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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

The Spread in School Influence

In estimating the efficiency of our schools should the emphasis be placed on scholarship or citizenship — capacity or character — or both?

In the life of the individual, even as in the life of the nation, the activities of today are conducted in the light of their influence on the affairs of tomorrow. So it is with education — its prime business is the development of the individual to build the nation's future.

Our educational system works in many directions. It enlarges the earning value of the child to its parent and to the nation. It brings an Americanizing influence to bear on the lives of our foreigners. It steps forth to rehabilitate the delinquent child, to restore the faltering physically. It develops research students, trains teachers and makes possible the professions.

These are all essential in our scheme of things. However, education is especially concerned with the many. They hold the balance of power at the ballot. It is important, therefore, that they have an interest in and an understanding of public issues. It is to them we look for establishing a wholesome social morale. It is important, then, that they be educated in an atmosphere of Faith and Hope. It is important that they be educated to relish their work, and with a proper balance between work, worship and play, they may enjoy toil and utilize the increasing leisure allotted them without being bored or tempted to dissipation.

It is a misconception to conclude that educating a person is reducing his efficiency to toil. His capacity to work should be none the less because he has been schooled.

Mind helps muscle. A young college man who dug ditches during his vacations, to gain health and wealth for the next school year, recalls the Italian workman who would hum snatches of opera while he labored; an Irishman who would discuss political issues while he picked; an American who would analyze economic conditions while he worked. None of these men was less efficient with pick and shovel because in a degree intellectually developed. Yet their lives were richer, their resources greater. It would be unfortunate were it necessary to conserve ignorance in order to furnish an adequate labor supply.

The welfare of this country centers around the training of the many. It depends upon a high social morale, an increasing number of mentally alert producers. It requires a citizenry with intelligence to value and enjoy social contacts, with sufficient educational foundation to admit of self-development, equipped to improve its leisure and imbued with sufficient sportsmanship to play the game. This is a contribution education makes; a contribution with intelligence, not ignorance, as the foundation.

Education should make more palatable the humbler tasks in life.

The Golf Course

After a complete tour of the state, R. W. Price, local hotel man, brought back the rather significant statement that every town of any size he visited was laying special stress upon their golf course. This was being done for two reasons, first to provide recreation for the home folks, and second to provide an additional attraction for the tourist. Ashland people should take a leaf out of the book of other cities in Oregon. They appreciate the necessity of this modern form of entertainment.

The committee has informed us that they are going to need several new members before the present course can be completed, and that they are not meeting with the response they had hoped for. This is rather difficult to understand. Surely, Ashland with its enviable record for achievement, will not overlook this necessity. Surely the people who have cooperated so fully on a hotel, a wonderful park and various other civic propositions will not overlook the potential possibilities in a movement of this kind.

The rates are not high, and the terms of payment are in reach of every one. If you do not care for this form of amusement, regard your membership as an investment. As the year goes by, its value will become greater. The early completion of this project means much, and the final decision rests with Ashland people.

Beeding the riot act, is the way they spell it on the banks of the Wabash.



MY MOTHERS GET GRAY - ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

What Others Say

(Hoquiam Washingtonian)

The collapse of the "triumphant campaign" of A. Scott Bullitt reminds one of a story told in Iowa at the time of the populist ascendancy in 1896. A summer resort in the northwest part of the state featured frog legs as a menu of delicacy. A country lad went to the hotel and asked for the contract for supplying the frog legs.

"How many can you furnish?" asked the manager of the hotel. "About five million," was the reply. A week rolled around and the lad showed up with three pairs of legs.

"Why haven't you more?" asked the manager. "I guess I judged the number of frogs by the noise they made," was the reply.

(La Grande Observer)

Will Rogers, comedian has remedy for the present surplus of cotton in this country. He suggested that voters use it in their ears as a protection against campaign speeches. Oregon consumption would have been tremendous.

Advertisement for SAP AND SALT by ADERT MOSES. Includes an illustration of a person using the product.

When money departs, it leaves no address.

A trouble is half gone when you quit telling it to others.

As a country grows older, the freedom of its citizens grows less.

It might help us out of our troubles if we used more reason and less law.

It seems necessary to go to the bottom of a thing before you can be "up" on it.

People are just people, and when you try to make them something else they show their teeth.

Hex Heck says: "Patriotism in some men consists in giving cheers for many things that they refuse to give money for."

Advertisement for TOM SAYS. Includes an illustration of a person playing ping pong.

The game of ping pong is being revived. Another opportunity for Mr. Pyle.

One of the quaint customs of ancient weddings was for the bridegroom to strike the bride with a shoe. His last chance?

The first hundred shots are the hardest—Mussolini.

Headlines you never see: RABBI PRAISES KLUXERS' AIMS.

Consider China. They're having a war there and no bootlegging problem, either.

Famous last lines: "Why, I just filled that tank yesterday."

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BAKER

Snow Bells

"The gray squirrels had built a snow fort," began Billy.

"It had all the fortifications of a real fort.

