

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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A Time For Levelheadedness

Actually, there is no war declared against China by the foreign powers. Potentially, there is a war going on. It is a war of protection and of enforcement of international obligations.

It is a time to be level-headed under any and all conditions. Correspondents are but human. They unconsciously show their leanings according to their sympathies.

It is to be hoped that should the awful eventualities arise whereby the United States, Great Britain, or both are drawn into general conflict, the people of these nations will keep their heads level.

There is no greater weapon than the word "atrocity" to incite and keep aflame international hatred; and this weapon should be used, if at all, only when the whole truth and only the truth can be told.

Let the truth be spoken and written no matter who it hits. If there is any good in China, we want to know about it. If there is any delay in protecting foreign lives and property we want to see action.

Playgrounds

In this time when young people here in Ashland and everywhere else are taking up outdoor sports again, we should consider whether our community is doing all it can to develop them through playgrounds and organized play.

This movement has had a wonderful development. In New York state alone, there were two years ago 888 playgrounds and community centers. One phase of the movement is the effort for laws requiring physical education and 32 states now have such laws.

The need for playgrounds is obvious with modern automobile traffic. Formerly children played in the streets. Now the streets are no place for them to play. Back yards are not much available now as people dislike to have their turf trodden over and such grounds are not usually big enough for organized games.

A playground is not merely a place where children can play securely, but under proper instruction, it can be made a place where they learn to play games according to rules. The result is that they will be likely to obey the laws of the land when they grow up.

A well regulated playground is the best antidote for the crime wave. It is not likely that many of the young bandits who are terrorizing people on city streets and lonely roads, ever had a chance for training on a good playground. If they had, they would have learned that it is better to lose a game, than to show a mean spirit. That lesson would have sent them out into the world desiring to show good sportsmanship, and a good sport never becomes a criminal.

"A man owes it to his wife to provide his home with equipment as modern as that in his office." ad. Certainly, Start her off this spring with a nice new set of garden tools.

The expression "and I don't mean maybe" will probably die of its own accord in time, unless Mr. Mussolini, for instance, should decide to adopt it for his coat of arms.

By Williams



THE HOME STRETCH. J.R. WILLIAMS CHISEL BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Monday, March 7, 1927. Long time since the first, but I have been away or busy, and we go from here. I think that I will give you the weather first and then tell you of the troubles after awhile.

Mar. 1st. Day cloudy; wind south, snowfall since last observation 3 in.; precipitation 46 in.; snow on ground 218 in.; Temp. H. 30, L. 26, R. 4, M. 28.

Mar. 2nd—Day partly cloudy; wind southwest; snowfall since last observation 0 in.; precipitation 0.60 in.; snow on ground 213 in. Temp. H. 28, L. 23, R. 5m 25.5.

Mar. 3rd. Day cloudy; wind west, snowfall since last observation 1.5 in.; precipitation 12 in.; snow on ground 213 in., temp. MH 29, L. 23, R. 7, M. 25.5.

Mar. 4th. Day cloudy, wind west, snowfall since last observation 3.0 in.; precipitation 27 in.; snow on ground 214 in. temp. MH 25, 21, R. 4, M. 23.

Mar. 5th. Day cloudy, wind northwest, snowfall since last observation 1.5 in., precipitation 17, snow on ground 213 in., Temp. H. 28, L. 18, R. 11, M. 24.5.

Mar. 6th. Day clear; wind northwest; snowfall since last observation 210 in., Temp. H. 28, L. 17, R. 11, M. 22.5

Sunday the sixth at nine a. m. I reached the Lodge and started to work shoveling snow out of the rooms for the smile of Liao was warm and the snow was melting inside of the building.

At the break of day I was up and ready to hit the road, but the weather man said storm, and I made up my mind that I would wait and see if he meant what he said.

I had sent out the weather summary to the papers and there wasn't a thing to rush out for. Eight o'clock, and only a low fog, eight-thirty, the wind had picked up a bit.

