

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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The Point System

The advice that young men choose their wives on the point system is no doubt sound and sensible.

Faithfully followed it would presumably result in fewer and better marriages which seems to be the end aimed at by the leaders in this field of social reform.

But for all its practicability and promise of improvement in a situation which admittedly can stand a lot of improvement, it is something too cold blooded to be attractive.

Tom Fletcher, Hemet banker, has for 15 years followed a point system of his own invention in the selection of a wife.

We are not yet ready to approve any point system. We confess to a fondness for a little romance in matrimony in spite of the fact that romance, pure and undefiled, is quite as likely to end in tragedy as in "they lived happily ever after."

The point system in scoring matrimonial prospects comes to our attention in the form of a magazine article but we are still a little puzzled to know how the young man is to go about scoring his list of prospects when his thoughts turn to the founding of a family.

The magazine article suggests health, appearance, age, intelligence, motherhood, family, vivacity, disposition, home-making and comradeship as the qualities to be scored.

Appearance the young man can easily judge, if he has half an eye in his head. Vivacity and comradeship ought not to be difficult for him, if he has ordinary wit.

It is curious what havoc civilization plays with the simplest of the primitive facts of nature. Originally a biological phenomenon marriage has somehow, become a puzzling social problem.

And suppose it came to a breach of promise suit, how far would the young man's score sheet get with the court? But then we suppose a youth using the point system would never be rash enough to commit himself sufficiently to incur such a suit.

You can't change human nature. Methuselah boasted of his 969 years, but you never heard of his wife making any claims.

"Liquor Bill Taken Up In Legislature."—Headline. Probably to be paid out of any moneys not otherwise appropriated.

Before instalment payments were invented it was a new car by and by. Now it's new cars buy and buy.

Don't be too severe with your criticism. Movie stars have kept the wolf from many a lawyer's door.

Our prayer is that rich Uncle Samuel may so live that he won't leave any nephew-heirs in Europe.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

What Others Say

Sombody springs a statement to the effect that there is harmony in the fish and game commissions. It can't be. If all the members had died, we should have heard of it. — Eugene Register.

St. Louis woman asks \$1200 damages for being hit with a cat. Despite the alleged injury it would be apparent that pussy failed to make a hit. — Bend Bulletin.

President Coolidge has indorsed the reading of the Bible, perhaps just to see if Borah could be tempted into taking the other side. — Baker Herald.

A letter from an applicant, now living at Tampa, for work in Eugene, says: "I am going to leave Florida for a more temperate climate." And that from a land whose one best bet had been blazoned to the world as climatic salubrity. — Eugene Guard.

A 65-year old "grandmother of the links" won golf honors in Florida the other day, which naturally recalls to mind the old-fashioned grandmother who sat in the corner all winter long and knitted red woolen stockings. — Malheur Enterprise.

Advertisement for SAP AND SALT by DERT MOSES. Includes an illustration of a person and text: 'True patriotism contains very little noise.'

Nothing makes people old quicker than trying not to be.

"Show me," said the man from Missouri, and all the women responded.

Never mind if you do start wrong. It's the finish that counts.

The only joy a country store-keeper gets is going to the city once a year to buy goods.

You can't do any thinking when a brass band plays, and nobody knows this better than a politician.

Hez Heck says: "If ye ain't got much in yer head, the chances is ye ain't got much in the bank."

Isn't It Odd?

LONGPORT, N. J. — Because Chief of Police Joseph Graves couldn't get along with his force, both of them have lost their jobs. Mayor Edwin Lavino has announced that Longport, a borough of 500, is now in the market for a new chief and a new patrolman.

NEW YORK — Only two cases being scheduled, Yonkers City Judge Charles W. Boote conducted court by phone Sunday. Louis Stokes, 19, is freed on a disorderly conduct charge. But when William Dalhousie, 41, also came before the receiver of justice for disorderly conduct, Judge Boote called Mrs. Dalhousie to the phone and paroled him to her.

NEW YORK — The Bowery 100, a select crowd of bums who were given an Easter dinner by Mr. Zerz, Urban Ledoux-joined the Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue parade after dining, sporting top hats and canes of every description. The promenaders traveled uptown by the "open air limousine," leased for a nickel a passenger by the elevated railway company.

Klamath Falls — Important new gravel plant at Lobert is electrically equipped.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

J. M. Maashburn, formerly a merchant of Ashland and now engaged in ranching in the Shasta valley, is attending to business and property interests in the city.

The G. E. Carpenter family, residing on Liberty street, has been receiving a visit from Mrs. Kate Green, whose home is Montana.

Dr. E. A. Woods, a recent arrival in Ashland from Chicago, is occupying offices in the Swedenburg building.

J. J. McNair was a week-end visitor in Portland.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Emil Pell, who has been tarrying in and about San Francisco for awhile, returned to Ashland yesterday.

Adolph Naylor, an old time Ashland boy who has been at work as millwright near the base of Mount Hood for some time past, was in town today.

