

The REGISTER'S EDITORIAL and FEATURE Page

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MUNICIPAL AIR PORT

Ashland has an opportunity at this time to secure a municipal air port, a project which would be of lasting benefit to this community. The proposed plan as we understand it would be this: The city purchase the land, and the Chamber of Commerce see that it was properly taken care of. We have not the least idea what the city council and mayor will think of this matter. We know from past experience that they always entered into anything that would mean a direct benefit to the city, most whole heartedly. However there are certain limitations, and one of these and perhaps the most important is the matter of finances. It is there job to save the tax payers just as much as they possibly can, and the present administration in our estimation is handling the affairs of the city in a most business like manner.

If it is possible, from a financial standpoint, to secure an air port for Ashland, then the Register believes that such an act would result in a great deal of benefit in the future.

It would mean that the name of Ashland would be located on all of the air way maps being prepared by the government. It would mean that as the commercial companies handling express and passenger service, start operating along the coast, that Ashland would be in a position to secure their share of the business that would result from this industry. Now is the time to get in on this matter if it is at all possible. The benefit may not be apparent at this time, but they will certainly show themselves in the future.

SPECIAL MEETINGS

With the announcement recently by E. G. Harlan of the Chamber of Commerce, that one of the best known authorities on China might be secured for a meeting in Ashland a most important step has been taken, in our estimation. Ashland situated as it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific, has many celebrities passing thru and if the Chamber of Commerce was to make it a definite policy to secure those men or women who are available for a brief meeting, we residents of Ashland would secure the main benefit from such a meeting.

We hope that the proposed meeting will be a successful one and it is our sincere wish that there may be more in the future.

MUZZLES

Mitchell—Magruder—Summerall. Remember those three names. They represent a great truth concerning our National Defense. In the air—on the sea—and on land.

We have just witnessed the final chapter in the public disciplining and humiliation of one of the above trio for telling the people what he thought was the matter with his department.

Brigadier-General Mitchell—Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, was two years ago dropped from his command and demoted for telling how the Army and Navy bureaucrats were throttling the infant air service.

Maj. Gen. Charles P. Summerall highest ranking officer of the U. S. Army—was summoned back to Washington in the midst of an inspection tour of army barracks because he said at San Diego, Calif., on October 11:—"I have seen German prisoners housed in better quarters than our American soldiers are now occupying. His criticism was against a niggardly Congress which keeps our soldiers quartered in hovels that would not be tolerated in a logging camp.

Admiral T. P. Magruder wrote an article for a magazine in which he said we were spending \$300,000,000 per year for a two million Navy—which did not include appropriations for new ships. He was relieved of his post, ordered to Washington—and now is "awaiting orders" which likely means he will have nothing to do but warm his heels until the retirement age creeps up on him.

Isn't it about time such high-handed dictatorship methods were ended? There is no place for Mussolini tactics in running the American army, navy and air services. Sacrifices of men like Mitchell, Magruder and Summerall are unnecessary wrong and dangerous. They serve notice to all army and navy air officers that they must remain muzzled—or risk their careers.

Such procedure bars the only reliable source of criticism and improvement in our national de-

Events in the Lives of Little Men



(Copyright, W. N. U.)

Dr. Frank Crane Says

THERE'S TOO MUCH CONCENTRATION AT TIMES

Sir Oliver Lodge the other day said: "Science pursues a narrow road in search of truth, looking neither to the right nor the left. Well, it will soon have to take it blinkers off. The roads are not the whole universe. There is a good deal of ground in between. It looks at present like a jungle and thicket—uncivilized. Well, we will have to civilize it."

The fault to which Sir Oliver refers is not confined to scientists, although it is common among them. A man may look so intently at that thing upon which his attention is fixed that he fails to see important things about him to which he gives no heed.

Some of the most important things of life come unexpectedly. Some of our most vital events are not those toward which we labored. A man should keep his eyes and be able to see things "out of the tail of his eye."

The best things that ever happened to us have not been those things that we so ardently searched for, but things which have bumped into us unexpectedly.

It is all right to pursue one subject with concentration, but we should not concentrate so much that we do not see other things. Many a man has been so busy with his trade or calling that he has failed to recognize opportunities that thrust themselves upon him.

Many a religiousist has been so occupied with his faith that he has taken in none of the indubitable facts that surround him.

So, also, some scientists pursue their duty so fixedly that they fail to see the spiritual realities that are about them.

A concentrated mind is a good thing, but it should also be an alert mind. We should press forward toward the goal in view, but we should be ready to jump at prizes that lie by the roadside.

