

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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A Wonderful Transformation

For a good many years musical people and club workers have been advocating the observance of National Music Week—a week set apart and devoted to the best and most in music.

And what the radio is doing to fill the silent moments with melody—not for one proclaimed week but throughout the whole year (or until the battery runs down), suggests that the time may come when all such "weeks" may become years.

That time should be welcomed by all thinking people. And such a time may come. If, with all of our institutions, the world is not getting better what hope is there left?

Ultimatums

Avoiding the word "ultimatum", the note of protest over the recent affair at Nanking was handed to Marshal Chiang Kai Shek by the representatives of the United States, Great Britain, Japan, Italy and France.

The fitting and necessary under the circumstances, the note was no less than an ultimatum. In diplomacy, however, words and phrases have shades of meaning not generally recognized by the lay public.

Home Town Affection

Home is said to be the sweetest place on earth. But its sweetness depends on the sweetness of its environment. The people who got up the songs about the sweetness of home probably lived in rural locations where everything was naturally lovely around them.

So if we are going to make our homes sweet today, we must have fine and attractive towns as a setting for them. That means a little work for you, Mr. and Mrs. Citizen!

Buy in Ashland

Business does not grow spontaneously without power behind it pushing it along, any more than a tree grows without some force of nature pushing it upward.

The good housewife has a thorough bout of sweeping about every week. Yet her great and good husband may think a once a year clean-up for the back yard is sufficient.

When those goods bought somewhere else or in a distant city, are offered in a home store for less money, do some of our superior people pass them by?

Glad they discovered television. Now you can see over the phone just how mad your creditors get when you ask for more time.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN HABIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Saturday, March 13, 1927.

Today is the first day that it has rained since November. It rained about ten minutes, and then turned to snow at 11:15 o'clock.

I went to work this morning with a smile, thinking that I would finish the last coat of enamel on this batch of beds that have been hanging fire all winter.

The north side was leaking more than the south, so I tried it first. I pried open a window on the fourth floor, and looked out. This is what I saw. A wall of snow twelve feet high, flush with the corner of the dormer.

It is about six feet from the window to the gutter, and there was where I had to get. I got out the window and stood on the ledge, holding on with one hand, I worked the shovel with the other till I had placed some two feet square dug out.

I shoveled a path over to the gutter and then started a tunneling up the valley. All the trouble of the roof leaking is caused by the snow starting to melt at the eaves of the roof, and the water coming down to places where the gutter is dammed with ice.

The south side wasn't much trouble. The ice was rotten and I knocked it loose with a board. When I had the water running free I thought that it must be time for lunch.

It was some shove, let me tell you. I wasn't quite so lucky that time, for a chunk of ice hit me on the right shoulder. It is still numb. The noise? Oh! You see the west dormer unloaded, that is, there was about two tons of snow and ice slid off and fell thirty feet, and when I heard the noise I was between it and the ground.

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GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S "THE MAGIC GARDEN"

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AMARYLLIS THREW HER ARMS AROUND the neck and hugged him so tight that she could not hug a bit tighter. She gave all she had.

John Guido said: "You don't know enough to love me all I would ever want you to love me, because some of these days you are going to know as big as I am now and I am going to know as big as my father. Some of these days I am going to be a man, taller and broader, and maybe I will look as well as my father, but not like him."

John Guido said: "Tonight I'll tell you the first two times and tomorrow night I'll tell you the next two, and the next night I'll tell you the last two, 'cause you can't remember them all at once."



Amaryllis just began to stop right in measure.

White like the Madonna lilies and blue like the blue lilies, the Amaryllis lilies, and some pink and yellow like the roses. Then it will come and I will kneel down before you and I will put kisses just on your feet then, and I will say: 'Amaryllis, do you love me yet?'

John Guido turned his violin. He began to play. Something happened that John Guido had not expected. He did not know that there was music in the feet of Amaryllis or that she had been secretly taught to dance.

