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"The Worm Will Turn"

Election day seldom rolls around without the voters of Oregon being called upon to consider some trick of legislation. This year it assumes the guise of a special sales tax on cigarettes, tobacco and snuff. Why this one class of citizens should be singled out to meet the deficit in State finances is hard to fathom.

Perhaps it is because those responsible for the measure forgot that tobacco is commonly known as the "poor man's luxury." Some may even see in it a deliberate attempt to make the poor man shoulder the burden, for it may be noted that cigars are carefully exempted from the tax.

Perhaps, also, the framers of the measure overlooked the fact that smokers already form one of the chief supports of the Federal Government. They may not have known that the excessive war taxes levied on tobacco are still in effect; that each purchaser of a package of 20 cigarettes drops six cents into the coffers of the National Treasury, or that a tribute of eighteen cents is exacted for each pound of smoking tobacco. No doubt they considered that the good nature induced by the "fragrant bowl" or the aroma of "his favorite blend" would make the smoker content to dig down into his jeans each day for a few extra pennies.

But the worm will turn! And it may be found on election day that he has assumed the form of a serpent with sharp and venomous fangs. Long suffering though he be, we predict that the smoker will rise in righteous wrath and so mightily smite the tobacco tax that never again will its form arise to menace his contentment.

Steiwer-Gains

Perhaps never in the history of Oregon politics has there been such an insidous attempt to destroy the high standing of a political candidate as that which was perpetrated against Frederick Stiewer, republican nominee for the United States senate, when a Salem Newspaper editor attempted to take a small whiff of smoking car gossip and convert it into malacious charges of a political nature.

Complete vindication of the Republican nominee was the result of the senatorial investigation made at the demands of the newspaper editor. While it must be consoling to a man of Steiwer's ability to have false charges of this nature competely exposed yet the outstanding result of the whole fiasco is the added strength that has swung to him.

The American people like to see fair play; they detest any effort to take an unfair advantage, whether it be in politics or anything else, and due to this admirable trait of human nature what was undoubtedly planned to be a last minute political coup turned out to be a boomerang. That which was undoubtedly intended to insure the defeat of a candidate has resulted in the assurance of victory. Opposing political factions can well take this lesson to heart, for politics with modern publicity facilities has turned its back upon the old time methods of those whose idea of cleverness was to get something on somebody and broadcast it before the voters have an opportunity to learn the truth.

Sentiment vs. Business

Drawing to a close a most strenuous campaign, in which false charges have at many times been obscured the real issue, Jackson county voters Tuesday will say whether the county seat shall remain in Jacksonville or whether it shall be moved to the larger city of Medford. We have a certain sympathy for the fight those men in Jacksonville have put up for that which they deem is theirs. They are to be commended in a way for the strenuous efforts they have put forth to retain the county seat. However, in their zeal there are several things that they have attempted to so becloud that voters may receive the wrong impression.

Regardless of what may have been advanced these facts remain: Medford will furnish the county an adequate building for five years in which to conduct county business. They will then donate to the county of Jackson a suitable site to be selected by the county court for the erection of a new building. The county court has signified its intention of rebuilding, at a cost of some \$60,000, the present building or erecting a new one. There is no propoganda about this statement. Conditions are such that something must be done and as long as necessity compells officials to act, in this matter, sentiment should give way to ordinary business judgment, and Jackson county should vote overwhelmingly in favor of placing the county seat where it will serve the greatest number of people with the least amount of time and expense.

Williams Kiddies Evening



What Others Say

(Baker Herald)

The war over who is entitled to credit for the passage of the O. and C. tax refund bill still rages. C. E. Ingalls, editor of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, in an article in the Sunday Oregonian, gives most of the credit to E. J. Adams, secretary to Senator Stanfield, and to Congressman Hawley. Mr. Stanfield claims the honor. Probably the public will never know the whole story. That's one of the failings of politics. If somebody, once in a hundred years or so, really does something meritorious the political leaders quarrel over the honor of doing it until the public forgets what it is all about.

The trial of Aimee drags on. As a hoaxer Aimee is not to be compared to Dock Cook, who discovered the North Pole with a Remington typewriter. - Medford Mail-Tribune.

A gentleman is a man who would live just as he now does if there wasn't a law against anything.—St. Helen's Mist.

Those without fear have need for courage.

not your manners.

In all boards of directors, only one or two men amount to much.

To understand a thing, you must devote most of your study to the side you oppose.

The meanest thinsg said about society come from folks who can't get into it.

Congress will soon have to appoint a research commission to see if anything is left to legislate against.

