

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

## ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

### Father of the R. F. D.

When Perry S. Heath died at his home in Washington, D. C., the other day, full of years and honor, the newspapers found ready to hand his epitaph, "Father of the rural free delivery." It was the work performed by him, as assistant postmaster general under McKinley, in preliminary experimentation and nursing the young service during its infant years that the title was bestowed. If ever a father had reason to be proud of one of his offspring this father had of the child which he was permitted to see grow into robust maturity.

The service which he inaugurated on a \$30,000 appropriation has expanded until it now employs more than a hundred million dollars a year. It would be necessary to search diligently, however, to find a man who would attempt to argue that it is not worth all it costs, and more.

It would be difficult to sum up all the benefits, direct and indirect, which have accrued from the establishment of this service. It was one of the most important as it was practically the first of the big changes to ameliorate the lonely condition of farm life. It not only brought the farmer's distant friends measurably closer to him in time, but in bringing him the daily newspaper it made it possible for him to keep in immediate touch with his markets and to keep abreast of the affairs of the world. Though its benefits are now supplemented by such devices as the rural telephone, the automobile and the radio its importance is in nowise diminished.

The R. F. D. has undoubtedly been a great factor indirectly in development of the good roads movement. Long before it was brought home to motorists that they needed roads if they were ever to get anywhere in the new vehicle the rural letter carrier was voicing his complaint about the fearful condition of the highways. The digging him out of the mud is no small element of benefit to the public at large derived from improved roads.

### Little Willie's Alibi

"To punish a child for stealing or lying is like punishing him for having the measles or a sore throat," says a Chicago sociologist. This accords very well with the juvenile disposition to shift the blame when the child is caught flagrante delicto. Little Willie's instinctive alibi, when pressed for an explanation of his own wrong doing, is that "Tommy made me."

The professor seems to classify moral delinquency and physical pathology as identical. There is undoubtedly a measure of truth in the theory, but there are so many points of divergence between the phenomena of the spirit and those of the flesh that it seems as preposterous to be dogmatic about their sameness as to deny that there is any similarity between them.

If it is intended to make a point against juvenile discipline by punishment then the metaphor whether scientifically correct or not, fails. Little Willie may not be wholly to blame when he steals or lies just as he is not at all to blame when he catches the measles or sore throat. Still something has to be done about it. Remedies have to be applied in both cases. The world takes on a dismal appearance to him when he has to take a dose of castor oil or have his adenoids or tonsils removed. But these things have to be done.

In spite of all the midnight oil burned in trying to reduce little Willie's conduct to a scientific basis punishment seems to be still the best remedy devised to make bad boys morally healthy. His little skull has to be dented with a sense of social consciousness and the best way seems to be to impress him with knowledge of the fact that he is likely to suffer when his selfishness causes him to run counter to the social code, which we call morals.

### A Women's Prison

The first federal prison exclusively for women is to be opened soon at Alderson, West Virginia. This institution has been put as the result of agitation by 14,000 women's clubs, and there the effort will be made to reform the inmates by teaching them farming, gardening, nursing, cooking, sewing, etc.

These women have come where they are largely because of a lawless love of excitement and exaggerated pleasure. Probably by this time they have had considerably more excitement than they wanted. The garden, the sewing machine, the kitchen range, etc., will look much better to them than when they were wild girls breaking loose from home restraints.

Scientists really aren't any smarter than the rest of us, but they can think up more theories.

## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



### What Others Say

In China it is fashionable to make a lot of noise while eating, to indicate satisfaction. Some of our native soup inhalers would be in the height of style over there.—Malheur Enterprise.

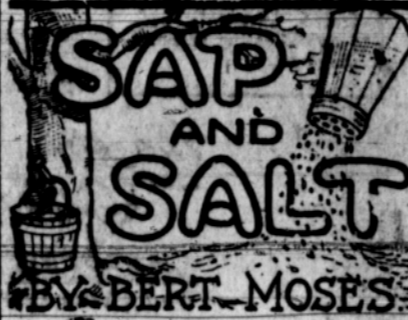
Chicago is the Indian word for wild onion. It is the American word for wild women, wild parties and wild killings.—Wheeler Reporter.

School children of the state have been invited to select a state bird by ballot from among the thrush, meadow lark, blue bird, sparrow and a few others. While the entry list is limited, our vote goes nevertheless to the spring chicken, well fried and covered with gravy.—Eugene Guard.

This may be an awful country; but in Paris the men wear earrings.—Klamath Falls Herald.

Construction of a railroad to the coast is once more held up by a shortage of lead pencils.—Klamath Falls Herald.—Medford Tribune.

In the fortunate family trout will be on the menu with fair regularity for the next few months.—Bend Bulletin.



Law: A popular method of making a bad thing worse.

Civilization: A mere matter of haircut and saxophone.

Liar: One whose imagination consists largely of rubber.

Good Times: Occasions that are either coming or have just gone by.

Headlines: The one indispensable ingredient required in compounding fame.

Pessimist: One who carries his past in front of him and his future behind him.

