

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Tuesday, March 8, 1927 I wonder what is wrong with my snow pole. Skell is doing his best to cover it up. Last month he came very near it—only missed it about eighteen inches. Liao packed the snow down around it until the top was about thirty inches above the snow. Now Skell is at it again—started in yesterday at noon and I think that he kept at it all night. I know he was going strong this morning. Perhaps if he hadn't thrown so much snow in the building after I shoveled it out Sunday, he would have had the pole covered by now.

You know that I have been telling you that when I put out feed for the Knight family that they always carry it away and hide it. Tonight I was going out to the snow pole and heard a rush of wings in the storm above my head. I looked up and there came Knight himself, wings folded, head out-stretched, coming like a bolt of lightning through the swirling flakes of snow. As he neared the level of the tops of the three big hemlocks he straightened out, circled the trees and lit on a limb about half the way down, hopped along it till he came to the trunk, pecked at something a time or two, and came out with a half of hotcake, and flew away toward Garfield with it, feeding the Mrs. I suppose. More power to you Knight, if you can eat those hotcakes a week or more old, when it is all that I can do to get them down when they just come off the griddle.

Wednesday, March 9, 1927 I have been wondering about the bears. About this time of year I am forever looking upon the side of Garfield for the tracks of my friends. I know it is early in the season for them to come to the haunts of man, but there is the changing in their habits due to the contact with mankind. The days are growing longer, the wind tempered, and when the smile of Liao is abroad in the land, it creates a restless feeling within man and beast alike.

I know that over there in Sun Creek Canyon there is now life, life that for the first time is looking on a world of white. There is a gathering of moss, a cutting of green branches, a padding and mauling of snow on the sunny lee side of the drifts. There are tiny weak whines, little weak coughs expressing likes and dislikes, mingled with the grunts of commands to be still.

You and I have something to worry ourselves about. What are we going to call Jeff and Brownie when they come to ask our opinion of their babies? As soon as her babies are old enough to climb a tree, Jeff will head for Govt. Camp. If she doesn't find anyone there she will come up here. Then there is Muggens and Jimima will have a new family this year. I expect Hans as soon as the snow is crusted enough for her to walk on, for you know she had a family of three last year and will have to start rustling early.

Work—Worked in basement, shoveled snow, worked on lamps. Weather—Day cloudy; wind southwest; snowfall since last observation, 1.5 in.; precipitation, .16 in.; snow on ground, 217 in.; Temp. H. 20, L. 13, R. 11, M. 16.5.

The door that is the hardest to keep the wolf from is the sedan. — Springfield News.

If President Coolidge is to select his summer residence by means of movies showing views in different states, it would seem there would be no doubt as to the decision if Oregon gets busy and sends in only a few of the many beauty spots in the state.— Hillsboro Independent.

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 Described by her parents and hungry for someone to love her, little Amaryllis lives the lonely life of her childhood in a quiet house. She meets a boy in a garden, who plays the violin beautifully. His name is John Guido Forrester, his father is a painter, and his mother, now dead, was a famous singer. John Guido hopes to do with his violin what his mother did with her voice. He cannot understand why the pretty little girl should be lonely.

and all the vines ran sprawling over the ground or climbed trees or ran on top of the fence; and all the bulbs spread and grew in clusters and everything was wild and free. Instead of a big, locked bronze gate, an old wooden one hung on one hinge and it was just as wide open as it could get. Any one could run through and reach the meadow. Then at the far end of the garden there was a house. The minute Amaryllis saw it she loved the house. It was not a big house at all. It was a low, flat house with a quiet house, and around it that needed loads of appliances in its railing. The steps needed straightening and everything needed paint. The bushes were wild as the garden, and the grass grew long and waved in the wind like a big piano. The boy laid the violin on top of that. There were easy chairs and shelves full of books all around the walls. On one side of this room there was a door leading to another room that was nearly all glass. In it there was a world of the most wonderful books, and pictures and more pictures. Some of them stood up on easels, and some of them hung on the walls, and many of them stood on the floor. Lots of them that stood on the floor turned their faces to the walls. It was a wonderful room. One could never become tired of it. There were doors that opened out of it into the garden, and onto the back porch; and if one went down



