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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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Eugene V. Debs

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men." Perhaps no more fitting epitaph can be chiseled on the tombstone of Eugene V, Debs than the lines in which Leigh Hunt described the vision of Abou ben Adhem. Love of his fellow men, particularly of that fellow whom he conceived to be the underdog, was the ruling passion of Deb's life.

This passion for humanity made Debs early in his life a political rebel and his great capacity for organization and advocacy of his cause made him the natural leader of that political rebellion which crystallized into the socialist party in the United States. He firmly believed that only through the overthrow of existing government and the substitution of the Marxian ideal was emancipation of the submerged and suffering of humanity possible. He believed war to be the consequence of capitalistic greed and that men were justified in refusing to be drafted for cannon fodder-

For that conviction and for his insistence upon the right to voice it he suffered imprisonment and. although an old man broken in health, he steadfastly refused to recant a syllable, when such recantation held out the hope of release. Black as are the stains upon the public record of Harry M. Daugherty, it to his everlasting credit that he recommended the commutation of Debs' prison sentence for obstructing the draft and to the credit of President Harding that he granted the commutation.

It is a great testimonial to the esteem which men hold for Debs, to the respect they had for his integrity and to their personal attachment to him that hundreds who held no respect for his politics joined in the plea for his release. Now that the old man lies cold in death the greater part of America we believe must pay him the tribute that is due to great sincerity and to great ability. Out of step as he was with his country's political progress and with the popular opinion of his time he closes his. chapter, we believe, a great American.

Not even St. Paul has paid a greater tribute to the power of love than did Debs when he said on his release from prison:

"I have discovered that love is omnipotent. the forces on earth cannot prevail against it. Hatred, war, cruelty, greed and lust must all give way before it. It cannot overthrow all tyrannies. It will empty prisons. It will not only emancipate the human race eventually but to a great extent it lifts us individually above the struggle while we are in the thick of the fight for human brotherhood."

It so lifted Debs and made him a hero instead of a Benedict Arnold.

There Are Many Romances

The Chicago attorney representing Mrs. Miriam Noel Wright in her suit for divorce from her architect husband, Frank Lloyd Wright, makes the sage observation that "there are a lot more romances kept quiet than the public is aware of." Whether or not there is any more romance in the Wright family imbroglio than the public is aware of, as a generalizer the attorney is undoubtedly correct.

Without question there are romances galore that never get into the newspapers. In our capacity as an humble laborer in the newspaper vineyard trying to give the public what it wants within reason we are inclined to be rather glad of it. A little romance now and then serves as a satisfactory relish to the day's news, but too much of it becomes wearisome.

At the present time there are indications that, if the public interest in romance isn't near the saturation point, it ought to be. There is the Wright romance just flowering, the Aimee Semple McPherson romance beginning to stale a little, the Daddy Browning and Peaches romance promising a long run, the Hall-Mills romance bobbing up every now and then. Besides there are echoes of some of the bld romances to keep us reminded that romance is not of a single time or place or people. Such are the occasional reminders of the Thaw romance and the Stillman family romances. On the whole we should say that the public hasn't suffered much for want of romance. What it doesn't know about the andisclosed romances of the world won't hurt

Mars is only 42,500,000 miles away now. But what are 42,500,000 miles to a radio amateur?

The duty on paint brush handles has been reduced. Only a Democrat could get a dirty crack out

A wet plank and a flowing sea, is the way the politicians are saying it this fall.

By Williams



What Others Say

(Portland Telegram)

California still shows a disinclination to bring back those roystering drunken days of race track gambling and all of its kindred evils. At Tuesday's election an initiative measure which would have permitted pari-mutuel defeated by more than 500,votes and the Wright bill repealing the state prohibition enforcement act has also been defeated. Gambling and drinking are a pair of evils which usually travel in company, and together and singly in the past they laid heavy toll on life and industry in California and else-

(Grants Pass Courier)

With agitation that Southern Oregon be represented on the state highway commission have come suggestions that all Southern Oregon cities from Roseburg to Klamath Falls hold a meeting in the very near future at which some form of concertaction might be taken. Opinions of the interests in the various counties could bo given and undoubtedly some man could be selected who would be acceptable to every county represented.

AND

A home is much easier wrecked than a house.

Eggs have a finer flavor when the price is high.

