

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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Green Pastures

The Grass is always greener across the fence in the other pasture. So says the cynic, the failure, the knocker, the no'er-do-well, and the discontent.

Their outbursts are their method of satisfying themselves of what they want to be, and of excusing themselves for what they are.

All things considered there is no better town than one's home town, for it is not home to one who thinks otherwise.

No town is better to live in, no business houses better to deal with, no people better to be neighbors to, no area better to produce from—no pastures any greener than those that enclose the dear old spot that is truly made the home town.

Those who revel in the great national sport of dissatisfaction with the home town are all wrong unless they help to make it better.

The Prodigal Son thought the pastures across the fence were better, but he found only dry husks to feed upon. He thought the associations out in the world were better but he lived among the swine.

Remember this: the other dissatisfied fellow, in the other town, is also voicing discontent; and the fault is not with the respective towns but with the respective point of view.

Saying conditions are bad, that business is poor, or that the town is slow is destructive criticism of the worst sort.

The word Ashland of itself is an inanimate thing; it depends for its life, its growth and its prosperity upon YOU!

It is YOU who can make YOUR OWN pasture as green as any other.

It is YOU who can TURN ADVERSITY INTO SUCCESS; in a small way if you will, in a large way if you can.

It is no particular credit to a man how many towns he has lived in, how many business he has "run," or how many jobs he has held. The men who make history are in the main permanent settlers—the masters of a single business and the workers on a certain job.

Home Town Baseball

It is the ambition of every American city and town to be represented in the sporting life of its locality, by a good fast ball team, able to hold its own with its neighbor communities.

High school ball teams supply this need to a considerable extent, and so much attention is paid to athletics in schools nowadays, that many of these teams play excellent ball for fellows of that age.

The lovers of baseball make it more difficult for these town and high school ball teams to survive and flourish by their attitude as spectators and patrons of the games.

But the American people have a peculiar attitude on this question, which no doubt exists here in Ashland. They believe in supporting the home team, provided it wins. But if it has a streak of ill luck, the attendance falls off.

At last the idle rich have a job: getting their summer-vacation invitation accepted by Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge.

A London chimney-sweep has turned novelist. It is said the young man has a sweeping style.

We always have wondered what these little girl evangelists want to be when they grow up.

By Williams



Society "THE MAGIC GARDEN"

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Monday, April 11—W. R. C. will have a social in the I. O. O. F. hall. Monday, April 11—Ladies A. R. C. club meets at the home of Mrs. Sam McNair on Scenic Drive. Monday, April 11.—Epworth League Dramatic club of the M. E. church meets. Tuesday, April 12—Upper Valley Community club will have an all-day meeting. Miss York, home demonstration agent, will give instruction in sewing. Covered-dish luncheon at noon. All members urged to be present. Tuesday, April 12—P. E. O. meets at the home of Mrs. Sam McNair on Scenic Drive. Tuesday, April 12—W. C. T. U. meets at the home of Mrs. H. G. Wojcort, 248 Third street. Wednesday, April 13.—Washington P. T. A. meets in the Washington school. Wednesday, April 15.—Wednesday club of the Presbyterian church will hold an all-day session in the church parlors. Covered dish luncheon at 1 p. m. Thursday, April 14.—Elks Ladies card club club room Elks Bldg. Hostesses Mrs. F. G. Swendenburg and Mrs. E. Peil. Wed. April 20.—Elks' Ladies dance in the Elks Temple.

