THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

Kill The Tithing Bill

Sportsmen in Jackson county as well as those in every other section of Oregon should be as a unit in not only voting against the proposed tithing bill next Tuesday by working between now and election day for the defeat of this unjust and unfair proposal.

d at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matte

If ratified by the people at this election, the tithing bill would take ten percent of all money collected for the state game fund and place it in the general fund of the state. In other words, ten percent of the money which sportsmen pay annually for the propogation of fish and game in Oregon would go for purposes other than that for which it was collected.

There is neither ryme nor reason in this unjust proposal. The bill was passed by the last legislature as a political expediency. Oregon's fish and game are far too valuable as state assets to be jeopardized by the ratification of this measure.

It would mean that propogation of trout, pheasants, quail, and other game fish and game birds would be seriously curtailed. It would mean that the streams and forests of Oregon would suffer an irreparable loss.

Not only sportsmen but citizens generally should work against this tithing bill, because the outdoor sports and recreations are chief among the state's attractions to visitors and tourists, and as a matter of cold-blooded business everything should be done to keep them in their present high state efficiency.

The safe and sane and sensible thing to do mext Tuesday is to vote 327 X No, and save to the game fund the money which the sportsmen donate for the propogation of fish and game.

Slogans And Advertising

"My Community First."

How does this sound as a slogan for Ashland, for any other progressive little city in Oregon or elsewhere?

Frankly, we believe it is a slogan which every citizen should memorize and repeat many times a day as a means of avoiding possible temptation.

When you pick up the massive catalogue of the mail order house, just think of the slogan:

"My Community First." When you are tempted to go to a neighboring city to purchase some article of food or wearing apparel or household furnishing, just think of this slogan:

"My Community First."

Some people don't believe in slogans. They look upon them merely as a gesture. But people who advertise know the value of slogans, and the best way to Advertise Ashland is to believe in it and observe this slogan:

"My Community First."

"Say it with flowers" is the popularized slogan of the national florists. It has put millions of dollars into their cash registers.

"Save the surface" is known throughout the nation as the slogan of paint manufacturers, calling attention to countless thousands of home owners that it is time to paint their houses.

"Your home should come first", is the new slogan of furniture manufacturers of America and it is increasing the sales of furniture throughout the land.

Slogans are mighty fine things for cities as well as for business establishments. As a means of fostering the buy-at-home spirit as well as creating a deeper pride, we suggest that Ashland observe this slogan:

"My Community First."

Bud's Romance

Interesting indeed is the romance of Bud Stillman and a girl who was a maid in his mother's household, and it may redeem, in a measure, the family whose domestic quarrels gave the public on of its ugliest scandals.

It is far from an easy role that Lena Wilson is called upon to play. It is only in fairy stories that a Cinderella finds it possible to step easily into the ranks of wealth and fashion. The aristocracy of money in this land of the free is often almost as impenetrable as the aristocracy of nobility abroad, and there will be many a heart-burning before the country-girl wife of a Stillman with millions can move at ease in her new environment of gold. But here's luck to her.

SHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK, Oct. 27 .-The United States signal corps has suffered an unexected defeat. It can't find three stuffed mules in all New York City. The signal corps wanted the "jugheads" to display its portable radio apparatus at the officers refused to risk introducing their live mules into the Grand Central Pal-

BROOKLYN - William Brown, colored, paid \$264 for a ring and some "angel powder" to rub it in. Then he wore the ring to bed for nine nights expecting dreams that would inspire him to go out and get a high powered job. When nothing happened he had "Dr." Pearlina Fisher and Julian King, colored, arrested on charges of grand larceny.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.,-After he had carefully preserved them for years apartment house workmen dropped a crate and smashed death masks of Lincoln; Roosevelt and Jefferson, as vell as 61 other pieces of other sculpture, William Ordway Partridge is suing his landady for \$100 damages.

We smile at vain women,

Peace seems to have about many disasters as war.

Nothing is harder than admirng a man to whom you owe

The time of all times to be careful is when things are coming

Sometimes the only way to touch a man's heart is to first punch his head.

The way you look to yourself n a mirror is not the way you look in a crowd.

Hez Heck says: "In prayin' fer relief from pain, a shot o' morphine will help a whole lot."

What Others Say

(Cottage Grove Sentinel) Governor Pierce has issued another challenge to I. L. Patterson, the republican nominee for governor, to debate the issues of the campaign. It may be good busiss for Walter to issue such challenges, and it certainly political sagacity on the part of Nominee Patterson not to be drawn into a forensic encounter in which he. could not hope to appear to advantage. Anyway. Oregon has arrived at the point where it has decided that it does not want a debater for governor. It wants a governor with sufficient confidence in his own judgment to act, and that promptly, without waiting to discuss problems before the singing societies and ladies aid societies of the state. We have had plenty of the latter kind of government to satisfy us for a long, long time.

We all believe that children should be whipped for their own good-but we like to see it tried out first on our neighbor's kids.

