

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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## ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

### Which Will You Have?

To meet the crowded condition in the court house, and to relieve the expense and delay in work due to so many officers being in scattered offices, the County Court over a year ago decided to construct an addition to the present building so as to get all the officers under one roof, if possible. The estimated cost of this would be around \$50,000.00. They also considered the installation of a central heating plant to eliminate the fire hazard of the eleven old fashioned wood stoves and numerous electric heaters.

When the court made its purpose known, many citizens in the county urged them to withhold final action to permit a survey to be made in the hope that some better and more economical plan might be devised. It was believed that the public generally would prefer the location of the county seat in a more central location, since the ultimate consideration of a new building could not longer be postponed. The court agreed to await until the people had an opportunity to express themselves on the question.

Going further into the matter, and obtaining accurate figures from reliable contractors, checking up the needs of the several county departments, etc., the County court reached the inevitable conclusion that, even with such addition provided, within a few years an entire new building would be absolutely necessary. The cost of the new addition would then be lost completely. They decided that the new building would also be an economic saving in the long run. This same conclusion is bound to be reached by any one who will give the matter a little study.

It is illegal for a county to issue bonds for constructing or remodeling a court house. It therefore means that if the county seat is left in Jacksonville the county court must immediately levy a tax either to patch up the old buildings or build new ones. On the other hand if the county seat be moved to Medford it will not be necessary to levy a tax for a court house for at least five and probably eight or ten years or until such time as the county would outgrow the building that is donated by the City of Medford.

Realizing that the intolerable condition of the present court house could not much longer exist and realizing that the farmers in the county, due to hard conditions were not in shape to stand any extra taxes either to remodel the present court house at Jacksonville was the reason that the Medford city council offered to build a new city hall and lease it to the county for five or more years at \$1.00 per year, thus obviating the necessity of the county's levying any tax to remodel or build a new court house when farming conditions are not of the best.

It is for you taxpayers of Jackson County to say whether or not you want to be taxed immediately to remodel the present court house in Jacksonville or build a new one there or whether you want to take advantage of the free offer of the city of Medford for the next five or ten years and not have to pay any taxes for remodeling or building a court house during that time.

### Him That Hath and Him That Hat Not

"God may love common people" as Lincoln said, but apparently our legislators do not. They seem to prefer the well known saying "To him that hath shall be given, while from him that hath not shall be taken away."

Consider the tobacco sales tax passed by the 1925 legislature and on the November ballot by referendum. It imposes a tax averaging from 10 to 15 per cent on smoking tobacco and cigarettes.

Now, cigarettes and tobacco are smoked by the common people. They have always been the "poor man's luxury." So our obliging legislators would require him to pay for a State revenue stamp on each package. He who enjoys a pipe or cigarette is therefore to pay heavily for the privilege. So much for "him that hath not."

What about "him that hath"—the well-to-do man who can afford and enjoys fine Havana cigars? Is he not to pay an even higher tax? Nay, not so! For cigars are totally exempt. The tax for both is to be paid by his less fortunate brother citizen. At least so our legislators propose.

Fortunately, whether or not the old saying shall prove true this time is up to the "common people." Fortunately again, as Lincoln said, God made a lot of them. We imagine they will vote "323—NO" and rid Oregon of this most discriminatory and foolish tax.

Consider the price of milk. And still they issue hunting licenses.



### Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

#### That Lost Hour

Mahalla had simply lost an hour that day. She really had not known what had happened to it and then, wonder of wonders, a little gnome had appeared.

His name was Someone and it was he who was the creature meant when people said that "Someone" must know or that "Someone" could do this or that.

Someone wore a green suit with gold buttons. He dressed very handsomely.

Someone had come to call on Mahalla and he had invited her to go with him to visit the Valley of Memories.

There he had also shown her the mountains that were all around the valley.

The mountains were made out of ambitions of people and there it was so that even people who felt they had failed and not realized their ambitions had really helped and had not really failed.

Those who had not won prizes where all the jolly thoughts and memories stayed so people could always summon them to their minds when they wished.

And then Someone took Mahalla back home.

