

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

Will Rogers And The "Joiners"

Will Rogers, the traveling diplomat, in a recent address, characterizes the American men and women as "joiners" and says that the American man will join a luncheon club, a lodge or anything else but his own family, or anything that will take him away from home.

The women, he says, are no better and seek to belong to about everything that they can gain admittance to.

He states that we have so many luncheon clubs that every other man carries a gavel and meeting a friend on the street immediately proceeds to call the meeting to order.

America is criticised for "butting in" on other people's affairs by the great humorist, who with his homely wit and keen satire, which while not very diplomatic in its utterance, is filled with wholesome truths.

In discussing the farm relief bill, in his discussion of politics, he stated that he could find no fault with the president for having vetoed the farm relief bill, as the farmer had been relieved of about everything that he has now, all of which may not be true, but illustrates his point, as when he tells the farmers that if they would pass more filling stations and fewer resolutions they would not need so much legislation.

It is refreshing to listen to and read Will Rogers. He is no respecter of persons, and does not permit the dignity of the one he is discussing to disturb him in the least, and regardless of who the person is, king or peasant, he is always welcome, as illustrated by his recent visit to Europe.

If he talked to the kings and queens of the European nations as he does to our president and the American prime minister, Wm. E. Borah, of Idaho, he must have been regarded with some good deal of respect and awe.

While no respecter of persons, Rogers is clean, witty and never unkind or cruel in his comments or criticisms which while barbed with sharp wit leave neither sting or wound.

The rare good humor with which they are told, plus the homely truth, is very palatable to the American taste and ear and we are all rather proud of the gum-chewing, rope-twisting cowboy and philosopher and short sleeved diplomat.

No Substitute for Civic Duty

The Literary Digest says that "picking on the parson is a favorite indoor sport," and the Baltimore Sun remarks that if the minister takes a narrow view, he is accused of bigotry, and if he takes a broad view he is suspected of heresy. If he asks for money, he is accused of worldliness, and if he doesn't his church falls to pieces, etc.

Ministers, like newspaper men, have a position of peculiar conspicuousness. If a business man or a factory worker makes an error, no one usually knows about it except the people immediately affected. But if the newspaper man makes a bad mistake, every one who reads his wrong article points the finger at him, and if the minister does or says something wrong, he is convicted at hundreds of dinner tables.

But in spite of the business man's errors, the people keep on buying the sheet just the same. They will do well, in spite of any errors the minister makes, to turn up at church as usual Sunday morning.

The Minister's Errors

There is agitation in many states against the primary system of making nominations, and many favor returning to the convention plan. Also there are many who claim that the evils of the old convention nominations were worse than anything seen in the primaries. But however one feels about it, people of all points of view should allow one truth to sink into their minds.

And that is that there will never be any kind of substitute for civic duty on the part of the people. Almost any plan will work badly if the people fail to take part in making these nominations, and almost any plan will work well if you can get the people interested to do their duty as citizens.

The politicians may pass the buck, but the people can't. If they want good government, they have got to take hold and get it for themselves.

The radio commission is asking for suggestions from listeners for the betterment of the situation. We wish they'd do something about that tire shop on West 15th street that gives prizes after every item on the program.

He fell off his horse again. Did you say "Who?"



A woman can dress in six minutes faster than a man, according to a recent test. Again we point with shame to the collar button — But then women's clothes these days consist more of what they do not wear than what they wear. The boys will have one advantage this summer, though. There's still something left for them to take off—Women these days spend most of their time dressing on their faces. We wonder how a woman in this rough day really looks.—A married man used to have to wait for his wife to dress when they were going out. Now it's she who does the swearing—Women certainly have been emancipated, as far as clothes are concerned.

New York woman got \$3000 a word for a poem her husband wrote. It was his will, done in verse—Like so many poets, his work was valueless until he was dead. Which is a good thought for spring poets—Garret garblers and basement bards are writing lots of odes—"Owed to the Groceriesman" and "Owed to the Landlady" are favorites now—That's what comes from expecting to be paid regular rates for free verse. They're getting verse



The big noise comes from the little end of the horn.

No one can be very wise and be very popular at the same time.

It doesn't matter much when a man loses his job if he doesn't lose his nerve.

Nature cares nothing for extenuating circumstances; what's coming to you, you get.

In good society everybody has the same opinion, and so anybody who argues is considered vulgar.

Generally speaking, public dance halls cannot be said to improve the morals of a community.