I went outside and looked around and made up my mind that the weather man had missed it again. I called the lady at the switchboard at the Ft. and told her I was headed out. When I got my skis and went outside it was snowing to beat the band. It was wet snow at that. Well, I was on my way and I wouldn't turn back now or no snow.

As I have often told you it isn't pleasant to cross the flat with the snow flying in the wind and that day wasn't an exception. I had to guess the way I was going. I felt my skis give a leap and I knew I had reached the break of the hill, somewhere between Garfield and the timbered ridge on the west. Just where I wasn't at all sure. A good size tree jumped out of the snow in front of me. I turned as quickly as I could, but it wasn't quick enough, a limb of it swiped me across the face, gee but it did sting! I felt the skis leave the snow and I knew that I was in for a spill. I don't know which end hit first and you could not tell by the hole in the snow, for it looked like a small crater. My packback had swung over my head, my clothes were full of snow, my eye lashes and eye brows were full of ice, altogether I must have looked like a cold proposition: I got the streaks headed down the hill again and that morning they surely deserved their name. How they coaxed and begged me to let them out, dared me to take the skis off the snow. They plugged, they tried to sidestep, they did everything but kick up their heels, but how they flew. After I had crossed the road the second time I followed the race course over the break of the hill above Govt. Camp. Here I had to put everything I had on to break, and that wasn't enough. Near the bottom I hit a patch of ice the skis came out of the snow with a jerk that threw me straight up on my feet, the skis gave a jump as if they thought I was trying to run off from them, gee, say, light didn't have a thing on me for speed, but wonder wonder if I reach the bottom without a spill.

Down under the hill the snow was different. It was wet and soggy and soon took the slide out of me.

Leslie Rose is clerking in Whitted's jewelry store during the absence of Mr. Whitted.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ashcraft moved to Madford Saturday to make their home.

William Harris, who has spent the winter months with relatives in California, returned home yesterday.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S "THE MAGIC GARDEN"

Copyrighted, 1927, Gene Stratton-Porter, Inc. Copyrighted, 1926-27, by the McCall Co. Published by courtesy of Film Booking Offices of America (F. O. B.) From the famous photoplay, "The Magic Garden."

THE STORY SO FAR. Amaryllis Minton is left alone with only the servants as companions, when her mother goes abroad, after receiving a divorce. She has no friends and the servants, though they love the girl, are afraid to write telling the mother that Amaryllis is growing lonely for her love. She never has a visitor and when it gets so bad that she must see someone she calls up her brother Peter, who is not always glad to see her.

"For goodness sake!" said Amaryllis again. "What do you want me to scream for? At my house when I scream everybody goes away and shuts the doors."

Peter thought that over a while and then he said very slowly: "When you scream, something inside of me screams with you and afterward I don't feel quite so tight and hard."

For the third time Amaryllis said it in exasperation. "There's goodness sakes, Peter! Is there a place inside of you that's tight and hard all the time?"

Peter nodded his head slowly. Amaryllis laid down the engine she was trying to make run and walked over to Peter. She laid her hands on his knees and looked up at him.

"Peter," she said, "we haven't got anything in the world but just each other, have we?"

Then Peter the silent opened his mouth and asked: "How have we? There's twenty miles between us and the Court says you've got to

the five dollars. He could sit in the car and watch her and see that nothing happened to her.

The chauffeur had a heart; also he wanted the extra five dollars. He thought the proposition over a long time. He could not see any reason against it. So he opened the door and lifted Amaryllis across the fence and watched her go to the stone and seat herself very demurely and lean over to look down into the water. Then he parked the car as close to the fence as he could get it, and for ten or fifteen minutes watched Amaryllis. Certainly Amaryllis watched him. From under the brim of her lacy big hat she watched him with the sharpest pair of eyes that ever had been trained on him. She sat just as still as a statue. She did not let herself lean over to look into the water to watch the tiny little fish for fear she might worry him and he might think the world fell. She just sat and watched the little bits of things not much longer than her fingers with little black specks on their noses and little touches of red paint on their sides as they darted around in the quiet places. Bugs came past which had long bodies and wings she could see through. She never blinked, even when she was afraid, because she was keeping so still. Sometimes she turned her head and looked back to see what was behind her. There was not anything there except some nice cows eating grass, and some white sheep. She would see a path along the bank of the brook that had been made by the feet of little children she thought. She studied it closely, and sure enough, just like the print of her foot on a large fat cake of Gattile,

stay in your house, and I've got to stay in mine. We haven't got each other. We haven't got anything we want, and I don't know what you wish, but I wish I was dead!"

