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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

## SATURDAY, October 20,

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Ma

# The Bible School

Always to the forefront on any movement which tends to make Ashland a better place in which to live, the fathers and mothers of this city are supporting this year a full-time week-day bible school.

Last year the week-day school was conducted on a part-time basis and it proved an unqualified success from its very inception. Indications thus far give assurance that no mistake was made when it was decreed that a bible school teacher should be employed on a full-time basis for this splendid work, as all classes are well attended.

Added impetus to the week day bible school movement will be given at a rally to be held at the Methodist church tomorrow evening. All phases of the plans for this year will be thoroughly discussed and steps taken to insure the retention of this worthy project throughout the school year.

Bible school training for one day a week as a part of the school work of grade pupils is a splendid thing. It is not compulsory, but elective with pupils and their parents. But it can be said to the ever-lasting credit of Ashland parents and children that compulsion is not necessary.

Those who are interested in the moral welfare of their children as well as their mental and physical training will do well to attend this mass meeting at the Methodist church tomorrow evening. It is a good movement and desires united support.

# Freak Laws Hurt Oregon

Such freak laws as the proposed sales tax on tobacco and cigarettes are doing untold harm to Oregon. While the progressive organizations of this State devote their efforts to advertising Oregon's advantages to business men in less favored parts of the Union, we nullify the good work and scare away many a business project by just such foolish laws.

Business men want stability and security. They do not object to taxation, but they expect it to be equitable and not oppressive. Only the other day, a prominent Oregon manufacturer, just returned from the East, stated that there was only one thing holding Oregon back from becoming one of the largest manufacturing centers of the United States-our tendency to enact freak laws. Eastern capitalists and manufacturers, he said, are afraid to venture into business here. If the only effect of a tobacco sales tax were to harm the tobacco trade and unjustly single out the smoker for a special tax, it would be bad enough. But it will not end there. If not decisively defeated it will encourage succeding legislatures to extend the sales tax system to numerous other articles. Each such tax will strengthen Eastern business men in the conviction that Oregon is no place for them. How can they be expected to establish industries here when at any time they may be crippled or virtually taxd out of existence? It's time to call a halt to a program so harmful to Oregon's development. Citizens looking to the future greatness of this State will not hesitate to so completely repudiate this measure as to put a definite end to freak laws and nonsensical interference with business and personal liberty in the State of Oregon.



Those whose birthday it

10 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Granite

treat, took a pleasant auto ride

Mrs. H. C. Galey of Yuma,

ariz., arrived here yesterday ac-

companied by her three child-

ren, to visit her parents, Mr. and

Mrs. J. P. Dodge. She will re-

W. O. Tate and Wm. Glenn

locate on the south Fork of the

Koyokuk river in Alaska, away

up inside the Arctic Circle and

hundreds of miles from civiliza-

this same region.

lies for the far north. They will the city.

planning to come on later.

main indefinitely, Mr. Galey through to Portland.

to Grants Pass Thursday.

advertisement we would be oing a thing as wrong as will be



(Continued From Testerday)

THE STORY

one, "is just so obedient to that rule that it is guite remarkable. "You could look for that hour and never find it becau:s another hour never find it becaus another hour came and took its place. "But I'll tell you where that hour went, even though you can't have it again, living right along with it. "That hour went to the Valley of Memories and all who wish can close their eyes and think again of that hour so that it almost seems to leave the Valley of Mem-ories and come right back to life."

CHAPTER II. - Lydia, Kent

companion, Kent Mo by the lake, are ac-disquaw from the n on. Lydia gives her small daughter of , the town's banker, the town's banker, "Oh, do' tell me more about the Valley," said Mahalia. ould you really like to hear?" "Oh, yes," said Mannaha.

to the Valley of Memories. "Perhaps you'd rather just hear her calls on Amos to laming Lydia for the mi bout it, but you can come with

Story

ut that they su

CHAPTER III.-Lydia he accident and asserts ause Margery is considered shall arranges for Lydia h Margery to swim and othe become "one of the crowd ne tells Amos his plan to ta ber from the Indian reservations and the state of the second set from the Indian reservations and the second seco

CHAPTER IV. - Patience su imbs to an attack of diphtheri aving Lydia feeling that her tru God is lost and her small wor is collapsed. She finds comfort is collapsed. She finds comfort to loving kindness of John L ne. Lydia learns that a note i mos', backed by Levine and he Marshall, is due and cannot h et. The child pleads with Mar

on with the

"Oh, we'll have to go or she'll funk us in algebra," said another girl. "Til wear my pink silk or gandle. What'll you wear?" derful dusty gold of the curly hair, and the puzzled, bashful eyes. "Oh, Lydia !" cried the grouchy "My red silk. Maybe she'll

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Completely Satisfied that was too tight, saw fully blacked school shoes intelligent high-bred on straight shoulder

# **Patterson's Answer**

In answer to Governor Pierce's invitation to publicly discuss state issues I. L. Patterson, Republican candidate for governor, has referred the governor to his platform which, in plain English, answers all that the governor wanted to discuss.

