

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Paying Tribute

Unthinkingly but most faithfully through far visioned action Ashland is paying tribute to Robert Weidensall, better known as "Uncle Robert," the father of Town and Country work carried on today throughout the land by the Young Men's Christian Association.

Ashland has entered this fall into what appears to be the highest point yet reached in its local Y. M. C. A. work. Well laid foundations through the years have made this possible.

When in 1889 Weidensall presented the possibility of carrying on Y. M. C. A. work without the use of buildings on the County or Community basis his words fell upon deaf ears. Finally after several years of waiting counties were organized here and there in several states.

Not until 1903 did the International Committee provide national secretarial leadership for this department of work. In his unpublished memoirs, Mr. Weidensall tells the story of the reception given his message and plan, so unlike that of the Association Employed Officers' Conference of twenty-four years before. "At the Princeton Conference September 4, 1903, I was especially favored with ample time to present the County work as it deserved to be. I was fully prepared with information from the whole field. The Holy Spirit was present in the Conference and prepared the way for this advanced step. At the close of my address, Secretaries and Committeemen assured me that I had won my case and congratulated me on the success of the work already accomplished. Vice-Chairman of the International Committee, Mr. Marling, with his congratulations, said, "Mrs. Marling and I want to give the first \$100 for the support of the new secretary and his work." Mr. Mott said, "My wife and I will give \$100 to this work, and I never gave any money with more cheerfulness than I do this." Other gifts followed, and with this good start, Mr. Weidensall soon raised the fund needed, and Mr. John R. Boardman, State County Work Secretary of Massachusetts and Rhode Island was called and accepted the position as the first fulltime Secretary of the International Committee for the Town and County Work.

Today four Secretaries serve on the National staff and many states give supervision to this extremely productive type of Y. M. C. A. work. Dr. Warren H. Wilson who headed a commission which was asked to study the Town and County work made this significant statement before the 1922 International Convention, "No influence in the country has been more effective for a modern community program in the name of Christ than the County Work Department. . . . I am here to plead for extension of that work."

The Old And The New

One of the most inspiring scenes, that ever came to the attention of the Tidings editor, was staged last night in the city council chamber. Ten men were gathered there, on one side of the railing sat five composing a portion of the present city council and the mayor. On the other side, sat Mayor Pierce, and four of the newly elected council.

Both the old and the new were there for a purpose, they had met there to work out some of the problems that confront the city of Ashland. The only thing that separated either the old and the new was the railing. They were as united in their ideas as it is possible for ten men all working with a common purpose to be.

And that was the beautiful thing about the meeting, these men all residents of Ashland, were giving of their time, in order that their city might receive the best. This spirit deserves the praise of the entire community, when men are found, who take the affairs of the city as seriously as these men, who are willing to give of their time and talent as unstintingly as these men, they should receive the cooperation of the entire community.

The Tidings predicts for the new council a most successful administration, and to the old, we can but say, by your generous and broad minded attitude you have proved yourselves greater in defeat than had victory been yours.

More and more college men are taking up crime as a pursuit, according to the warden of Sing Sing. Well, there are some great opportunities in that field right now.

Two baby girls were found living in a wolf's den in India. That completely substantiates Mr. Cross' charges that the ladies are getting wilder and wilder.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

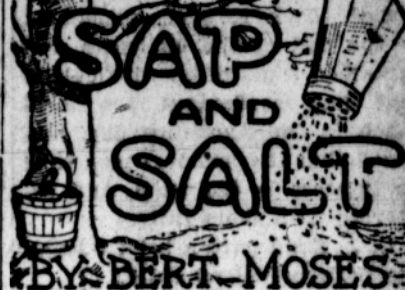


What Others Say

(Cottage Grove Sentinel) Patterson will go into the gubernatorial chair with the greatest opportunity that has ever been presented to make an enviable record. He will have to work with him a legislature of his own party, made up largely of men as serious as he in the determination to put state government upon a more economical and more sensible basis. To weed out duplication and wasted effort will be a big job, but not too big for our like.

(Clatsop County Argus) We congratulate Frederick Steiwer, successful candidate for United States senator. Oregon will continue to have a solid republican delegation at the national capitol. Senator Steiwer won recognition in Oregon through his dignified conduct throughout the primaries and the recent campaign. We shall look forward to his early recognition in the chambers of the United States senate.

(Newport Journal) The reign of "Bombast and Buncombe" will end with the second Monday in January and "Practical Performance" will be installed.



You can change a strong mind easier than you can a weak one.

A child who is backward in school is apt to be forward outside.

In shifting from one wife to another, a man merely shifts his troubles.

