

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S "THE MAGIC GARDEN"

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To Doris

We have read in the paper Doris, that you are the sole heir to the \$53,000,000 estate left by your father, James B. Duke, the tobacco king. A 15-year-old girl with \$53,000,000 of her very own! The paper tells how you live in a magnificent Park avenue mansion in the great city of New York. And the paper says that this mansion is but one of seven that you own!

It is difficult for most of us to realize that there is as much money in all the world as you, who are not yet 16, have at your disposal. You can have just about anything that money can buy, and, of course, it can buy beautiful things. You can roam the seven seas in your own private yacht, if you care for private yachts. Many have dreamed of some day possessing a million dollars and have fondly planned the things they'd do but you have \$53,000,000 and it is not a dream.

Yet, Doris, there was one paragraph in the newspaper story that caused us to reflect. It told how your mansions are in strange contrast to the log cabin down in North Carolina where your father was born. That reminded us of all the things you are missing—things that not even \$53,000,000 can ever buy. You were born in a mansion, but the chances are you have never stood in the doorway of a Carolina cabin and gazed through the morning mists into the face of the rising sun. You have played in a gilded nursery, but have you ever made mud pies in the back yard? You ride in a limousine, but you will never know the fun of romping off to school with the other children of the block, being teased by that horrid Johnny Jones, your childish heart overflowing with the joy of life's springtime.

And we wonder, too, if any ocean voyage you have taken or ever will take can possibly mean so much as the thrill of going berrying with Johnny and Mary and Sue, tramping through the pastures, your stockings out at the knees, your curls flying in the wind, your fresh young cheeks flushed by the kiss of summer; skipping blithely through the fields with the daisies nodding greeting as you pass, exploring in the woods where the chipmunks play.

And as the years carry you so swiftly along to life's twilight time, what memories of baby days in a gilded nursery can compare with those which send the heart flying back to barefoot mornings in the spring, or to winter evenings around the fire, roasting nuts, eating juicy red apples, telling ghost stories and dreaming in the cozy glow of conquests to be won in the yet unborn tomorrows?

Please do not misunderstand, Doris, when we tell you that somehow we can't help feeling sorry for a 15-year-old girl who lives in a marble mansion and has \$53,000,000 to her credit at the bank.

The Canon Nobody Knows

How many people, in moments of delicious reverie or tormenting extremity, have dreamed of that golden day—that day when "my ship comes in!" Not one in a million, perhaps, really believes that any such vessel ever will put in an appearance, but there are times when it is just plain fun to dream, however foolish it might appear to a rank outsider. Nor does one person in a million ever catch sight of that gold-laden galleon. If they amass somewhat of the allegedly filthy but nonetheless convenient lucre, it usually is by dint of years of toil and frugality. For every man that strikes oil or finds a buried treasure there are millions upon millions who wind up their allotted years with little more than wrinkles and callouses and tired backs and overdrawn bank accounts to show for it. Life is like that.

But there, too, is the case of Edward Payson Weston. For years he tramped the highways and byways of this land. He walked his way to fame. But not to fortune. The years swept him on past 80 and, though he had accumulated the miles, his supply of cash was nil. He sank to direst poverty. Once he was found wandering aimlessly and alone in the city streets. Then it happened.

Miss Anne Nichols, author of "Abie's Irish Rose," and who has stacked up millions more of dollars than even Mr. Weston has of miles, announced that she had set aside a 30 thousand dollar trust fund for Mr. Weston, the income from which was to be his for life.

So he trudged off Tuesday morning to a neighborhood church, intending there to render a thanksgiving prayer. It was then that an automobile, relentless product of invention's onward and upward march, struck him down. As this is written he lies at the point of death. By the time it appears he may be dead. But Edward Payson Weston lived to see his ship come sailing in!

All anyone has ever expected of a conservation body is that it invent a plan by which hunters can kill twice as much game as formerly and have twice as much left.



Isn't It Odd?

BROOKLYN—Police arrested Clarence Larsen, 21, of Elizabeth, N. J., for causing a crowd to gather by attempting to commit suicide. Arraigned in court he was released upon promise not to do it again.

NEW YORK—Ruth M. Baine who, as head of a travelers bureau in a large department, tells tourists where to go and what to see in all parts of the world has not been outside of the U. S.

