

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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C. J. READ, MANAGING EDITOR

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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Napoleon And The League

In a recent book on "Napoleon" by Emil Ludwig, considerable attention is devoted to quotations from that military despot on the futility of war.

War is an anachronism. Sometimes victories will be won without cannot or bayonets. If Bonaparte were alive today and safely in exile, it would be interesting to hear his comment on the League of Nations now operating, not only with almost the United support of Europe, but representing the rest of the world excepting Russia, Turkey and the United States, with one or two other less important countries temporarily absent from the conference table.

A Weighty Subject

The earth, according to the calculation of a government physicist, weighs approximately 5 sextillion 997 quintillion tons. Final checking may revise these figures slightly, say a few million tons.

The cost of carrying on this investigation represents one of the reasons why it requires three billions annually to defray the expenses of the federal government. The scientific value of the information is undoubted. Whatever degree of precision has been attained has brought the sum total of human knowledge just that much closer to the goal of accuracy.

One-Half Billion Dollar Surplus

Secretary Mellon estimates that the treasury surplus for the present fiscal year will exceed 500 million dollars. As the returns from the March 15 payment of the Income tax roll in, the amazing wealth of the country is again revealed.

All this goes to show that the proudest boast of the Coolidge administration, that it has reduced taxes, is just the natural result of returning prosperity after the war, plus the return of the government to something like normal expenditures.

College heads will now have to concern themselves with taming the class banquet.

Looking through a Buenos Aires paper brings to mind some of us never really would get used to a country where the clearance sales of straw hats are held in March.

By Williams Labor Shortage Being Expected

FRESNO, Cal., April 11.—F. J. Palomares, manager of the agricultural labor bureau of the San Joaquin valley, believes that a shortage of labor may develop during the peak of the harvest season in California.

Nanking Hero



One of the first American fighting men wounded during the Chinese fighting was Ray D. Plumley, of Ralston, Ia., hero of the evacuation of Nanking, China.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

Suit in Equity to Quiet Title. REBECCA M. REEDER, widow of T. T. REEDER, Plaintiff.

vs. GEORGE J. KEARNS and M. A. KEARNS, his wife; VERA HICKS REAL, LeROY V. HICKS, and CLIFFORD C. HICKS, heirs at law of H. J. HICKS and M. L. HICKS, both deceased.

Defendants. TO GEORGE J. KEARNS and M. A. KEARNS, husband and wife, and LeROY V. HICKS, the above named defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you and each of you are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff on file in the above entitled cause with the clerk of court, at the courthouse in Jacksonville, Oregon, within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and you are further notified that in case you fail to appear and answer within the time so specified, that the plaintiff herein will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, to-wit: For a decree declaring plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of Section 14, in Township 39 south of Range 1 east of the Willamette Meridian in Jackson county, Oregon, and that you and each of you be declared to have no right, title, estate or interest whatever in said land or any part thereof.

This summons is served upon you by the publication thereof pursuant to an order of the Honorable C. M. Thomas Circuit Judge, which order was made and dated March 29th, 1937.

The date of the first publication of this summons is April 5th, 1937.

BRIGGS & BRIGGS, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Post office address: Pioneer Block, Ashland, Oregon.

183-6 Tues.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S "THE MAGIC GARDEN"

Copyrighted, 1937, Gene Stratton-Porter, Inc. Copyrighted, 1925-27, 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, feeling more lonely than she usually does, goes to visit her brother Peter, who lives with his father. Peter is not pleased to see her, so she goes for a drive and finds a lovely spot where she stops to play. Her chauffeur goes to sleep, and Amaryllis goes into the garden where she finds a boy who plays the violin beautifully. He seems to be lonely, too, and when she tells him that she is "Little Hungry Heart" he soon has her whole story.

"I darsent sit on her lap or put my arms around her neck or lay my head on her breast, and an old, paid nurse takes care of me when I'm sick, and a nurse bathes me in the evening, and a governess teaches me, and there is no one to play with me and no place to go, and a house so big I'm afraid of it, and oh, Boy, what's your name? And if there isn't any one to love you today, will there be some one to love you tomorrow?"

The boy laid down the violin and sat down on the embankment very deliberately. He gathered Amaryllis up and sat her on his lap. He put one arm around her and he leaned her head up against his breast and the long, slender fingers of his other hand combed down through her shining hair again and again. His lips came down on the top of her head and he kissed her curls and kissed them. Then this loose hand slid down her arm and it all to you and the nurse, too, for more kisses on my hair."