Lee Rogers was at the depot Saturday to meet his brother Allen and family, who have been living in Portland for the past year.

Charles Rose visited Medford yesterday.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Salem Statesman—Mrs. A. Bennett of Ashland, who, with her children, has spent the past month visiting at the home of her parents, Section Foreman and Mrs. P. D. Prunty, left last night for her home.

Miss Ollie Brunk left Friday evening for Portland, where she will visit friends for a time, going thence to Salem, Newport and other Willamette points.

Miss Agnes Mattoon, daughter of Mr. and H. J. Mattoon of this place, came out from Drain yesterday to make her home in Ashland.

Miss Jessie Rose is in from her school in Klamath county for a few days' visit with home folks.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Tuesday, March 1927. Remember those rocks near the rim of the crater of Wizard Island? You know that I told you that the snow failed to keep them covered up. Well, it has snowed seventeen inches in the forty-eight hours, and tonight they were showing as plainly as if it were summer time.

When I noticed their condition, and thought of the snowfall, there has been very little wind the last twenty-four hours, and there isn't any reason why they shouldn't be under snow. As I said, it made me think. I won't tell you what I thought, or all of you would be up here and I would have to cook and wash dishes for all of you; but I'll tell you this: I went in and loaded the black box with a full magazine. If any thing happens out of the ordinary around here, we will write it down on celluloid.

It may seem strange to say that a snowfall containing the least amount of moisture, fell within the last twenty-four hours. I believe the average percentage of moisture in the snow will go above 12 per cent for the winter, while that of the last snowfall is less than eight. The snow is like chalk, the least breath of air sets it flying like so many feathers. Tomorrow the wash fires will be burning on all the high points of Gaywas at sunrise.

If it is clear and a reflection on the water there will not be any painting done tomorrow.

I forgot to tell you that my watchclock went haywire yesterday morning. Now I am my own boss.

Work—Painted beds. Weather—Day cloudy; wind northwest; snowfall since last observation, 5.5 in.; precipitation, .39 in.; snow on ground, 229 in.; Temp. H. 16, L. 9, R. 7 M 12.5.

Wednesday, March 16, 1927

March, the maid of whims! Last night I was sure that the weather would clear, so did the forecasters, at least two of them said so. Well, I should worry, I got eight more beds painted and eleven inches of new snow. Tomorrow I will have to lengthen out the snow pole, as there are only six inches of it above the snow.

The snow that fell today was heavier than that of the day before, in fact, it crusted as it fell and I think it has settled within a few inches of all that it will. So the settled snow mark tonight will be said to be well above nineteen feet. There are still two weeks, if not four, of the snow period left. Tonight I had to move my precipitation gauge from the third story landing of the fire escape to the snow drift. The drift is about four feet higher, and I was afraid that the wind would drift the gauge full and make me stony to you.

Some days ago I told you of digging out the valley on the roof. As soon as this storm is over I'll tell you about it again, for it is again full to the cone.

Work—Painted beds. Weather—Day cloudy; wind southwest; snowfall since last observation, 11 in.; precipitation, 1.14 in.; snow on ground, 234 in.; Temp. H. 23, L. 12, R. 11, M. 17.5

Thursday, March 17, 1927.

The storm still continues. Today the wind came from the northwest, breaking another record. I have not seen it blow from that direction for eight hours without clearing. Skell finished the job today. Now that he has covered up my snow pole I wonder if he will let up for a day or two and give me a chance to splice a piece on it.

There seems to be a great number of admirers of Nauseless, by the number of mash notes he receives. They are not from cats, or at least it would make them sore if you called them that. As soon (Please Turn To Page Five)

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 Amaryllis Minton, tired of waiting for her truant mother to return and give her the love she is hungry for. She runs away and finds all that she needs in a wonderful garden, with a boy, who plays the violin to her, and teaches her games. She is happy at last, and being lonely too, the boy learns to love her. The next day the boy's father returns and, learning the runaway's identity from a newspaper, he calls up her people in spite of the pleadings of John Guido, who does not know that he has called.

Then Mr. John Forrester went to his backdoor and looked out in the garden and saw two children, not making love-dolles, not playing "Mumble-ty-pee," not chasing butterflies; the children sitting very soberly in a bed of striped grass with their arms tight around each other and their faces laid together, cheek to cheek. Big, solemn tears were running down the brown cheeks of the boy and the pink cheeks of the girl.

When he slipped down as near as he could go without being seen, what he heard was: "John Guido, I'm just scared to death for fear your father's gone and told the policeman."

John Guido said not a word, but the tears grew bigger and rolled faster. Mr. John Forrester went back to his studio and got out his paint and his brushes and put on his working blouse and smoked a pipe furiously. He made passes at a canvas in front of him with a brush laden with a delicate paint, mixed from half a dozen different colors and wiped it dry and tried again. By and by he drew his sleeve across his own eyes and said: "Oh, heavens! I don't think there is anything in all this world

old and says she waited a long time to get the chance to run away because her mother went across the ocean without her, and her father and her brother do not love her. If you are her father, and you have arrived at the conclusion that you do love her, she is out in my garden. You may go and get her. I'll be pleased if I will. All I want you to understand about this is that we had nothing to do with her being here. She climbed from her automobile and ran away by herself, because she preferred to risk what might happen to her among strangers to what she knew would happen to her if she went back home!"