Hez Heck says: "The mistakes all o' us makes, especially doctors, would look awful in print."

isn't it Odd?

result of the debate between Sir Arthur Holbrook, a conservative and Dr. Alfred Salter, a laborite, who charged that members were frequently drunk in the house of rink at the house bar. The cocktail is called the "Holbrook and Solter" and is kick, but slight after effects

NEW YORK, - Dinny Curley closed his day's work as apartment house janitor by putting a piece of poisoned bread on the floor and depositing his store teeth on the dressing table in the janitorial boudoir. Then he went to bed, breathing a little prayer htat that drat-ed rat would take the bread. When he woke up the rat had not only taken the bread but also the set of false

PORTLAND, - When control fuse blew out on a street car here, Mrs. Peter Hoffman became so frightened she leaped out of a window. She suffered a fractured shoulder.

By MARY GRAHAM BONNES

The Clean Pig lidren hadn't been told



this little pig really did not like being so lazy as his family, and then

"As for the pig's family, they didn't care what happened so long as they were not disturbed them-

"Among other things that the little pig liked about his friends was that without being overneat they were not quite so fond of dirt

they were not quite so fond of dirt as his family.

"Of course, you see how different he was from his family, as he didn't like mud nearly so much as they did, nor did he think lying in it was at all an idea of bliss.

"So he became just fussy enough about his personal appearance to still look exactly like a pig but like a somewhat clean pig.

"He saw that his feet were moderately clean and that his face was washed every so often.

"Sometimes he would tell his family of the joys of being clean and explain to them that they would find they would be much cooler if they took nice cool baths every afternoon.

"But as he saw he only annoyed them he soon stopped.

them he soon stopped.

"In a week there was to be a county fair, and all the animals were going to be exhibited by their

were going to be exhibited by their owners.

"There was a great deal of talking among the animals as to who would win the prizes, and once more the pig family didn't take the slightest interest in the fair.

"But they did feel very much' ashamed when the clean little pig was the only one of all their family to win a prize."

(A. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Candidate Here **Visiting Voters**

J. R. Bowen of Rogue River, and democratic nominee for State Representative from this county was in Ashland yesterday, meetterest into Ad Helms, who will ing friends and explaining his platform which includes, reduction of taxes by reduction of salaries, honest laws, and a declaration for the direct primary. Mr. Rowen is a farmer and operates a ranch in the Elk creek section. The farmers, he declares, are instrumental in his being a candidate for office.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers." Epil, 1:20,

In the face of the above, is there if place in ones life for the mutty story? Such stories are fod prevalent among men on supposedly good standing in a homeountry.

(Continued From Testerday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER III.—Lydia explain a accident and asserts that be

CHAPTER VI—Levine is elected sheriff. A sixteen-year-old Indian boy, Charlie Jackson, tells Lydis of numerous wrongs done his people, mainly by Marshall and Levine. Lydis defends her friend vigorously. Meeting Levine in Lydia's house, Charlie Jackson threatens and enduavors to attack him.

CHAPTER VII.—Levine is shot by an unseen assassin. Recuperating at the Dudley cottage, he learns the real extent of Lydia's lowelliness and her shaken faith in God. The man and girl enter into a compact to start a "search for God" togeth-er. Levine, recovered, begins his campaign for congress.

(Now go on with the story)

"I am not mincing words tonight do not talk of taking the lands from the Indians by crooked methods. You all know the law. An Indian may not sell the lands al-lotted to him. I want you to send me to congress to change that law. I want the Indian to be able to sell his acreage."

Levine stopped and bowed. Pandemonium broke loose in the square. Clapping, hisses, cheers and catcalls. Lydia clung to her father's arm while he began to

"Well," he said, as they reached the outer edge of the square and headed for the trolley, "the battle

This was the beginning of Lydia's reading the newspapers. To her father's secret amusement, she found the main details of Levine's battle as interesting as a novel. Every evening when he got home to supper he found her poring over the two local papers and prined with questions for him. Up to this moment she had lived in a quiet world bounded by her school, the home, the bit of lake shore and wood with which she was intimate, and peopled by her father and her few friends.

With John Levine's speech her This was the beginning of Lyd

With John Levine's speech horizon suddenly expanded. CHAPTER VIII

MARGERY MARSHALL had en Marghary Marshall had en-tered high school this fall. She was growing tall, and her beauty al-ready was remarkable. Her little head carried its great black braid proudly. The pallor of her skin was perfectly healthy—and even the senior lads were seen to ob-serve her with interest and appre-ciation.

serve her with interest and appreciation.

The result of Lydia's summer dressmaking had not been bad. She had made herself several creditable shirtwalats and a neat little blue serge skirt. She came back to school with zeal and less than her usual sense of shabbiness.

It was a day toward the first of October at the noon hour that Lydia met Kent and Charlie Jackson.

"Hello, Lyd! How's everything?" asked Kent. "I haven't seen you to talk to since last spring."
"Did you have a fine summer?"

PPYRIGHT & FREDERICK A STOKES then Charife and I camped up of

"She is a peach," exclaimed Charlie, eyeing Margery in her natty blue suit appraisingly.

