

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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What Medford Will Do

In another part of today's Tidings appears a paid advertisement which should set at rest propoganda advanced to the effect that Medford will not do as it says it will in the matter of providing free office space for the court house...

An exact reproduction of the resolution adopted by the Medford City council is run as a paid advertisement by those advocating the removal of the county seat. This resolution sets out clearly the fact that the City of Medford has agreed to build a building, having approximately twice as much office space as the present court house...

It doesn't seem possible that anything could be more clear. It would seem that propoganda advanced to convey any other impression was concocted out of whole cloth, is misleading and should be absolutely disregarded. It is evidently the last minute effort of the part of those who feel that there is a hopeless cause to bolster up their waning forces and garner a few undeserved votes.

Jackson county should vote overwhelmingly in favor of the county seat removal. The issues have been completely forgotten by propoganda such as that given above. Voters should keep this fact in mind, that something is going to be done about the court house and it remains for them to say whether money shall be spent upon the old building or whether a new one shall be erected for the benefit of the greatest number of people.

Your Vote is Important

The Tidings during the present campaign has refrained from committing itself editorially on the paramount question that confronts local voters, the water bonds. Our only reason for taking this attitude was due to the fact that the editor was so new to this community that it was felt any attempt to either commend or discourage any proposition of so much concern to the future of this city, with only a superficial knowledge of the facts, would place us in the position of sponsoring that which we knew nothing of.

We do, however, feel that we have done our duty, in letting the public get the facts. Every day, for the past several weeks, under the front page caption of "That the People May Know" there has appeared every bit of information possible to secure. The members of the city council have done all in their power to give the people everything there was in the proposition in order that they might vote intelligently. No body of men could do more and we feel that no newspaper could better serve than through this action.

Now, voters of Ashland, it is up to you to do your duty. You have the facts, your vote tomorrow may decide either favorably or otherwise the destiny of your city. Vote as you think best on the water bonds, but always keep in mind this fact, that the future of the city of Ashland is more important than any personal feeling you may experience. Let this one thing be the guiding spirit of your voting.

The Hallowe'en Spirit

While Hallowe'en has been given a religious significance as the eve of All Saints Day, in practice it partakes of something contrary to what we would expect of saints. In fact, in celebration of it we follow far more nearly the ancient pagan methods than those of a Christian people, which may be taken as evidence that, despite our boasts, our veneer is thin and paganism lies near the surface.

It was an old-time belief that Hallowe'en was the date when ghosts and witches were most likely to roam abroad. This seems to be true still. Though we may deny belief in supernatural manifestations, that we still delight to assume grotesque forms and indulge in fantastic performances affords evidence of the slow process of eliminating superstitions.

Of course it is childhood and youth to which Hallowe'en is especially pleasing. Pranks which at any other time would be taboo may be played then with justification, provided the perpetrators be not caught.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

On Through Snow

"You don't suppose it is going to be too long a trip, do you?" John asked.

He had hated asking that question. He was ready to go on any trip into this land of his, but that he should take the first long sleigh ride, taking Troty with him, and should run danger of a blizzard, was something quite different.

He had not wanted to ask the question, so Troty would think he was just considering her. That would have been an insult to Troty.

Troty was ten—only a year younger than he was. Nor did he want to say it so it appeared he was in the slightest bit alarmed.

For that would have been nonsense. When storms were at their height, John and his father had enjoyed them most. But if he just suggested that, because of their late start and the heavy fall of snow, the trip might be too long, he might save Troty what promised to be a bad storm.

"Of course not," Troty said. And then added hastily, high-spiritedly.



Down the Road Through the Woods.

ited person that she was, "unless you think we'll quarrel on such a ride."

"Troty!"

"Well, maybe not. There is always this wonderful country of ours to see."

"Troty, you shouldn't say such things." Yet he did think that if they turned now it might be better—before it got too late to turn, when they were as near one place as the other. Yet he could not say more. It would sound as though he were afraid—and certainly that was far from the truth.