"It was beautifully banked all the way around, and there was a low, secret tunnel through the snow by which the squirrels could enter without being seen.

"In the center of the fort there were plenty of pine, nut and hickory shells in readiness for a battle which they hoped would take place any moment, and there were holes in the fort so they could see their enemy.

"Now all they wanted was the enemy. And soon the chipmunks, upon seeing the snow fort of the gray squirrels, determined that they would build one also, and so they set to work.

"This was just what the gray squirrels wanted, and they were delighted watching the chipmunks' snow fort being built.

"The gray squirrels tried to watch and see where the chipmunks would build their secret tunnel.

"The chipmunks were very careful not to let the gray squirrels find out.

"When the fort was built the



Gray squirrels had the faintest idea where the tunnel could be.

"The gray squirrels had sent general, who was a big, fat squirrel, over to the chipmunks' fort.

"He carried a snowball on a stick, which meant a flag of truce until real war was declared.

"The gray squirrel general said the gray squirrel general to the chipmunk sharp voice, 'if you'd like to fight!'

"A fat chipmunk, who was their general, looked out of one of the holes and said:

"We'd love to fight!

"As the gray squirrel general waded about to leave, the chipmunk general called after him:

"What will we fight about?"

"Oh, we'll fight about land!" said the gray squirrel.

"If you win you'll own our fort, and if we win we'll own yours."

"The gray squirrel general turned to his fort to say that but was declared, and they were all so glad to hear the good news that they squeaked with delight.

"At three the battle commenced. Such a furious battle it was!

"The snowballs went back and forth from one side to the other, and such screaming and excitement you never did hear.

"For over an hour the battle raged, and as neither side seemed to be getting much ahead they climbed on top of their forts and threw the snowballs from there.

"But neither fort was strong enough to hold so many squirrels and chipmunks, and the forts fell down, and as the snowballs had melted down into nothingness the battle had to be called off.

"They agreed to have another battle as soon as they had time to rebuild their forts. For they thought snow battles were the greatest fun in the world."

(Copyright, 1926, by Mary Graham Baker)

Makes Photo Album—

Considerable time has been spent during the past few weeks by the Crater Lake National Forest headquarters staff in making a photo album descriptive of conditions within the forest, showing effects of good and bad lumbering methods. The pictures cover practically every situation within the government timber lands in Jackson county and are the result of strenuous efforts by forest officers during the summer past.

Coltidge Grove—Anderson & Son will move sawmill from Me-hawk to Culp Creek.

Balies—Plans agreed on, for immediate building of \$450,000 hotel.

Mrs. J. H. Norris and children went down to Grants Pass recently to visit with relatives, in that City.

Miss Jessie Wagner returned home yesterday from a visit of several months with relatives in Salem and vicinity.

The Ashland Normal football team is trying to arrange a game with the state university to be played at Central Point fair grounds about Dec. 14th. The expense would be around \$200.

LYDIA of the Pines

By Howard Willis

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(Continued from yesterday)

"What do I care for your women and children?" shouted Charlie.

When his glance fell on Lydia's golden head, she waved her hand to him beseechingly. Charlie hesitated for a moment, then spoke loudly in Indian to the crowd, and led old Wolf from the platform.

The movement forward of the Indians seemed. The whites moved out for the crowd and for a moment there was a complete segregation of Indians and whites.

Billy got down from his box with a sigh of relief. "That might have been an ugly moment," he said, "if Charlie hadn't seen you."

The Indian agent began again, but something had gone out of the celebration. The Indians stood about in groups, talking. Charlie and Chief Wolf the center always of the largest group.

Amos and John joined Billy and Lydia's dancing. "The way dancing began as an endowment," said Lydia. "I told the Indian agent 'twas a risk to let them go on, after this episode. But he laughs at me. I don't like the look of things, though. I don't know but what I'd better get out of here."

"I don't think Charlie Jackson would stand for any violence," said Billy.

"I don't know about that," Lydia spoke thoughtfully. "He's left Doc Fulton and is living on the reservation again. They always revert."

"Listen! Listen!" cried Lydia. There was a red glow behind the clouds low in the west. From the feet of the saguaro came a peculiar heat of drum. A white can began to carry on through a gathering. As he came he kept a drum to carry one's soul back to the sacrifice of blood upon a stony altar. This drum beat "mashed" Lydia and Billy. It was more than a drum, more than a dance rhythm, more than the rattle of rattles. They hurried to the ropes of circle round the saguaro, followed by John and Amos.

Into the ring, in all the multi-colored glory of beads and paint, swung a dozen moccasined braves. They danced in a circle, their feet gave a step, grave, rhythmic, lifting, now slow, three steps to a step, now swift, three steps to a step. Old chiefs, half blind with brachitis, stared with awestruck eyes at the dancers. The young braves, fresh and still strong, danced side by side, turned by the alchemy of the drum into like things, young and vivid as dawn.

Lydia shivered with excitement. Billy pulled her arm through his. "Don't let the drum mislead you," she warned Lydia. "I don't believe they mean any harm," said Lydia. "Lots of the whites started home before sunset, anyhow."