At police headquarters in the big city, men by the dozen were being rushed frantically to railroad stations to restrain landings, to roads leading from the city, and a distressed man was writing the floor at his own house and over again, spraying the woman who would a child into the world and then slowly and subconsciously returned to be a mother.

So he said: "Now look here, Paul, I'll grant that I had the responsibility for the child going to the lady, but I'll say you've got your share for the other half. After all, you are the kid's father, aren't you?"

Isn't It Odd?

LONDON — The southern half of a suit of old fashioned red flannel underwear, which the skipper, braving an icy wind, took off to wave as a distress signal, saved the lives of the crew of the 1,191 ton steamer Besty Roke.

NEW YORK — All that James Turner could remember of the man who held him up and took his \$85 in Central Park last March was that he was cross eyed. Detectives Marron and Ott went until Thursday without encountering a cross eyed man, then they met Joseph Allen, 19. He confessed.

CARLISLE, Pa. — All aged and infirm persons in Carlisle who wish to attend church easier may ride there in a taxicab free of charge if they notify Elmer Zeigler, owner of a local taxi company.

LONDON — "It used to take two sheep to clothe a woman, now a single worm can do the job," commented Sir Henry McGardie, bachelor judge in the high courts, in a speech.



Every new law means another policeman on the job.

Patriotism and pocketbook may often mean the same thing.

Success as I see it means taking nothing and making something out of it.

Heaven bestows no front seats upon those who constantly boast about being honest men.

Laws, laws everywhere telling us what we cannot do, and not a single law telling us what we can.

There is no single thing in all the earth upon which all men are agreed—so what is Right and what is Wrong?

Hez Heck says: "Since prohibition came along, the family skeleton has been removed from the closet to the cellar."

Among the tragedies that will fail to move the hard-boiled public to tears are the income taxes extracted from enriched owners of Ford Stock.—Eugene Register.

What Others Say

Though a radio control bill was passed by congress it seems the law will be inoperative for lack of funds; bad news for those who like the radio and grow tired of listening to several stations trying to use the same air.—Pendleton East - Oregonian.

That Texas negro who lost his suit for \$5,000 damage after he was barred from the polls is in the wrong state. In Pennsylvania he could vote and get his money, too.—Bend Bulletin.

OAC has adopted, very reluctantly, the policy of charging \$36 a year for the privilege of enrolling here. The plan is a sound one and accomplishes two things—raises much needed revenue and cuts down attendance that causes additional expense.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

We wonder why so much fuss is made over woman's dress when it is of so little material consequence.—Weston Leader.

If the farmer ever gets really relieved, there are a lot of politicians who will be wondering what to do next.—St. Helens Mist.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Reed and son Norman of Portland are visiting at the home of Mrs. Mary E. Wood on Laurel street. Mrs. Reed was formerly Miss Maud Fason.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Elliot of Dunsuir spent last week-end with Mrs. G. Monroe.

Beatrice Miller has returned from an extended visit with friends and relatives in Washington.

Mrs. Will Dodge is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hunt in Portland.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Andrus arrived Tuesday from Bolivar, N. Y., and are guests at the home of Mrs. Andrus' father, James Thornton, at the Thornton home.

Isaac C. Moore left on last evening's train for Mankato, Minn., in response to a message from Mrs. Moore, who has decided to prolong her visit at her old home.

Mrs. M. F. Wight and Mrs. F. B. Bural, who have been visiting their sister, Miss A. Belle Anderson in Ashland, have returned to the Anderson farm near Talent.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Business Guard—Miss Grace Gill of Ashland arrived here on the early train this morning and will be the guest of Miss Dottie Sevens for a few days.

Miss Hattie Slemore of Bama valley came up to Ashland last Sunday and is visiting with her brother J. E. Felton.

Mrs. Adams and daughter Miss Minnie Preadmore arrived home from California Wednesday where they passed the winter pleasantly.

Frank Hansen, formerly a Tidings type, writes that he has been promoted to be night clerk at the Russ House in San Francisco.