

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Longevity

Jacob Bier, who runs a little butcher shop in Hoboken, N. J., is cheerful on the occasion of the one hundred seventh anniversary of his birth. He says: "A hundred years and yet a hundred more added to my life would not be enough, because the longer I live the better the world becomes, and the easier it becomes to live." And, of course, like all persons who get through the first hundred years, he has a formula for longevity. Here it is: "Go to bed at seven and rise at six," he advises. "Raise a large family. Eat any kind of meat at least once a day. Smoke and drink when you please. Disregard all negative suggestions given by friends and relatives. Don't stop working. And if, after keeping all these rules, you can still enjoy all the modern vices, do so." We have always been told it is the first hundred years that are the hardest; but, if like Bier, we can get through them by making no more sacrifices than he made, we shall be very happy that we have lived that time and will prescribe to his statement that this is a pretty good world after all.

Sound Statement on Timber

In discussing the subject of our future timber supply, Frank G. Wisner, president of the National Lumber Manufacturers' association, in a recent article in the Nation's Business, says that the forests, nature's timber factories, are the greatest production organization in the world, and that with care and propagation our timber supply will be inexhaustible and adequate for all proper uses. Mr. Wisner says that as legitimate substitutes for wood are found, they will be generally adopted, but that new uses for wood will arise just as in the case of building with concrete which replaces wooden structures. "So protean is the suitability of wood for human uses that despite all the synthetic materials, its uses have increased from 2000 in number ten years ago to 4500 today. Rot and fire are the chief enemies of wood. Preservative chemical processes have already multiplied the lives of ties, posts and poles by three or more. Incombustible paints and impregnations have made a start in opposition to fire, but a great field is here. This is something the chemists can do today, now. To make wood slow-burning and eliminate the fire hazard will confer a social service of universal benefit."

Labor Sanity Stabilizes Nation

During the boom times of 1920, an average of 8.4 per cent of all the factory employes of the United States voluntarily quit their jobs. The year before, 5.8 per cent of the workers threw up their jobs. In the panic year 1921, only 2.225 per cent, or one-quarter as large a percentage as in the boom year, voluntarily gave up their places. The percentage increased in 1922 and 1923, to fall again to 2.68 per cent in 1924, and then up to 3.1 per cent in 1925. In general, the factory turnover is in direct ratio to the general prosperity. When factories are short of help, so that any newcomer can pick up a job, the percentage of voluntary quits instantly rises. The increasing purchase of industrial securities by employes is tending to cut down the turnover in the lowest grades of unskilled labor. Stock bonuses and rewards for continuing employment are making it easier for men to settle into an effective partnership in almost any industry. The better times appeal to the itching feet of many low-grade workers; to a percentage that nothing but starvation and misery would reduce, tho never eliminate. That this percentage can grow so slowly and to so negligible a proportion of the nation's workers, even when prosperity is so marked as it is today, is splendid proof that the nation is basically sound.

Teach Sanctity of Life

School children inspection of fire hazards is credited with saving Kansas City a million dollars in needless fires, within the past five years. The children are trained in the schools to note and to eliminate fire risks; and they are encouraged to make their city safe from fire by pointing out or abating these proven hazards. Every needless fire is that much wanton destruction of the life work of those who built the property, whatever it is. From this standpoint, every fire is a public calamity, even a crime. To teach the children to abate fires is to teach them the sanctity of life.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



**TOM SAWYER SAYS**  
The scientist who can start life in the sea urchin could find plenty of jobs on land. For one thing, he might be made editor of the Congressional Record.

Perhaps he could devise a way to protect life from some of the land urchins, notably along the southern shore of Lake Michigan.

He can put pop in the egg of a sea animal, but its the cold storage variety that keeps us guessing.

Dust we arg, but to judge by all the swimming nowadays, it looks as if we're returning to the water.

Don't let it out, but the society editor of the Pratt, (Kas.) Tribune is Eloise A. Leak.

Ground hog, robins and all other signs notwithstanding, we saw a boy the other day with very black knuckles and that's enough.

**SAP AND SALT**  
BY BERT MOSES  
Sinking Fund: The money you put into repairing a 1918 model.

Here: A fellow who gets up before the alarm clock goes off.

Credit: A privilege that bankers cheerfully extend to people who don't need it.

Human Nature: Trying to do things you can't do and refusing to do things that you can do.