"I wish you had," replied Billy. "See how it comes."

The drum suddenly changed to a roll. The drum beat quickened, and the great circle of dancing Indians broke and charged the crowd of whites. A number of them drew revolvers and began firing them into the air. Others drew taut the great bows they carried. The whites plunged backward precipitately.

"Kill 'em whites!" shrieked the saguaro.

"Run 'em whites off our reservation!" shouted half a dozen young braves.

Lydia was trembling but cool. "Good for them! Oh, Billy, good for them!" she exclaimed.

Thus far the whites had taken the proceedings as a joke. Then a white woman screamed.

"Run! It's a massacre!"

"Massacre" is a horrifying word to use to whites in an Indian country. Men and women both took up the cry.

"Run! Run!" now

Like pursuing wolves, the Indians followed, beating the leggings with their bows, shouting excitedly. Billy caught Lydia round the waist and held her in front of him as well as he could.

Then Lydia heard Billy's voice in her ear. "If this isn't stopped, it will be a massacre. We've got to find Charlie Jackson. We caught a screaming squaw by the arm."

"Squaw, where's Charlie Jackson?"

She jerked her thumb back toward the saguaro and twisted away.

"All right! Now we'll make for the pole, Lydia, get behind me and get your arms round my waist. Hang on, for heaven's sake."

Lydia did hang on for a few moments. But the light of day was gathering into a blue-gray light. And before she knew just how it happened, Lydia had fallen and felt a sharp stab in her back.

She buried her face in her arms. It seemed an age to her before Billy had her to her feet. In reality she was not down for more than two minutes. Billy swung her against his chest with one arm and swung out with his other, shouting at Indians and whites alike.

"You d-d beasts! You dirty d-d beasts!" Lydia, bruised and shaken, clung

to Billy.

He glanced down at her and saw a trickle of blood on her forehead. His face worked and he began to sob and wince like a madman.

Kicking, striking with his free arm, falling from his lips, he lunged through the crowd and rushed Lydia to the free space about the saguaro where Charlie Jackson stood coolly watching the proceedings.

Billy crouched his feet under the Indian's legs.

"Get down there and call the pack off or I'll brain you."

Jackson shrugged his shoulders, slowly. "Let 'em have their fun. It's their territory. I hope they do kill Levine and Marshall."

Lydia pulled herself free of Billy. "Call them off, Charlie. We'll just mean trouble in the end for all of you if you don't."

Charlie looked at Lydia closely and his voice changed as he said, "You got hurt, Lydia? I'm sorry."

"Sorry! You d-d brute!" raved Billy. "I tell you, call off this row!"

The two young men glared at each other. After a moment and freighted with a ferocity in Billy's face and a cool hatred in Charlie's that made Lydia gasp.

Billy put his face closer to Charlie's. "Call it off!" he growled.

Charlie returned Billy's stare for a long moment. Then suddenly, slowly he turned and threw out across the night a long, shrill cry.

He gave it again and again. At each repetition the noise of the mob grew less, and shortly panting, feverish-eyed braves began to struggle into the light around the pole.

The whites without a word, Billy led Lydia away. The Indians passing them shook their bows at them but they were unmoored.

"Can you walk, Lydia? Do you think you're badly hurt?" asked Billy. "I think of me not as hurt, and you hurt! Your father ought to know how to take care of his own people."

"You saved me from being trampled to death!" cried Lydia, indignantly. "Oh, there's the auto."

"Billy," cried Levine, "could you run the car and the two women down the road while Amos and I help the agent get order here? The worst seems to be over, for some reason."

"Billy got Charlie Jackson to call the Indians in," said Lydia.

"I'll wait for you at the willows, a mile below Last Chance," said Billy.

He was an indifferent chauffeur but he reached the willows without mishap.

Sitting with the murmur of the brook and the fragrance of marsh grass enveloping them, the two young people did not talk much.

"Billy," whispered Lydia, "you're so good to me and I was so horrid to you once."

Billy felt her fingers on his knee and instantly the thin little hand was enveloped in his warm fist.

"Do you think it all back, Lydia?" "Well, the horrid part of it, I do," she heaved.

"That's all right," returned the young man. "I'm willing to fight for the rest of it. Don't try to pull your hand away, because I intend to hold it till the folks come. You can't help yourself, so you have no responsibility in the matter."

So for an hour longer they sat,

watching the summer night and waiting.

Finally two dim figures approached. "All right, Lydia," asked Amos.

"Oh, yes! Yes!" she cried. "Are either of you hurt?"

"No," replied Levine. "We got hold of Charlie Jackson about eleven and locked him up, then we felt secure."

"You aren't going to hurt Charlie?" asked Lydia.

"No," but we'll shut him up for a week or so," said Amos.

(Continued Tomorrow)

MEX WARFARE LEARNED

JUAREZ, Mex., Nov. 15.—(U.P.)—General Ramo Noyes, Juarez garrison commander, today said he learned from a prisoner details of the revolt against the Calles government. The prisoner said he was an agent for General Tolentino, who is said to be in El Paso, Texas.