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LOOKING FORWARD

At exactly eleven o'clock, seven years ago today, the bloodiest of wars in all the world's history came to an abrupt end. At that minute, the greatest catastrophe ever to strike the civilized world was ended.

Looking back at that time, the world looked back at four war torn years, years filled with grief, with sorrow, with blood, with the flower of the world's manhood torn and bleeding.

And the United States, entering the war late, sending millions of the finest youth of the nation, ready to fight and to die for a cause.

Today, the world looks back, yes. It still looks back with sorrow at those four terrible years. It looks back with the resolve that they shall never be repeated.

But today, the world also looks forward. It looks forward to the peace of a Utopia, the peace that man has ever sought.

Taught by the years of struggle, by the years of bloodshed, and the centuries of hatred, the nations of the world have united themselves against war.

The Locarno pact, recently signed by seven of the greatest powers of the world, brings civilization one step nearer that peace.

Today we look back. We look back upon that vile thing called war. We look back upon the heroic deeds of our thousands of American youths who gave their all. We look back upon the millions who fought, with ever the shining light of a perpetual peace before them.

But today, we also look forward to the greatest era of the peace the world has ever known. And it is in the future that rests our hopes. In the future will come our desire for peace.

Today is a day of retrospection, of the terrible hours that have passed, and the wonderful hours yet to come.

FARMERS AND THE INHERITANCE TAX

With the exemption of wealthy estates from the payment of the inheritance tax in two of the states this future of taxation commands special attention just now. With several of the forty-eight units of government thus bidding against each other for the acquisition of wealth, the inheritance tax as a form of taxation will soon be a thing of the past. And with the wealthy stimulated by the hope of no estate taxes rushing into these heavens of tax evasion these competitive states will soon be well populated. Taxes will continue to increase, however, for education, good roads and other essentials of progress and the less fortunate from the financial standpoint will have to pay them.

Among those classes of taxpayers who do not pay inheritance taxes since they seldom accumulate sufficient wealth, are farmers, laborers and others owning small homes. Upon these people, it is evident, will fall most heavily the payment of the equivalent of the inheritance taxes.

Various methods have been suggested by which this tax can be saved to the states. The most feasible probably is one in which the federal government would cooperate with the states and with such a plan in view, officers of the American Federal Farm Bureau appeared before the House Ways and Means committee of Congress last month and urged that the federal government should help preserve this form tax to the states by levying a federal inheritance tax from which could be deducted the amount to which the state would be entitled when filing returns to the federal treasury.

Under this plan it would be urged, no doubt, that the present credit of twenty-five per cent authorized with respect to state taxes paid should be very materially increased. The farmers back up their claim of paying more than their share of taxes upon the basis of ability, to pay with incontrovertible figures. The abandonment of inheritance taxes serves to further increase this inequality.

The inheritance tax is one method of redistributing wealth which otherwise is destined to vast and increasing accumulations of financial power in the hands of a few individuals or families. It is one safeguard against the development of monied aristocracy. Its payment is exacted on the basis of ability to pay and it is employed in education and government. The plan undertaken or some other equally effective means of retaining the inheritance tax, should prevail.



Nothing hurts an enemy more than being ignored.

In correcting one evil, Congress usually creates two new ones.

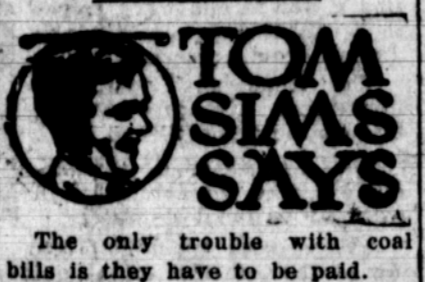
When you are old enough to recognize good things, they seldom come along.

Never blame any man for what he does until you learn the cause of his actions.

The man who is in love and the man who thinks he is, are cut from the same piece of goods.

Many of the world's woes come because reformers are everlastingly interfering with human nature.

Herz Heck says: "I ain't been able to figger out just how a private cellar is an improvement over a public saloon."



The only trouble with coal bills is they have to be paid.

Now is the time when your small son had rather be right tackle than president.

Anything can happen. But it seldom does.

Lots of people who wear glasses can't see their own mistakes.

Being confidential is all right, but don't say anything you really mean.

A man who slaps you on the back ought to be slapped back.

Great Mothers of the World

JULIA SORRELL
Mother of Mrs. Humphrey Ward

By MARY GREER CONKLIN
Julia Sorrell was the daughter of one of the first Governors of Tasmania and as a child, except for a brief schooling in Brussels, suffered the usual dis-

advantages of children brought up in a far-off British Colony, from which her marriage to Thomas, second son of Dudley Arnold of Rugby, younger brother to the great Matthew Arnold, rescued her. Mrs. Ward in her "Recollections" says of her mother: "Of her personal beauty in youth, we children heard much, as we grew up, from her old Tasmanian friends and kind-folk who would occasionally drift across us. Her family were of French origin—Huguenots expelled in 1685 who had settled in England. The foreign touch in my mother was unmistakable. Delicate features, small, beautifully shaped hands and feet, were accompanied by a French vivacity and quickness, an overflowing energy which never forsook her through all her trials and misfortunes."