Hez Heck says: "Sober, second thought, so far as I've noticed, is nothin' but an acute attack o' cold feet."

### Isn't It Odd?

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—Harry Manning, 28, was arrested on a charge of petty larceny and when it developed that he was living with a girl here, City Judge Jacob Bernstein ordered the couple to marry.

Despite Manning's protest the ceremony was performed. It now develops, on complaint from authorities from Boston where Manning had a wife and four children, that the judge had forced the young man into bigamy.

LONDON — Sidney Bregman, a lawyer, has just won a suit to recover two 65 cent neckties without paying the legal 25 cents reward. The package containing the ties was picked up by a bus conductor.

RUSHVILLE, Ill. — A quarter of a century ago James Moore paid his funeral expenses, selected his pallbearers and personally chose the tombstone to be placed on his grave. He died Monday aged 84, but different pallbearers will have to be selected because those he named preceded him in death.

### Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MARIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Saturday, March 13, 1937. I didn't go up Garfield Peak after all. Last night after I had written my reports I got to snooping around the building and found that the snow had pulled a window open and a room was full of snow. I will have to watch them closer after this.

I had quite a time getting the window closed again, as there were fifteen feet of snow resting on the sash. I had to go outside and start digging at the eaves and go down to the second story—that was where the window was open. I started with a hole eight feet across. When I couldn't throw the snow out I had to relay it. That is, throw it as far as I could and then when I would climb up and shovel it the rest of the way out. I just nicely started on it and the wind switched around to the northeast and blew the snow back in the hole about as fast as I could shovel it out. That made me mad and I went and got some boards and made a wind break. I was until noon getting that window closed and the snow out of the room. It was then too late to go up on the hill, so I forgot about it and went to work on the beds.

Today has been beautiful. Everything is so white and glistening. As the day advanced the dark green of the trees made itself felt in the landscape. The dreary days to come will seem darker than ever after so brilliant a day. Work—Shoveled snow, painted beds.

Weather — Day clear, wind northeast; snowfall since last observation, 0.00 in.; precipitation, 0.00 in.; snow on ground, 239 in.; had all that would stay up there, Temp. H. 32, L. 16, R. 16, M. 24.

Sunday, March 20, 1937. For an hour the paint brush laid on the edge of the paint can, the paint dripping unheeded on the protecting tin. For an hour The Nameless One's dismal walls sounded through the empty halls as he wandered from floor to floor searching for his partner.

For an hour Knight sounded his hunger croak from the top of the hemlock tree, begging food for his mate and little ones. The paint brush became dry. Nameless tired of his hunt and curled up in the sun and went to sleep, and Knight at last gave up and flew away in search of a forgotten place where he had stored food in days of plenty. It all went unheeded, as unnoticed as the shadows of the trees of the forest where there are none to see. The caretaker had gone to church!

No great bell to remind him of the time of worship, no silver toned chimes to awaken a restless feeling, so compelling feeling that he must keep up with Brown or Smith. But a call stronger than all of these, a call as strong as the voice of the diety itself, that awakened in this homely man a feeling of worship. The Call—a winter's reflection on Crater Lake.

No collar-choked usher to look askance at his unwashed, unshaven condition as he passed the entry; no rustle of silk and satin, hurriedly pulled aside to avoid contact with rubber shoes and hanging socks; no smirks or upraised eyebrows as he passed into a pew unmarked with brass plate, dedicating it to a penny-satcher, of widows or owner of sweatshops.

No white robed priest eating the body of a god, no black-frocked, weeping, sour-faced scourge of mankind, yelling at the top of his voice of hell fire one moment and the next sobbing of the graces, the kindness of his God in front of that white chancel.

It was the church of the Outdoors, the one in which you first worshipped, the one that calls to you now with its peal of bells of silence, and today it called me. I climbed the side of Garfield, above the first timber, without hat or coat, without camera or paper, and listened to the organ of the southwind, as it whispered and thundered the symphonies of

Philip Mullen returned to the Spencer mine, near Cole's, yesterday, accompanied by his nephew, Clarence Lane.

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## GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S "THE MAGIC GARDEN"

Copyrighted, 1937, Gene Stratton-Porter, Inc. Copyrighted, 1936-37, by the McCall Co. Published by courtesy of Film Booking Offices of America (F. O. B.) From the famous photoplay, "The Magic Garden."

HER STORY SO FAR Amaryllis Minton runs away from home to find the love that she has never received. She finds a wonderful garden and a boy who comes lonely too, but whom she loves at once. They play together and Amaryllis is quite happy. The boy's father returns on the second day and she is arrested. "I'll come back to you," she calls up her people. While they are coming the two children are in each other's arms in the garden, and when her father arrives Amaryllis meets him with a look of horror, and she turns and runs away.

The boy turned and took one look at him and then threw himself full length in the bed of striped grass, and frantically pulled the long blades together across his neck. As they crossed his neck, little Amaryllis reared down the path and darted into the meadow.

