

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY By Williams

The Court House

Propaganda either careless or deliberate is being circulated to the effect that regardless of the fact that Medford has offered to give the county the free use of a modern concrete building containing approximately twice the area of the present court house, that somehow, somehow, if the county seat be moved to Medford, the taxpayers will be called upon to build a half million dollar building. Some say a million and even a million and a half. No one can be deceived by such statements.

The new high school building in Medford, many, many times larger than the present court house and large enough for a county courthouse cost only \$165,000 complete.

R. I. Stuart and Son, building contractors have examined the blue prints of the courthouse at Grants Pass and assert that the Josephine County Court House can be duplicated today, tile, marble and all at present building costs for \$133,000, that one twice that size with tile, marble and everything can be built for around \$200,000 or \$210,000.

Will anyone say that a building twice the size of the Grants Pass courthouse all fixed up with its tile exterior, and marble interior is not large enough and expensive enough for Jackson County's needs?

Building contractors further state that it will cost practically the same to provide adequate quarters in Jacksonville, whether the county court dis-cards the present building and builds a new building or whether it tries to make use of the present building by remodeling, fir-proofing and otherwise making it up-to-date.

The County court has stated that provision for a new court house must be made either in Jacksonville or Medford. The only issue before the voters November 2nd is whether the new building shall be constructed at Jacksonville, convenient to about 2500 people or at Medford where the convenience of the remaining 22,500 will be best served.

The question for the voter is not whether the county will get along with the present quarters by making some small additions at little cost to the taxpayers as against building a new building in Medford, but the real question is whether the county shall tax the people now to build an adequate building costing \$200,000 to \$210,000 at Jacksonville or whether the county seat shall be removed to Medford, thus obviating the necessity of levying any tax now for the building of a court house.

In other words the ultimate cost to the taxpayers will be the same, whether the county seat remains in Jacksonville or is moved to Medford. But there is this difference, that if the county seat remains in Jacksonville the county court will have to levy an immediate tax to re-model the present building or build a new court house, while if the county seat is moved to Medford no tax will be needed for five or ten years at the end of which time the people of the county will be better able than now to build a court house.

Other People's Children

Western Oregon enjoys the advantage of possessing fine facilities for training the teachers of our children, having normal school in Monmouth and Ashland. These institutions, however, do not serve the vast inland empire of eighteen counties in eastern and central Oregon, and the result is that the children of that great section of Oregon are now denied the opportunities afforded the western part of this state.

The natural division of the territory east of the Cascades constitutes a geographical bar from our present normal schools, yet two-thirds of the area of the state is contained in eastern Oregon. In this great section there are eighty high schools, with an enrollment of 5500, but the children are handicapped by the lack of trained educators, who cannot afford to travel long distances to attend normals located in western Oregon.

As a matter of simple justice and fairness to the thousands of children of eastern Oregon the people should consider carefully the measure on the ballot known as the Eastern Oregon Normal School bill. Its proponents are merely asking the same treatment now accorded the young people of the western part of Oregon.

The affirmative number on the ballot is 310. More than eighty-five per cent of the county and city superintendents of Oregon favor this measure, urging that the great inland empire should have the privilege and facilities for training its own youth who would be better adapted to serve their people as teachers and who would be a permanent asset to Oregon.



HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAM BONNER

Frightened Big Dog

"Well, Daddy, we're all ready for our story."

"What's it going to be about tonight?" exclaimed Nick and Nancy, as Daddy came into their room.

"Dear me," sighed Daddy, "you two dear children will hardly, hardly, let me get my breath!"

"Oh, Daddy," said Nancy, "we don't mean to be selfish, but your story is the nicest part of the day, and we look forward to it so much. It makes bedtime not so dreadful."

"Flatterer," smiled Daddy. "Truly, neither of you is selfish, and I'm a very happy daddy to have two such nice children to whom to tell stories."

Daddy smiled and began: "Today from my office window in the city I saw quite an interesting thing."

"You know, the roofs of the houses and buildings are so near together that they are almost like a sidewalk."

"One could really quite easily walk from one roof to the other."

"Well, there was a big brown dog sitting by an open window overlooking the roof."

"What should he be spy but a brown bug which looked very much like a beetle."

"The dog was very much interested in the bug."

"He stepped out of the window and on the roof."

"There he sat watching the bug with a fixed gaze. He evidently

was rather afraid of it, for he'd step a little nearer and then sit down again as if to say:

"I'm not going to take any chances. That may be a beautiful bug to look at, but he may be a poisonous one or have a nasty bite."

"However he was very curious, for he had apparently never seen just such a bug before."

"It was the funniest thing, though, to see the bug."

"He was enjoying the sunshine very much and was quite indifferent to the dog."

"The dog neither frightened nor interested him if to say:

"After a little while the dog began to bark at the bug. But still the bug paid no attention, and this annoyed the dog so much that he began to bark quite furiously."

