

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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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 Debs' life.

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.

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."

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.

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 of that.

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

By Williams



THE GIGGLERS - GOSH HOW THEY USE TO RUIN OUR PEACE OF MIND.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Upset Sleigh

"It's great, this snowstorm, no matter how bad it gets," said Trotty.

John did not believe that a girl could 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.

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LYDIA of the Pines

Honoré Willis

(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 says he wants the land. He's paying for it, though."

"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 both."

"I wouldn't give up Mr. Levine for anyone on earth," Lydia'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 some of the profits of the reservation if it's thrown open, yourself."

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

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

Lydia set her teeth. "Yes, I can and I will," she said, as her father came up with his cane.

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.

(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 concert-action might be taken.

SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES

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 beautiful.

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

To get water you must dig—and 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 a little longer.

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

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 of Kansas this year, compared with figures of last year.

LOS ANGELES

Wesley Davis, 23, negro janitor in the federal reserve bank here, "picked up" \$74,000 while cleaning up and immediately went out and bought an automobile.

WASHINGTON

Henceforth American women who find that their stockings won't reach above their knees can complain about it to the government.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

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

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vappel spent the week end at the Horace Peck ranch in Sams valley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Carter, Mrs. H. S. Danford and Mrs. J. M. Wagner, returned the last of the week from Portland. The party returned in the Carters automobile, coming by way of Bend.

Mrs. Schwein entertained a boy of girls Thursday night with a theatre party honoring Miss Turpin.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

George Spencer went down to Grants Pass to witness a game between Medford and Grants Pass.

Wm. Taylor has moved his family from his farm 3 miles west of Ashland, to Garfield street.

Virg Chapman has accepted a position as brakeman on the Southern Pacific lines, and will begin his studentship at once.

Clarence Farnham, of Ashland was in Jacksonville Monday, looking up tax matters, and visiting at the home of his sister Mrs. D. H. Jackson.

Walter Long, who is now located at Sacramento as an S. P. locative engineer, was here attending the Elks festivities the last of the week.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Miss Jean Ross who has been perfecting herself in music at the Boston Conservatory of music returned to Ashland yesterday.

John A. McCall reached home from his eastern journey today having visited relatives in Iowa and made a trip to Chicago, the great metropolis.

M. F. Eggleston and Wallace Rogers will leave next Saturday to prosecute work on their recently discovered quartz proposition in the mountains west of here.

Mrs. E. M. Rose has purchased the new house on the railroad addition near the Holy Rosary church, from F. D. Robbins, possession to be given November 12.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

And they were offended in him. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house, Matt. 13:57.

The young girl saw the savage, but she knew the tale was true. She moistened her dry lips. "But what can I do, Charlie? I'm only a girl."

"I'll tell you what you can do. You can throw down your murderer friend and side with me. You can get everyone you know to side with me. And Lydia, never tell Lydia 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 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."

Charlie, grimly, "and that's why you'll think about it in spite of yourself. You understand how I feel because you've suffered. When are you going to throw Levine down?" Lydia's face whitened. "Never!"

"What! When you know he's a murderer?" "He never intended to kill your father. Anyhow, I can't help what he's done. He's like my own father and brother and mother all in one to me."

The 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.

Lydia 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 out she 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 hearing more stories about my wickedness?"

Lydia nodded, miserably. "My dear," Levine said quietly, "this is a man's game. I'm playing a rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can fight. In it the weak must fall and maybe die. But out of it great good will come if the 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 this?"

Lydia set her teeth. "Yes, I can and I will," she said, as her father came up with his cane.

And though this was more easily said than done and the thought of murdered chiefs and starved babies troubling her occasionally, she did not really worry over it as much as she might have were she not entering her senior year in the high school.

(Continued Tomorrow)