Plain wives are much more jealous than wives who are beau-

Stupid things are done more frequently by good people than by bad people.

To get water you must digand the same thing is true in getting other things, too.

If women could overcome their fear for mice, the chances are that Fashion would make skirts little longer.

Hez Heck says: "I hate to say it, but my observation is that bad boys seems to have the most fur."

Isn't It Odd?

MONROE CITY, Mo. Vandals chiseled a gold star, valued at \$160, from the headstone of the grave of a world war veteran.

LAWRENCE, Kas., - There is a decrease of eight per cent in the number of male students who pay their own way at the University Kansas this year, compared with figures of last year. The percentage of wage students who are self supporting, however, has risen from 11 per cent last year to 13 per cent this year.

LOS ANGELES - Wesley Davis, 22, negro janitor in the federal reserve bank here, "picked up," \$74,000 while cleaning up and immediately went out and bought an automobile. Detectives discovered a parking tag for the cas in his possession that led to his arrest and recovery of the money.

WASHINGTON - Henceforth American women who find that their stockings won't reach above their knees can complain about it to the government. After a long series of scientific experi-ments, the bureau of standards has fixed eight inches above as the legal standard

John did not believe that a girl

Daniel went along. They were too far on now to turn back. was better to keep on going. they turned back no one at the party, of course, would know what



"John!" Trotty Exclaimed.

had happened to them. There were no telephones at the club, and only

what had been marked out as a road and which, at least, hadn't so much snow upon it as a founda-

But they could no longer tell whether they were on the road, save that they kept going along, straight ahead, only curving once with the road. It had seemed to both of them that the curve should have been further down. But there could not be a curve without any reason at all. They must have, for once, missed the few landmarks

just started cutting through here and we've come to their path. That's when we took the curve in the road. It wasn't a curve. What we thought was a road was this path—and here's the end of it," John said. "There, there, Daniel,

any longer. Whenever he took a step his head encountered branches

"Wait a moment, Daniel," John cried. Daniel was kicking the sleigh now, a changed Daniel, a horse gone momentarily wild. John jumped out and rushed to Daniel's head. But as he did so Daniel had given a lurch and had upset the sleigh. "Trotty!" shouted John. "Trotty!

Trotty!"

But Trotty was all right. Only there was the upset sleigh to man-(6, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

e new house on the railroad adition near the Holy Rosary. urch, from F. D. Robbins, posession to be given November 12

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER 0000000000000000000000

The Upset Sleigh "It's great, this snowstorm, no matter how bad it gets," said

She was driving with John to the sleigh-ride and supper party which was being given "down the road." The older children had gone ahead. She had been late in starting with John. Daniel, the horse, was pulling them along ing them along.

ould not stand a storm as well as a boy. He had lived his life where girls as well as boys entered into an out-of-door world without any hampering fears and objections Girls themselves went off on win-ter picnics, and carried canoes over their shoulders and sailed poats in the summer, or guided ice boats over the smooth ice in winter. But there was something about the wild blowing of the wind the way it took the snow up in its great windy arms and tossed it about, again and again and again, as if it didn't care for anybody or anything in the world except having its own, wild, wild windy ex-



two houses along the road-neither of these had telephones.

Besides it seemed just about impossible to turn. The drifts were too high. Better to keep on along

which only those who knew the country well, could remember. They were so few, such slight land-

marks.
"John!" Trotty exclaimed. "Oh, Trotty!"

Daniel became excited. This was too much even for him.
"There, there, Daulel. Quiet, boy.
Quiet. Steady, old boy." John's
voice was soothing him. But Daniel was nervous for the first time
in his life. Surrounding him were the branches of trees. They could not see them in this light. It was really dark now, for they had gone more slowly than they realized. They had appeared to be going so quickly, but it was the wind and the raging storm that had been racing. They had, because of the heavy snow, labored through it at a decidedly reduced pace.

"It's a lumber camp! They've

steady, my boy."

But Daniel couldn't stand this

step his head encountered branches which covered him with great avalanches of snow as he touched them. He reared on his hind legs, John talking to him, holding the reins firmly, pulling him gently.

"And they were offended in him. But Jesus said unto them, 'A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house, Matt.