So they drove on, down the road through the woods. There was just the road cut through the bush, trees on either side so dense and thick that it was easy to believe, even if they had not known, how the little wild animals lived there free from civilization, though never free from their own enemies, their own problems of life struggle.

How deliciously it smelt! "No where," Troty said, "does the country smell so deliciously."

"It's perfect now. And even here, quite a little bit back from the sea, I can feel that there is salt air near, and the trees, all these blessed spruce and fir trees, are so good to smell."

How lovely they did look with the heavy white snow settling down upon the dark green of the woods, how cold and crisp and wonderful the air.

But John had been right. This was not an ordinary snow storm, but a true blizzard, such as they, in their country, called a blizzard.

The snow seemed to become thicker and whiter as they drove on through it. Almost it seemed as though they were going into a land that was solid snow with more and more snow being constantly added so that it would not lose its entirely snow-billed look.

It was getting darker now. The sky was so filled with snowflakes, the whole air was so engulfed by snow, that the trees but a little back from the road were quite indistinct.

It was as though there was just this road, an edge of snow-covered trees on either side, and thence, all around them a world of snow.

The road could not be seen ahead. Only Daniel, shaking his ears, went hurrying on, making a trembling, neighing sound at the swirling snow.

"Oh, Troty," John said, "it doesn't get any worse, this is great." So on they drove through the snow.

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DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE



LYDIA of the Pines by HONORE WILLISIE

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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 impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City. Her father's friend, and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, after having understood her father's plan to take her to the reservation, Lydia tells Amos his plan to take her to the reservation, Lydia tells Amos his plan to take her to the reservation...

CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patience and a companion, Kent Moulton, playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw from the nearby reservation. Lydia gives her food, 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 incident to Amos, but because Margery is considered "stuck up" she is not a popular playmate. Marshall arranges for Lydia to teach Margery to swim and other wise become "one of the crowd." Levine 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 lost and her small world has collapsed. She finds comfort in the loving kindness of John Levine. Lydia learns that the note of Amos, backed by Levine and held by Marshall, is due and cannot be met. The child pleads with Marshall, and for her sake he agrees to renew the note.

CHAPTER V.—Giving for the loss of little Patience, Lydia's health fails. An unaccustomed anxiety, and the situation, gives her a pup, which the lonely child takes to her heart. Reaching the age of fifteen, Lydia enters high school, where she at once realizes that her homelike look and general appearance of poverty set her apart from her better-dressed companions.

CHAPTER VI.—Lydia is elected sheriff. A sixteen-year-old Indian boy, Charlie, understands the situation, gives her a pup, which the lonely child takes to her heart. Lydia learns that the note of Amos, backed by Levine and held by Marshall, is due and cannot be met. The child pleads with Marshall, and for her sake he agrees to renew the note.

CHAPTER VII.—Lydia is shot by an unaccustomed anxiety, and the situation, gives her a pup, which the lonely child takes to her heart. Reaching the age of fifteen, Lydia enters high school, where she at once realizes that her homelike look and general appearance of poverty set her apart from her better-dressed companions.

(Now go on with the story)

"You don't understand," replied Charlie. "You're like most of the other whites around here. You see a chance to get land and you'd crucify each other if you needed to, to get it. What chance do Indians stand? But tell you this," his voice sank to a whisper and his eyes looked far beyond her. "If there is a God of the Indians as well as the whites, you'll pay some day! You'll pay as we are paying."

Lydia shivered. "Don't talk so, Charlie. I wish I knew all about it, the truth about it. If I was a man, you bet before I voted I'd find out."

"Look here, Lydia," exclaimed Charlie, "why don't you come up on the reservation for a camping trip, next summer, for a week or so?"

"Costs too much," said Lydia. "Wouldn't, either. I can get tents and it wouldn't cost you anything but your share of the food. Kent'll go and maybe one of the teachers would chaperon."