Common Sense: A thing that will make any man rich if he has enough sense to use it.

Fashion Note: Strawberry boxes will be smaller this spring than ever known before.

Her Heck says: "Some are born poor, others indorse notes, while still other heck their wages for a second-hand car."

Isn't It Odd?

**LANSING, Mich.** — Although the house of representatives has been in session for several weeks it has yet to pass a single bill. The 100th bill was introduced today by Representative Louis Wojcik. For this he was "reprimanded" by fellow legislators and to appease them distributed cigars and boxes of candy.

**MONTREAL** — At the age of 112 H. L. Caplan died today in the old peoples' Hebrew Home. Caplan, who was born in Russia, had been in the home 16 years. He had a beard reaching to his waist.

**MONTREAL** — After Paul Gauthier and William Murray have finished their seven year sentences for robbery they will be given 16 lashes with a cat o' nine tails before their release. In imposing sentence today Judge Lacroix imposed this provision and lectured the men severely.

**SPRINGFIELD** — Children performing before the radio microphone of their own accord and for their own pleasure, are not working in violation of child labor laws, according to an opinion of Oscar Carlstrom, Illinois attorney.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN  
Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Dec. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 1927  
Sunday, Dec. 5, I was working around doing odd jobs, little things that I had put off doing for a long time. Most of you know how little many things appear before you start to do them. Well, Sunday was the day of reckoning. I got an early start and become busy finding out how slow I really was, or how much I had misjudged the time it would take to do all the things I had set out to do. I scrubbed, washed, exercised the ax and things like that.

About two o'clock I had to go out side with some cans, and happened to glance toward the southwest, and there piled tier upon tier was a bank of black clouds. I looked up at the eaves, the water was running off them in streams. It was going to rain before night at that. I examined the snow, there was still some of the morning crust left, the snow underneath was gray but it would be worse if it rained.

Could I get ready to go out before three? The thermometer had to be set, the weather taken, the pack to be made up, three days rations left for the Nameless One; a hundred and one things to do, for I had planned to go out Monday.

I shoved her into high and at 3:15 I was telling the telephone central that I was shoving off, and that I would be in the snow line at seven. I never leave on a trip without first telling her when I start and when I expect to get back, and I always call her as soon as I get near a phone to let her know that everything is O. K. If I don't show up within a week she is sure to know that there is something wrong.

At 3:20 I shoved off. Headed down across the flat. It wasn't long until I was going fast a bit enough to stay on top of the crust. The Blue Streaks were ringing, the warm wind whistling in my face, once my hat threatened to leave if I didn't slow up. Down the steep hill above the road, a soft bump and I left the snow. I lit just at the edge of the grade, a 70 per cent drop for fifty feet, couldn't have guessed it better. I touched the right ski with the whip and reigned up the left to make the turn. The tip end of a hemlock cracked me on the left side of the face, a miss is as good as you want any time, no matter how close it is to a hit.

The Blue Streaks were getting out of hand and I had to slow up a bit, the trees were thick and you had to spar for an opening. As I came into the road the third time I watched for the snow stake that marked the take off and last one above Gov. Camp. It fairly jumped out of the snow. I was going faster than I thought. Too late now to slow up. I put all my weight on the right ski, the left leaped ahead of its mate. I tipped them both to the right a little and leaned forward and felt the snow drop away. Two overgrown hemlocks jumped at me, they were standing about ten feet apart. I threw an arm over my face and went it blind. They grabbed but missed and I was through and out on a small flat. My momentum carried me up a short hill and before I knew it, headed for the creek. I couldn't stop and I couldn't turn. There was a choice of two things, pile up or knock all the water out of the creek. I took the former. No doubt you will be able to see that hole next spring. It didn't take long to get things straightened out and on my way again.

I made the snow poid at Government Camp in just four minutes.

I made note of the depths of the snow, and started sliding again, but the skis seemed to be out of breath, or perhaps it was the snow. Anyway it was hard going, the snow was grainy and wet under the trees it had a tendency to stick. I hadn't gone a mile until I knew that I was losing time. When I came to the road to the Garden of the Gods I sounded the snow for crust, and found it two inches under the surface. I would take

Don't Tell the Wife

BY WILLIAM B. COURTNEY  
Copyright 1927 Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.  
"DON'T TELL THE WIFE," starring Jeanne Rich, is a Warner Bros. production of this novel.