Many a man, young and Many a man, young and old alike, and many a boy is not really appreciated in the place where he was born, or where he lives. Let us look for the prophets in our own city and honour them.

of the Pines

(© by Frederick A. Stokes Co.) WNU Service

(Continued from yesterday)

Yes," she said. "He—he just doesn't see it any way but his, Charlie! He insists that the only way to save you Indians is to make you work for a living." "He's doing it all for our good,

huh?" sneered Charlie. "He doesn't pretend. he wants the land. He's paying

for it, though. "Paying for it!" cried the In-

"How's he paying for it, do "No, and I don't want to know I'm tired of hearing things about Mr. Levine."

"I don't care if you are," said Charlie, grimly. "You might as well decide right now whether you're going to take him or me for your friend. You can't have us

wouldn't give up Mr. Levine for anyone on earth." Lydla's voice shook with her earnestness. 'And I don't see why I have to be dragged into this business. I've nothing to do with it." "You have, too! You're white,

and it's every white's business to judge in this. You'll be taking sor of the profits of the reservation if it's thrown open, yourself."

"I will not!" eried Lydia. "I couldn't want an inch of that Then she caught her breath. Something within her said. Wouldn't, eh-not the vast acres of cathedral pines, you thought of as yours, at camp?" She flushed and repeated vehemently, "Not an

Charlie smiled cynically. "Listen, Lydia, I'll tell you how Levine pays for his Indian lands."

CHAPTER XII

The High School Senior. Y EARS ago," began Charlle, grimly, "my father foresaw what the whites were trying to do. of the tribe and he called council after council until at last they all decided he'd better go to Washington and see if he could get hel from the Indian . commissioner Even then John Levine had a following of half-breeds. He told the yellow curs to kidnap my father and he'd see if he could make him more reasonable. So the half breeds laid in ambush the day fa-

ther put up an awful fight and they "Oh, Charlie!" cried Lydia dropping her sewing. "Oh, Char

ther started for Washington.

"Yes," said the Indian, tensely "and though Levine wasn't there he was just as much my father's murderer as if he'd fired the shot



"Father Put Up an Awful Fight and They Killed Him."

Of course, nothing was ever done by the authorities. It was hushed sister, she was twenty then, she found out about Levine and she came in and set fire to his house one night, thinking she'd burn him to death. Instead of that, she just scared his old hired man, who was drunk. Levine was away from home. But he's a devil. He found out it was my sister and he told her the only way she could keep from being jailed was to sell him all our pines—for a hundred dol-lars. So she did, but she shot at him that Thanksgiving night when he'd been at your house."

"Oh, Charlie!" whispered Lydia, horror in her blue eyes and her parted lips. She looked at him in utter dismay. No longer was he the debonair favorite of the high school. In his somber eyes, his thin cold lips, his tense shoulders.

young giri saw the savage. But knew the tale was true.

what can I do, Charlie! I'm The tell you what you can d

You can throw down your murdere friend and side with me. You can get everyone you know to side with me. And, Lydia, never tell Levine or anyone else, what you know about him. It wouldn't be safe!"
He leaned toward her as he spoke and Lydia shivered. "I won't," she whispered. Then she said aloud in sudden resentment, "But I'm not going to throw Mr. Levine down without his heving a chance to are

going to throw Mr. Levine down without his having a chance to explain. Who are you to think you've got a right to ask me? I'm just a girl. I want to be happy just a little while before I grow up. I've had too much unhappiness."

"Yes, you have had," agreed Charlie, grimly, "and that's why you will think about it in spite of yourself. You understand how I feel because you've suffered. When are

because you've suffered. When are you going to throw Levine down?" Lydia's face whitened. "Never!" she said.

"What! When you know he's

father. Anyhow, I can't help what he's done. He's like my own fa-ther and brother and mother all in

The two young people sat looking into each other's eyes. Suddenly Charlie threw Lydia's hand from him, and, like Billy Norton, he strode down the path and out of the gate without a word.

Levine did not appear at the cottage for several days. During that time Lydia tried to put Charlie's story out of her mind.

When John did come avoided talking to him and he caught her several times looking at him with a sad and puzzled expression. When they started on their usual Sunday walk, Amos went back to the house for his cane and Levine said, abruptly, "Out with it, young Lydia! Been hear-ing more stories about my wick-

Lydia nodded, miserably. "My dear," Levine said quietly. this is a man's game. I'm playing a rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catchcan fight. In it the weak must fail and maybe die. But out of it great good will come to this community. As long as the Indians are here to exploit, this community will be demoralized. I'm using every means, fair or foul, to carry my purpose. Can't you let it go at that?"