STATEN ISLAND—The home of Mrs. John Gans was invaded by a horde of school children Tuesday who demanded to see the lion cub given her by her son-in-law, Herman Oron. The son-in-law returned Monday from an African hunting trip. The lion is less than six months old and as docile as a cat.

PARGUE—School girls here are prohibited from using lipsticks by an order just issued by the Prague minister of education.

And just suppose the pacifists had had their way and what is left of the army had been disbanded and the navy scrapped, just what would we be doing now to protect American lives in China?—Hillsboro Independent.

SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES. Men who don't like their work never do a good job. Love lasts longer when the expense of keeping it going is low. Good music is best enjoyed after hearing music that isn't good. What promises to drive women back to long hair is the costly upkeep of the bob. If the love of money be the root of all evil, then progress itself would seem to be an evil. Every attempt by law or otherwise to supply a satisfactory substitute for human nature has resulted in failure. Hex Hock says: "It seems to be much easier for a rich man to get into a poker game than to get into heaven."

What Others Say

Medford wants a highway to the Oregon caves. Medford also wants a member of the state highway delegation. It surely isn't hard to figure how Medford now expects to finance its project—Grants Pass Courier.

The majority of those who condemn Governor Patterson's policy as to the income tax are like the man who condemned Christianity without even knowing what it was—Hubbard Enterprise.

Statistics inform us that a death is recorded every minute, not including certain individuals who are still able to sit up and take nourishment.—Dufur Dispatch.

An executive is a man who thinks the lunch hour means an hour and forty-five minutes.—Vernonia Eagle.

Klamath Falls has, three court houses, but La Grande will soon have two seven-story hotels. The stranger in our midst will be properly taken care of in La Grande this winter.—La Grand District News.

One pleasing characteristic of the hen is that she doesn't make a lot of noise until after she has delivered the goods. Biddy is no four-flasher.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Corporal George L. (Dobbin) Irwin of the Ashland company, Coast Artillery Corps, has been chosen one of the 15-man team which will represent Oregon in the National matches at Jacksonville, Fla., in October.

Mrs. Angie Engle, and Fred and daughter Gertrude, Fred being assistant cashier in the Citizen's bank and Miss Gertrude principal of the West Side school, left yesterday for Petaluma.

Charley Martin had a fine set of mounted deer horns at the station yesterday evening and was the center of a large crowd of interested eastern tourists.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Jesse Nell visited Grants Pass this week the guest of his uncle W. E. Dean.

R. L. Burdick, the lumberman, is in Medford today.

D. D. Good and wife went down the valley yesterday.

Mrs. George Wiley is in Seattle, Wash., visiting relatives.

Mayor F. H. Carter left Tuesday on a business trip.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Ex-city marshal C. F. Jones was down town in a carriage in company with Dr. Brower today.

Walter Walrad left for Santa Rosa, Cal., yesterday to take a position with Mr. Humbert in the woolen mill there.

Mrs. J. McClunick and daughters returned from San Francisco last Friday evening.

Mrs. Geo. R. Hargadine and children returned home from a visit with Grants Pass relatives Monday.

The Spanish party was proclaimed by all who attended a gay and convivial affair. The first feature of the evening was the grand march which was of the initial purpose of selecting the best Spanish costumes. The teachers who attended acted as judges and finally decided that Miss Lorraine Sparr and Mr. Lawrence Sewell had the best costumes while the Misses Harriette Bevington and Jean Ball and Mr. Horace Dunn received honorable mention. Miss Sparr received a wicker perfume hanging basket and Mr. Sewell was presented with an oversharp pencil. Several stunts were given and received well. The first, a style show, which was a few dainty boys in girls clothing, went over big. Six girls sang a Spanish song which no one understood exactly, but liked, just the same. A play in three acts, "Twa Twa," a solo, "Neopolitan Nights," by Horace Dunn, a Spanish play, were other enjoyable features of the evening. The last and most exciting stunt was a bull fight. Mr. Clyde Beeson was the brave torador who came riding in on a horse which was heroically enacted by Mr. Hobbs and Mr. McDonough. Then the bull, snorting and waving his horns came charging in at the fighter. The bull was very realistically portrayed by Mr. Jack Nims and Mr. Ned Mars. After the bull had killed the horse, according to custom, the torador finally downed the ferocious bovine after a strenuous fight. Child can carne and punch and cookies were served. Everyone declaring they had a most enjoyable evening.

The skat club held a business meeting Tuesday noon and a practice that evening at Miss Milled Mass's home.

