

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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The Spring School Term

The school pupils are now getting toward the end of the school year, and many teachers would say the spring term is the hardest.

Some of them who took hold last fall with a resolution to make good, find their enthusiasm has evaporated month by month, and the weeks seem to drag along until vacation time.

Some teachers have a marvelous gift for keeping up the enthusiasm of their pupils, but it requires a very vivacious and animated personality to drag along pupils who are more interested in something else.

These pupils need to keep it in mind that everything possible is done for them to make their study easy. They are young and strong, and able to do a lot of work.

It may seem rather hard to study on languid spring days when the weather grows warm and "spring fever" attacks them.

When people take hold and learn to do a job of work well, their proficiency makes it seem interesting to them. When a student has thoroughly mastered a certain principle of arithmetic, he takes satisfaction in his power over it.

The Old Timers' Gardens

Old fashioned villages had many wonderful flower gardens. Although the people of former days worked harder than we do now, many of them found time to cultivate flowers.

These people lived extremely toilsome lives, and some would say they had little imagination. But their love for flowers was one spot where they had a great deal of sentiment.

In many localities one finds ruins of the early homes of the first settlers, where nothing is left but remnants of a chimney or cellar hole.

Modern Flower Culture

Any family in Ashland that will lay plans to improve its grounds this spring by setting out new flowering shrubs or flower beds, will be entitled to the thanks of its own neighborhood.

Many of our folks say they are too busy to care for flowers. But perhaps they have not realized what a pleasure it is to have a lot of bright flower faces on the lawn.

You can make a garden but you can't make it grow without cultivating it. You can make friends but you can't keep them unless you stand by them.

The fellow who can't look the Ashland merchant in the eye is probably wearing a mail-order necktie.

The love of community is the seed from which springs the love of country.

Our readers not only "take" the Tidings, they Read it.

One good thing: when women go to war they'll be used to the smell of powder.

When a young girl gets silk hose the garden hose is soon dropped.

TURNING BACK THE PAGES

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

A. W. Arbuckle has traded his ten acre fruit ranch on Wimer Heights to G. M. Frost for a 120 acre tract in the Willamette valley to which he has moved.

The past week has been marked by the meetings of several of the women's clubs of Ashland. Among these was the meeting of the Teacup Club of the Methodist church.

A. M. Beaver of Ashland was a visitor in Roseburg last week.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. J. L. Myers and mother, Mrs. S. E. Lake of Eugene, arrived in Ashland yesterday to join Mr. Myers and make their home here.

Ramona Bissel, formerly a student at the State Normal school, was a visitor in Ashland last Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Hoelar went to Medford today to visit with friends.

Peter Frulan went to Thrall, Cal., to accept a position with the Klamath Lake R. R.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

G. S. Butler has returned from his stay at his Klamath ranch.

Percy Newton went to Central Point on business Tuesday.

Wm. Patterson came over last evening from the Patterson mine.

A. E. McFarland has purchased the Nininger livery and feed business, near the depot, and with H. Mattson, will conduct the same, adding some new equipment to the stable.



When love of money ceases, war will cease.

The average family seems to have more divorces in it than children.

Favors given should be forgotten; favors received should be remembered.

Some people are so busy being "intellectual" that they have no time to be useful.

A man can be honest, no matter what his religion, even if he believes in no religion at all.

There may be some consolation in the thought that one divorce is followed by two marriages.

Hex Heck says: "Did I" ever notice that as a lawyer's reputation increases his gait is sure to follow suit?"

Sandy - Average February yield of 521 cows in Clackamas County Testing Association was 751 pounds of milk and 31.5 pounds of butterfat.

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 The Kinton family is dissolved by divorce, and Amaryllis entrusted to the care of her mother's friends for real love. She runs away from her chaperon and finds a wonderful garden where a boy is playing on a violin. She makes friends with the boy, who, when he hears her story, agrees to hide her till her people learn to enter her. After arranging with a French maid to take care of them he teaches her a lot of wonderful games, and Amaryllis is happy for the first time. She finds flowers for him, and he makes them into dolls.

Next the boy made an Italian lady with red and yellow bells, all gay and gossamer. They cut away all the green from a long blade of grass to make her a coat of yellow. It was wonderful work, so dainty and so careful he had to be. When the little Italian lady was finished and put in her glass of water to live and she boy asked what kind of a lady she wanted next. Amaryllis thought awhile and then she made a popular suggestion. "Make me," she said. "Make just me!"

