is serious business developing a commonwealth of independent homes. All over Klamath county there are thousands of acres easily available to the right kind of fighting spirit. Tule Lake is only a reversion back to type. The homestead idea is good anywhere.-Klamath News

(Salem Capitol-Journal) It is proposed to repeal the nine foot bed sheet law for hotels, which is a slam on that great statesman, Dan Kellaher, whose great claim to fame is its authorship. But since Dan became a thrifty housewife, mothering power bills, he has lost interest in bed sheets. The repeal however will affect only that distinguished body of men whose heads reach into heavens, the "Longfellows"-but they, probably by this time realize the folly of nine foot sheets for six foot beds as a solution of their prob-

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

Medford yesterday.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

The sale is reported of the G. D. E. Rand, manager of the H. Westervelt orchard, (formerly sche, late of Snohomish, Wash., for a consideration of \$9000.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Roberts and son Lee, of the 401 ranch, Methodist pastorate, has been and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gall of indisposed for a week or so past, the Bellview district were visitors but not to any extent that comrecently in Ashland with their pelled him to relinquish his dumother, Mrs. E. J. Roberts and ties. sister, Mrs. L. O. VanWegen.

Rev. Mr. Van Fossen of the

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Silsby have moved into their attractive and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Stevenson comfortable new bungalow just were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Blake completed on the corner of Hel-ranch of his friend Hoffman near they started both the same way only one thing to do, get off and

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

School Clerk Gillette, who now taking the census of the dis-Ashland Pruit and Produce Asso- the Sheffield place) in Bellview trict, says Ashland will s h o w cistion, transacted business in just south of town to C. L. Koel- more school children than at the last census, notwithstanding that the new district (No. 73) south of Ashland takes some from the Ashland district.

> Mrs. Dr. Webster will leave shland for Sacramento about Feb. 15th. The lady who is to succeed her here is Mrs. Dr. Whiting, whose daughter is visiting Mrs. E. V. Mills this winter.

Montague, this week.

BY JOHN MABIN

Thursday, December 2, 1926. I tried out my new skis today They proved to be a great disappointment. You know that I expected a great dear or those bent boards, they were so nicely striped and the name on them, Blue Streak, in fancy blue and gold letters. You know when I first looked at them and read that name I could picture myself slipping across the country in long graceful strides, as smooth and as easy as if I had wings; I even wondered if I wouldn't have to use my ski-pole as a break going up hill. Today I fixed them up, I put on new rubber foot and tacked it down with shiny brass tacks, I was very careful to get the tacks spaced evenly and in line so that I wouldn't spoil their looks. I next looked to dressing the sliding surface. The bottoms were smooth, but there were places where the grain looked high, so I sandpapered them until they were as smooth glass. I then went over them with hot linseed oil, and drove the oil in with a hot flat iron. I kept the iron going over them until all of the oil had gone into the wood. Then I gave them another sandpapering and then put on the parafine, taking pains that all umps were toward the back. When it was all done the bottoms had a slick glossle look. Blue Streak, well I guess I could hardly wait until the parafine was cold to try them out. I kept wondering just how far I should go; around the like, it being only 3:30. No. I wanted to save that trip for some other time, besides t wouldn't do to strain or over work them their first trip; no it would have to be a short jaunt, say over to Llao Rock, that was miles back. Well if they were too

After I had examined them five or six times they seemed to be cool enough to try out. I knew that the snow was like so much mush, but that hadn't ought to bother a ski, with Blue Streak for a name, perhaps slow it up some but that was all the better for me as I hadn't been on skis but very little this winter.

I got them out of the door on

hot when I got over there I could

let them cool before I started

the west end of the Lodge, and headed them up the hill. I had his powerful hands. just adjusted the straps inside and all I had to do was to get on. They kept slipping around not he really cared. quite a bit, kinda nervous like, then there was their name, you could expect as much. After a while I got both feet in the stir-rups, and leaned forward just a themum, a great white flower, deck-ing the glories of autumn conservamove. I wondered if I had forgotten to turn on the switch or something. Perhaps they weren't self starters and you had to give them a shove. I leaned forward a little more and started to work to less. But here at hand was an orchid, a pale, aesthetic, fragile flower. Mrs. Clare Clemoneau, in all her blonde bloom. Truly, her cheeks were petals, her arms soft tendrils, he noted, feasting his eyes upon her. trifle and spoke to them kinda a little more and started to raise the right one. Right there things began to happen. the left one was balky and began to back up, the right ski got frightened and t was balky and began to back up, the right ski got frightened and began to sidle away from its mate, for a while I was going south and west at the same time, about the instant that I had reached the extent of my elasticity there was an earthquake, when I opened my eyes a moment later I was hanging onto the snow and ice with my teeth. Very much of that, letting them think for a moment that they had piled me, would spoil both of them. Then it occured to me what was wrong, for two months they had been standing in the Lodge and naturally aften't want to leave it. So I of and lead them up on the got off ski on the nie side, merked fair prey broaking affective decisions. He decided with great self-actrifice that it might not be wise to publicly humor his manufacture and Joan that a cool shall be a most effective damper to certain hot bloods.

"He folded a coppery hand over her creamy checks and shoulders. "Ranny more than anything else found that these were warm, vibrant. A living vibration that tremblad preciously upon her lips, her nostrils, and glinted in her eyes.

He had never suspected so deep a passion in so freil a flower.