they would find out whether they love me or not, and if they did they would come and get me. And if they didn't, why then, maybe, your nice father would love me, too, and let me go on the walks with you and catch the little fishes and play in the water." Then Amaryllis smiled the most enchanting smile that ever she could conjure up when there were tears back in her eyes and a tremble on her lips. She smiled through the tears and looked hard at John Guido and waited. The boy thought it over and said: "I think you are right. It would serve them just the way they deserve. If 'nobody's' taking care of you enough to keep you from running away like this and coming past a swamp where you might have drowned yourself if you had gotten into the muck, if nobody cares enough about you to watch you any better than that, they ought to have a good scare, I think you are right about it. You come on with me. I can get you enough to eat to keep you alive, and I can take care of you all right and we will let them get scared as long as there is any scare in them. And maybe after that they will know better how to treat a little girl who needs her mother and her father and her brother." John Guido reached down in his hand and Amaryllis laid hers in it and trotted along beside him and so they went for a long, long distance. They went so far that Amaryllis' feet became tender because they had not ever touched bare paths before. By and by, she shut her lips very tight because she would not tell John Guido that her feet hurt. But she could not keep from limping and finally he saw what the trouble was. So he knelt down and showed her how to climb on his back and put her arms around his neck and her feet against his sides. He took one of her feet in one of his hands and the violin and the bow in the other and she was careful not to hug him so tight that she would choke him. She laid her soft warm feet on his shoulders and he held her close to him and she felt his heart beat and she knew that she was safe. And she smelled like flowers, and her hair rippled like running water and she was so happy.

The Things That Count

On April 23, Clarence Darrow, the devil's advocate, and Wayne B. Wheeler, guiding genius of the Anti-Saloon league, propose to have it out in a public debate on prohibition. About all that can possibly result from this forsenic tilt, as we view it, is the addition of some thirty or forty thousand words to the 4,437,378,999 words already uttered, pro and con on the same subject. Some of the more optimistic exponents of the cup that need to cheer have gone so far as to predict that Mr. Darrow, being one of the biggest argumentative guns now inhabiting the republic, will make Mr. Wheeler look like a poor fish, which, we suppose, means a fish out of water—or, in other words, a dry fish. And, of course, if Mr. Wheeler is any kind of a fish—which by no means has been proven, he is undoubtedly a dry one. But a man must have more than argument to make any material headway on a subject such as that under discussion. Any good Jeffersonian Democrat will tell you that arguments don't elect presidents, for instance. If they did, the Democrat will say the Republican presidential dynasty would have ended with Abraham Lincoln. Argument is a powerful weapon, potentially, but votes are the things that count. So it doesn't make any difference whether Mr. Wheeler has the argument or whether he hasn't—he has the votes, and votes, friends and fellow citizens, not only made this country theoretically dry, but are keeping it so.

Henry Ford's Accident

It is an interesting picture of the billionaire genius of motordom which is disclosed by publicity given the accident in which Henry Ford suffered grave injury, escaping death only by that inexplicable fortuity which protects some motorists and doesn't others. It is the picture of a man whose movements are more or less shrouded in mystery, who courts seclusion and yet who has been able to and has run around Detroit and its environs in one of the little cars of his own manufacture unattended and unnoticed—a genius in concealment who dodges an annoying public curiosity by the very simplicity employed in his coming and going. The obvious appositeness of the casualty strikes one at once. When the greatest motor car manufacturer on earth suffers an accident such as occurs daily on the public highway somewhere, the hand of fate seems to be in it. Although Detroit seemed determined to make an attempted assassination mystery out of it, the natural presumption that it was an accident seems to prevail.

Character Training

The question is discussed as to whose business it is to build people's character. Educators would probably say it was primarily the business of schools and colleges to impart information, and to teach thorough methods of work, while producing character is the business of homes and churches. Meanwhile many of the homes pass the buck to the churches and Sunday schools for character building, and these institutions have no legal control over children. If the American people want their children to come up straight, they have got to do most of the work of training them themselves.