Lydia set her teeth. "Yes, I can and I will," she said, as her father

and I will, she said, as her lather came up with his cane.

And though this was more easily said than done and the thought of murdered chiefs and starved bables as she might have were she not en tering her senior year in the high

After the Christmas holidays Margery departed for an eastern finishing school. The night after her departure Kent made his first call on Lydin in many months. The we withdrew to the kitchen to nake candy and there Lydia's surprise and pleasure gave way to suspicion. Kent seemed to want to talk for the most part about Mar-

"Hasn't she grown to be a beau-ty?" he said, beating the fudge briskly.

"She always was beautiful," replied Lydia, "though she's an awful silly. She never reads anything, and she flunked all her Thanksgiving examinations." "Anybody as pretty as Margery doesn't need to be brilliant," said

"And she spoons, and you don't think much of girls that spoon." Lydla's cheeks were a deeper pink than usual. "Shucks, don't be eatty, Lydla!

Kent called several times during the winter, but he never alked Ly-dia to go to a party no did any of the other boy friends she saw daily in school—boys with whom she chummed over lessons, who told her their secrets, who treated her as a mental equal, yet never asked her to call, or slipped boxes of candy into her desk or asked her into a drug store for a sundae or a hot chocolate.

Nobody resented this state of af-fairs more than old Lizzle. After Kent's third or fourth call, she said to Lydia, closing the door behind him, "Yes, Kent'll come out here and see you, but I notice he don't take you anywhere. If you had fine party clothes and lived on Lake Shore avenue, he'd be bowing and scraping fast enough."

Lydia tossed her head. "I don't

"You do, too," insisted the old lady. "You're eating your heart out. I know. I was young once."

Amos looked up from his paper. "Lydia's too young to go it to be in the control of the co "Lydia's too young to go if they did ask her. But why don't they

"It's because I'm too poor and I live so far out and I don't spoon," answered Lydia. "I don't care, I tell you." And just to prove that she didn't care, Lydia bowed her face in her hands and began to cry. A look of real pain crossed Amos' face. He got up hastily and went to Lydia's side.

"Why, my little girl, I thought you were perfectly happy this year. And your clothes look nice to me." He smoothed Lydla's bright hair with his work-scarred hand. "I tell you, I'll borrow some money, by heck, and get you some clothes!"
Lydia raised a startled face. "No! No! I'd rather go in rags than borrow money. We're almost out of debt now, and, we'll stay out. Don't borrow, daddy," her voice rising hysterically. "Don't borrow!"
"All right, dearie, all right!" said with his work-scarred hand. "I tell

ASHLAND. 10 Years Ago

Miss Pina Benedict arrived nome from Monmouth last week. She is glad to be at home again.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vaupel spent he week end at the Horace Pe: ton ranch in Sams valley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Carter, Mrs H. S. Danford and Mrs. J. M. Wagper, returned the last of the week from Portland. The party returned in the Carters automobile, coming by way of Bend. They made a remarkably fast trip over Green Springs mountain from Klamat :

Mrs. Schwein entertained a bery at the home of his sister Mrs. L. f girls Thursday night with a II. Jackson. theatre party honoring Marie Tur-pin. The guests were the Misses Dorothy Jones, Pearl Ruger, Lil- ed at Sacramento as an S. P. localian McMillan, Esther McErlane, motive engineer, was here attend-Isabel Barron, Grace Hurt and ing the Elks festivities the last Matie Turpin.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

George Spencer went down to between Medford and Grants Pass.

ily from his farm 3 miles west of Ashland, to Garfield street. Virg Chapman has accepted

osition as brakeman on the

Southern Pacific lines, and will

begin his studentship at once.

Wm. Taylor has moved his fam-

Clarence Farnham of Ashland was in Jacksonville Monday, locking up tax matters, and visiting

Walter Long, who is now locat-

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Miss Jean Ross who has been rfecting herself in music at the coston Conservatory of music re urned to Ashland yesterday.

John A. McCall reached home rom his eastern journey today aving visited relatives in Iowa and made a trip to Chicago, the

I. F. Eggleston and Wallace ogers will leave next Saturday prosecute work on their reently discovered quartz proposion in the mountains west of

Mrs. E. M. Rose has purchased