There is such a thing as too much concentration. Men centering all their attentions upon the pursuit of wealth do not see the little opportunities for happiness that lie along their path day by day. Women are so intent upon gaining some goal which they think important that they miss other blessings which they might have by the way for the taking.

Let us devote all our attention to our business in hand, but let us remember that there are other things in this world than the thing upon which we have set our heart and that sometimes these other things are quite as important as our chosen object.

fense—criticism from the inside—would arouse healthy public sentiment.

MERCHANT'S THOUGHT

A great New York merchant, doing a yearly business of \$125,000,000 in four American cities said last week on his return from Europe, "Some Americans do not realize what it means to do business in forty-eight great states, with the same money, laws, credit and language everywhere.

"When I was last in Cairo I saw big wagons of Paris Bon Marche going through the streets. I looked up the head of their Egyptian branch and found that they had come three thousand miles from Paris to do a business of \$1,000,000 a year.

A successful American business man wouldn't go 100 miles for that much business.

"I traveled back to London with an Englishman managing six British houses in Cairo and other Eastern points, involved in revolutions, different laws and currencies.

"Here an American can operate in forty-eight States, one of them, Texas as big as several European countries, and everywhere the same money, laws, language, business methods, sound credit. We should be grateful."

Nero having fiddled while Rome burned we presume Coolidge may be granted the privilege of whittling while the maple sap runs up in Vermont.

Princess Ileana of Roumania may be the "perfectly" developed girl—physically—as pronounced by the court doctor—then again the doc may be one of those moose birds who knows his cabbage.

It's come to that place in the fur business where the word "squirrel" covers a multitude of skins.

THE CLOCK

A clock seems to have a personality, like a human thing. How friendly its ticking on a quiet evening! To wind the clock is a sacred family rite, which Father, as high priest of the household should perform.

When establishing a new home, do not overlook the clock. Is it not a sweet custom to wind up the clock together on the first night in the new home! Then, as the years come—and go, the clock will tick in and tick out many a sweet observance. Sometimes it will tick in sorrow as life's tragedies come—but more likely it will add a merry busy note to the household, like the singing of the teakettle. When after years of joyous life together, one aged partner winds the clock alone, he will feel that the spirit of the other hovers near at that moment, for the clock has become so much a center of the life of that home.

Do not select a shoddy clock nor one which is over-ornate and frail. Grandfather's clock, which has run three score years and ten, is a thing of dignity and honor. Never does it lose a minute nor slack on the job, and always is it ornamental and a thing to be proud of.

It is impractical, in the new home of today, to put one of those magnificent old clocks—but as you respect the dignity of your own home, economize on something else if you must, but choose a clock which can be a center of your home life. How many times will you and yours look into its face! What dependence you will put upon its hands! And how sweetly will its tones call out to you the hour.

A worthy clock makes an ideal wedding present.

THE WATER CURE

"The Milky way" is the road to health for babies and growing children. For adults, the water route is the cure for many of our ills. The word "hydrotherapy" has been invented to give it dignity. It simply means a wash, to flush away our troubles, and should be applied inside and out.

Eight glasses a day is the dose for adults, and the drinking should be distributed between meals, two glasses upon arising, and so on. Many a headache can be flushed off on the watery way. Cold water is a tonic, good for the skin and the internal organs. It promotes appetite, aids elimination, and stimulates a sluggish system.

If one has indigestion or a headache or cold coming on, hot water, sipped slowly will often effect a cure. The juice of a lemon in it helps. Taken when hungry, instead of food, drinking water has a place in the reduction diet.

Those who are rugged will get great benefit from the cold morning splash, all the year round. This is a great preventive

OREGON

Or a Romance and Adventure in and of the West

By DAVID MARK

216 Central Ave., Ashland, Oregon

The truth was, as was oldest judges insisted that as they were according to life's expectancy, the ones to die if die they must. So they assumed all the responsibility. Because of the deception the two younger Judges were not on the list of condemned ones. This deception had been stoutly resisted by both Judge E. and F but after a long discussion, they for reasons not personal consented that the truth be revealed later. The enemy knowing nothing of this the two younger Judges names were omitted from the death list. The names of Governor William Taylor and Secretary of State Joseph Lane and their successors in case of their death, were mentioned. The names of Donald Waldo and Louisa Leonard were both included. Their integrity, moral and patriotic courage had drawn upon them the wrath of the enemy until there was no mercy. Evidently Attorney Pomeroy had tried to get Miss Leonard's name from the list but had failed. Death by torture was none to good for such as they.