The boy looked at her for a long time and then he said: "Little Hungry Heart, you are so sweet there isn't a lover in the garden sweet enough to make you with, but if you are sure of what you want I will try. But this time I must be very careful; I must do something very different. You hunt through the striped grass and see how near you can come to finding blades that are all white, because they are the only things for sashes and ribbons. Hunt away back in the shade where it is damp and dark. The blades come whiter there because there isn't much light. Then search the flowers and see if you can find some, back in the dark, that are whiter, too."

Then the boy went to one side of the garden and from tall stems he cut white lilies, Madonna lilies that were like wax. He went to the rose bushes and cut petals of pink.



Marie cooked a fine supper for them.

For Amaryllis, he did not use a green grape for a head. He tucked her behind the syringe bush all nestled down and solemnly sworn across her heart not to move for fear a policeman might see her, while he stood through the garden and down the path through with white balls from the button-bushes all golden with pollen over them. With his knife he worked the pollen away from the space for a face. He worked in tummy bit of blue from the ragged robin to make eyes, and he worked in a touch of red from a salvia to make a mouth. The pollen he left for hair. Then with the white lilies and the rose petals and the button-bush heads and the tiny, striped grass sleeves and the maddest grass for a sash, he made the handsomest little lady that ever was made in all this world from broom straws and green-grape bodies and button heads from button-bushes, and lilies.

Amaryllis clasped her hands and patted him and kissed his cheeks and told him that she loved him better than all the world, she loved him better than anything up in the sky or down on the earth. Better than her hands, or her feet, or her eyes, she loved him. The boy worked very soberly, and constantly watched down the footpath into the meadow and across the garden to the corner of the house, so he would not lose her. In the back of his head he determined that he would not get out on the road in three days and tell some one passing in a car that there was a little lost girl at his house, as he had thought at first he would do perhaps the next day. She might stay just as long as ever he could hide her because never in his life had he done anything that he so loved to do as he loved taking care of Amaryllis. She was a little Hungry Heart. She had not told him stories about herself. Hunger was back deep in her eyes. Hunger was in her little hot, clinking lungs. Hunger was on her shiny face. She was a little Hungry Heart, but it almost broke his tender boy-heart to call her that. So he said to her: "If I promise sure and certain to hide you as long as I can, to make them hunt and hunt until they get good and ready to love you hard, and to be tickled to pieces to see you come home again, will you tell me what you really truly name is?"

red lady and put her in her tumbler of water, they went up to the house carrying all of the ladies very carefully, and put them in a cool place on the back porch. Marie came, a French Marie, from the market gardener's across the fence, and cooked a fine supper and put it on the table on the porch for the white lady-lilies for a centerpiece. They were so pretty. Marie talked foods of French nonsense to them as she served the children. She told John Guido to call her when he was ready, and she would come and undress his little lady covers and put her to bed. She would bring her nightgown and sleep on the davenport close beside her so if she wanted a drink in the night she would be there to give it to her.

All the world was lovely with the delicate, fragrant loveliness of June, with blue and red syringas and cheery baby orioles and fat robins, and sweet as honey with red clover. There was not a thing to bother about; there was not a thing to trouble about because when she had finished her supper Amaryllis went and stood beside John Guido's chair. He put an arm around her and she climbed up on the braces to lay her face up against his cheek. Sometimes he slipped his best crusty bite into her mouth, and then she put one into his. And because she loved him so Amaryllis forgot that her mouth might not be clean, so she made his cheek all smeary where she kissed it. But he did not care a bit. He only laughed. When it came to kisses he was a little Hungry Heart himself.

And when he said: "John Guido, if I stay here as many as three days, by the end of that time will you love me a teeny bit?" John Guido laid down his fork. He took his napkin and wiped her mouth carefully and then he wiped his own mouth. He said: "Look here, Amaryllis, down in the back the very first minute that I saw your yaller head, your tuffy molasses head, and your big blue eyes, your corn-flower eyes, and your pink cheeks, your wild sweetbriar cheeks, I loved you, and I have been loving you, harder every minute ever so hard, and the thing that's going to almost kill me is going to be the time when your father comes and finds you, and takes you away from me."