John Guido looked at her with his big eyes and said: "Isn't your father going to come from the club, or isn't your mother going to come after you?"

Amaryllis shook her head. "No," she said. "Father doesn't come from the club more than once a month, and Mother doesn't ever come at all any more. Neither of them cares where I am; so it will be all right for me to go."

But John Guido was older and he knew better than that. "But there must be some one," he said. "There's got to be a nurse or a governess or some one."

Amaryllis answered with perfect logic: "I'm here aren't I? I got away from them didn't I? It doesn't make any difference to them where I am, or I couldn't be here, could I? I'm not their little girl. They don't want to hold me on their lap. They don't want to love my hair. They don't want to be bothered with me. I'm going with you, John Guido. I want the kind of supper you eat, and I want to sit on your lap some more and if I hadn't given away all the money I got, I'd give it all to you and the nurse, too, for more kisses on my hair."

John Guido's arms tightened up

Forrester and the reason I haven't one to love me today is because my father has gone away on a journey. He paints the most beautiful pictures in all the world. No one else can make the trees and the water and the clouds and the sky come true on canvas as he can. But sometimes people want him to come and live with them for a while and paint things that they own in their forests or in their meadows or their mountains, and they don't want a boy around, so I have to stay at home and keep house as well as paint. My father comes back to me so lonely when I have to stay alone because when Father is here we walk together and we fish together and we hunt together, and he tells wonderful stories and we read great books. We have a bully time when Father's here. But he has been gone so long, and I don't know when he is coming back."

Then Amaryllis looked up at John Guido and asked: "Did the big judge—"

John Guido shook his head quickly. "Very softly he said: 'No! A long time ago when I was only a little fellow. I can remember a few times, in a soft dress like this of yours, with oh, such big eyes and such wavy black hair, high up on a big stage as she looked a little bit of a person, my mother sang to me a world of people and Father sat in a box and held me tight and we cried because he was so beautiful, and all the other people cried with us. And sometimes they stood up and waved their handkerchiefs and it was wonderful! Then, when her songs were sung, we could slip through a door and we would hold us in her arms and kiss us nearly to death. I can feel her kisses now. Then, all of a sudden, God, heeded her up in Heaven to show the angels how to sing, and Father and I had to give her up for a little while, but we have her picture, and some of the notes she made in her songs I can do on the violin because I can remember them. When I grow bigger Father is going to take me back to her and I can go to learn to play so I can stand up on a big stage and make the violin sing the things she did, and I am going to make the people stand up and wave their handkerchiefs and have tears all running down their faces."

Amaryllis lifted her head and looked at the boy and asked: "Well, what do you want to make 'em cry for?"

The boy smiled at her and said: "I don't want to make them cry to hurt their feelings. It is good for people to cry because their hearts are full of happy tears. I only

suddenly and right then and there sell more kisses on her hair and Amaryllis nestled up against his breast and turned up her little sweet face and pulled down his head and offered him her baby lips instead. John Guido touched them lightly because he was afraid of anything so fine and so sweet, and in a voice that did not sound a bit like the voice he had been using he said: "You little darling! You little Hungry Heart darling! Where are your folks? Isn't there a grandmother, or an aunt, or a cousin?"

Amaryllis shook her head and said: "No. Not any one at all. Not even Peter. I went to Peter first, and he wouldn't play with me. He turned his back and stood in the window. That's honest and true. Peter's worse off than I am. He can't get along as well without being taken care of as I can."

Amaryllis stood up and reached her hand and said: "Come on, John Guido."

But John Guido stood still. "I think," he said, "that we must go back and find your car."

Then Amaryllis lifted her chin and looked him in the eye and said: "John Guido, if you take me back down the road and find my car and send me back to those nasty people that don't love me and don't belong to me, I'll get away again, and the next time I'll not give you a chance to take me back. I'll go where the water is deep and I'll get into the big fish eat me." John Guido stood still and looked down at Amaryllis. Then he asked: "You really have a father?" Amaryllis nodded her head. "And he stays in the city and only comes once a month!"

Amaryllis looked him straight in the eye and said: "Sometimes he doesn't come for two or three months."

John Guido's eyes grew smaller and narrower. His face grew whiter and his lips were not so full of red. "And what about your brother who turns his back and won't play with you?"