The Senior class play cast has been chosen; those who were selected are Marjorie Elmore, Leola Dodge, Nina Kidwell, Ida Gosnell, Adelaide Smith, Ruth Anderson, Juanita Ross, Winston Johnson, Kay Neil, Raymond Cotter, Wilfred Wagner, Foss Kramer, Gordon McCracken and Lynn Nesley. They held their first practice Tuesday evening.

The Lettermen's Club met for a short time Tuesday noon. Jean Stratton, president, presided.

The Junior class has elected Ronald Gaudes as editor of the Junior edition of the Rogue News. Mr. Gaudes has picked his staff and is assigning write-ups.

Mr. Barney Miller, editor, is working with the Rogue Annual staff in preparation for the printing of the book. Most of the students who signed up to purchase the book have paid their 50 cents in advance, so it is felt that work on the publication can proceed safely.

The boys and girls glee club met jointly Tuesday for a successful practice. They will appear April 14 at the Civic Club.

Miss French's cooking class is planning to cook and serve a banquet to more than 100 persons Friday evening at the Presbyterian church. This will start the annual older boys conference meeting at this time.

WANTED NEW PLATES

SPOKANE, Wash., April 5.—(UP)—Thirteen may be an unlucky number to some persons, but its no reason for throwing money away, in the opinion of Patrolman Kinney of Spokane. Accosting a young woman with a 1926 license plate, he inquired if she knew she was violating the law.

"No sir," was the answer, "I am not. I've applied for 1927 plates."

Further conversation disclosed that the girl had been issued plates containing the number 13 so she threw them away and made application for another license.

READ CLASSIFIED ADS

Amariyllis knew, because of what she had heard the helpers say, that her father had never had any encouragement to do anything except keep away from home. No one in the whole house liked her mother, and every one did like her father. At least, they were afraid of him. They obeyed him and did not dare side him when his back was turned. Amariyllis' case happened to be particularly bad because the sharp knife that cut through her family put her father and her brother on one side of the family, and left her brother in her father's care, and after a manner, her father did take care of him. At least he was only forty miles away and could come in an hour if he were really needed. That he was really needed every day, he refused to concede. About one day a month was his limit. On the other side this big knife had put Amariyllis in her mother's care. And the worst thing was that her mother refused to care. Every day of her life the little lonely girl went down to the big bronze gates and sometimes with a dog beside her, stood and looked through the panels locked above her head, that shut her in from the world outside. She watched for cars rolling by with little girls in them, and she could see by looking in her mirror that they did not have half such



When lonely she would peer through the bronze gates. tumbly silky curls as she had. Their hair was not nearly so yellow, their eyes were not so big and wide open, their cheeks were not so pretty, and their dresses were not half so fine as hers. But she had seen through the bars of that gate wonderful things happening to other fortunate little girls. Sometimes a little girl rode by with her arms around the neck of a beautiful woman and her face laid against her cheek. The woman's arms would be around the little girl and they would be smiling. Sometimes they would be romping in the car as if it didn't make a particle of difference if hats were crooked and hair ruffled and cheeks and lips sticky with kisses. Sometimes the little people would be asleep and their heads would be laid over against their mother's shoulder, and there would be roses tucked around them and arms to support them and faces to look down at them, faces all aglow and alight with the kind of smiles the children Amariyllis had grown on. When Amariyllis could not stand the things she saw through the gate any longer, she would slowly go up the wide walk and around the house and back to the garage. Sometimes she would play with the boys' wheels, sometimes she would ride the pony up and down the drive awhile, and at times the chauffeur would tell her a story about when he was a little boy. A few times he had played marbles with her. Sometimes she could coax the gardener to tell her stories about when he lived across the sea in a cold land where they had to work very hard to have even a few flowers and a little fruit in summer. But he would not bring his children to play in the garden while he worked. She had begged him and begged him, she had even entreated him to bring them; but before her orders stood very strict orders from her mother. He was not to carry in mumps and measles and whooping cough and things that Amariyllis thought it would be lovely to have if she could be all tucked up in bed and have a mother to hold her and pat a sympathetic face against her cheek and say little mummy things to her. She would not have minded having almost anything she could mention if it could have been mitigated only a little bit with love and individual care. So it is very easy to understand, among the things that Amariyllis saw through the gates and learned at the stables and heard about the

(To be continued)