Mary Augusta Arnold's girlhood spent at Oxford awoke in her a hundred intellectual interests and influences; but it was not until after her marriage at twenty to Thomas Humphrey Ward, Fellow and Tutor at Brasenose College, that she became seriously engrossed in study and literary work. Of her early married life she says: "Nobody under the rank of Head of a College except a few privileged professors, possessed as much as a thousand a year. The average income of the new race of married tutors was not much more than half that sum. Yet we all gave dinner parties and furnished our house with Morris wall paper, old chests and cabinets, and blue pots. The dinner parties were simple and short. At our early efforts of the kind there certainly was not enough to eat. But we all improved with time; and on the whole I think the women were fair housekeepers and competent mothers. Most of us were very anxious to be up-to-date and in the fashion, whether in esthetics, in housekeeping, or in education. But our fashion was not that of Belgravia or Mayfair (the "four hundred" of London) which, indeed, was scorned! It was the fashion of the movement which sprang from Morris and Burne-Jones. . . . Almost immediately opposite to us lived Walter Pater and his two sisters. The exquisiteness of their small house, and the charm of the three people who lived in it, will never be forgotten by those who knew them well in those days when by the publication of the "Studies in the Renaissance" their author had just become famous. This beautiful little house, with its two dear mistresses, drew me perpetually both before and after my marriage. The drawing-room running its whole breadth from the road to the garden behind, was "Paterian" in every line and ornament. There were a Morris paper, spindle-legged tables and chairs, a sparing allowance of Holland blue plates and pots;

summed embroidery of the most delicate design and color, the work of Mr. Pease's sister, sister-arrangings from Botticelli, or Linn, or Montegna, a few mirrors and a very few flowers, chosen and arranged with a simple yet conscious art. I see that room always with the sun in it, touching the polished surfaces of wood and brass and China and bringing out its pure, bright color."

By Julia Sorrell's wise selection of a son of Doctor Arnold of Rugby as the father of her talented daughter, did she thrust into this propitious atmosphere the future author who was to become one of the famous novelists of Great Britain. (Copyright, 1915, by Mary Greer Conklin. (Syndicate) Great Britain rights reserved. Reproduction forbidden.)

THE FORUM

Articles of timely interest are welcomed under this head. Communications must bear the signature of the author.

A LITTLE HOUSE ON GRANITE STREET

'Tis a queer little house that I live in,
With its gables and eaves out of line;
But the coziest corners are in it
And odd nooks where the sun likes to shine.

Such a gay, friendly house on the outside,
With its trimmings as bright as can be;
And within, its fresh chintzes and curtains
Seem to smile forth a welcome for me.

From the windows, of which it has many,
Is a view for my every mood;
There's the grandeur of hills in the distance;
The bright flash of a stream through the wood.

There's a glimpse of our small busy city;
So I feel I'm not too far away
From the contact of work and of pleasure
Which go on there, unceasing, each day.

And my soul seems to laugh in the sunshine
As it fills the whole house with its light;
Then when dusk dims the glow in the windows
I love the soft brooding of night.

When the rains and the mists fill the canyon
And the winds roar and sweep o'er the land,
I am snug in my house on the hillside
With a row of book friends on

my chair.
The old books have a downy downy downy.
And the chairs show some decades of wear;
But, Oh! how they rest and caress me
When I'm tired and weary with care.

And I sit by the warm open fire
And I read or day-dream, as I will;
Then I envy no man in his palace
While I have my small house on the hill.
MAY MACULLAR COGGINS.



WORK WITH THORNDIKE'S
A SON OF HIS FATHER
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
AT THE VINEY TODAY AND TOMORROW.

N. Y. EXCHANGE HAS HEAVIEST RECORD

NEW YORK, Nov. 10—(U. P.)—Transactions on the New York Stock Exchange today totalled 3,427,000 shares, the heaviest

day's trading in the history of the exchange, exceeding the previous record, made April 13, 1901 by 3,000 shares.
The only serious "load" on the "big ship" today was December 31, 1915, when the total transactions was 3,176,000 shares.

DOLLAR LINE WOULD BUY BOARD SEATS

PORTLAND, Nov. 10—(U. P.)—W. Stanley Dollar, president of the Admiral-Oriental line, declared here today that the Dollar interests would make an effort to purchase the Shipping Board vessels which the line operates in the trans-Pacific

trade out of Puget Sound.
Dollar is en route to Seattle to take the proposed purchase up with his associates there. He said the line now is losing heavily.

DOG IS FUNDING

KIAMATE FALLS, Nov. 10—A worthy opponent to J. Chastoot, whose fight goes back to the time of Patrolman "Nitch" last year has been uncovered. He is one Turner (initials unknown) who had Patrolman Lewis groggy for a few moments Saturday night.
Turner, according to police, was intoxicated Saturday night. He was arrested by Lewis.

MANY SHIVERED
this morning when they got up in a cold house, but those who had banked their fires with

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enjoyed a warm room in which to dress.

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A Glutton for Punishment



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If for no other reason than to make your home easy to sell, you should insist on "Check" Seal electrical wiring before you build or buy. The "Check" Seal identifies qualified electrical contractors who make your home a real home of electrical comfort. And when you need electrical appliances, remember that the "Check" Seal identifies electrical retailers who sell quality electrical merchandise.

PACIFIC STATES ELECTRIC COMPANY

"Check Seal" Electrical Equipment Sold by Murphy Electric Company