From the reports we get about this man Patterson he is not the type of man who delights in making a show of himself. He is that type-of man who, rather than camouflage his campaign with a lot of absurd promises which would be impossible to fulfill should he be elected, would rather meet defeat at the election.

On the other hand, the governor, oh, how he likes to get onto the platform and tell the dear people how, if they will follow him, he will lead them out of the darkness into the dawn of a never-ending day. The governor is an able orator and debator. He has a faculty of getting the crowd "with him". He realizes this and wishes to capitalize his talents by getting Patterson on the same platform with

What a contrast it would be. Patterson, the refined, successful farmer and business man; Pierce,. the weeping, laughing, emotional farmer-governor.

Mr. Patterson's platform is enough. It shows, without question where he stands and outlines a sine, conservative program for the administration of the state's affairs that would inspire confidence among all classes of people.

| have a lively and progressive<br>year, but there may be domestic<br>anxieties to cope with. A child<br>born on this day will be bold, free<br>generous and energetic.<br>Monday's astrological forecast<br>is excellent for employment and<br>new projects, but also holds men-<br>ace of some financial instability.<br>Personal affairs flourish.<br>Those whose birthday it is will<br>prosper in employment and in<br>new ventures provided they forti-<br>fy against financial loss. Heart<br>and home matters thrive. A child<br>born on this day will be accom-<br>plished, lovable and popular, al-<br>though it may be restless and<br>fond of change, as well as extrav-<br>agant. It will succeed best in the<br>employment of others. It may<br>have some unusual expression<br>for art, music or poetry.  | All ancestors are alike in the<br>one particular of being dead.<br>You have to first get stalled in<br>the mud before you learn how to<br>get out again. | that the company will be do-<br>ing if it takes as much as 10<br>cents from anybody for any<br>of the lots advertised. The<br>suckers who bought in Im-<br>perial from Sherman Mont-<br>gomery want to get what<br>they can for their purchases.<br>(Junction City Times)<br>When you read an editor-<br>ial in the average weekly on<br>the liquor problem, the di-<br>rect primary and many oth-<br>er questions of general in-<br>terest don't conclude that it<br>is necessarily the sentiment<br>of the editor. Many of<br>these have "canned" editor-<br>ial service and hand the copy<br>over to the machine without<br>looking at it. We bought<br>one of these services years<br>ago, but found it more<br>trouble to go over it and cull<br>out what we didn't want<br>than to think up something<br>situe |
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| State of the state | G THE PAGE   | ity.   |
| ASHLAND  | ACUT AND   | ACTTE ANTO   |

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

J. A. Gross, the former pro-

Mrs. Wm. Fox and Miss Bertha

Robison were at the train Wed-

nesday afternoon to meet Mrs. J.

B. Robison who was passing

Frank Hendricks and Frank

Yarbrough have joined the forcer

of the Ashland Manufacturing

Mrs. Wm. Hulen and Mrs. W

city.

will leave today with their fam- Co., at Ayers Sput, just south of

tion. They intend to remain for C. Bevington were southbound

ing. Mr. Glenn spent 13 years in goes to Dixon, Cal., and the lat-

ter to Redding, Cal.

ght in Imnan Montget what purchases. Times) an editorweekly on m, the dimany otheneral inude that it sentiment Many. of d" editornd the copy ne without Ve bought ices years it more

it and cull dn't want something esponsibil-

**30 Years Ago** H. J. Hicks, representative to prietor of the Depot Hotel is in the grand lodge K. of P., returntown for a visit with A. H. ed home from Portland yester-Pracht, and old friends in this day. A. E. Graham, also a representative from Granite lodge of this place, is expected home today.

ASHLAND

business trip.

Miss Esther Silsby, the well known vocalist, now makes regu-Citizens Bank of Ashland, Ashlar visit to Medford, where she land, Oregon. has a large vocal class. Dated October 8, 1926.

CHARLES T. FERNS. Administrato W. J. Virgin of the Ashland flouring mills, went down to Grants Pass last evening on DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath here, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" I. Rev. C. A. Stine and family 5 years and will engage in min- passengers today. The former left today by team for Coos county, where they expect to find John 4:20. a permanent location.

iful Memories. "You see, if there are sad thoughts or sad memories we give thoughts or sad memories we give them new clothes in which they wrap themselves so that the sad thoughts are underneath and only the happy part of the thoughts on

"Come along."

So Mahalia took the right hand of the gnome, and together they went down a passageway that seemed to be made of soft, soft They walked ever and ever so

quietly son she was an allen, different from After they had walked quite a the other girls-and the realization little distance they came upon a made her heart ache. Lizzie was as excited as Lydia when she heard of the invitation. "There's that gray serge of your mother's," she said. "It's awful wide, wide space that looked something like a beautiful field with many wild flowers growing in it. Above was a blue, blue sky and thing a slight breeze blew so that the fragrance from sweet ferns and faded. And there's a plece of a light blue serge walst she had, Lythe scent of the flowers filled the dia, let's get 'em dyed red. Smit-sky's will do it in a couple of days air with the lovellest of perfume. . Surrounding the field was a deep, deep forest. for us. I'll pay for it out of the grocery money.

