

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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C. J. READ, Managing Editor

W. H. PERKINS, News Editor

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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THE TOBACCO TAX

The people of Oregon are again to have an opportunity to vote down another tax. This time the darts of those with a tax complex are directed against tobacco. Probably the majority of the states, northern at least have at some time or other, attempted to gather in a few unearned shekles by making the consumer contribute as his penalty for being a suitor of the fair Lady Nicotine, a couple of cents on a package of cigarettes, or his favorite cigar bears the additional burden of the price of a postage stamp. One state that we know of even went so far as to pass an assinine law, prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes in public. Prominent citizens were arrested, a test case was made, which resulted in the law being cast into the discard.

The only result of a tax on tobacco has been the increase in price and the making of a few more law violators. The dealer has to take on the additional burden of seeing that his tobacco, bears the necessary stamps, then he has to make a strict accounting. He can charge no more for this additional time and effort on his part. The consumer must necessarily pay the bill.

If it would result in fewer people using tobacco, there might be some merit in such a tax. But that is out of the question. Any man who smokes will not give it up for the additional cost. It just means that he will have to dig a little deeper in his pocket, and pay tribute to those who would place this bounty upon tobacco. This measure, like many others accomplishes nothing, and should be defeated.

THE LOCAL HOTELS

Ashland's hotels are to be the main theme of community bill board advertising on the highways out of here for the winter season according to the decision of the Chamber of Commerce advertising committee made today.

Through the energetic and ambitious program adopted from time to time by the business interests to build a city here, Ashland has received many blessings, the greatest of which is the hotels. There is no community the size of Ashland that can boast of the splendid hotels that are found here. Every day, the vision of our city, as an ideal place to reside, and as a place with a splendid future, is implanted upon some one's mind through the hotels. It is a well known fact that hundreds of people stopped here, have spent there money here, mainly through the attraction of the hotels.

That the Chamber of Commerce should recognize these institutions by giving special attention to them, on the available bill boards, is but partial recognition of their splendid service they are daily rendering the city. This advertising should result in many winter tourists stopping here that might otherwise pass on by, and it is to be hoped that the hotels as well as the community as a whole may reap some benefit from this service.

A UNITED ASHLAND

Charles Pierce, candidate for Mayor, in a paid advertisement today expresses a sentiment that might well be adopted. He makes an appeal for a united community, in an attempt to arrive at a feasible solution of the water problem. He urges that all people forget for the present petty jealousies that may exist, to bury any personal feelings that may tend to break out, and settle for the years to come, the future of this city in so far as the water supply is concerned.

That is a splendid thought. Of course Ashland does not differ from other healthy active growing communities, in that there are factions which represent a difference of opinion. Every community that amounts to anything has them. If they are not allowed to run too far, to deal in to many personalities, they are a good thing, for it indicates that the people are thinking about community problems. And when people start thinking about anything, it denotes interest. When there is sufficient interest, there can always be found a satisfactory solution to nearly every problem.

The Prince of Wales didn't fall off any Shetland ponies last week. But it was learned, on the highest authority, that he is not to marry the daughter of King Alfonso.

An army man in Washington talks without vocal cords. That's nothing. Lots of people talk who have nothing to say.

Note to Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones and Jack Dempsey — The sun spots have been acting up this year.

If you're in college this fall and want to make a hit with father, write home for a couple of pairs of pajamas.

By Williams



Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Billie's Last Visit

Now Billie Brownie had said he was going to make one last visit to the zoo.

By that he did not mean that he would never again visit the zoo. Oh, no, not by any manner of means.

But he had been paying a great, great many visits to the zoo of late, talking to the different animals, hearing their stories of their ways and habits both here and in the zoo.

Some of those who had not told of their ways in a long time and felt they should have a chance once more were given that chance by Billie Brownie.

But now Billie had given many, many, many of them this opportunity for telling their stories.

He had had a most interesting time, too. There was hardly anything he enjoyed more than hearing what the animals did when they were free, and what they did here in the zoo.

He loved animals and he loved being with them.

But he had almost neglected some of his other friends for the animals, and now he must see them.

He wanted to visit more of the flowers and the trees, and the good old friends, Mr. Sun and Mr. Moon, and the King of the Clouds, and the army of Raindrops, the Mist grandchildren and Nurse Fog.

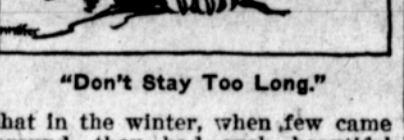
He had not seen any of them in a long time and was anxious about it.

He also wanted to talk to Prince Autumn and Old Man Winter, and he wanted to see what the children were doing when they played.

He also wanted to send messages to the Breeze Brothers of the happenings in Fairyland.