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MARIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Thursday, March 16, 1927.

I ran upon a snag yesterday while working on the lamps and I have to have a few days to dope it out. It isn't like you were neighbor to the corner store. If you overlooked something for a month ago, in the way of material, it's just too bad. That is just what I did. I forgot the stain—now I will have to be myself's jackass, and pack it up. The woodwork is all done and waiting to be stained. I may be able to find something around here to make it with.

I looked the bed situation over this morning. The room where I had been painting was out of the question as the windows are snowed under to a depth of eight feet, the top of the drift is level with the bottom of the third story windows. I went out to see about shoveling the snow away from them. I felt that to do that, or try to do it would be like the young man, Mr. Hitchcock left to ball out the boat. The boat was a small motor boat that had a sounding well built in its bottom for observing the walls under water. The boat, having a metal hull, had been leaking on the trip over to the side of the west rim. Mr. Hitchcock told the young man to ball the water out while he was gone. When he returned the young man was still balling for all he was worth, dipping the water out of the sounding-well. Mr. Hitchcock asked him if the water was gaining and the young man replied that he seemed to be holding his own. Not willing to discourage so willing a worker, he let him ball all the way back to the landing. I thought that I would be something like that young man if I tried to shovel that snow away from the north side of the building with a north wind blowing. So I decided to look elsewhere for a paint shop. I moved everything, stove and all, to the third floor. I spent the morning fixing it up, and the afternoon painting beds. Nameless insisted on helping me. He layed by the stove and told me when it was time to build a fire. He is now trying to make me go to bed, and it is only ten thirty and the radio is still going strong.

There was an unusual thing happened today. A storm came out of the northwest, bringing with it a heavy fog. I suppose it will wind up by filling the north side of the building full of snow. Work - Moved paint shop; painted beds. Weather - Day cloudy; wind northwest; snowfall since last observation 3.5 in.; precipitation, .47 in.; snow on ground, 218 in.; Temp. H. 23, L. 13, R. 10, M. 16.

Summer Excursion Tickets Out Soon

East bound summer excursion tickets will be on sale daily, May 22 to Sept. 20, 1927, inclusive. These tickets will carry final return limit of Oct. 31, 1927, including liberal stop-overs and choice

PRESTO-LAC Decorative Enamel for sale at Simpson's Hardware "The Winchester Store"

Summer excursion fares will be on sale May 15 to Sept. 20 to Oregon, California, Washington and Canadian Rockies resorts, the final return limit being Oct. 31, 1927. To Yellowstone Park, June 15 with the return limit Oct. 31, 1927. To Glacier National Park, June 15 to Sept. 15 with return limit Oct. 31, 1927. To Glacier National Park, June 1 to Sept. 15 with the return limit Oct. 31, 1927.

BIG YANK Work Shirts, the Standard of the World, in all sizes. 14 1/2 to 19—Blue, gray and khaki. \$1.00 We handle the A-1 Grade Only. Not Seconds. ARMY GOODS STORE Biggest Little Store in Town, Open Evenings.

Here's what "kilowatt-hour" means in dollars and cents. "Kilowatt-hour" sounds technical. But see how simple it really is. Here is a 50-watt lamp. Use it one hour.

That makes 50 watts for one hour—the same as though you used one watt for fifty hours. Now let it burn for 20 hours—in 20 hours it will use one thousand watt-hours, or one kilowatt-hour.

"Kilo" is a Greek word that means thousand. A kilowatt is one thousand watts—so one hour's use of one thousand watts is called a "kilowatt-hour." People who know electrical things by their first names call it "K.W.H.", for short. It is the unit of measurement for your electricity.

You buy electricity by the kilowatt-hour, just as you buy potatoes by the bushel. A kilowatt-hour may cost ten cents—although it will be less than that if you have an electric range or other economical appliances.

Now see how cheap electricity is, by the penny's worth!

The 50-watt lamp that keeps your living room lighted while you're away at the movies uses 100 watt-hours in two hours' time.

That is just one-tenth of one of those mysterious kilowatt-hours—one cent, or even less, for two hours' service!

Electricity is the cheapest service you can buy. THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY. Offices: Medford, Oregon; Roseburg, Oregon; Grants Pass, Oregon; Klamath Falls, Oregon; Yreka, California; Dunsmuir, California.