"However, the bug enjoyed the sunlight so much to leave it, and the dog gave up barking, for he at all as if he were being frightened away, but just as if he thought it was time to be going home."

"The dog followed along the roof, but keeping quite a little distance behind."

"After the bug had walked over to the second roof, to his horror the dog saw the bug had a big family and his home was in a hole near a chimney."

"The great big dog fled from the little bug and disappeared again through the open window."

"So the little brown bug, who was really quite harmless, was safe from the big dog because he acted so indifferent to the dog's presence on the roof."

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DON'T MARRY BELOW SELF SAYS ENGLISH SCIENTIST

LONDON, (United Press)—Modern democratic ideals conflict with proven results of English peoage heredity, according to Thurkill Cooke, noted anthropologist, in a recent address.

"Peoage is never benefited by marriage with lower classes," he declared. "Families which spring from socially homogeneous classes tend to show a greater preponderance of noble endowments than families subjected to social and psychic stresses, particularly those stresses arising from the inter-marriage with inferior stocks."

S. A. Carlton, a prominent citizen of Butte Creek, was in Jacksonville Friday and Saturday on business at the court house.

Mrs. J. R. Casey, Mrs. J. R. Tozer and Miss Elsie Patterson visited Madrona Lodge, D. of H., on Friday evening and are spending a few days with Jacksonville friends and relatives.

Wm. Fox has gone to California, on a tour of inspection. He will go as far as Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kinney, returned the last of the week from a two months tour of California, during which they visited relatives at various southern cities.

Rev. H. J. VanFossen, district superintendent of the Methodist church, journeyed to Grants Pass Monday where he presided over the quarterly meeting of the Newman M. E. church of that city.

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What Others Say

Marie of Rumania, with her testimonials as to the worth of certain cosmetics, and her syndicated news articles, and her scenario writing in its grave danger of losing her amateur standing among royalty. But it's getting so a throne isn't really profitable these days, and even a queen must eat. —Bend Bulletin.

The O. A. C. football team honored the whole state when it outplayed and out-fought the University of California men at Berkeley Saturday. The California superiority complex must have suffered quite a eclipse. May there be more victories by Oregon athletes over our proud southern neighbors. —Baker Herald.

Good men do not really deceive their wives—they merely think they do. —Central Oregon Press.

After all, perhaps Mr. Daddy Browning has been more sinned against than sinning. Mother-in-law Heenan, the dispatches disclose, has been presenting him with neckties made by herself. —Eugene Guard.

SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES

Youth knows; middle age doubts; old age believes.

All of us should have something more ahead of us than old age.

Married life ceases to be a joy the moment it becomes nothing but a habit.

Those now making money on old ideas don't give encouragement to new ones.

There are ten people who want to be amused to one who wants to be instructed.

If segregation is advisable in vice, why not apply the same idea to saxophones?

Hex Heck says: "The minute money begins to figure in a love affair, look out for somebody to back up."

Isn't It Odd?

DES MOINES, Ia., Oct. 28. —Loren Taylor, a high school student, must do his studying in a jail cell for the next week because he playfully pushed his sweetheart, Rosa Doyle, down a flight of stairs. He was sentenced for assault and battery.

CARLINVILLE, Ill. — A into the barnyard at the large timber wolf wandered farm of Joseph Lilly, killed a dog, caused a stampede among the horses and cows and then ran under the front porch of the house. Lilly dispatched the animal with a charge of buckshot and today brought in its scalp to claim the bounty.

LOS ANGELES — Several hours after they were married Fred M. Wells took his bride to see the "old home-stand," where his father lived and where they were to reside. It was an insane asylum from which Wells had just been paroled, his wife testified in hearing a divorce here.

There is so much speed nowadays that tomorrow becomes yesterday before we get today's work done. —Silverton Tribune.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

J. Edward Thornton, secretary of the Elks club, has joined the over-increasing throng of slaves to the rise in the price of gasoline. Hum Pracht took his life in his hands and accompanied Thornton on a drive over Glenview Drive above the city, Sunday, it being the first venture of the new convert off the pavement.

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ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

State Senator L. L. Mullt came in from Salem, Ore., today to spend the time of the legislature adjournment at home.

J. E. Crowson and wife have returned from Santa Cruz, Cal., where they went to reside. They say Ashland is good enough for them.

Mrs. Rebecca Eggleston is visiting with relatives, Chas. Coppock and family in Sams Valley.

The re-appointment of J. R. Casey as postmaster of Ashland was among those confirmed by the U. S. Senate before its adjournment. Postmaster Casey's new term of four years will begin in April.

Wm. Fox has gone to California, on a tour of inspection. He will go as far as Los Angeles.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

The Ashland Woolen Mills business is now conducted by the firm of E. K. & G. N. Anderson, Mr. Humbert having severed his connections with the business on February first. Geo. N. Anderson will continue in immediate charge of the operation of the mills which will start up again this week after a few days rest, during which repairs are being made.