Death and taxes are certain, and it is about as hard to pay one as the other.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

Burney Burnett, local boxer, who has shown considerable class the middle finger of his left hand farmer residing south of Ashland, Hill, for an exhibition bout at the the accident occurred. Ashland armory to be held a week from Thursday.

was among the many Ashlanders a bottle of mineral water which steer. The horses which were who attended the poultry show was too highly charged. Flying very good ones sold at from \$2.00 at Medford last week. Mr s. glass made a severe cut in his to \$10.00 each and the steer Wright spent some time in care- right hand. ful study of the different varieties exhibited.

The postoffice force is thinking seriously of organizing a band. Don Spencer is practicing on a cornet and Bert Freeman and Ed spending the winter months with Hatfield are enticing strains of relatives at Santa Rosa, Cal., reharmony and so forth from clari- turned home to Ashland last

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Chief of Police Simons had

Bob Carver, proprietor of the Albany Brewing Company Saloon

E. T. Staples and R. L. Burdic

have moved their mining and real estate office from Oak street to upstairs in the Pioneer block.

William Harris, who has been night.

ASHLAND

30 Years Ago

Wm. Taylor, the well known in recent bouts, may be matched broken the first of the week. He is on the invalid list, and is with Joe Vashbinder, idol of Gold was breaking a colt at the time spending a week in town, under Dr. Parson's care.

Acting marshall J. P. Sayle streets, met with a slight acci- yesterday sold a lot of impounded on the corner of A and Fourth stock at auction, including five Mrs. J. L. Wright of this city dent this afternoon while opening head of horses and one yearling brought \$7.50.

> J. C. Beswick of this place returned Saturday from a several week's trip through portions of California.

D. P. Provost went down to Jacksonville yesterday evening on

Story By MARY GRAH LM BONNER

Kiddies' Evening

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The Wet Handkerchief It was all in a little huddled-up

> trouble?" asked Effie Elf, as she came to the Real World from Elfland for a little fleet ing trip.
>
> She had been brought on the back of Fly-High, the bird belonging to the

Elves, who has broad back. handker chief, and I'm miser-able," said the

hanky, as it was generally called. "I've just had to hold more tears than I could stand.

"You know, a handkerchief can stand just so much and no more. "But oh, it was too dreadful." "What happened?" asked Efficient

"Oh, it was the fault of a grown said the hanky. "How do you mean?" asked Effic Elf. "I don't really quite understand what it is all about."

"You see," said the hanky, "I was in the pocket of my little owner. "I was sitting up, quite perky and fine, in the pocket that is up on the right-hand side of her middy

"My little border was over the side of the pocket so that it could be seen, and you know I have a nice little border of red. "I think when I'm looking my

best, all ironed and everything, I'm not such a bad-looking handker-chief as handkerchiefs go. "And then handkerchiefs are much prettier than they used to be.
"As a family we've been allowed to think more of our looks and be

a little bit gayer and have more color and life and embroidery and "Oh yes, I was just having a nice, quiet, best-hanky time."

"What do you mean by best-manky time?" asked Effic Elf. "Well," said the hanky, "it's a

saying we have in our handker-You see, it all comes from an old tradition. Oh yes, we have our

"In the old days, though, people used to have their old handkerchiefs, and then their best ones which they used to say were just

for polishing.
"So it became a tradition with us to speak of ourselves when we were having quiet times, when there were neither colds nor tears, hanky times.

of saying we were having best "I was having such a time when grown-up hurt the feelings of my little owner. The grown-up acted as though a child had no feelings and had no sensitive nature and had no true wishes and longings

and affections. "The grown-up acted as though the child just could be forced to like what she was told to like

in every possi-ble way and as though her feelings could never be considered. "And more than that, the grown-up acted as though her heart would break. It did hurt awfully—

her heart. And she sobbed her tears into me. "Now a handkerchief is pret-

ty soft-hearted and sympastand up for long against tears.

"I became useless with misery. "She isn't crying now, but she still feels sad, and I'm just so mis-

"Poor hanky," said Effic Eif,
"and poor little owner! I'll see
what I can do about sending Fairy Wondrous Secrets to tell grown-"Please do," said the little hud-dled-up heap of a wet handkerchief.

(C. 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Fox raising is now advanced as an industry for the valley Fox raising requires no plowing, does not interfere with fishing, and will not cut down the shipments of potatoes from the Sacramento and Yakima districts. - Medford Mail - Tri-

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"From when come wars an fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your mem-

The lust for pleasure, the lust for power, the lust for wealth, all go to blind us to the finer things of life, and in the end cause strife.



my rriena Lyaia. I ain't seen for ages."

He and Levine nodded to each other. Amos shook hands and Dave kissed Lydia, catching a

lark scowl on Levine's face as he

"Let's play paper dolls," largery, as soon as she

"Why should a baby like you be tired?" inquired Marshall, pulling her to his side as he seated himself

"If you'd tasted our dinner," said

"I wish I could 'a' tasted it," re

stout banker, banteringly. "This is

least agree on Lydia. Let's stop war for the day, eh?"