Then Mr. John Forrester turned on his heel, went into his studio and shut the door behind him with elaborate finality. Mr. Paul Minton crossed the back porch and started down the path led to what he named Giandico, down the main way, he saw, standing in the path in front of a blood-laden white syringa bush, a slender slip of a boy with bare feet, arms bare to the elbows, a rounded throat rising above an open blouse, as he had ever seen. Even at this anxious moment he noted his beauty.

The boy's hands were extended in front of him and clinging to them stood a little figure with a clean face, with carefully brushed curls, a dress as soiled and bedraggled as one the poorest beggar might have worn. As he stood staring one instant at the picture before him, he saw Amaryllis tugging at the boy's hands. He saw her small face lifted; he heard her plaintive tones: "John Guido, I am hungry again! I'm durn hungry for love, John Guido! Won't you please kiss me again!"

Mr. Paul Minton stood and stared and the heart that he had thought had been rather sorely tried for



for me to do except to take the boy and go straight to Italy and start him on his music. Maybe among his mother's people there will be another boy or a little girl related to him who will help him to get over this."

Then he told himself one of the things that grown people always do: he told himself about children forgetting and the hurts of childhood being healed, and not that he knew perfectly well that the hurts of childhood never are healed and that the one thing above all other things a child never does is to forget the thing that really has seared into its little soul deeply enough to make a scar.

While he was laboring to try to put something that was in his mind on the canvas there came a furious hammering at his door and he stepped into the living room with a pale face, his left hand and a brush in his right and stood looking through the screen at two or three men who were gathered on the small veranda. From their uniforms it was easy to select the policemen of the group, and from his lack of uniform and a baggy, red-eyed face it was easy to select the man with light hair and blue eyes and a fresh complexion whom almost anyone would have awarded Amaryllis for a father.

Mr. John Forrester, because he was nervous and because he was hurt to the soles of his shoes, took the paint brush and rolled it in the green paint very deliberately for a long second. Then he looked at the door and said in the low, easy voice that characterizes a very distinguished gentleman: "Will you be kind enough to come in?"

But he did not step forward; he did not open the door. Mr. Paul Minton opened the door for himself and came inside. He looked at the man before him and then he cried: "You telephoned me?" His voice was anxious.

Mr. John Forrester wiped the paint brush through the green paint with a little more deliberation than before and said with withering precision: "I am the man who telephoned the Chief of Police the fact that a little girl answering to the name of Amaryllis is playing in my garden."

The man with the light hair and the blue eyes cried at him: "Don't you know who that child is?" "I don't know," Mr. Forrester replied. The man with the light hair and the blue eyes narrowed very nearly to slits: "No, I don't know who the child is," he said, "and I don't care who she is, or how much money she's worth, nor how many relatives she's got. The only thing I am concerned with is the fact that she says she is five years

several days began to be tried for sure. He never moved a muscle when the dark haired boy fell on his knees and put his arms around the little girl and said: "Amaryllis, you will kiss me! I just know that I am going to have to give you up, and I don't think that I can bear it."

Mr. Paul Minton stood still and waited, and by and by he saw Amaryllis lift herself from the ground and stand up. Very distinctly he heard her ask: "John Guido, if a policeman, or my father, or the butler comes after me, must I go?"

He saw the shaken body of the boy and he heard the agony of his tones as he sobbed: "Yes, Amaryllis, you belong to them. You have got to go."

Then he saw Amaryllis stamp her little foot. "I don't! I don't!" she shrieked. "I don't belong to them! They don't belong to me! They don't want me! I belong to you, John Guido, just to you!"

To that the boy said never a word. He reached his arms once more and again he covered the little girl with kisses and again it was Amaryllis who stopped back, and again her voice was very distinct.

"John Guido," she said. "If they come to get me, I won't stay with them. I'll come back to you. Every time they get me, I'll come back to you. If they get me a thousand times, some way I'll get away from them, and I'll come back to you. Do you want me, John Guido?"

The dark haired boy fell on his knees on the hard-worn, narrow footpath there in the neglected garden and stretched out his arms. "Want you, Amaryllis?" he said. "Do I want you? Even God up in Heaven doesn't know how much I want you!"

Right there Mr. Paul Minton felt the hand of the policeman on his shoulder, and he knew that there was no more time to be had. The episode was over. The Minton child had been found. It was time to race back to the city and see some one else's child. So he pushed the rickety gate a little wider open and stepped through. When he becomes a very old man, with very white hair and shaky hands, he will still remember the horror on the face of Little Amaryllis when she looked up and saw him coming down the pathway. He heard the shrill shriek that broke from her lips. He saw her catch the hand of the boy and try to drag him with her as she turned to flee. (To be continued)