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LYDIA of the Pines by HONORE WILLSIE

(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from play to the untidy rooms of her im-provised 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 a stranger from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her food. Margery, small daughter of Dave Marshall, falls into the water. Lydia and Amos rescue her. Her father, who has been told by Lydia and Amos to complain, blames 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 other things. Lydia tells Amos her 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. Amos, backed by Levine and held by Marshall, is due and cannot be moved. The child pleads with Marshall, and for her sake he agrees to renew the note.

(Now go on with the story)

Lydia ran over to the Indian. "Charlie," she pleaded, looking up into his face, "you mustn't hurt Mr. Levine. He's my best friend. And it is not polite to come to call at my house and make a row, this way."

"That's right," commented Marshall. "Do your fighting outdoors." John had not stirred from his chair. He looked up at the Indian and said slowly and insolently, "Get out of here! You know what I can do to you, don't you? Well, get out before I do it!"

Charlie returned John's look of contempt with one of concentrated hatred. Then he turned to Kent. "Come on, Kent," he growled and followed by his friend, he marched out of the kitchen.

"Whew!" said Amos, "talk about civilizing Indians!" Lydia was trembling violently. "What made him act so— Did you hurt his sister, Mr. Levine?"

"Didn't even know he had a sister," returned John, coolly re-lighting his cigar. Marshall rose and stretched his fat body. "Well, you serve up too much excitement for me, Amos. I'll be getting along. Come Margery."

"Wait and we'll all have some coffee," said Lydia. "Land, I'm all shook up!"

"Pshaw! twan't anything. Kent should have had more sense than to bring him in here," said Levine. "Why, he's usually perfectly lovely," protested Lydia. "Goes to parties with the girls and everything."

"First boy, white or Indian, that comes to call on you before you're eighteen, I'll turn the hose on," said Dave, winking at the men. Amos and John laughed and Dave made his exit in high good humor.

When the door had closed Amos said: "Any real trouble with the boy, John?"

"Shucks, no!" returned Levine. "Forget it!"

And forget it they did while the November daze drove to a close and the red eyes of the stove blinked a warmer and warmer glow. About eight o'clock, after a light supper, Levine started back for town. He had not been gone five minutes when a shot cracked through the breathless night air.

Amos started for the door but Lizzie grasped his arm. "You stay right here, Amos, and take care of the house."

"What do you s'pose it was?" whispered Lydia. "I wish Mr. Levine was here. He's sheriff."

"Hot water and clean cloth, Lydia," said Amos. "Let's get his clothes off, Norton."

Lydia trembling violently could scarcely carry the crushed ice from Lizzie to her father. No one spoke until the gentle cooing of the blood yielded to the freezing process. Then Amos said in a low voice to Pa Norton:

"What happened?" "Can't say. Billy and I were coming home from town when we heard the shot ahead of us. It took us a minute or two to come up to Levine. He was standing dazed like, said the shot had come from the lake shore way and that's all he knew about it."

The beat of horses' hoofs on the frozen ground broke the silence that followed. In a moment Doctor Fulton ran into the room. Lydia seized Florence Dombey and hurried to the kitchen, nor did she leave her station in the furthest corner until the door closed softly after the doctor. Amos came out into the kitchen and got a drink at the water pail.

"Doc got the bullet," said Amos. "Grazed the top of the lungs and came to the surface near the backbone. Lord, that was a narrow escape!"

"Who did it, daddy?" "Amos shook his head. "It might have been Charlie Jackson or it might have been a dozen others. A sheriff's liable to have plenty of enemies." Billy started a bunch hunting."

Lydia shivered. "Doc got the bullet," said Amos. "We're going to be busy in this house for a while."

"I want to see him first, please, daddy."

"Just a peck then, don't make a noise."

Already the living-room had a sick room aspect. The light was lowered and the table was littered with bandages and bottles. Lydia crept up to the couch and stood looking down at the gaunt, quiet figure.

John opened his eyes and smiled faintly. "Making you lots of trouble, young Lydia."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lydia. "Just get well, we don't mind the trouble."

"I've got to get well, so's you and I can travel," whispered Levine. "Good night, dear."

Lydia swallowed a sob. "Good night," she said.

The shooting was a seven days' wonder, but no clue was found as to the identity of the would-be assassin. Charlie Jackson had spent the evening with Kent. As the monotony of Levine's convalescence came on, gossip and conjecture lost interest in him. John himself would not speak of the shooting.

It was after Christmas before Lydia, coming home from school with Adam, who always went to

Lydia, Coming Home From School With Adam.

meet her, would find John, pale and weak but fully dressed, watching for her from his armchair by the window. "The two had many long talks, in the early winter dusk before Lydia started her preparations for supper. One of these particularly, the child never forgot."

"Everybody acted queer about Charlie Jackson, at first," said Lydia, "but now you're getting well, they're all just as crazy about him as ever."

(Continued Tomorrow)