**SYNOPSIS**  
Ranny Forbes, star polo player, and his beautiful wife, Jeanne, are temperamental miscreants. Jeanne wants a divorce. Ranny, realizing that she is the love of his life, tries to win her back. He goes to the beach of Stinson, a billion-dollar resort, and meets the beautiful Ranny. Ranny, however, is jealous of Ranny. Ranny, however, is jealous of Ranny. Ranny, however, is jealous of Ranny.

**CHAPTER XII—Continued**  
With Ranny to decide was to not. He was a man of vigorous moods; he wanted now, more than anything else in the world, to re-establish himself in the good esteem of his wife.

So rising quickly, for he had not undressed, he made his way along the dark, unsteady corridor to the door of Jean's cabin.

It was unlocked, and the motion of the ship had swung it slightly open.

Ranny went in, softly. But there was no answer to his whisper, and the light, when he switched it on, revealed an empty room, an unmade berth.

John was gone!

A mysterious dread clutched Ranny's heart. He tried to shake it off by telling himself that Jean, lonely, had possibly gone to share the mysterious of some other woman's guest.

It was not like Jean to do anything of that sort, however; of physical courage, she lacked nothing.

His first apprehension was no doubt the nearest to the truth—she had gone to see Abner.

Stumbling up the hearing stairs, he had no sooner ventured out upon the dark and rain-swept deck than he heard a blood-chilling cry come down the wind from aft:

"Dory broken away!"

Captain Marty, from the bridge, and Ranny reached the stern railing almost simultaneously. They found the quarterdeck watch dancing a loose end of towline in his hand, and striving to stem the wall of darkness that pressed space after the tailfall light.

No dory rode in the lacy wake; the foaming, hissing eddies of the twin screws raved away into the nothingness of night.

The alacrity with which a frightened face to the newcomers, "I was forward when I saw a woman come to the railing, here," he explained. "Mr. Grauman must have pulled the dory close in to the pier post, and over her hand on the rope, for before I could run back to stop her, she had climbed over the rail and dropped into the boat. When I got back he had let the boat play out to the limit of the towline again."

"Could you distinguish, or recognize the woman? Who was she?" "She was your wife, Mr. Forbes!" Ranny took hold of the rail in a trancelike grip, to keep himself from falling, while Jean, like Maggie, gasped through his brain. Jean, lost on that black sea in a cockleshell of a boat with an incompetent as the Abner Grauman!

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

**ASHLAND 10 Years Ago**  
Mrs. Ernest Hegue is convalescing from a serious attack of grip.

**ASHLAND 20 Years Ago**  
Lloyd D. Ward and R. K. Sutton were packed up ready to start on their return trip to Klamath this morning. The fire at the Ward home last night, however, disarranged their plans and delayed them considerably.

**ASHLAND 30 Years Ago**  
Irving Vining, youngest son of Mrs. M. H. Vining, who graduated from the Ashland High school last June, starts this evening for Monmouth to enter upon a course of study at the State Normal school.

**ASHLAND 10 Years Ago**  
Miss Beale Applegate, former English instructor in the Klamath Falls high school, and well-known in Ashland, is said to be a candidate for school superintendent of that county.

**ASHLAND 20 Years Ago**  
Mrs. Tibbets, of Ashland, after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Keeney in Eugene, left today for points North.

**ASHLAND 30 Years Ago**  
Mr. and Mrs. Augusta Hive and two daughters, of Paineville, Ohio, have come to spend the winter in Ashland. The Misses Hive arrived this week, and their parents, now in Portland, will follow them within a few days.

**ASHLAND 10 Years Ago**  
E. J. Kaiser was a visitor in Medford Saturday afternoon.

**ASHLAND 20 Years Ago**  
Mrs. W. P. Bailey and children of Gold Hill are visiting in Ashland at the home of Mrs. Hugh Hayes.

**ASHLAND 30 Years Ago**  
Horace Mitchell is in from Klamath county. He has not yet recovered from his recent serious illness.

**ASHLAND 10 Years Ago**  
Grant Harley started Tuesday for Colusa county, Cal., after a visit with his brother near Talent.

A chance on the south wall of Anna Creek Canyon and I turned into the road to the left, and lead to the Garden of the Gods.

The traveling was better and I was soon holding the Streaks

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