Peter arose, pushed Amaryllis away, turned his back and went and stood and looked from a window for a very long time. Amaryllis sat on the floor and tried to make the engine run but she did not know how to work it. Peter would not do anything, but stand like a post and glare from the window, so Amaryllis went quietly from the room and the house and climbed in her car. She told her chauffeur to take her for a ride, because Peter was cross and he would not play and she did not want to go home until just time for dinner. She spoke bravely but two big tears squeezed out and rolled down her pink cheeks and stained the wide satin ties of her big floppy lace hat. The chauffeur was young and he was mighty sorry for the little girl he served. He thought things over. The time was late June and the roads were like barn floors. He knew the big island from end to end. He could not see any reason why he should not do as he was told. So as he started the car he said to Amaryllis: "Where do you want to go?"

Amaryllis thought that over. "The car," she said, "I'd like to go where it is like a picture that has water running in it and children wading in the water and little woolly sheep on the bank and cows eating daisies in a meadow. I would like to go to a place like that kind of a picture."

Maybe you would not think there was a place like that on the big island, but there were several, and the chauffeur knew about them. So he stepped on the gas and the big car sped away with a soft purring and throbbing in the engine, and it was not so very long until they crossed a bridge and Amaryllis cried excitedly for him to stop. There really was a brook coming through a meadow, a brook in a great hurry, for the water roared away back into the canyon. It really went like a beautiful picture that looked like a picture that had water, but it was eager water, racing and splashing in its hurry. You could see stones through it and little pebbly places. The chauffeur turned around and let Amaryllis stand up at the car door and listen to the water roaring. By and by, she spied a big, clean, nice, inviting, very friendly looking stone beside the brook, and she told the chauffeur that in her purse there was five dollars that her father had given her to buy what she wanted with, and if he would lift her over the fence and set her on that stone and let her sit there for an hour, she would give him



"Peter, we've only got each other, haven't we?"

there was a footprint on the path. How fine! To put bare feet on soft, black, friendly earth. Then through her hat brim she watched the driver and, by and by, a slow smile crept over her face because she saw his head fall forward and then jerk up straight again. He looked quick to see if she was there, and there she sat with her hands folded looking sedately at the water.

The sun was shining and the birds were singing, and there were not very many people passing. The day was warm and the chauffeur had been up until very late the night before. His head fell forward several times more and finally it dropped back and rested against the cushion and his shoulders relaxed. His hands slid from the steering gear. Very softly Amaryllis stood up on the rock and looked at him and saw that he was sound asleep. That was exactly what she had hoped he would be when she promised him her five dollars. That was why she sat quietly on the rock when she was wild to chase butterflies, and gather daisies, and, oh! that running noise, teasing, coaxing water!

Amaryllis got up and stood on the rock and looked down the loopy path. It was just as busy and smooth as a floor, except for the footprints; and there were flowers, little white daisy flowers that she knew from pictures, and lots of other flowers that she did not know, and many kinds of bright birds, and it smelled wonderful. We one had run a cutter over the grass. No one had trained up the flowers until they looked like dead things. It was all mussy and things grew where they pleased and birds sang where they pleased and saw where they would. Sometimes they came down and splashed in the water, and when they did that Amaryllis would beat any fath tub in all this world. A few flowers grew as they liked and birds and sheep and cows were free, why should the little girl be locked behind big lacy gates?

