

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Sickness and Poverty

If you would ask the officials who dispense public charity in almost any city, what is the principal cause why people get into financial straits, it seems likely that they would name sickness and accidents. It is happening over and over again that some family is just barely able to rub along when things go all right. Then if someone is sick or gets hurt, or must have an operation, the costs of this misfortune often submerge them, and they find it impossible for a long time to get their heads above water again.

When unsanitary conditions exist, and when serious contagious diseases are prevalent and when accidents are frequent, then many families get into financial difficulties.

There are many families who find themselves in a bad financial hole, who bitterly regret the extravagance with which they used money when things were going well, and they had all that they wanted. The money that went for foolish purposes then, would tide them over their troubles now if they only had it. People who are well and strong and have regular jobs, make a serious mistake if they do not regularly set aside something as a reserve against misfortune.

Any community saves its people a great deal of distress, and it avoids interruption of work for its industries, if it is strict in its sanitary measures, and abolishes conditions dangerous to health. But no amount of assistance from outside can keep people well, if they keep on doing reckless and ignorant things.

If they waste their strength on dissipating vices, if they do not know how to live and cook and eat properly, if they fail to obey the plain simple rules of health, they are found to fall sick some day. Then if they have no reserve ahead, the bitter pangs of poverty are theirs.

Our Paper Supply

Wasteful cutting of soft wood trees, neglect in planting new forests to take the place of the old ones, and forest fires, have depleted our supply of raw material for paper. The American people have been very improvident in the way they have looked out for themselves on this need. They should have planted vast forests many years ago to provide continuous paper supplies but they failed to do so.

The people are now using over 160 pounds of paper per capita annually, and new uses for it are being discovered right along. Not many pulp mills in the eastern and middle western states have better than a 10 years supply of pulp wood, according to an article in "The Paper Industry." This writer remarks that of the 3,000,000 odd tons of news print now consumed by the American press, probably three fifths comes from Canada and various foreign countries. He seems to think that in a few years, Canada may place some form of embargo on the exportation of pulp wood.

At present, the annual waste from lumber amounts to at least 8,000,000 cords, and of this about 2,000,000 cords is left in the woods while a considerable part of the rest is burned.

The American people ought to devise measures for adequate replanting of forests, and they should take further steps to stop waste of this valuable material and to prevent forest fires. Paper is one of the most essential elements of civilization, and if it should become so high in price that people could not afford many newspapers, magazines, and books, they would take a long step backward.

Our course one would imagine that when our pulp supply gives out, arrangement could be made with Canada and various countries for use of their resources. But our paper stock is likely to cost us a good deal more than it should because of our failure to protect our own supply and to stop its waste.

Beauty vs. Good Work

It is remarked by college vocational directors, that the majority of employers give girls jobs because they are good to look at, rather than because they can do good work.

That may seem rather discouraging to the girl who has no special beauty. But the one who did good work would be more apt to win promotion. The employer who hires a girl because she is a good worker, would be likely to get sick and tired of her if she depends upon her face rather than her achievement to make good.

A weak character usually has a wee character.

Better jobs generally go to better men.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



What Others Say

W. Kirby, Esq.: "He doesn't dodge taxes, responsibility or jury service."—Medford Mail Tribune.

Portland is going to have concrete wharves. Another case of cruelty to animals in starving the wharf rats.—Oregon City Banner-Courier.

With 77 deaths from eastern storms starting you in the face, aren't you glad that you live in Oregon?—Atten Press.

History tells us that Socrates died from drinking the poisoned hemlock. Which way indicate that they had bootleggers even in ancient Athens.—The Dallas Optimist.

Offis will wear silk stockings rather than eat, Mrs. Henry Moscovitz told the Association to Promote Proper Housing for Offis, at New York, but eat they must if they are to continue to earn money to buy silk stockings. And if they expect to be able to fill them.—Banks Herald.

Sugar is being made by a German out of sawdust. Soon we may expect to eat up the sawmill waste.—Springfield News.



A book that contains no falsehood makes dull reading.

We want to be loved, and when our want is fulfilled we are bored.

An immoral man is bad enough but hatred goes deep beneath the skin.

I often wonder, if a guttun gets into heaven, how he will manage to enjoy his time.

A majority of votes isn't necessary, it seems, if the candidate for the Senate has a majority of dollars.

