

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

"The Worm Will Turn"

Election day seldom rolls around without the voters of Oregon being called upon to consider some trick of legislation.

Perhaps it is because those responsible for the measure forgot that tobacco is commonly known as the "poor man's luxury."

Perhaps, also, the framers of the measure overlooked the fact that smokers already form one of the chief supports of the Federal Government.

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.

Steiwer Gains

Perhaps never in the history of Oregon politics has there been such an insidious attempt to destroy the high standing of a political candidate as that which was perpetrated against Frederick Steiwer.

Complete vindication of the Republican nominee was the result of the senatorial investigation made at the demands of the newspaper editor.

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.

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.

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.



WE KNEW IT WAS WRONG AND TODAY WITH LESS DOUBT, BUT WE'RE GLAD THAT WE LIVED 'FORE TH' FASHION WENT OUT.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Clean Pig

The children hadn't been told an animal story for some time, and Daddy thought it was high time to tell one.

"How about a story of some little baby pig?" asked Daddy.

"We would like to hear a story about some pig," said Nancy.

"That's what I thought," said Nick. "Do tell us about them, Daddy."

"Well the pig family that I am going to tell you about," began Daddy, "were having the best time you can possibly imagine, as they loved having fun after day of warmth and sunshine."

"The part of the country where they lived always had warm weather."

"So they were perfectly happy. They would be for hours in the most comfortable place they could find and never budge until they felt hungry."

"But one little pig became quite intimate with a goat that resided in a field nearby."

"The goat's family were not so lazy as the little pig's family, and at first the goat's family didn't

mind the little pig's company. But one day the goat's family was out in the field and the little pig came up to them.

"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 fixedly.

Lydia stamped her foot. "He's not, and he's my friend!" she cried.

"Levine's a crook!" repeated Charlie, slowly.

"If what he's trying to do goes through, my tribe'll be wanderers on the face of the earth. If I thought it would do any good, I'd kill him. But some other brute of a white would take his place. It's hopeless."

The three young whites looked at the Indian wonderingly. Their little spitting was as nothing, they realized, to the mature and tragic bitterness that Charlie expressed.

A vague sense of a catastrophe, a sense of a catastrophe, the Indian evidently saw clearly, but was beyond their comprehension, silenced them. The awkward pause was broken by the school bell.

Lydia plied to think of on her long walk home. Charlie'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 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 "stare 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?"

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

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

"The Indian boy leaped 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'll have all her life."

Lydia blushed furiously. Then moved by Lydia'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 because I'm not a party?"

"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?"

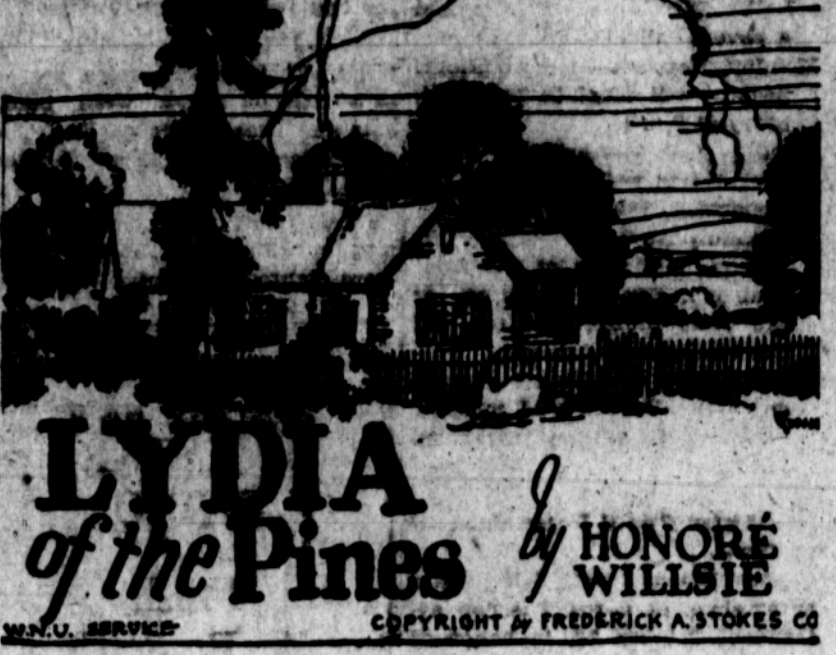
"No, only half clothes," answered Charlie, meeting her honestly. "The other half is you know too much. You know, the fellows like a girl that giggles a lot and don't know as much as he does and that's a peachy dancer and that'll let him hold her hand and kiss her. And that's the honest to God truth,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

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

(Continued Tomorrow)



(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patricia, Lydia returns from play to the untidy home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City.

CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patricia and a companion, Kent Moulton, playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation.

CHAPTER III.—Lydia explains the accident and asserts that because Margery is considered "stuck up" she is not a popular playmate.

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.

CHAPTER V.—Grieving for the loss of little Patricia, Lydia's health falls. Levine, understanding the situation, gives her a map, which she uses to find her way to the reservation.

CHAPTER VI.—Levine is elected sheriff. A sixteen-year-old Indian boy, Charlie Jackson, tells Lydia of numerous wrongs done his people.

CHAPTER VII.—Levine is shot by an unseen assassin. Lydia is at the Dudley cottage, he learns the real extent of Lydia's loneliness and her yearning for a companion.

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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.

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

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

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

SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES

Those without fear have no need for courage.

Let your sense be common, but 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 thing 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.

Isn't It Odd?

LONDON.—The material 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 commons has been a new drink at the house bar. The cocktail is called the "Holbrook and Salter" and is said to have an immediate kick, but slight after effects.

NEW YORK.—Dinah 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 that that dreaded rat would take the bread. When he woke up the rat had not only taken the bread but also the set of false teeth.

PORTLAND.—When a 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.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Coach Hutchison, Yerne Blue, Leith Abbott and Reid Harrell made the trip to Mount Ashland Saturday and Sunday, leaving Saturday afternoon the party camped high on the mountain, Sunday morning continuing their trip to the summit.

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

S. Brown has purchased the automobile formerly belonging to O. J. Stone, who is leaving Ashland soon, and is having a most enjoyable time learning to navigate 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 improving rapidly.

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 attendance 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. Hilly, H. C. Galey, Fred Homes and wife, and Rev. W. W. McHenry.

F. M. Dubois, secretary of the Ashland Commercial Club returned Sunday from a visit to Portland.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

The Ashland House will change hands in a few days. Mr. J. McGrew having disposed of his interest into Ad Helms, who will renovate the house throughout.

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

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 and Thomas Fispop started on a bear hunt in the Siskiyou this morning.

Candidate Here Visiting Voters

J. R. Bowen of Rogue River, and democratic nominee for State Representative from this county was in Ashland yesterday, meeting friends and explaining his platform which includes, reduction of taxes by reduction of salaries, honest laws, and a declaration for the direct primary.

Mr. Bowen is a farmer and operates a ranch in the Elk creek section. The farmer, 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." Eph. 4:29

George Eubanks, Fred Denny and Thomas Fispop started on a bear hunt in the Siskiyou this morning.

Horses of the London police department are being shod with rubber shoes.

No poisonous reptiles and few wild animals are to be found in Japan.