Amaryllis still looked him straight in the eye and said: "That isn't Peter's blame. Peter isn't much older than I am. His heart is just as hungry as mine, but he can't stand it quite as well as I can. Because Peter hasn't got as much brains as I have, even if I am only five. I always could think of more things to do than Peter can. Peter's no hero."



A BURNING DESIRE. J.R. WILLIAMS. CREDIT BY NEWS SERVICE, INC.

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK—Greenwich Village points with pride to the adoption of the artist's smock by industries and professions in the latest issue of "The New Coat," Bohemian magazine.

The publication expressed no regret that promiscuous persons are wearing smocks throughout the nation, explaining that smocks are not only bizarre but very useful.

BOSTON—This city's most impudent burglar, "limmed" his way into police headquarters and shattered the lock on a store room containing 20,000 gallons of seized liquor before he was frightened away.

SYDNEY, N. S. W.—Speaking of babies Australian birth records show that an infant girl, born in Victoria in 1905 weighed only four ounces, but now she is the mother of two lusty children. Another baby born in Auckland weighed only 31 ounces and was weaned on a fountain pen filler.

LOS ANGELES—Vivian as docile a cow as might be seen in a day's stroll in the country, was brought into municipal court here Monday that a jury might see certain marks on her poll. Whether her horns were removed during calfood has something to do with present litigation over the boyne's ownership.

SAP AND SALT BY DESERT MOSES. The less future we have the more we fear it.

To a jackass, the most beautiful creature on earth is a Jenny.

Some men write; other men talk; on rare occasions we find one who thinks:

Woman, we are told, lost the world, which is offset by the fact that geese saved Rome.

We are not much interested in any truth unless we can see a good profit in it.

Man doesn't understand woman, and for that matter, neither does one woman understand another.

Hex Heck says: "The end of a rich man is the beginnin' of a lawsuit. No lawyer misses the death notices."

With increased revenues and reduced expenses the Newberg city government is pointing the way to reduced taxes and a future sound financial standing which the county and state might well emulate.—Newberg Graphic.

What Others Say

Orders are available for more daffodil bulbs than there are in the ground in Washington county. To supply even a portion of this demand would, perhaps permanently finish a potentially great industry. But the fact is proof at least of the possibilities in bulb production.—Forest Grove News-Times.

Instead of administration sending marines to China they would probably be of more benefit to life and property in bandit torn Chicago.—Hillsboro Argus.

Sinclair Lewis and Rupert Hughes are evidence that the mere fact a man has written a book doesn't entitle him to the privilege of remarking the world.—Jefferson Review.

The country's so cluttered up with crops that farmers can't get enough for what they raise to buy boots and radios, and yet old-fashioned economists go right on worrying about the prospect of a food shortage.—Baker Democrat.

A half million American tourists in Europe this year spend a half billion dollars over there and came back in favor of this government, canceling European indebtedness.—Woodburn Independent.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 19 Years Ago

A. S. Rosenbaum, who has been in the Southern Pacific hospital at San Francisco for the past five weeks on account of injuries which he received during the train collision at Ashland, is expected to return today or Wednesday.

Mrs. J. E. Barrett, who is teaching school in Hill, Cal., was over to spend the week-end.

Mrs. Ella Cook spent last week with Mrs. Blaine Klum in Medford.

J. C. Mazzy returned Saturday from Dunsmuir, where he spent last week with Fred Judy and wife.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

H. G. Mathes and wife spent last week visiting with Mrs. Mary Cryderman, near Tolo.

C. H. Pierce, manager of the Ashland cannery, spent last week at valley points on a business trip.

Mrs. Dr. E. Davis of Oakland, Cal., is a guest to Mrs. Wm. M. Eastlick. The Doctor and Mrs. Davis are well known in Ashland having lived here a number of years ago.

Ruel Hildreth is in from the Blue Lodge line. He reports everything booming in that section.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

G. W. Crowson made a trip over in Siskiyou county this week, taking a survey of the prospect for a market for Ashland berries and fruits in that section this season.

D. S. Sanford arrived from the east on yesterday evening's train.

D. B. Casady of Little Shasta, Cal., one of the well known pioneers of Siskiyou county, was visiting W. C. Myer and other friends in Ashland this week.

Mrs. Benj. Eggleston returned today from a business trip to Pelegama.