Hex Heck says: "Nobody sticks to the census figures when he tells visitors about the population of his home town."

Sugar is being made by a German out of sawdust. Soon we may expect to eat up the sawmill waste.—Springfield News.

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK—All of his nine lives were given by Tommie, an ex-ally cat, when he saved nine human lives by rousing two sleeping families which were in danger of suffocation by coal gas. Detecting the odor, Tommie made the rounds of the bedrooms in which some of the sleepers were already unconscious and aroused the others by his howling. Later he was found dead on a kitchen table.

SULPHUR WELL, Ky. Eugene Clark, who claimed the distinction of being the only Kentucky negro whose skin ever turned white, is dead here. The pigment in Clark's skin began fading several years ago and at the time of his death he was as white as an Englishman.

PARIS—The municipal government of Paris announces it is considering the appointment of squad of policemen charged with enforcing censorship and guarding the public morals.

LONDON—"Dancing, Limited," is the title of a new corporation which has been formed in London to promote and afford facilities for the study of dancing.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

A. L. Lamb, the blacksmith, is installing a new 1,400-pound trip hammer which arrived Saturday. This important addition gives him a shop equipment second to none in the valley.

Miss Ruth Osmun returned yesterday from an extended visit in the central west. Her aunt, Mrs. J. S. Moser, will follow her later, now being with friends in California.

Mrs. Butler Walker, three daughters and Ed Stone left this morning for Klamath county, where they will visit relatives.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. M. E. Orego left yesterday for a visit to Baker City.

M. L. Case, the undertaker, went to Treka today on business.

M. N. Loag, who for nine years has been night watchman in this city, has resigned and taken a position as machine oiler in a box factory at Iona, Cal.

Mrs. R. R. Redwine returned to Sacramento the last of the week.

Geo. Baskets went to Hill, Cal., last Saturday to spend the summer prospecting.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

E. T. Fradenburgh and wife arrived yesterday. Mr. Fradenburgh has sold out his business at Astoria.

Mrs. Geo. B. Landers and children left yesterday for Los Angeles, Cal., to join Mr. Landers who is now engaged in the management of a packing house in that city.

Albert Barnes went to Portland Monday evening to interview the state board of pharmacy.

W. J. Schmidt, the architect and builder, has prepared plans for a handsome new farm residence, to be built for Geo. Owen at the farm two miles south of town.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN
Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Monday, March 21, 1927.

It has been thawing today to beat the band. The water has been running off the roof in streams. The gutters in the valleys seem to be free from ice. The dormers have been unloading all afternoon. Just how timbers could stand the weight of the snow that came off them is more than I can understand. There must have been two or three tons of ice on the roof of each dormer, but if the weather continues warm they will finish unloading tomorrow. How some of the third story windows escaped with whole panes of glass is a mystery. The snow was pressing against the glass to start, then to have these great blocks of snow and ice come sliding off and pack it that much more—well it looks to me as if half of the windows on the north side of the building ought to be lying on the floor, broken in a thousand pieces. There isn't a thing that I can see to do until the snow quits sliding, for if I dig out away from the windows, unless I move half of the snow on the north side, the glass will be in greater danger than they are now.

As far as I could see the building has come through the winter without a scratch. There will be broken window ledges and things like that. To dig the snow away is a waste of time for the wind would just fill them up again. To wait and watch is about all that can be done right now.

Work—Painted beds.
Weather—Day partly cloudy; wind southwest; snowfall since last observation 0.00 in.; precipitation, 0.00 in.; snow on ground 228 in.; Temp. H. 37, L. 29, B. E, M. 31.

Tuesday, March 22, 1927.

He is here! Brand new salt and everything. He seemed to think that the snow was pretty deep, and that it was hard to find his summer home, but as he had a little time before Mrs. arrived he would look around a bit before deciding on a house. I'll have to look around for some furniture for Mr. Bluebird, as the hat and stags are all covered up with snow. He usually "starts to move in" in a few days after he arrives. But folks, that little bundle of feathers looked good to me as he perched on the top of a broken snag and seemed trying to say "hello." When I first saw him he was coming toward me, and do you know that I am vain enough to think that he was coming to meet me.

Then I saw Mr. and Mrs. Knight flying around together today, the first time in many weeks. If I read the signs correctly, the baldies are old enough to be left alone.