So Amaryllis stood up and she looked hard at the tumbling water of Roaring Brook. She looked at the path of luring luring water, she looked at the sky so serene and smiling, then she listened to the birds, singing to split their throats. Then she looked at the driver and remembered the money she had promised him. A long time she had planned and waited for an hour of freedom. Now it had come. There was not a living soul to say to Amaryllis "don't!" There were the flowers beckoning "Come," the birds crying "Come," and the little fish dashing her "Chase me!" A long, long time she had waited for such a chance.

(To be continued)

Isn't It Odd?

BROOKLYN — John Scott and John Levens, deputy Clerks in the United States court here, have received checks for one cent each to cover a shortage of that amount in their salary checks for March.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn. — Patrolman Joseph P. Collins rounded up four rascally suspects. One of them was his own son, Joseph, Jr., 17, who was held in \$5,000 bail.

WASHINGTON — Chinese are such rabid movie fans that force is sometimes required to prevent them from doing violence to an unpopular actor or villain in the scenario, says C. J. Worth, the department of commerce cinema expert. In Peking police were called to save the screen from destruction after a scene in which the villain mistreated the heroine.

NEW YORK — A year ago Adelaide Forts found a \$30,000 string of pearls. She took them to a jeweler for appraisal and they were subsequently turned over to the police. As no claimant has appeared to prove ownership of the gems, they have now been returned to the finder.

Astoria — State will spend \$99,000 on Clatsop Plains National Guard encampment grounds.

SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES. A good liar frequently uses truth to prove his story. Authors are buried in the ground; their books are buried in the library. Make up a list of your enemies' faults, and you will have a list of your own. Why study many men to know mankind? Study one man and you have a complete textbook. In order to compensate for a woman's weakness, Nature has overdeveloped her tear-ducts. By throwing dice to decide what to do, you can be right half the time, which is a higher average than when you use your own judgment. Hez Heck says: "I get more enjoyment out of understanding a few simple things than out of misunderstanding metaphysics."

What Others Say

"Square dance call rings in Wyoming," says headline. The age-old problem of squaring the circle solved at last.—Bend Bulletin.

The smart guys who are holding up motorists and pedestrians in lonely places will in due time be holding down cots, in the state prison.—Amity Standard.

Soon time to scour out the old gold pan and take to the hills.—Port Orford News.

(Baker Herald) Al Smith appears to be gaining ground as a presidential possibility, even in dry territory. The reason is Smith is a real personality. He began in the slums of New York and has made good in an exceedingly impressive way as governor of New York.

After listening to "The Mikado," as presented in Bend the other night we are forced to believe that the Oregon Agricultural college turns out musicians, too.—Bend Bulletin.

The man who said there wouldn't be any apples in the valley this year would do well to take a look before he wagers good money on his opinion.—Hood River News.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Prof. G. A. Briscoe journeyed to Agate yesterday where he addressed the newly organized P. T. A.

Avery Trank and Lyle Carlston drove to Roseburg recently in the former's big 50-horse Pape and report the roads fairly good.

F. E. Jordan of Brownsville was in town last Saturday renewing old acquaintances. He was formerly bookkeeper at the Ashland creamery.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ashcraft moved to Madford Saturday to make their home.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Roy Hosley came in from the Tule Lake country arriving yesterday, having ridden in on horseback.

Judge T. J. Howell returned Tuesday from Grants Pass, where he has been on mining business.

Joe Wertz and wife returned yesterday from Los Angeles, Cal., where they have spent the winter months.

William Harris, who has spent the winter months with relatives in California, returned home yesterday.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Mrs. J. R. Casey and Miss Emma Stephenson have been elected as delegates from the Rebekah lodge of Ashland to the state convention of Rebekah lodges at Portland, May 18th. J. H. Stoney and F. M. Drake are the delegates from No. 45 to the grand lodge, I. O. O. F., which meets at the same place the 18th.

Miss Annie Miller departed on yesterday's train for Alameda, Cal., for a visit of several months with her sister, Mrs. Charles Culver.

Leslie Rose is clerking in Whitted's jewelry store during the absence of Mr. Whitted.

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