While the world is wide, still there are plenty of narrow people in it.

Night sessions in the School of Experience teach the most costly lessons.

Love purchased on the installment plan is apt to stray away before the final payment.

Hex Heck says: "No man kin make much headway if he tries to watch the crossin's and the wimmin at the same time."

Isn't It Odd?

MIDDLETON, Conn., Nov. 12.—Mrs. Hazel Cornelissen decided to wear her new feathered hat when she went to call on a friend who lived a short distance down a country road. She was about half way there when a hunter rose out of the brush and excitedly emptied both barrels at the feathers. "Looked just like a partridge, ma'am," was his apology. All the lady lost was her hat.

NEW YORK.—For what is said to be the first time in history, a crow has taken advantage of a ship's crew's nest. The American Shipper, a steamship of the American merchant line docked Tuesday with a fatigued crew which had managed to flap to the swaying perch when the vessel was 50 miles east of Ambrose Lightship.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON S. I.—Miss Kathleen Brennan hired her dentist to remove 16 teeth. She is now suing him for \$30,000 claiming that he removed only 14 and she swallowed the other two.

Lincoln School Notes

The following notes are from the pupils of the Lincoln School. They are in their original form, no attempt being made to edit them.

On Wednesday morning the second grade enjoyed a trip to the city library to see the new books for children. We are especially interested in books now as this is Good Book Week. Each of us has a reading chart on which we keep a record of all library books read.

The Fifth A and Sixth B in Room 7 are observing Good Book Week in several ways. The children have made posters with original lines appropriate to the occasion. Both classes are also planning an original play the Fifth A play to be "The Care of Books," and the Sixth B, "The Book Store." Each child planned and wrote his own part.

Indian Program a Success
The Sixth B Grade at the Lincoln School gave an interesting play and exhibit of the Northwest Indians. They had a large audience of parents. Mrs. Carson's room, Miss Trotter, Miss White, and Mrs. Briscoe. The grade was divided into two groups. The first group gave a play showing the Indians selling their lands to the white men. The second group told some legends of the Indians of Oregon.

Malcolm Meyer.
The 4 A and 5 B room of the Lincoln school have been observing Good Book Week by earning money to buy new books. Friday afternoon they enjoyed a visit to the Normal School Library where they were allowed to read or look at the books in the children's section and were instructed in the scheme of numbering books.

News Report (Grade 4)
The pupils in the fourth grade of the Lincoln School made clown book marks for Book Week. Miss Ady showed us how to make them in art class. We like these book marks because they have funny faces.

Lorene Roso.
News Report (Grade 4)
Monday afternoon the fourth grade invited Miss Mooney and the fifth grade in to see our display of good books and posters. Twenty-three people are earning money to buy a good book. The fifth grade gave us this idea.

Della Lamb.
The two first grade rooms of the Normal Training school entertained each other Wednesday morning, Nov. 10 with dramatization taken from language class room work. Special guests were Miss White and Mr. Rush.

Third Grade
The Third Grade of Lincoln school is studying shelter. The boys and girls are making houses of different hands. Come and see them.

We have some new books so we want to keep them nice and clean. We went to the library Tuesday and Miss Hicks showed us some nice new books and gave library cards to those who did not have them.

The 3 A is learning to bandage arms. Come and watch them.

Reporter.
Albert McCready.
When better steam-rollers are built, Mussolini will build them.

A Massachusetts man choked a wolf, with his hands, says a headline. If he had choked it with his feet that would have been real news.

Prof. Von Scoy has sold the fixtures of the boarding hall to D. L. Newton of Central Point. He and his wife will conduct the hall the coming school year, and the same rates will be charged for board. The head of the school has reserved the right to see that this important connection with the school is properly managed. — Normal School Notes.

LYDIA of the Pines

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

(Continued from yesterday)

"Un, silly!" breathed Lydia, at last. "Aren't you an angel!" In half an hour the crew were seated in the carriage, and the party-going, eye back, and bumping gaily on the way to the ball. Lydia's first dancing party! Lydia's first man escort and he wearing a dress suit and there were only two others in the hall! Who would attempt to describe the joy of that evening? Who would have recognized Billy, the farmer, in the cool blond person who calmly appropriated Lydia's card, taking half the dances for himself and parceling out the rest grudgingly and discriminately.

For three hours Lydia spun through a golden haze of melody and rhythm. Into three hours she crammed all the joy, all the thrill, that she had dreamed of through her lonely girlhood. At half after eleven she was waiting with Billy.

"We must leave now, Lydia," he said. "I promised your father I'd have you home by midnight. I want to get a stand-in with your dad because I want to take you to more parties."