There was something about the Valley of Memories that made her want to send only memories she cared about there, for sulk memories and selfish memories and horrible memories had such a dreadful time when they arrived.

They had to fuss and change and rearrange themselves instead of being able to enjoy the place at once.

A lost hour was a pity as it was not an hour which had lost itself but only through her, though sometimes lost hours were lost by her when they passed so quickly with fun.

That was quite all right. But she didn't want any ugly, dragging hours. They had such shuffling

feet, and seemed so ashamed of themselves when they came arriving in the Valley of Memories.

But because the hours belonged to everyone there was always some good about every one of them.

That was such a comforting thought.

"Good-by, Someone," Mahalla said, as Someone bade her a polite farewell.

"You've certainly taken me on a most remarkable trip and I'm ever so grateful to you."

"I'll never forget it as long as I live."

"Then it was a good trip," said Someone delightedly. "We who belong to the Valley of Memories can have no greater compliment paid us than to hear that something was so wonderful or so beautiful or so thrilling that it can never, never be forgotten."

"Thank you, little Mahalla." Someone was gone. But he had left a diamond right on the windowsill.

But was it a diamond? Mahalla looked and looked again. No, how funny! It was a sunbeam and it was coming, dancing through the window.

And now Mahalla remembered. She had been wondering about that lost hour after she had gone to bed, and now it was morning.

But certainly someone had been to see her and had talked to her and had taken her on a trip.

Why of course someone had. He even said his name was SOMEONE!



## LYDIA of the Pines

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(Continued From Yesterday)

### THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her inheritance. She is met by Amos, her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, after discussing matters with Dudley, makes up his mind to go into politics.

CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patience and a companion, Kent Houston playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her food, Margery, small daughter of Dave Marsha, 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 other wise becomes "one of the crowd."

Lydia tells 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 forever. It may have considerably shaken as I've grown older. But I'll admit, too, that I've refused to give the matter much thought. I tell you what I'll do. Let's you and I start on our first travel trip, right now! Let's start looking for God, together. He's there, all right, my child. But you and I don't seem to be able to use the ordinary paths to get to Him. So we'll hack out our own trail, eh? And you'll tell me what your progress is—and where you get lost—and I'll tell you. It may take us years, but we'll get there, by Heck! Eh, young Lydia?"

Lydia looked into the deep black eyes long and earnestly. And as she looked there stole into her heart a sense of companionship, of protection, of complete understanding, that spread like a warm glow over her tense nerves. It was a sense that every child should grow up with, yet that Lydia had not known since her mother's death.

"Oh!" she cried, "I feel happier already. I'll go with you. And Him, I'll begin my hunt tomorrow."

Amos was keenly interested in Lydia's campaign. He took Lydia one September evening just before school opened to hear John make a speech in the square. Lydia up to this time had been a weakling in the campaign, but she was delighted with the unwonted adventure of being away from home in the evening.

On the wooden platform extending from the granite steps of the capitol a band of savages, dressed in "America" as Levine made his way to the front of the platform.

Lydia stared up at him. She was filled with pride at the thought of how close and dear he was to her. She wished that the folks about her realized that she and her shabby father were intimate with the hero of the evening.

The first part of the address interested Lydia very little. It concerned the possibility of a new post office for Lake City, and made mention of the matter of the matter of free trade. Then the sudden Levine launched his bolt.

"Ladies and gentlemen, twenty miles north of this old and highly civilized city lies a tract of fifty miles square of primitive forest, inhabited by savages, as a dream of land is as beautiful as a dream of heaven. Virgin pines tower to the heavens. Little lakes lie hid like jewels on its bosom. Its soil is black Fur-bearing animals frequent it now as they did a century ago."

"Friends, in this city of white men there is want and suffering and the necessities of life. Twenty miles to the north lies plenty for every needy inhabitant of the town, a bit of loam and heaven-kissing pines for each and all."

"Why, you say, they belong to the Indians? Friends, they belong to a filthy, degenerate, lazy race of savages, who refuse to till the fields or cut the pines, who spend on whisky the money allowed them by a benevolent government and live, for the rest, like beasts of the field."

