

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Abraham Lincoln

(An Acrostic)

Again a grateful nation, your natal day reverts, Beloved martyr. Let the great heart of you Rejoice, for through all the passing years A flaming light of patriotism your memory will renew

Holding high the banner, your patient hands unfurled.

A new democracy your gift, to bond, and freemen too—

May our nation lead in righteousness, the vanguard of the world.

"Let this Union be not sundered"—you gave the calm command;

Invoked your soul to strive, achieve, to suffer and be strong.

Nobly you upheld the burden, aid Divine upheld your hand,

Cancelled strife and hate and righted, mankind's most grievous wrong.

Oh needs not honor's bronze or marble, nor a name in Hall of Fame

Like our Flag now proudly floating, o'er one happy glorious land

Name of yours Immortal Lincoln, shall eternal reverence claim.

—Emily Loomis Waite.

Life, The Greatest Asset

Reduced to an economic formula human life remains a much more important asset to a community than all its material possessions, it is asserted by the insurance department of the chamber of commerce of the United States.

"The United States," says insurance department in a bulletin announcing a program upon which it has embarked with the cooperation of the committee on administrative practice of the American public health association to enlist chambers of commerce throughout the country in health conservation.

Folks Would Turn The Dials

A curious illustration of the ego prevailing our so-called statesmen at Washington is to be found in the solemn manner in which they debate the use of the radio for the transmission of political speeches.

"To permit such use of it might establish a dangerous precedent," says one serious senator.

These statesmen seem never to have observed the operation of a receiving set. If they had they would have ascertained that not more than one speech in 50,000 delivered over the radio is listened to.

If we could find out what they taste like, some of us imagine we might like winter strawberries.

An earthquake lasting thirty seconds occurred in Scotland last week, but nobody loosened up.

The so-called Mexican war scare blew over so fast our popular composers didn't have time to look through the old masters for a patriotic tune.

It is expected Washington will have the radio situation well in hand before the proposed 42-letter alphabet becomes necessary to label new stations.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



TOM SIMS SAYS. A new town in Oklahoma has been named Bowlegs. It seems the Charleston hadn't found its way out there yet.

SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES. We would get more justice if judges were not lawyers.

Isn't It Odd? DENVER — Frank Alito, a fruit dealer, was bitten on the finger by a scorpion while handling bananas.

Naming towns for legs is a good idea, though. Philadelphia might be called Fallen Arches, in memory of the Sesqui.

Opportunity is worthless if you don't know what to do with it. The one thing that everybody can do is tell you how to cure a cold.

KINGSLEY, III. — An hour after she obtained an uncontested divorce, Mrs. Ethel L. Barry remarried. The new husband, Harry Kuhn of Oakland, the first was Harry Barrie of Lincoln, Neb.

Some of us are able to make ourselves plain—others needn't try to better Nature.

Hez Heck says: "Innocence don't git you much o' anywhere when you take it into business."

Today's definition: College — A place where young people go to study suicide. McAdoo says he isn't aiming at the presidency.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago. F. L. Johns of this city was a business visitor to Medford this morning.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago. Charon Staples, who is a student at the California State University at Berkeley, has been spending a few days at home.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago. W. W. Walters of the mining firm of Walter and Johnson, left Tuesday for a trip through the mining counties of California on business for some investors.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Sunday, December 19, 1925. Being considered a day of rest I took advantage of it and slept until eight o'clock.

Monday, December 20, 1925. Breakfast was over at seven and I shouldered my pack and started up the road, didn't see any other way to travel.

I rubbed the frost off the skis, and stuck my toes in the straps and started my seventeenth mile hike back to the rim.

They may not be placed exactly at the end of the mile, but a few feet in seventeen miles is nothing to quarrel about.

I didn't hurry and I didn't linger. My stride, if I didn't run into sticky snow, would land me at the rim nine hours after I had left the Fort.

I stopped at Anna Springs and made a cup of coffee and ate my lunch. I tried to call Central but something was wrong.

The skis continued to go without a great deal of shoving but I kicked them a little just the same, the sky was getting black in the southwest and the clouds were hurrying a little faster.

It was between the two and three mile signs that the trees began to moan and the first snowflakes of the storm fell, and I slowed down, knowing that I was too late.

By the time I started on the wind was coming in strong gusts from all directions, it was the back-lash, or swirls from Garfield. The trees were swaying and great bunches of snow began to fall from their limbs and hit the snow with so great a force that it made you think it wouldn't be nice for one to miss the snow and hit your head.

When I came to Government Camp there was a temptation to shovel out the door of the ranger cabin and spend the night there. But when would it quit? Might as well go on, I wasn't tired, so I headed into the flat above the camp.



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

synopsis Ranny Forbes, star polo player, and his beautiful wife, Joan, are temperamental misfits.

CHAPTER XII The captain's untrammelled suggestion, delivered in that drawing nasal voice which had been salted to brittleness by many spumy winds

Clay Varick sought to spur and encourage his decision: "Why not, Ranny, old son? What difference makes the manner of catching him? I admit that the ball, since his catchiness to the world, was a ripping stunt—it had worked to schedule. It didn't. Yet things have so happened that beyond all doubt you have the goods on him!"

Ranny, looking quickly around, saw the blazer through a half-open door of the wardrobe and drew it out. He held it aloft, while Clay calmly measured the fragment of cloth to it.

The match was perfect, undeniable. There was a serious glint in the eyes of Clay, Stivner, and Captain Marty, while Ranny's face began to glow with a slow but terribly mounting rage.

When Captain Marty reswitched the lights it was to reveal Ranny and Abner locked in a fighting, clawing, kicking clutch of savagery. Abner fought with the insane rage born of desperate fear; but he was child's play in the strong hands of Ranny, who subdued him, lifted him bodily, and bore him out of the cabin, up the stairs, out into the rain of the open deck and along it towards the stern.

Captain Marty hurried on ahead, and under his directions two started sailors lowered a dory. The captain was frank, but not a potential murderer. "Lash it stoutly, mind you, men," he ordered. "If it broke away on a night like this it would mean—death."

Screaming maledictions, Abner was stowed in the boat, which was allowed to drift about twenty yards in the foamy wake—just to the rim of the circle of light thrown by the stern lantern—before it was made fast.

At the last, Clay had pitched the box of dog biscuits into the dory beside Abner. Then Abner was left alone with the night and the storm, in the dangerously bobbing cork of a dory, while the yacht forged drunkenly on through tumbling seas.

Descending alone to his cabin after that, Ranny sat for perhaps an hour plunged in deep brooding, in morose reflections. He felt poignantly the emptiness of Joan's cabin. Even in their most quarrelsome hours he had always felt, heretofore, the comfort of knowing she was physically near. The knowledge had always carried its own promise and hope.