It took some fairly speedy running on the part of a fairly agile policeman to run her down and catch her. He was forced to carry her back, as they recognized "I'll come back!" at the top of her voice until long after the highway had been reached and she knew no one at the little house could hear her. After they could not hear her, she told the world. Some way she reinforced her soul by retasting

concerning his personal affairs during the past three days.

He had even thought of going to Europe and taking Amaryllis along and trying to find her mother; of trying to make some sort of plea that would bring her back to her home. But the more he thought of this, the more hopeless he knew it was, because in the twelve years that he had been married to Amaryllis' mother had learned to the depths the littleness and the selfishness in her soul, and he had very grave doubts as to whether there was any way in which the ingrained vanity, and greed, and personal exaltation in which she specialized, could be overcome. It would have been the ideal thing to do, but things in this world are seldom ideal. So he laid that idea back on the shelf with the thought that he might better send a personal representative to see exactly where the lady was, and what she was doing, and to learn for sure whether she really was a suitable person to have charge over anything so adorable as Amaryllis.

Some way, what he had seen and what he had heard set Paul Minton to studying Amaryllis, to looking at her intently, and what he saw was a little girl, sane and normal, beautifully developed, beautiful of face and hands and body, and spoiled to the last degree it was possible to spoil a child. Even when she had wrinkled up her nose and stuck out her tongue and made herself as ugly as ever she could, she



her determination. She lay back exhausted on the breast of the policeman and by and by she discovered that an effort was being made by Mr. Paul Minton to take her in to his arms.

She was old enough to know that he was her father. She had lively remembrances of at least the better part of four and a half years when she had seen him daily. Sometimes he had picked her up, and she had slipped his fingers under her dimpled chin. Sometimes he had put money into her hands concerning the value of which she knew nothing because she never had been privileged to spend money herself. She only remembered that she had been greatly coveted because the nurse and governesses and the housekeeper and the butler were all so eager to relieve her of it. She knew it was something they wanted very much.

Her great adventure over, her capture made sure, swiftly being carried back to her home, she loathed, all the naughtiness and resentment in the heart of Amaryllis boiled to the surface, and when her father reached shaking hands and wanted to take her in his arms, she very promptly made up the horrible face she long, embittered with twisted, squinted eyes, a wrinkled nose, and a wide opened mouth from which a little red tongue was thrust just as far as it would go and wagged in defiance.

Because she had no other refuge, she clung tight to the policeman. So you can very easily see that between the little white house on the island and his apartments in the big city, Mr. Paul Minton had time plenty to do considerable thinking. As a matter of fact, he had already had three days of uninterrupted and agonizing thinking. He had suddenly discovered that there was something in blood; that there was something in parenthood and that however abominably he had fallen in the past there might at least be hope for the future.

The automobile had made half the journey before Amaryllis straightened her face and leaned her yellow head against the blue coat of the policeman to rest. The blue of the policeman's uniform is particularly attractive as a background for sun-colored curls and deep blue eyes and a delicately flushed pink skin, and from the bottom of his heart Mr. Paul Minton envied that policeman against whom his little girl leaned her head. He would have given a staggering large sum to have had her head laid confidently over his heart. He had thought of practically everything there was to think of

had been adorable, and looking at her, he had not wanted anything in all the world quite so much as he wanted to cover her little face and her hands, and her bare dimpled feet even with kisses straight from his heart.

And she preferred a policeman to him! Children habitually, as he had known them, had been frightened of policemen. They had been taught that "a policeman would get them," and do something particularly distressful to them, and so it was all the more to be wondered at that Amaryllis preferred the policeman to her father.

He tried to figure it out. He could not remember that he had ever struck the child. He could not remember that he had ever spoken harshly to her or brushed her from his way. He tried to think deeply but he had not the knowledge that would have furnished him the motive for thinking deeply enough to realize that no child resents being punished if it knows that it has been naughty and deserves punishment. The blows that children resent are the blows of anger, of injustice, of intimidation, of hate. No child resents being corrected if it is thoroughly convinced that it deserves correction. It may resent afterward on a breast that it fully understands is its loving refuge, if there are kisses and condolences and promises of help to make the future better. But having had no experience, Paul Minton could not possibly have known these things.

The first thing that arrested the attention of Amaryllis was when her father leaned forward with instructions to the chauffeur. They were to be taken to Mr. Minton's apartment in the city. Amaryllis eyes widened suddenly. She began to think. She began to study Paul Minton. Then she discovered the most astounding fact that ever had penetrated her young consciousness. He had been crying. His eyes were all swollen and red and his cheeks were tear-smearingly expressive. She had never seen many a time when she faced near the man in the mirror and talked to the little person there because she had not any one else with whom to talk. Slowly Amaryllis' eyes widened; slowly her mouth fell open. The powerful, big man, the handsome man, the beautifully dressed man, the man with the ready laughter on his lips, the man for whom every one stood aside, whom all the helpers about the house feared to displease, the man who earned the money to make things happen in the big city, the man who had never taken her where he lived, was crying. Suddenly she leaned toward him.

(To be continued)