The executive officials realized that there was no time to waste in delaying the furnishing of protection, that would protect, to the five listed ones. The others on the death list having to remain at their post and take the risk of getting such protection as could be given them, while the five could get safety by flight and seclusion. Had the five been consulted they would doubtless refused. A mandatory note signed by the Governor's Secretary was sent to each of them. A maid by the name of Molly O'Toole, a stout Irish lass who had the wit, strength and fighting proclivities of her ancestors was sent to Miss Leonard carrying a note and instructions to stay with her as maid and protector. All were instructed to be ready for flight when a car with a driver who on being approached would say "Oregon" three times the last time in a whisper arrived at their front door. The orders received by the four men were to be ready by three a. m. to have a change of clothing in their traveling bags. To be ready to respond to the signal of a driver and on hearing his challenge to say "All is well with Oregon." Two long and one short blast of an auto horn was to be the signal for them to appear at the entrance of their house. No excuse would suffice. No cause for obedience was given.

By three A. M. all six were in a closed car which after circling through the city a short time turned east on State street. In a couple of minutes they were passing the State Prison which resembled an immense factory more than a Penitentiary of a former period.

About a mile from the prison the car turned obliquely to the right. After going a half a mile the car turned again, this time to the left. Five minutes later they were climbing the grade and entering the beautiful Waldo Hills the outlines beginning to show in first glow of approaching daylight. Soon they were approaching Macleay. Passing a residence beyond which was a lone pine tree, one of the Judges remarked, here is where Eld. David Brower whom every body called Uncle Dave lived nearly one hundred years ago. As they were passing through Macleay, Donald Waldo said "One half mile south of here my Great Grand Father John Waldo, from whom these hills were named located his homesteads claim near here." A minute later he spoke by one hundred and fifty years again, "Here to our right is the home of Uncle Billy Taylor, the great Grand Father of our Governor Taylor, who located his homestead. These hills were the former home of some of the sturdiest characters of the State. They

their children and childrens children had the stuff in them that is worth while. The names of some of them appear on the head stones in the cemetery we passed a few minutes ago. The Glovers, Hartleys, Offs, Edmundsons, and the Geers. T. T. Geer was Governor of Oregon in the last years of the nineteenth century. The Humphries, Darbys, McCalpins, Stipp, Small, Downings, are the names of those who were living here in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Twenty minutes after passing Macleay they crossed the Willamette meridian, and began to enter the lower ranges of the Cascade mountains. It was broad daylight when coming to a mountain stream they crossed it and turning down stream they heard the thunder of a waterfall a minute they were opposite the falls at the head of a trail leading down nearly one hundred and fifty feet to the bottom of the canyon to the foot of the falls. "Here is the place we unloaded "Said the handed me before starting designated this as the spot I was to bring you to. Here is a second envelop that I was to open. It says, When the car that follows you arrives, take your passengers and the baggage the car brings down to the foot of the falls turn to the left and pass back of the sheet of falling water. There you will find an artificial cave, fitted for habitation. Help the passengers to descend. Then get the baggage down to the cave put the passengers and baggage in the care of the Caretaker you will meet there then do as directed in the enclosed envelop. Signed George Ramp, Private Sec. to Gov. Taylor. The passengers heard the letter read but there was much hesitancy among them. They were stiff and sore from their ride, at least the three Judges were. To men of their age and manner of living the descent down the steep, narrow trail was a task to shrink from, down in the canyon daylight was just beginning to displace the darkness. The roar of the falls coming up out of the gloom was not conducive to steadiness of nerves. The ladies in the party saw the humorous side of the affair, "Quiet romantic is it not," questioned Miss Leonard. "A fine place to begin housekeeping said Molly O'Toole with a mischievous look at Donald Waldo. "What do you think of it." There was a tease in her voice and mischief in her eye. How is an old bachelor who does not know where he is going and is not dressed to go answer your question? said Donald. The laugh that followed the bandaging of the two helped to raise the spirits of them all and the descent was begun. This was made without mishap, difficult and dangerous as it was. Once at the bottom of the canyon a narrow shelf provided a way back under the falling water where the shelf widened extending well to the further side of the falls. Here although they expected to find darkness they found a grotto extending back several feet from the water. The Grotto was lighted with a mellow light of uncertain origin. Searching a little further they found that the light came from an aperture on the left that would have been hard to find in the dark. Coming near the aperture they were halted by a voice that said Halt. Advance and give the Counter sign. "Oregon" said Donald, remembering the word or signal given at the auto at Salem. Entering they found themselves in a warm, well lighted but small room. A tall man of fine physique met them. "My name is Hartley," he said, "I learned over the phone that you were coming. I did not know who was coming but knew the number." Donald introduced himself and the other members of the party. The ladies may step into (To be continued.)