Hez Heck says "Give me the feller who uses an alarm clock, and you kin hev the feller that wears a wrist watch."

and verse — New England poet committed suicide. Probably he'd discovered there would be no spring this year.

What Others Say

Governor Al Smith's presidential boom was launched the other day in New York, but it is to be remembered that there are more rivers to be crossed between Manhattan and Washington than there are between Manhattan and Albany.—Eastern Clockamas News.

Large mirrors at railroad crossings to reveal the approach of trains are proposed, but that wouldn't do because the toll among feminine motorists who stopped to arrange their toilet would be too heavy.—Silverton Tribune.

The New York man who boasted he had been married 20 years and had never given his wife a cent surprises us, not because he had never given her his wife a cent, but because he has remained married 20 years.—Amity Standard.

The people of the United States pay more for tobacco than for taxes, and how they do growl about the taxes.—Halsey Rural Enterprise.

The difference between the price the farmer gets for his produce and what the consumer pays for his food is what keeps automobile factories and night clubs working over time.—Forest Grove News-Times.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN
Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Wednesday, February 23, 1927
Again I am alone, this time more than ever, for all is as quiet as a church, even the wind is still. The sky is still cloudy but there is a soft glow on the snow that makes the trees visible for half a mile away.

I was out in the timber tonight, and it seemed as if I had been transferred to the land of the igloo. There were snow drifts of every conceivable shape, there were low drifts, and drifts high, series of drifts like mountain ranges in miniature; there were flat drifts, sharp drifts, drifts as smooth and round as our northern brother's house. Everyone of them had a reason for being there; the direction of the wind, the lines of the trees, the contour of the hill, the shape and the distance of the branches from the snow. For a time I could not account for the deep holes in the snow where it should have been level. I looked up in the trees near the holes and there I saw the reason. Hanging above the snow ten or twelve feet were great branches laden with frozen snow and ice. Their load was so heavy that they hung in a curve, or

shell-shape; the wind sweeping up the windward side of the hill would hit these great baffles and be forced downward with a rolling motion. Where it hit the snow it would dig a hole something of the shape of its deflector. The storm that ended last night started the 15th, and 90.5 in. of snow has fallen in that time.

Work — Worked on lamps, shoveled snow.

Weather — Day cloudy; wind west; snowfall since last observation 8 in.; precipitation, 79 in. snow on ground, 224 in.; Temp. H. 24, L. 16, R. 3, M. 20.

Thursday, February 24, 1927.
This morning had all the earmarks of the beginning of a fine day. The wind was quiet—that is it was quiet to what it has been, but it was still in the southwest; the sky in the northeast a sunrise was blood red. So the skipper gave order that all ships stay inside. The storm flag is still up and is likely to stay at the mast-head Friday and Saturday.

Sometime during the day the temperature took a jump, a fog came up the slope and it has been a dreary day. Tonight the wind is freshening to a gale, and is beginning to make all sorts of noise under the eaves, but the few warm hours of the day have dampened the top of the snow so it won't blow as badly as it has the last week.

The drifts around the building are level with eaves, a few days like today and they will be solid ice. Next season when you visit

the Lodge you will be able to reach your bedroom window and get a handful of snow. If there is four feet more of snowfall I will have to start shoveling it in the lake. It don't know what I will do with it on the south side of the building unless I carry it around the rim.

Today I heard someone or something knocking—I thought that I had a visitor. I went to all the doors and looked out all the windows that were open, but not a soul was in sight. I went through the building and finally located the sound on the outside of the third floor of the old building. I opened a window and scratched the snow away with my hands so I could look out. There, under the eaves was a woodpecker hammering away for all he was worth. I left the window open for a while to see if he wanted in, but he refused my hospitality.

Work—Shoveled snow, melted snow, worked on lamps.

Weather — Day cloudy wind southwest; snowfall since last observation, 1.5 in.; precipitation .26 in.; snow on ground, 235 in.; Temp. H. 30, L. 14, R. 16, M. 22.

Federal Adv. Man Here — F. O. Strickland, federal advertising engineer from Los Angeles, Cal., is spending the day in this city looking after business affairs. He has placed an illuminated "H" on display in the window of the XL Electric store on the Plaza.

READ CLASSIFIED ADS

TURNING THE 'PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Butler left last Saturday evening for Seattle.

J. E. Wilson of this city was a visitor in Roseburg for a few hours last Thursday evening.

Mrs. W. M. Barber and children Marshall, Mildred and Josephine, left recently for Newport where they will spend two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Paulserud and Theodore LaCerte left last Saturday for San Francisco. They expect to be away for several days.