So, the reign of Skell is ended, the people of Liao are returning to gaiety. Yes, Skell will make many visits; his hordes will come howling over the hills, but their stays will be shorter, the damage less with each visit until the smile of Liao banishes them from Gaywas.

The movie troop was up on Garfield today, and they had an exciting time. The reflection wasn't of the best, but the air was clear and good pictures can be expected.

Work—Chimbed Garfield.
Weather—Day clear; wind west; snowfall since last observation, 0.00 in.; precipitation, 0.00 in.; snow on ground, 226 in.; Temp. H. 44, L. 22, R. 23, M. 33.

TO PLAY MEDFORD

The Junior High school baseball team of Ashland will meet the Medford Junior High team here Saturday afternoon in the high school diamond. The game will start at two o'clock and as the Ashland team is still unscathed a defeat handed out to them by the same aggregation, it is expected that Saturday's game will be a fast one.

GENE STRATTON-FORTER'S "THE MAGIC GARDEN"

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Published by courtesy of Film Booking Office of America (F. O. B.)
From the famous photoplay, "The Magic Garden."

THE STORY SO FAR
Amaryllis Minton runs away to find the love and happiness that she has never had. She finds them with a boy she meets in town, in a wonderful garden. In the garden Amaryllis is happy for the first time in her life, and when the boy's father returns and informs her people she is disgraced. Her father arrives and, much against her will, takes her away. On the way home she notices that her father has been crying and that he is taking her to his own home. Wonderingly, she turns to him and asks—

"Where am I going?" she asked.
"You are going with me," answered Paul Minton sternly.
Amaryllis' mouth half-way closed.

She thought some more. She was not perfectly sure whether it would not be as bad to go with him as it would to go back to Benson and the housekeeper and the cook. At least she could throw things at them, and she was not sure she would dare throw anything at him, and besides she had gotten away from them once and what-one has done once there is every possibility that she may do again. Even a little over five years know that.

And if running away the first time had been so perfectly delightful, why could not she run away a second time? Five years was old enough to figure out that maybe running away the second time might not be exactly like the first. She might not find the right road. She might not find the black-eyed boy. He had said the marsh she had passed was almost bottomless in places and it she had tried to cross it and had gotten in it, she would have gone down in the black muck to stay.



"I don't belong to god. I belong to mother."

So maybe running away would not be so wonderful unless she could find her way back to the brook that roared and the boy who copied his music from the birds and made the flowers sing. If she should find the wrong kind of a boy and he should beat her and abuse her, that would not be so very good. What she would have to do would be to wait until she was big enough to manage it, and then in some way, surely she could find the roaring brook and the little white house again.

So very definitely Amaryllis settled it in her mind that she would run away whenever she got the chance. But there was only one place in all the world to which she wanted to run—straight to the beautiful meadow, back to the green-you-please garden with the striped grass and the flaming red lily that was her lily, back to the great-thatic boy whose touch was so gentle, whose lips were so comforting, whose hands were full of magic and whose heart was so full of tenderness and from whose thoughts came music so wonderful that the very birds stopped their singing and came closer to listen how music should be made. She wondered if her father kept her long in the big city, what her chances would be of running away from there. She decided they would not be nearly so good as they would be in the big house where she lived alone with people who were paid to take care of her. After she had thought a very long time, Amaryllis looked at her father again and with this thought in the back of her head she told him what she had heard the help say.

Amaryllis answered very promptly.

"I didn't mind so much about the prayer, but I would like best in all the world to have you get the boy for me."

Then she looked up at the policeman. She discovered something. The policeman was pushing her. The hands that had been holding her, the lap on which she sat, every bit of that policeman's body was very gently pushing her toward her mother. Amaryllis was not in any hurry. She had been a little hungry heart too long. The agony of loneliness had bitten too deep. She could not get over it all in a minute, but she did know how to get it over. She did not like to see a big man cry, and the policeman was still trying her in the direction he supposed she should go: so suddenly she lifted both hands toward Paul Minton and said: "All right then, if you are really sure that you love me now, I'll sit on your lap."

The transfer was made and while there was no wild enthusiasm about it, it was at least a transfer. Paul Minton at last had his baby on his lap, in his arms, where he could stroke her silky hair and find out for himself the wonder of dimpled hands and taper fingers and chubby feet that were badly scratched from their three days of running bare.

"Where are your shoes?" he asked.

(To be continued.)