Leisure and Wealth

The president of Colgate university thinks the revolt of youth from the old standards is due to leisure and wealth. Yet there were always a lot of them who were loafing around aimlessly. Their student activities keep them out of much mischief now. Increased prosperity is a force that does not promote the most steady going habits. With the family automobile standing in the garage, youth is offered a constant incentive to sporting life. But probably the reason why youth breaks loose, is not so much larger opportunities, as that the older folks have already given up trying to regulate them. As soon as woman got her rights she began exercising them by wearing her dresses half way up to her waist. In comparison with the old days some of the modern youth of twenty have already lived a hundred. Ham is too high now to call a cheap actor one. Will the next campaign slogan be "He kept us out of China!"



Isn't It Odd?

ATLANTIC CITY — Boys and girls of the jazz period have brains notwithstanding bell bottomed trousers and short skirts. R. M. West of the University of Minnesota, here for the meeting of the American Association of College Registrars, notes that students of today make at least as good marks as their predecessors and seem to succeed after leaving college.

PHILADELPHIA — Mrs. Rosa Birken of New York has so many diamonds she needs a bookkeeper to count 'em. She so testified in a suit which resulted in a verdict for \$475 against her in favor of Mrs. Margaret Hoffman. They were both acquaintances of Herbert Stanley, alias "Lord Beaverbrook" who is serving time for swindling women of gems.

NEW YORK — Edward Johnson of Fuelph, Ont., is in Caruso's shoes, literally and figuratively. Already hailed by John McCormack as the greatest tenor of the day, Johnson appeared in a Metropolitan performance of "Aida" wearing Caruso's costumes—a gift from the widow as a tribute to the are of her husband's successor.

SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES

The appetite runs smoothest when run in low gear. Doing the right thing is easy if there is a nice profit in it. The reason history repeats itself is because human nature repeats too. The mistakes of enemies often save us from making the same mistakes ourselves. Today's Suggestion: Suppose we try to devote the remaining space on earth to more babies rather than to more flivvers. After buying something expensive, how forgetful most of us are about removing the price tag! Hox Heck says: "When the boat ups, God is on the side of the best swimmer" Pendleton — Umattila County poor farm leased for private operation.

What Others Say

The Eugene Guard thinks that prohibition is a failure. Well, the saloon business was not an unmitigated success, if anyone should ask you. If the dry regime has brought about an improvement, why class it as a failure even though it may have defects? Some people say democracy is a failure, and they have facts to go on. But what are we going to do about it—set up a king and a lot of indolent flunkies to rule over us? If prohibition is a failure, it is strange that the general run of people look better and dress better than they did 10 years ago. Men who formerly cashed their pay checks in saloons, don't do that now. There is more money for groceries, clothing, for installment payments on automobiles and new furniture. Our universities and colleges have twice the number of students they had when national prohibition went into effect. If prohibition is considered a failure because the law is not fully observed, then what of the narcotic laws, the traffic laws and laws against stealing? There is considerable bank robbing, but is that any argument why we should make it legal to rob a bank?—Pendleton East Oregonian.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago Mrs. Charles Harrison and daughter of Dunsmuir are spending a few days with the Ruger family. Lloyd Casbeer leaves this week for Tucson, Ariz., where he will take up work in the university there. G. S. Butler and Attorney E. D. Briggs were at the court house in Jacksonville Saturday on business. A rare incident happened the other day when C. W. Nims had to hire a plumber to disconnect his water pipes to extract a five inch trout from behind the water tap inlet.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago W. R. Yockey & Co., report the following sales for the past three weeks: Mr. Presley's place on Helman street to Mr. and Mrs. Root of Washington; house and lot of G. S. Butler on Granite to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of South Dakota; lot of Mrs. Roper, fronting on Main street, to Mrs. A. D. Helms; 20 acres of A. E. Imbler, adjoining the city to E. H. Hunt. Earl Jackson has accepted a position as clerk in Thornton and Hildreth's store. Mrs. M. A. Barron returned home yesterday from a short visit among Medford relatives.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago O. T. Brown, of this precinct, has been looking after his interests in Klamath county the past week. Mrs. Jos. Robinson and daughter departed yesterday for Redding, Cal., where Mr. Robinson now is and where they expect to locate. Miss Mary Jacobs spent Sunday at her home in Central Point, to attend the Jacobs-Morris wedding there yesterday. Judge Frank Williams and wife left on Monday evening's train for Portland.

(To be continued)