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

E. A. Hildreth Sr., last week sold his residence property to Mr. and Mrs. Doran, recent arrivals from Washington state, who will locate here.

M. V. Crocker and family recently moved back to Ashland from the farm near Talent, which they sold to A. L. Rhodes, purchasing the latter's property on East Iowa street, in this city, which they now occupy.

Mrs. Anna L. Myer and Mrs. Bertie Kerryman represented Ashland Lodge at the Grand Rally of Women of Woodcraft held in Eugene recently.

Jack Beagle came up from the Applegate country Saturday where he has been trapping.

ASHLAND

30 Years Ago

Archie Pennington is now chief clerk of the McClintock store, which has been moved to the corner of Main and Granite streets.

Riddle Mite; T. D. Gilmore and wife departed for Ashland this morning to reside permanently.

John Stanley has been visiting his folks in Ashland during the past week. He is employed in one of the big sawmills at Sisson.

Dunsmuir Herald—Mrs. J. J. O'Neal and son Johnnie leave tomorrow for Ashland where they will reside in the future.

Society

Miss Dorothy Reid, Editor

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Friday, April 1.—Rainbow class of the M. E. church will meet at 7:30 p. m.

Wed. April 29. — Elks' Ladies dance in the Elks Temple.

MOUNTAIN STILLNESS

The twitter of birds in the red-woods.

A squirrel's bark—the flutter of wings;

Then a sudden deep, listening silence

Like the pause in a symphony brings.

The soft hissing sound of the forest.

A sharp crackling—then its cease.

An stillness again like a blessing That brings with it infinite peace.

Alice Mulker, Berkeley.

LOHENGRIN

Romantic Opera in three acts by Richard Wagner

The scene is laid near Antwerp where "Heinrich der Vogler," King of Germany, is just levying troops among his vassals of Brabant to repulse the Hungarian invaders. The King finds the people in a state of great commotion, for Count Frederick Telramund accuses Elsa of Brabant of hav-

ing killed her young brother Godfrey, heir to the Duke of Brabant, who died a short time before, leaving his children to the care of Telramund. Elsa was to be Telramund's wife, but he wedded Ortrud of Friesland and now claims the deserted duchy of Brabant.

As Elsa declares her innocence, not knowing what has become of her brother, who was taken from her during her sleep, the King resolves to decide by a tourney in which the whole matter shall be left to the judgment of God. Telramund, sure of his rights, is willing to fight with any champion who may defend Elsa. All the noblemen of Brabant refuse to do so and even the King, though struck by Elsa's innocent appearance, does not want to oppose his valiant and trustworthy warrior.

Elsa alone is calm; she trusts in the help of the heavenly knight who has appeared to her in a dream, and publicly declares her intention of offering to her defender the crown and her hand. While she prays a knight arrives in silver armor; a swan draws his boat. He lands, Elsa recognizes the knight of her dreams, and he at once offers to fight for the accused maiden on two conditions: first, she must give up her crown and her hand; second, that she will never ask for his name and his descent.

(Continued Tomorrow)

"Treasure Farm" Given at Soda Spring School — A splendid play, "Treasure

Farm," was given in Miss Clara Huck's school at Soda Springs Friday evening, March 25, in which a large number of the people of the community took part. The school house was filled to capacity.

The proceeds from this affair are to be used to purchase "play" apparatus for the children's playground. After the entertainment, refreshments of cake and coffee were served.

Those who attended from Ashland were: Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Deer, Mrs. F. J. Ahlstrom and two daughters, the Misses Leona and Gertrude, Miss Virginia Roach, Mr. Robert Kluth, Mr. Roy Murphy and Mr. Wyoff.

Mesdames Reeder and Payne Entertain Art Club—

Mrs. Cliff E. Payne and Mrs. Norma Reeder entertained the ladies of the Art Club Monday evening, March 23, at the home of the former on Granite street. There were twenty members present and four visitors.

The time was pleasantly spent doing fancy work, in conversation and playing cards; both Bridge and Five Hundred being played. The hostesses served delicious refreshments of salad, nut bread sandwiches and coffee.

The club will hold its next meeting at the home of Mrs. Sam McNair at 361 Scenic Drive on the evening of Monday, April 11.

Beaverton has new weekly newspaper, "The Enterprise," S. M. Brown editor.

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