"Oh, Billy! De you!" breathed Lydia. "I shall always remember that of you you gave me my happiest moment."

On the way home in the bumping hack, Billy seemed to relax. "Well, did I give you a good time, miss, or didn't I? Could Kent or Gustus have done better? I'm glad you were here."

"Billy," said Lydia, "last summer I was just a silly little girl. Now, I'm grown up. You were the sweetest person at the ball tonight. You just wait till I tell your mother about it."

Billy went up the path with Lydia to the steps and held her hand a moment in silence after he said, "It's a wonderful night!"

A wonderful night, indeed! The moon hung low over the lake and the fragrance of late lilac and of linden blooms enveloped them. Youth and June moonlight and silence! A wonderful night indeed! "You are very sweet, Lydia," whispered the young man. He held his cheek for a moment against her hand, then they were away.

CHAPTER XIII
The Indian Celebration.

IT WAS THREE or four days later that news came that the Levine bill had passed. It was a compromise bill as John had intimated it would be to the half breeds in the woods. Only the mixed bloods could sell their lands. Nevertheless there was great rejoicing in Lake City. Plans were begun immediately for a Fourth of July celebration upon the reservation. Kent, to his lasting regret, missed the celebration. Immediately after school closed he had gone into Levine's office and had been sent to inspect Levine's holdings in the northern part of the state.

Lydia returned the last week in June and took charge of the preparations. Amos, who never had been on the reservation, planned to go and Levine rented an automobile and invited Lydia, Amos, Billy Norton and Lizzie to accompany him. As they neared the reservation John halted the car.

On all sides but one were pine woods. The one side was bordered by a little lake, mentioned under the July sun. On the edge of the pines were set dozens of tents and birch-bark wick-ups. In the center of the meadow was a huge flagpole from which drooped the Stars and Stripes.

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They entered the woods in silence and followed a sun-drenched path until the sound of the celebration was stifled. Billy leaned against one of the great tree trunks and stared thoughtfully about him. "I'm all mixed up, Lydia," he said. "It's all wrong. I know the things Levine and the rest are doing to see this land are wrong, and yet I don't see how they can be stopped. I came up here last month to see how bad off the Indians were. And I saw the poor starving, diseased brutes and I cursed my white blood. And yet, I'd give you a tract of pine up in the middle of the reservation that I'd sell my soul to own!"

There was understanding in Lydia's eyes. "Oh, the pines are wonderful," she exclaimed. "If one could only keep them forever! And I suppose that's the reason the Indians feel about them, too!"

"It's all wrong," muttered Billy. "It's all wrong, and yet," more firmly, "the reservation is doomed and if we don't take some of it, Lydia, we'll not be helping the Indians—helping them at all!"

"To have it and hold it for your children's children," exclaimed Lydia, passionately. "You and yours to live on it forever. And yet, I'd see a dead Indian baby and starving squaws behind every tree. I know I would!"

"I don't know what I'm going to do," said Billy, doggedly. "I'm going to get hold of that tract. I'm not going to deceive myself that it's all anything but a rotten thieving game we whites are playing, but I'm going to it, anyway. I'll pay for it somehow, and I'll see on what I can see that the Indians get what's left of a decent deal."

The two listened to the wind in the pines, then Lydia said, "We must get back for the speeches." Levine had been thinking that his anyone in the world has nicer things happen to them than I do! Oh, Billy, just this wait!"

At the end, Lydia looked up with a wondering smile. "I didn't know any one could be so perfectly happy. Billy, I shall always remember that of you you gave me my happiest moment."

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Already the meadow was liberally dotted with sightseers of whom there seemed to be as many Indians as whites. "Isn't it great?" cried Lydia. "What do we do first?" "Well," said Levine, "I'm free until three o'clock, when the speeches begin. There'll be all sorts of Indian games going until then."

"This is just a celebration and nothing else, John, isn't it?" asked Amos. "That's all," replied Levine. "We thought it was a good way to jolly the Indians. At the same time it gave folks a reason for coming up here and seeing what we were fighting for and, last and not least, it was the Indian agent's chance to come gracefully over on our side. He's done more of the actual work of getting the celebration going than I have."

"I wonder why," asked Billy, suddenly. "At three is left for him to do," said Levine. "Lydia, before the speeches begin, go up in the pines and choose your tract. I'll buy it for you."

"The whole thing's wrong," muttered Billy. Levine gave him a quick look, then smiled a little cynically, "You'd better go along with Lydia

(Continued Tomorrow)

WASHINGTON—After having thirty false fire alarms in two weeks District commissioners have doubled the reward for apprehension of offenders.