THE STORY SO FAR

When her parents get a divorce, Amaryllis is left entirely in the charge of her mother. She is a lonely little soul and does not have a friend in the world, for her mother Peter is not always kind to her. She goes to call on him, but he is more selfish than usual, so she leaves and has the chauffeur drive her to a lovely spot in the country, where she bribes him to let her get out and walk in the woods. The chauffeur falls asleep for the first time in her life Amaryllis is free. Today she had made her chance; so just as still as a faint breath of air Amaryllis climbed the fence and slipped back to the car. Why she did this was because she was a lead game little sport. For weeks she had waited; this was her first chance; but she had made a promise; she was forced to go back to the car. The bank was very steep and it was hard to reach the running-board on that side. So, softly, on tiptoes, she slipped around to the other side and climbed up. She worked until she got the back door of the big car open, and stepping into it, she reached into the driver's compartment and dropped the money she had promised him on the seat beside him. That was Amaryllis. If she told Benson she would hold still and be good while she was bathed, she did it. Whatever she said she would do, that thing she did. Today she was going to put the



For the first time, Amaryllis played.

first stain on her record. She was not going to keep her whole promise. She had told the driver that she would stay on the rock and she had not intended to do it when she told him, because that day the ache in her side was so very dreadful and Peter had not been the slightest help. In fact, Peter had not done a thing but make it worse, because as far as Amaryllis could see, Peter was more helpless than she was. She knew that he was twice as old as she was. She had heard it often enough. But Peter looked hungrier and lonelier than she did. There had been a nice engine. They could have had some fun with it if Peter had gotten down on the floor and played; but Peter only stood at the window and looked across the big island to the one spot where he ever had a good time, and remained grumpy. So Amaryllis had at last a chance to work out a thought that for a long, long time had been hidden in her heart. She felt slightly sorry for the chauffeur as she laid the money beside him and closed her purse with her hanky and her small silver in it. She thought very likely they might scold him when he went back home without her, but that could not be helped, because home (when there was anybody in it) but one little girl and a number of big people who were so selfish that they did not care what became of that little girl so long as she was alive) was not a place that did anything but make a big, hard spot in your left side and a big hard place you could not swallow down in your neck. Just as still as thistle seed on the wind Amaryllis turned, ever so tiptoe softly, to step from the running-board to the road, and as she lowered herself, one of the big blue loops of ribbon on her floppy hat caught over the latch and tore the tie loose at one side. In an effort to save the hat, Amaryllis dropped her purse. She had some little difficulty disentangling the ribbon. When she finally got it loose she was so frightened for fear a car would come whizzing down the road or the driver would wake up and her beautiful scheme would be spoiled that her little hands trembled. With the ribbon loose at one side she could not tie the hat on her head. Neither could she hold it while she climbed the fence. What difference did it make whether she wore a hat or not? There were boxes of them of all colors at home. In desperation she threw it as far into the middle of the road as she could, while she never thought of the purse. But with this picture clear in your mind it is easy to see what the chauffeur thought when he

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK — Cascades of water and billowing smoke did not bother diners in a restaurant as they sat calmly eating their dinner and watching fireman hack away part of a wall. Damage was negligible. WASHINGTON — Miss Emily Barton, 84 year old globe trotter is making her 24th Atlantic trip. Sixty years ago she was a newspaper worker in New York. She has visited every country in the world except Japan and China.

Advertisement for 'SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES' with an illustration of a salt shaker.

What Others Say

The American dollar is the only successful universal language.—Klamath Herald. The fad for keeping young is senseless. What the world needs is more grown-up persons.—Malheur Enterprise. Doctors are warning Americans to cut down on their drinking. As it is there is entirely too much cutting up.—Crane American. Road Amundsen is to be invited by the Rev. R. Bogstad to visit in Bend and to deliver a lecture here. Bend would be honored by his acceptance.—Bend Bulletin. Too much handshaking has forced the president to wear a bandage. Advocates of the McNary-Haugen bill are absolved of all blame.—Bandon World. Down at Wharton, Tex., whenever stray chickens are caught they are turned over to the local minister by order of the city council. That sounds like a real "call"—Amity Standard. It has got so there are almost as many biographies of Edgar Allen Poe in circulation at one time as there are parodies on "The Raven."—Brownsville Times.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

Three columns of text titled 'ASHLAND 10 Years Ago', 'ASHLAND 20 Years Ago', and 'ASHLAND 30 Years Ago'.

(To be continued)