Livingstone Stivner, turning im patient before that they from a desultory chat with an arid dowager, furned in the world at that moment, felt a yearning impulse in his fundamental mental mesculine protectively—a crying, aching urgan; the noticed that these were warm, vibrant. A living vibration that tremblad preciously upon her lips, her nostrils, and glinted in her eyes.

He had never suspected so deep a passion in so freil a flower.

Livingstone Stivner, turning im patiently and a could be a more divired. However, catching Joan's eyes upon her its, her nostrils, and glinted in her eyes.

Livingstone Stivner, turning im patiently anythed the protective of the deck.

He had never suspected so deep a passion in so freil a flower.

Livingstone Stivner, turning im patiently anythed the protective of

wrong the first time. I was up "Nonsense! The water temperon a drift about twelve feet high. but I never thought about them headed down hill and the gate Now I hadn't got in the seat, as | fall off, so I started falling and

Crater Lake In Winter Time

Caretaker at Crater Lafe Lodge

aperamental miemates. comperamental mismess.

wants e divorce. Ranny confides to his chum, Olay, that he loves her, but secretly knows that she loves Abner Graman. Lacking proof that Joan is faithless, he plans to trap her and Abner while they are all on a week-ond trip on the yacht of Stiener, a billioneire lumber bing. The complications now are CHAPTER VIL-Continued The conversation meanwhile had ded toward informality as it be-Thus sided by the at least seeming disconcentration of interest from them, Abner was making bold to talk to Joan with less restraint. Still in subdued tones, of course, inaudible except to except to excepters. And since eavesdropping is an art

with downcast eyes to Abner's unflagging talk. The ardor in Abner's eyes, the honeyed drip of his
words, were as plain and as potent
to Ranny as red flannel shirts to
pasture buils.

strating that the richer and r
miler some men get the closer
return under the skin to first
ish principles.

"Livingstone, be yourself!"
ed Clare, moving off so langu To this saunting of illicit bliss,



"Guess she didn't have much take of," giggled Mrs. Teffen.

pervous clinching and opening of The second impulse, in due pourse, was a cynical searching of his mind and soul as to whether or

After all, there were other flow ers in the social garden. Joan was a chrysanthemum. He

ting the off ski on the nie side, posed, "It's too cold!" said Joan posi-

open. Well I got everything fast- you might say, and there wasn't I fell for two hundred feet, when J. W. Kinney is over at the ened and started to raise up and a thing to hold on to, there was I hit those run away devils reared this time and how they did go. the only way to get off was to (Please Turn to Page 5)



gled a matron, "I never hear thing so wild. You wouldn' think of suggesting it excep

you know you've got the the mock horror she had stirred the mock horror she had stirred amongst the women, the genuit shock she had caused the men. B

stivner stressed that

ty upon the briny deep. I've an that cannot best be practiced in one piece swimming suits—mostly one piece swimming suits—mostly cut! If you'll all go to your room; rather immune. rather immune.

Joan, a slight flush on her satiny cheeks that was not alone of the fresh wind's making, was listening with downcast eyes to Abner's unstrating that the richer and rheusinging talk. The ardor in Abmier some men get the closer they

ed Clare, moving of so languidly that her warning seemed to arise naturally from a foreboding that she would win the nomination with which Stivner had playfully threatened the slothful.

spasms.

The first, a madness to bury his fingers in Abner's throat and presently gloat over a subsiding circle on the water, marking the spot where Abner's body went down. The only sign of that spasm was a the first to reappear upon deck, though her manner was no less languid than before and gave no suggestion—by quickened breath, or color, or otherwise—that she had hastened her actions one jota.

"Guess she didn't have much to take off," giggled Mrs. Teffen under her breath, to Joan.

"Certainly she has very little on!" rejoined Joan. "How is it her

on!" rejoined Joan. "How is it her suit is so much more extreme than those of the rest of us? I thought Mr. Stivner had provided a stand-Livingstone Stivner himself was

wondering just that as, coming on deck with Ranny and Clay, his as-tonished eyes fell upon what was at that moment the common object of the stares of guests and crew

"Clare," ejaculated Stivner, glaring at where a ragged remnant of swimming suft leg, like a scalloped necklace, demurely clung to the zenith of a creamy thigh, "you hussy, who ripped your suit?"

"Oh, Livingstone, it isn't ripped. You know how I just hate to look like everyone else. So I merely took some scissors and did a little trimming. The legs were too long anyhow—and the neck too high!"

"Scandalous!" thought Dowager

"Scandalous!" thought Dowager

"Scandalous!" thought Dowager
Teffen audibly.
A general laugh followed. The
men admired, the women envied,
Clare's daring.
She turned a babishly reproachful and hurt look upon Mrs. Teffen,
then appealed to Ranny from under
the golden curtains of her lachveiled eyes:
"Ranny you think the perfection." "Ranny, you think it's perfectly

nice and proper, don't you?"
Ranny's head had been swim Ranny's head had been swimming with the eye-filling picture Clare made standing there on the forward deck, her slender, yet rounded and firmly fashioned limbs—like some fine old turnings of lathe masters' art—looking pathetically inadequate to withstand the searching breeze.

All the other women—and men, too—wore heavy sweaters draged

too—wore heavy sweaters draped carelessly over their shoulders. Not so Clare. Her only protection against the autumnal nipping of the Sound winds was the curtailed red

"Dear man!" lisped Clare, twist-ing up to Ranny with slinky, tiger-ishly graceful andulations of her

(To be continued)