

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Military Training Camps

Young men from all over the country are enlisting in the citizens' military training camps which will again be conducted during the coming summer.

Before many years, a nation that goes to war will be regarded as an outlaw, and its position in the human family will be about like that of the man who takes a gun and holds up his townspeople on the streets.

But while the outlook for this more peaceful status is improving little by little, yet the world is still held by some statesmen, that nations can advance in prosperity and welfare by making war on their neighbors.

While we are still waiting for this better day, our country must still be prepared for the possibility of conflict. No army is going to invade our great country, but there is still a chance that some power will so grossly violate the rights of American citizens and so set out to dominate the world that some kind of military action to restrain such an aggressive people may be called for.

If that time ever comes, the power of the American forces will be enormously increased by having trained a group of young men so that they know something of military tactics.

Big Scale Farming

The Des Moines Register reports that a Boston firm with \$1,000,000 capital is engaged in renting and managing over 20 farms owned by eastern interests in Iowa.

In most of the industries, we see quantity production and a great deal of absorption of small concerns by big ones, and a general tendency to do business on a bigger scale.

It has commonly been held that such plans would not become general in farming, on the theory that in the great majority of cases the individual farm owner would put more interest and determination into tilling his own acres, than people will put in if they are simply working for someone else.

Automobiles and motorized machinery may have some tendency to promote combination of farms. The manager of a group of farms can get around quickly now, to all the properties under his oversight, and keep in close touch with the workmen on each one of them, and modern machinery would help large scale production.

One More Marvel

One more astonishing modern marvel is revealed, in "television", as demonstrated a few days ago in New York, when it was shown that sight can be transmitted as well as hearing.

The world is making amazing gains in scientific achievement, but it is lagging behind in improvement of human society, and in knowledge of the human mind and spirit.

Well, we don't know why Chicago needs a mayor, unless they use him to give welcome addresses at bandits' conventions.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



Isn't It Odd?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—About 3,000 barbers have won their fight for a new wage scale but their demands were shaved down so far it will only mean about 60 cents more a week for each.

BRIGHTON, Eng.—Eastern arrivals are wearing rabbit skins which are not trophies of the marksmanship of the famous Dr. Bunting. Society women are breeding the rabbits themselves and setting the fashion for their own monopoly.

NEW YORK—John Dillon's two wives took so much of his time he finally quit work. He stayed with number one during the day and told her he worked nights. Nights he stayed with number two, telling her he worked days.

Appreciation of the work well performed by one's neighbors and friends makes light the labor involved.—Port Orford News.



More sins are confessed to the drug clerk than to the priest.

Science has not yet discovered a cure for the sucker who was born that way.

What a Scotchman does with his money is what we all ought to do with our advice.

A man never realizes how extensive his vocabulary is until he begins denouncing his wife's family.

The reason so few people do any thinking is probably because they seem to make a good living without it.

Her Heck says: "As a feller gets old his paunch shows more of a disposition to grow than his hair."

What Others Say

Somebody will probably come in and stop his paper for the remark, but it can't be helped. Wish the legislature was in session yet, so a bill to pay a bounty for groundhog scalps could be introduced.—Harrisburg Bulletin.

If the dinner gets cold before the head of the house answers chow call in the evening, the twilight league will probably get the blame.—Bend Bulletin.

A teacher in Wyoming writes to the state superintendent of public instruction stating that she holds a life certificate and asking how she can get it renewed. She had better ask the theosophists.—Eugene Register.

Now some concerns are advertising grape juice as the national drink, and personally we are beginning to question our own 100 per cent administration.—Waldport Tribune.

It's a curious fact that the plain girl with one beau usually marries sooner and better than the girl with half a dozen dangling on her string.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Ralph Hadfield, for many years employed in Simpson's hardware store and now working for a hardware firm in Portland, arrived today for a visit with relatives.

Miss Cora Williams of Lexington, Ky., arrived Saturday for a visit with Mrs. Robert Wiley.

Little Miss Edna Danford, a baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beecher Danford, was the recipient of particular honors upon the arrival of the Liberty Bell in Ashland.

Brad Radcliffe made a business trip to Hornbrook yesterday.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Miss Hazel Tice returned to her home in Medford yesterday after a short visit with Docia Willis at this city.

Miss Anna Colvig has returned to her school at Biskjov after a visit over Sunday with her sister, Mrs. G. V. Gillette.

Mrs. E. D. Briggs and Mrs. J. J. McNair went to Medford Saturday to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Engle.

Miss Carle Harris arrived home from S. F. today after an extended visit at the home of her brother.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

H. F. Warren and wife of Sherman, Wash., and J. E. Williams of Wilfong in the same state, are among the recent arrivals in Ashland and have taken up their residence at the White Sulphur house.

Geo. C. Stanley, the young painter, who recent went to Dunsmuir from here, to work in the Herald printing office there, sends as the first issue of "Town Talk" a miniature paper 7 to 12 which he has launched there and which has a motto "Mighty oaks from little acorns grow."

Miss Carle Harris arrived home from S. F. today after an extended visit at the home of her brother.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MARIN Crater Lake Lodge

Friday, March 15, 1929. This morning I went snow hunting—queer pastime, isn't it? When I got out of bed this morning I heard the teletics fall off the roof.

For the past three months there have been very few days above freezing and the snow that has blown between the floors and walls seldom melts as it takes two or three days of sunshine to warm the air in the building to a point above freezing.

Nameless and I worked all morning between walls and under the floor. He seemed to get quite a kick out of it. I didn't get much of a kick out of it, but I bumped my head several times.

Sunday, March 17, 1929. Well, things were not so exciting today as they were yesterday, and tonight things seem like Sunday they are so quiet.

Remind me to get the coat and the governess and the nurse-maid and all the people who made up the party that had no mother.

Without a bit of help she remembered the first two lines. Then Amariella went to sleep; went to sleep with the best of lungs, tight lips around her mouth and the feel of warm kisses on her lips and on her hair and her cheeks.

YIDDISH THEATRE CLOSES

LONDON, April 15.—(AP)—The Pavilion Theatre, Jewish Ghetto, home of drama in the Yiddish tongue, is closing its doors after 100 years of activity owing to lack of support received from the Jewish population in London.

The proprietor of the theatre said the principal reason for this drastic step was the decrease of the use of the Yiddish language among the modern Jewish population of London.

THE MAGIC GARDEN

Copyright, 1927, Gene Stratton-Porter, Inc. Published by courtesy of Blue Book Offices of America (F. O. B.) From the famous photoplay, "The Magic Garden."

Amariella looked at the garden and she was not surprised to see, rising out of a scrub of hollyhocks, the face of a boy who she had seen in the garden. She stepped back, and she was so happy.

"and you are taking such good care of the boy that you can guarantee that there is no chance of anything happening to him?" asked the doctor.



opened the front door like a footman and about the coat and the governess and the nurse-maid and all the people who made up the party that had no mother.

Amariella said: "No," she did not think she was. She thought she was a little girl who was left behind in the bronze gates because there was not enough money to take her along when her mother went across the water in a big boat, or else she surely would have taken her.

Amariella went to sleep; went to sleep with the best of lungs, tight lips around her mouth and the feel of warm kisses on her lips and on her hair and her cheeks.

Amariella went to sleep; went to sleep with the best of lungs, tight lips around her mouth and the feel of warm kisses on her lips and on her hair and her cheeks.