Lydia's eyes kindled. "Gee, Charlie, perhaps it could be fixed! I got mine made to earn the money in. It's something to look forward to."

Charlie nodded and moved away. "You'll learn things up there you never dreamed of," he said.

The conversation with John Levine did not take place until the Sunday before the election. The fight in the congressional district had increased in bitterness as it went on. Family feuds developed. Ancient family skeletons regarding pine pits and Indian looting saw the light of day.

On the Saturday a week before election Lydia went to pay her duty call on Margery. Elviry admitted her.

"Margery'll be right down," said Elviry. "She's just finished her nap."

"Her what?" inquired Lydia, politely.

"Her nap. A New York beauty doctor told me to have her take one every day. She went to the 'hop' last night. She looked lovely in a cream chiffon. One of the college professors asked who was that little beauty. Come in, Margery."

Margery strolled into the room in a bright red kimono. "How do do, Lydia," she said.

"Hello, Margery. Want to play paper dolls?"

"Paper dolls?" shrieked Elviry. "Hello, Lydia, I'm glad to see you."

Stewart's WASHINGTON LETTER

BY CHARLES P. STEWART NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The end of the year 1927 will see the United States leading the world in aviation.

William P. MacCracken, assistant secretary of commerce, in charge of aeronautics, says so.

F. Trübee Davison, assistant secretary of war, in charge of aeronautics, corroborates MacCracken. Edward Pearson Warner, assistant secretary of the navy, in charge of aeronautics, corroborates both MacCracken and Davison.

That makes it unanimous. Incidentally, according to Warren Irving Glover, assistant postmaster general, in charge of aeronautics, more mail already travels by air routes in the United States than in any other country.

Commercial aviation is at a disadvantage in America, as compared with Europe, because there it is subsidized by the governments, while here public sentiment will not permit it. Only two American flying concerns are making money, MacCracken reports, while the others, at best, are only breaking even, and some are losing.

MacCracken's problem is to encourage more Americans to travel and ship by air.

Rates inevitably will be higher

here than abroad, because of the foreign companies' subsidies. That, however, does not matter so much, since Americans, having more money, can afford to pay more, and seem inclined to have what they want no matter what it costs.

Arlington — A. E. Duncan, splarist, will have 16,000 pounds honey this year.

Umapine farmers are selling fourth crop of alfalfa, at \$13 a ton.

Art Club Meets— Mrs. G. E. Elb was the gracious hostess at a meeting of the Art Club at her home on Van Ness Avenue Monday evening, October 25.

The evening was happily spent playing cards and embroidering, after which delicious refreshment were served at tables artistically decorated in dainty Hallowe'en colors.

The next meeting will be on Monday, November eighth.

IF YOU WERE LAID-UP OR LAID-OFF? How long would you last if you lost your job? If something should hold back your weekly wage, how long could you hold out on the money you have saved? Suppose you had nothing saved? Have you the reserve to stand a long "seige" of sickness or unemployment? Ask yourself these questions and if you haven't a savings account here, start one today. Make regular deposits and be ready both for emergencies and opportunities. The Citizens Bank of Ashland Ashland, Oregon

It's Up To You Do You Really Want More Water or Do You Want More Procrastination? YOU, MR. AND MRS. VOTER, MUST ANSWER THIS QUESTION AT THE POLLS TUESDAY. Have you already forgotten the shortage of this past summer? Don't you recall the parched lawns, the ruined home gardens, the deplorable condition of our beautiful Lithia Park? THESE MEN FAVOR MORE WATER IMMEDIATELY. THEY ARE LOOKING AFTER YOUR INTERESTS. IT'S DANGEROUS TO SWAP HORSES NOW! VOTE FOR: S. A. Peters, Sr. Thornton Wiley S. D. Taylor Wirt M. Wright VOTE THE WATER BONDS KEEP THESE MEN IN OFFICE LET'S GIVE ASHLAND A CHANCE TO GROW! (Paid Adv.)