So he told the zoo animals he would not come to see them for quite a while.

The Camels insisted upon talking to him just before he left, for they wanted once more to tell him how the keeper thought it such a pity



"Don't Stay Too Long."

that in the winter, when few came around, they had such beautiful long brown hair, and that when summer came they looked so shaggy.

And it was in the summer when the children rode upon the camels' backs.

"Well, come and see us before very long," they said, as they bowed their heads and they moved their mouths from side to side.

"Don't stay away too long," said King Lion.

"Come and see us again," hissed the snakes, and they coiled their bodies around the camels.

"Don't leave us entirely alone," said the elephants.

"We don't want to be forgotten about," said the tigers.

"Nor do we," said the zebras.

"Nor do we," said Mrs. Hippopotamus.

"Nor do we," said Mrs. Rhinoceros.

"Nor do we," said the members of the Pecary or Wild Swine family.

"Nor do we," said the leopards.

"Nor do we," said the bears.

"I'll be along again before you know it," said Billie Brownie, "but this is my last call for quite a little while."

"But before you know it, really and truly, the time goes by and then you'll find I am about once again."

"Good," said the animals as they waved him a good-by.

"And good luck to you," they added, in their different ways.

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LYDIA of the Pines

By HONORÉ WILLISIE

(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, after discussing affairs with Dudley, makes up his mind to go into politics.

Lydia looked up from "Tom Sawyer." There were two little lines of worry between her eyes and the little sick sense in the pit of her stomach that always came when she heard money matters discussed. Her earliest recollection was of her mother frantically striving to devise some method of meeting their latest loan.

"I'd like to get enough ahead to buy a little farm. All my folks were farmers back in New Hampshire and I was a fool ever to have quit it. It looked like a mechanic could eat a farmer up, though, when I was a young fellow. Now a little farm looks good enough to me. But on a dollar-and-a-half-a-day, I swan—" Amos sighed.

"Land's high around here," said Levine. "I understand Marshall sold Eagle farm for a hundred dollars an acre. Takes a sharp farmer to make interest on a hundred acres. Look here, when you think of the land on the reservation twenty miles from here, just yelling for men to farm it and nothing but a bunch of dirty Indians to take advantage of it."

"Look here, John," said Amos, with sudden energy. "It's time that bunch of Indians moved on and gave white men a chance. I wouldn't say a word if they farmed the land, but such a lazy, lousy outfit!"

"Poor brutes of Indians," said John Levine, refilling his pipe, "I got ugly about the reservation, yet I realize they've got first right to the land."

"The man that can make best use of the land's got first right to it," insisted Amos. "That's what he hesitated. I wish you'd let me—"

"Nothing," she'd bet she'd get things her own way. She'll be getting to notice things around the house as she grows older."

"It is the devil's own mess here," admitted Amos. "I'm going to move next month. This place has got on my nerves. I've got to get into a place where I can have a garden. If we go further out of town we can get more land for less rent."

"It's a good idea to have a garden," said John Levine. "I'll tell you, take that cottage of mine out near the lake. I'll let you have it for what you pay for this. It'll be empty the first of September."

"I'll go you," said Amos. "It's as pretty a place as I know of."

"Then Amos said, "John, why don't you go to congress? Not today, or tomorrow, but maybe four or five years from now."

"Nice question for one poor man to put to another," said Lydia, with a short laugh. "Then Amos said, "No reason you should always be poor," replied Amos. "There's rich land lying twenty miles north of here, owned by nothing but Indians."

Lydia scratched her head.

"You could run for sheriff," said Amos, "as a starter."

"By heck!" exploded John Levine. "I'll try for it. No reason why a real estate man shouldn't go into politics as well as some of the slyster lawyers you and I know, huh, Amos?"

Upstairs, Lydia stood in a path of moonlight pulling off her clothes slowly. Having jerked herself into her nightdress, she knelt by the bedside.

"Oh God," she prayed in a whisper, "don't let there be any more deaths in our family and help me to bring little Patience up right."

This was her regular formula. Softly as a shadow she crept in beside her baby sister and the moonlight slowly edged across the room and rested for a long time on the two curly heads, motionless in childhood's slumber.

CHAPTER II

The Heroic Day. LITTLE Patience had forgotten the red balloon, overnight. Lydia had known that she would. Nevertheless, with a feeling that something was owing to the baby, she decided to turn this Saturday into an extra season of delight for her little charge.

"Daddy, let's go back there to live. I'd love to live in a house with loopholes."

The two men laughed. "You should have been a boy, Lydia," said Amos.

"A boy," sniffed Levine, "and who'd have mothered little Patience if she'd been a boy?"

"That's right—yet, look at that litter on the desk in the parlor."

Both the men smiled while Lydia blushed.

"What are you going to do with that doll furniture, Lydia?" asked John Levine.