"Why, I ask you, should the Indians be pampered and protected, while whites live only in the bitter air of competition?"

(Continued Tomorrow)

During the last six years aerial ambulances in France have transported more than 3000 wounded soldiers.

### What Others Say

Dean Inge says the British empire is tottering to its fall. Maybe so. But a scientific fellow-countyman of his once explained that man walks by a succession of falling motions, and we've noticed that Britain usually totters forward.—La Grand Observer.

You could make Billy get his problems by telling him how smart he is, but alas! he knows the system, too, and works it on dad.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

In various part of the country people are wondering how to act when Queen Marie is around; act like Americans, the queen came to see the United States, not a bunch of flunkies.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

President Coolidge, according to a Washington dispatch, says that those who do not vote are disloyal. That is putting it a bit strong. Just plain lazy is nearer the truth.—Eugene Register.

And now it is a \$450,000 hotel for Baker. Well, nothing is too good.—Baker Democrat.

### SAP AND SALT

BY BERT MOSES

Belief is something that makes thinking unnecessary.

Custom is a starch that is used to stiffen up a popular evil.

Sympathy is a beautiful thing up to the point where it gets mushy.

Ambition that overlooks the law of gravitation is in for a bad spill.

You may know as much as the boss, but he uses his knowledge and you don't.

Only by the closest calculator can you make the bread and butter served in restaurants come out even.

Hez Heck says: "A widdler who hated her first husband is always in a hurry to get a second."

### Isn't It Odd?

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Mrs. Jessie B. Walker was granted a divorce from Carl C. Walker, the "sunshine evangelist," whom she described in the divorce court as having a "nasty disposition and an ungovernable temper."

BROOKLYN — Although he is held in the Queen's county jail on charges of first degree murder \$1.65 is still \$1.65 to Chin Sing. A fellow prisoner pledged his hat to the Chinaman in return for a loan of \$1.65. Then the borrower, Herbert Phillips was released from custody but he had to go hatless until his attorney had visited Chin's cell and duly turned over a dollar bill, six dimes and a nickel.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. One fourth of the Freshman class at Rutgers college failed to pass in an intelligence test, according to Dean Walter Marvin. But a freshman, Arnold Snow of New Brunswick, helped to bring up the general average by going over the mark and scoring 107 per cent.



Someone Bade Her a Polite Farewell.

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## TURNING THE PAGES BACK

### ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Herman Mattern returned last week to his Highland mine in the Salmon mountains in Siskiyou county after a three weeks visit in this city.

Mrs. Will Dodge, who has been undergoing an operation at the sanitarium is reported to be improving nicely.

Word has been received that Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Connor, who planned to spend the summer in Alaska, are returning to Ashland, finding that the northerly climate did not agree with Mr. Connor's health.

Miss Elsie Harner, who has been attending the San Francisco Institute of Art, returned home last Wednesday.

### ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. F. B. Hatch and children are up from Santa Rosa, Cal., to spend a month at the home of Mrs. Hatcher's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nelson in this city.

Eugene Register: Dr. Tilton, who recently disposed of his property on East Ninth street, in company with his wife, has gone to Ashland to reside.

G. F. Billings reports the sale of the desirable residence property of G. R. Gallant and wife on North Main street to W. D. Smith of Ohio, who will immediately take possession of the place and improve it.

Mrs. Col. Wm. Meyer left for Des Moines, Wash., Saturday evening to settle up some business.

### ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Mrs. Gertrude Barclay entertained a number of friends Monday evening. Crokinole and whist occupied the evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. Hinman, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sherwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Whited, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Paulson, the Misses Picard and Gill and Messrs W. G. Kropke and Robert L. Vining.

The Travelers Insurance company, G. F. Billings, agent, has just paid B. F. Reeser, \$60 for falling downstairs. This is the second time this company has paid him for injuries within the last six months.

S. H. Calhoun, well known taxidermist, is visiting his son, Jas. Calhoun in Ashland, for a few days.

### DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving nothing is pure, but even their mind and conscience is defiled." Thus 1:15.

What a terrible charge to impurity; and yet we must agree with Paul: purity and impurity cannot live in the same mind and heart.