

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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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.

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 propagation of fish and game in Oregon would go for purposes other than that for which it was collected.

There is neither rhyme nor reason in this unjust proposal. The bill was passed by the last legislature as a political expedient. 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 propagation 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 of efficiency.

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

Slogans And Advertising

"My Community First."

How does this sound as a slogan for Ashland, or 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:

"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.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



THE LEAK.

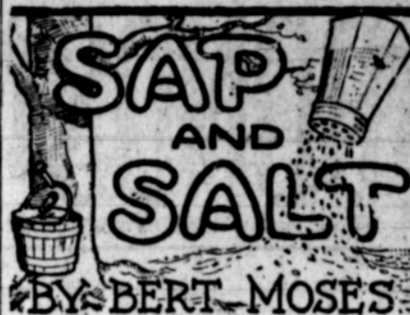
J. R. WILLIAMS

Isn't It Odd?

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

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 well as 61 other pieces of other sculpture. William Ordway Partridge is suing his landlady for \$100 damages.



We smile at vain women, but we hate vain men

Peace seems to have about as many disasters as war.

Nothing is harder than admiring a man to whom you owe money.

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

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

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

Hex 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 business for Walter to issue such challenges, and it certainly is 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.

In the old days, though, people used to have their 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, of saying we were having best hanky times.

"I was having such a time when a 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 every day.

"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 prettily soft-hearted and sympathetic. It can't stand up for long against tears. I just wilted.

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

"Poor hanky," said Edie Elf, "and poor little owner! I'll see what I can do about sending Fairy Wondrous Secrets to tell grown-ups a thing or two or three."

"Please do," said the little huddled-up heap of a wet handkerchief. (The 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 Mall-Tribune.

Acting marshal J. P. Sayle yesterday sold a lot of impounded stock at auction, including five head of horses and one yearling steer. The horses which were very good ones sold at from \$3.00 to \$10.00 each and the steer 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 court business.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Wet Handkerchief

It was all in a little huddled-up heap and it was miserable.

"What in the world is the trouble?" asked Edie Elf, as she came to the Real World from a little fleeting trip.

"She had been brought on the back of Fly-High, the bird belonging to the Elves, who has such a broad, broad back.

"I'm a wet handkerchief, and I'm miserable," 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 Edie Elf.

"Oh, it was the fault of a grown-up," said the hanky. "How do you mean?" asked Edie 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. "She was sitting up, quite perky and fine, in the pocket that is up on the right-hand side of her middy blouse.

"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 handkerchief 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 gay and have more color and life and embroidery and pattern.

"Oh yes, I was just having a nice, quiet, best-hanky time. "What do you mean by 'best-hanky' time?" asked Edie Elf.

"Well," said the hanky, "it's a saying we have in our handkerchief world. "You see, it all comes from an old tradition. Oh yes, we have our traditions, too.

"In the old days, though, people used to have their 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, of saying we were having best hanky times.

"I was having such a time when a 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 every day.

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LYDIA of the Pines by HONORE WILLIS

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(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from 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 Amos Dudley, who wishes Lydia to teach Margery his son. Margery, small daughter of Dave Marshall, the town's banker, joins them. In their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out, unharmed 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." Lydia 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 shaken and her small world has collapsed. She finds comfort in the loving kindness of John Levine. Lydia learns his plan to take timber from the Indian reservation and ultimately have it opened for settlement.

(Now go on with the story)

"Don't you get worked up over Edie Marshall, child," said Lizzie. "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 goes."

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 difference! If the rheumatism didn't take

Lydia ran to the kitchen door. Charlie Jackson and Kent were skating up to the bank.

"Come out for a while," cried Kent. "I can't. I've got company. Come on up and get warm," returned Lydia.

The two boys slipped off their 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-burner.

"Hello, Marg," said Kent. "What you doing?"

"Paper dolls," returned Margery from her corner, without looking up. Charlie Jackson stared at the beautiful little black head bent over the bright-colored bits of paper with interest.

Amos took up the conversation. "If we could get a Republican congress, that block of pine and black loam twenty miles north would be given to its rightful owners."

"Meaning the full bloods, I suppose," said Levine with a short laugh.

"Yes—full-blooded whites," returned Amos.

Charlie Jackson suddenly threw back his head and roared.

"I'm a full-blooded Indian," he said, quietly. The three men looked at him as if they saw him for the first time.

"Well, what of it?" asked Marshall, shortly.

"This of it," said Charlie, tensely, "that you whites with your Constitution and your Declaration of Independence are a lot of liars and thieves."

Marshall turned purple, but John Levine spoke quickly. "Easy there, my boy! You're talking of things you don't understand."

"Oh, but he does," interrupted Lydia eagerly. "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. We had it in school. It must mean Indians, too."

John Levine laughed. "There you have it. And Charlie is right, we are liars and thieves, but we have had no one but John since his wife's death."

"Speak for yourself, Levine," cried Marshall.

"Lydia!" 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 a sudden spring for the astonished Levine.

CHAPTER VII

The Republican Candidate.

AMOS and Kent caught Charlie by either arm as his hands clutched for Levine's throat. Marshall 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

(Continued Tomorrow)

Classified Ads Bring Results