"In that forest." said Someone, "are memories, too. It is a part it won't look made over?" asked Lydia, torn between hope and of this valley. "Far beyond and around us there

are high mountains. "These mountains are the ambiin to town in the morning with the goods, rheumatiz or no rheumatiz." Amos heard of the invitation with tions of people and they are hard to climb, but not in the least imto climb, but not in the least im-possible. There are no jagged peaks and no danger points. "Here in the valley we love our mountains and we look at them with so much admiration. "Some of them have been there real pleasure. Nor did the clothes problem bother him. "Pshaw, wear that green Sunday dress of yours. You always look nice, Lydia, what-ever you wear. And I'll take you

for years. I will later tell you some of the names of our moun-tains, but now you must be getting back home." up there and 'call for you. If all the boys in school was running aft-er you, I wouldn't let one of 'em beau you round before you was eighteen. So put that kind of a beaut of you bonnet for good and tains, back

#### (@. 1936, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lydia lived the next two weeks in the clouds. The new-old dress was finished the day before the re-NOTICE TO CRIMITORS NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN ception. There had been minutes of despair in creating this festive garment. The dyeing process had developed unsuspected moth holes. The blue and the gray serge did hat the undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Livonia J. Ferns, deceased, and all persons having The bide and the gray serge did not dye exactly the same shade, nor were they of quite the same tex-ture. However, by twisting and turning and adding a yoke of black allk, which had for years been Liz-sie's Sunday neck scarf, a result was produced that completely sat-isfied the little dressmaker and old Listic claims against said estate are required to present them, duly verified, and with proper vouchers within six months from this date to L. A. Roberts, Attorney for said Estate, at his office over the

dance. I suppose Charlie Kent'll both want to take me." "Terrible thing to be popular! Hasn't Kent the sweetest eyes! Do you know what he said to me the other night at the Evans' party?" The girls drifted out of the cloak

"Do you think we can fix it so

Miss Towne, "weren't you a dear to come clear into town for my party. Mother—" this clearly for all the children to hear, "this is the pupil I've told you of, the one of whom we're all so proud. Come over here, Lydia." Lydia moved carefully. Her most moth-eaten breadth was at the back and it was difficult to cross the room. Lydia sat rigid. Pink or-gandie! Red silk! Kent's "sweet-est eyes"! Then she looked down at the inevitable sailor suit, and room without induly exposing that back. But she reached the safe haven of Miss Towne's side before at her patched and broken shoes. So far she had had few pangs about her clothes. But now for the first time she realized that for some reathe bevy of multi-colored organdles

entered the room. Kent was there. He had brought the pink organdie: He waved a gay hand to Lydia, who waved back, gayly, too. Her cheeks were beginning to burn scarlet, partly because a real party was a wonder-ful thing and partly because of the multi-colored organdies. Charlie Jackson, a splendid, swarthy Indian boy of sixteen, was there. He lived with Doctor Fulton as office boy and general helper and the doctor and general helper and the doctor was clothing and educating him. Charlie was halfback of the school football team, a famous player and a great favorite. The girls flirted with him. The boys were jealous of his favor. Even in the snob-ridden high school there was here a homover of the sure democratic

"Of course we can. You choose a hangover of the pure democracy of childhood, your pattern tomorrow and I'll get Miss Towne had provided gamer

and refreshments bountifully. But it was a difficult matter to entertain these youngsters already ac-customed to a grownup social life. Mixs Towne had declared that there should be no dancing. But the games' were neglected and the guests stood about in frankly bored groups. So when a bevy of organ-dies begged for permission to dance, Miss Towne, with obvious reluctance, gave in.

ee out of your bonnet for good and From that moment, the party was an assured success. Lydia, who had stuck like a little burr at Miss Towne's side all the even looked on with wonder and a grow

looked on with wonder and a grow-ing lump in her throat: "Don't you dance, my dear?" asked Mrs. Towne. "Of course she doesn't, mother." answered Miss Towne, "she's just a child. There's time enough for those things after high school. I don't know what's going to become of this generation." This was small comfort to Lydia, watching the pretty groups twirl by

Kent, hugging the pink organdie, stopped on the far side of the room from Lydia to get a drink of lem-Towne was the only daugh

ter of one of the old New England Comilion of Lake City. Teaching was an avacation with her and not "Isn't Lydia's dress a scream,

said Olga. "Huh?" asked Kent in surprise He followed his partner's glance a bread and butter necessity. At eight o'clock on a Saturday eve-ning, Amos left Lydia at the front door of her house, and in a few cross the room

(Continued Tomorrow)

Three paper mills in three states are to be merged, we read. Since we buy out newsprint from one of them we sincerely hope that the new combine to be formed doesn't intend that the customers are to be submerged.

minutes Lydia was taking off her bat and coat in the midst of a chat-tering group of girls. After a general "Hello," Lydia slipped downstairs to find her host-