"I'm going to make a doll house for little Patience, for Christmas," Lydia gave an uncomfortable wriggle. "Don't talk about me so much."

"You're working a long way ahead," commented Amos. "That

Isn't It Odd?

GRAND FORKS, N. D.,

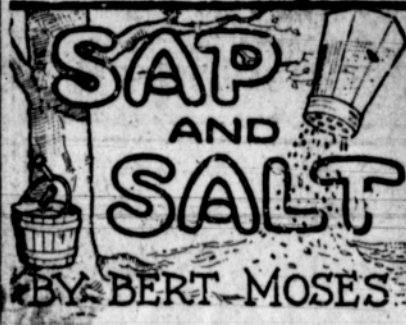
Wearing overalls and her hair cropped close, Helen Yender, 18 year old Cleveland girl has been found near here working as a harvest hand with a threshing rig. She hired out three weeks ago and was assigned to driving a bundle wagon, one of the heaviest jobs in the outfit.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.,

Clark Burton Sherwood, a much married man, suffered the experience of meeting two of his wives at one time. Just as he entered the door of his home here the two women, one on each side of him, pinioned his arms and then turned him over to the police as a bigamist.

LONDON.

Trained sea lions, commandeered from vaudeville acts, helped the British navy during the war to keep the German submarines away it has just been disclosed. The sea lions, tied by long ropes to floating buoys at sea, were trained to dive and report any sub-surface vibrations by rising to the surface and barking.



BY BERT MOSES

A town ordinance never yet changed a man's nature. Fun comes while acquiring money; trouble comes after you have it.

You can judge people better by what they haven't than by what they have.

An uneducated man who works is a better citizen than a college graduate who loaf.

At least half our modern philology now proceeds from loafers around filling stations.

Success begins when you reach the point where you can guess right at least 51 per cent of the time.

Hez Heck says: "No matter how big a fool a man makes of himself, there is always some fool woman who admires him."

What Others Say

(Eugene Guard)

Dr. Henry Suzzallo smiled as he emerged from the meeting of regents wherein he had been in- cidentally fired out of the presidency of the University of Wash- ington. He was in better position to smile than any of the regents or Governor Hartley, who at last had fulfilled the venting of his personal grudge. Dr. Suzzallo can get along without Washington and he will not long remain idle, but the university is likely to look about quite a bit before it finds another executive as capable as he, or one who can deliver to that particular institution anything like the valuable service that he has been enabled to give because of his vast knowledge of Washington conditions, his valuable contacts and his great executive and educational abilities. No university president comes into his greatest usefulness in a given environment in a day or a year.

Governor Hartley packed his board of regents with an eye single to the dubious purpose which he has now been enabled to execute.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago	ASHLAND 20 Years Ago	ASHLAND 30 Years Ago
Mrs. Shirley Keene leaves today for San Francisco, Cal., where she will visit with friends and attend business.	Ex-governor Z. F. Moody of this city went south today for a short stay in California.	The Misses Applegate left by stage yesterday for their Klamath home. Their brother Morey Applegate who travels between Klamath and Monmouth by wheel, stopped in town this week enroute home from school.
Verni Mills and Paul Williams were the guests of their classmate of the A. S. H. '13, Elmer Ashcraft, at Medford Tuesday evening.	Geo. A. Knoblauch, the S. P. roundhouse superintendent, went to Sacramento today, and will be absent for a few days.	Rov. F. G. Strange returned yesterday from his Eastern Oregon trip and will conduct the usual services morning and evening at the Presbyterian church next Sunday.
R. L. "Bud" Burdic, Jr., and Donald Walker left Sunday for Portland, where they are attending the North Pacific Dental College and learning how to execute strange holds on recalcitrant molars. They have been spending a vacation with their parents.	Henry Carter visited the Normal Tuesday. Mr. Carter, now a student in Corvallis, was a former Normalite.	The Ashland steam laundry changed hands last week and the new proprietors, Robt. L. Terral and T. M. Slusser are now in charge. They are rustlers for trade and propose running a wagon to Medford and points in the lower part of the valley receiving and delivering work.
Harold "Sleepy" Merrill left Sunday evening for Portland, where he intends to wring his fortune out of the cold hard world. His many Ashland friends wish him all kinds of luck and success in any undertaking in which he may embark.	The members of Mrs. Susie Nell's class in instrumental music gave a recital at her home Friday evening, to which the parents were invited. The crowning feature of the evening's program was an eight hand piece played on two pianos by Misses Nellie Briggs, Hope Burdic, Marrian Nell and Vera Hicks.	Conductor George Morgan is taking a vacation to recuperate from a threatened attack of illness, and Conductor Parker is taking his run on the south end.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Advertise in The Tidings.