"How de do, Kent!" Margery approached languidly, including Lydia in her nod. "I hope you all had a pleasant summer. Mother and I were in New York."

Kent, Lydia and Charlie exchanged glances.

"I had a pretty good summer," said Lydia. "I sewed and cooked and scrubbed and swam, and once Adam, dad, Mr. Levine and I walked clear around the lake, eighteen miles."

walked clear around the lake, eighteen miles."

"I don't see how your father can
let that Mr. Levine come to your
house!" exclaimed Margery with
sudden energy. "My father says
he's a dangerous man."

"He's a crook!" said Charlie stolidly and finally.
Lydia stamped her foot. "He's
not, and he's my friend!" she cried.
"Levine's a crook!" repeated

earth. If I thought it would do any good, I'd kill him. But some other brute of a white would take his

the spatting was as nothing, the realized, to the mature and transliterness that Charlie express A vague sense of a catastrop

Lydia had plenty to think of on her long walk home. Charile's voice and words haunted her. What did it all mean? Why was he so resentful and so hopeless? She made up her mind that when she had the opportunity to ask him, she would

The opportunity came about sim

The opportunity came about simply enough. At recess one day a week or so later he asked her if she was going to the first senior "hop" of the year. Lydia gave him a clear look.

"Why do you ask me that? Just to embarrass me?" she said.

Charlie looked startled. "Lord knows I don't mean anything," he exclaimed. "What're you so touchy about?"

about?"

Lydia's cheeks burned redder than usual. "I went to a party at Miss Towne's when I was a freshman and I promised myself I'd never go to another."

"Why not?" Charlie's astonishment was genuine.

"Clothes," replied Lydia, briefly. The Indian boy leaned against a desk and looked Lydia over through half-closed eyes. "You're an awful pretty girl, Lydia. Honest you are, and you've got more brain in a minute than any other girl in school'il have all her life."

Lydia blushed fariously. Then moved by Charlie's simplicity and obviously sincere liking, she came closer to him and said, "Then, Charlie, why hasn't any boy ever asked me to a party? Is it just clothes?"

"Lydia. I'll take you to a party a week, if you'll go!" he cried. "No! No! I couldn't go," she protested. "Answer my question— is it clothes?"

"No, only half clothes," answered Charlie, meeting her honestly. "The other half is you know too much. You know, the fellows like a girl that giggles a lot and don't know as much-as he does and that's a peachy dancer and that'll let him hold her hand and kiss her. And that's the honest to God truth, Lydia."

"Oh," she said. "Oh—" Then,

"Well, I could giggle, all right. I can't dance very well because I've just picked up the steps from watching the girls teach each other in the cloakroom. Oh, well, I don't care! I've got Adam and I've got Mr. Levine. Why do you hate him so, Charlie?"

"Lots of reasons. And I'll hate him more if he gets his bill through congress."

congress."
"I don't see why you feet so," said Lydia. "You get along all right without the reservation, why shouldn't the other Indians?
"Townerrow."

don't understand."
(Continued Tomorrow) Horses of the Londin police department are benig shod with

No polsonous reptiles and few wild animals are to be found in

ubber shoes.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Coach Hutchison, Verne Blue, Leith Abbott and Reid Harrell made the trip to Mount Saturday and Sunday, leaving proving rapidly. Saturday afternoon the party camped high on the mountain. Sunday morning continuing their trip to the summit. Leith Abbott took an unpremediated blide down into the crater which

Mrs. Anna Robinson visited over the week-end with her friends Mrs. W. Ferguson at Central

returned Sunday evening.

sulted rather disastrously as re-

gards what was a perfectly good

pair of trousers. The young men

S. Brown has purchased the automobile formerly belonging to O. J. Stone, who is leaving Aghland soon, and is having a most enjoyable time learning to navi- ed Sunday from a visit to Portgate the streets.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mr. G. R. Ganiard and Miss Van Pelt have been very ill, but

we are glad to say, they are im-Normal Notes-Harry Sayles is

captain of the first football team and is coach for the second team. Ray Sayles is employed as coach for the first team. The following were in attend-

ance at the county Sunday school convention at Central Point last week, from Ashland; Mrs. J. K VanSant, Mrs. Ella D. Rice, Mrs. M. L. Gillette, Mrs. L. Hilty, H. C Galey, Fred Homes and wife. and Rev. W. W. McHenry.

F. M. Dubois, secretary of the Ashland Commercial Club return-

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

The Ashland House will change hands in a few days, Mr. J. Mc-Grew having disposed of his inrenovate the house throughout.

Miss Maude Gallant has been isiting in Medford, engaged in organizing a Ladies Circle of the Woodmen's Camp during the

Father D. P. Walrad and wife are making a visit at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. C. B., Kingsbury, south of town.

George Eubanks, Fred Denny