Levine's sallow face hardened.

then he caught Lydia's blue gaze on him as she stood beside Mar-

shall. It was such a transparent

trusting gaze, so full of affection

so obviously appealing to him to "be nice," that in spite of himself

Amos settled back with a sigh of

satisfaction. He enjoyed company and had had no one but John since

from the lake shore.

Lydia ran to the kitchen door

Kent.
"I can't. I've got company.

Come on up and get warm," re-turned Lydia.

skates and came up to the cottage. Kent needed no introduction, and

Lydia made short work of Charlie

by saying to the assemblage at

large, "This is Charlie Jackson. Come on up by the stove, boys." The boys established themselves

on the couch back of the base-

you doing?

first time

per with interest.

"Hello, Marg," said Kent. "What

"Paper dolls," returned Margery

from her corner, without looking

up. Charlie Jackson stared at the

penutiful little black head bent

over the bright-colored bits of pa-

Amos 'took up the conversation.

"If we could get a Republican congress, that block o' pine and black loam twenty miles north would be given to its rightful owners."

"Meaning the full bloods, I sup-

"Yes--full-blooded whites," re-

Charlie Jackson suddenly threw

back his head and rose.
"I'm a full-blooded Indian," he

said, quietly. The three men looked

at him as if they saw him for the

shall, shortly.
"This of it," said Charlie, tense-

ly, "that you whites with your Con-

stitution and your Declaration of Independence are a lot of liars and

Marshall turned purple, but John Levine spoke quickly. "Easy there, my boy! You're talking of things

"Oh, but he does," interrupted Lydia eagerly. "'Governments de-rive their just powers from the con-

sent of the governed.' We had it in school. It must mean Indians,

John Levine laughed. "There you have it. And Charlie is right, we are liars and thieves, but we

have to be. Might is right in this world."

"Speak for yourself, Levine,"

"Devine!" exploded Charlie. "Are you Levine? You're the man then that my sister—" his voice rose to a shout. "I'll beat the face off of

you right now."

And he made sudden spring
for the astonished Levine.

CHAPTER VII

The Republican Candidate.

A MOS and Kent caught Charlie
by either arm as his hands
clutched for Levine's throat. Mar-

shall did not stir out of his chair.
During the remainder of the episode his face wore a complacent expression that, though Lydia did not consciously observe it at the time, returned to her in after years

with peculiar significance.

"Here! Here! This won't do,
my young Indian!" cried Amos.

"Let me get at him!" panted

you don't understand."

"Well, what of it?" asked Mar-

pose," said Levine with a short laugh.

The two boys slipped off their

Charlie Jackson and Hent were

he grinned and took a cigar.

"Co-ee! Lydia!" came

skating up to the bank.

Amos, "you'd know why she and Lizzie should be haif dead."

Margery, as soon pulled off her coat.

in Amos' armchair.

(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.

chapter II.—Lydia, Patience and a companion, Kent Moulton, playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her food. Margery, small daughter of Dave Marshall, the town's banker, joins them. In their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out, unhurt but frightened, and taken home by Lydia and Kent. Her father calls on Amos to complain, blaming Lydia for the mishap.

CHAPTER III.—Lydia explains the accident and asserts that because Margery is considered "stuck up" she is not a popular playmate. Marshall arranges for Lydia to teach Margery to swim and otherwise become "one of the crowd." Levine tells Amos his plan to take timber from the Indian reservation and ultimately have it opened for settlement.

CHAPTER IV.—Patience succumbs to an attack of diphtheria, leaving Lydia feeling that her trust in God is lost and her small world has collapsed. She finds comfort in the loving kindness of John Levine. Lydia learns that a note of Amos', backed by Levine and held by Marshall, is the and cannot be met. The child pleads with Marshall, and for her sake he agrees to renew the note.

(Now go on with the story)

"Don't you get worked up over "I hate her," exclaimed Lydia, "but what she said about the house is true. Anyhow, I've learned how to clean pantry shelves, so here

She tied one of Lizzie's aprons round her neck, pushed a chair into the pantry and began her unsavory task. It was dusk when she finished and led Lizzie out to observe the shiny, sweet smelling orderliness of the place.
"Land, it does make a differ-

ence! If the rheumatiz didn't take



She Opened the Pantry Door.

all the ambition out of me, I'd keep it that way for you," said the old

"I'll do it every Saturday. Gosh, I'm tired!" groaned Lydia, throwcouch. "Lizzie, give me some of your mutton tallow to rub on my hands. The cooking teacher says it's fine for hands."

The highly satisfactory Thanks giving feast was eaten and praised. The dishes were washed and set away in the immaculate pantry, and Amos and John Levine were "Seems to me this room looks all slicked up," said Levine. Amos nodded. "Lydia's coming

long. Place was like a cyclone result pays. She's growing like her

"She's only a child, and small for her age, at that," said John. "It's a shame for her to work so hard."
"I know it," answered Amos, "but what can I do? On a dollar and a half a day—I swan—"
There was a rep on the door.

There was a rap on the door. Lizzie admitted Dave Marshall and Margery.
"Out for a tramp as a digestor," explained Dave. "Came to call on

(Continued Tomorrow)

Classifid Ads Bring Results