

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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## ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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### The Matter of Credit

In every campaign where several men join hands in a cooperative spirit, there is always something to be gained by this association. There is always some predominating spirit that sort of "greases" the track, that keeps the wheels running smoothly, and by diplomatic suggestion at the right time, or by a dint of hard and uncompromising work, labor, the public sees never and seldom hears about, lays the foundation for others to come along, and do the just as essential part of going out and "bringing home the bacon."

The present Y. M. C. A. campaign has been no exception. For weeks past there has been one business man, who in addition to the operation of his own successful business, has found time to give to every worth while community project. He was given a very responsible position in the present campaign. In fact, the success or failure of it rested largely on his shoulders. For it was up to him to cooperate with other officials in making the general plans, and it was up to him further, to see that after these plans were made, they were properly carried out. That the right men were selected for the right job and that there were no "hot boxes" that would slow down the wheels of the campaign as a whole.

That he has done his job well is now an established fact. Nearly raising the entire amount asked for in a day and a half is substantial evidence of the truth of this statement. However, the inspiration for this editorial lies not in the fact that he did his work well, that the plans were so well laid that the enthusiastic workers met with overwhelming success. It is gained from a request that this man made last night. He came into the office of The Tidings about 6 o'clock. He had been out working all day long, and he was due at a meeting where another civic project was to be up for discussion, within a very few minutes. As he came into the office, it was plain to be seen that he was in a hurry, and he delivered his message in a rather terse, but characteristic manner. This is what he said: "During the last few weeks, I have allowed my name to be used in connection with this campaign because they told me that it would help it out. Now that the campaign is practically over, now that our goal has nearly been reached, won't you please place credit tomorrow, where it belongs. People will think from the advance publicity, that I have had more to do with it than I really have. I want those fellows, W. P. Walters, the secretary, and Homer Billings, the president, as well as the many fellows who have gotten out and worked the last day or two to be given the credit for the success of this campaign. Won't you, as a special favor to me, see that they publicly receive it."

"We will give them all the credit possible," was our reply, "for they are deserving of it," and with that he thanked us and went on his way.

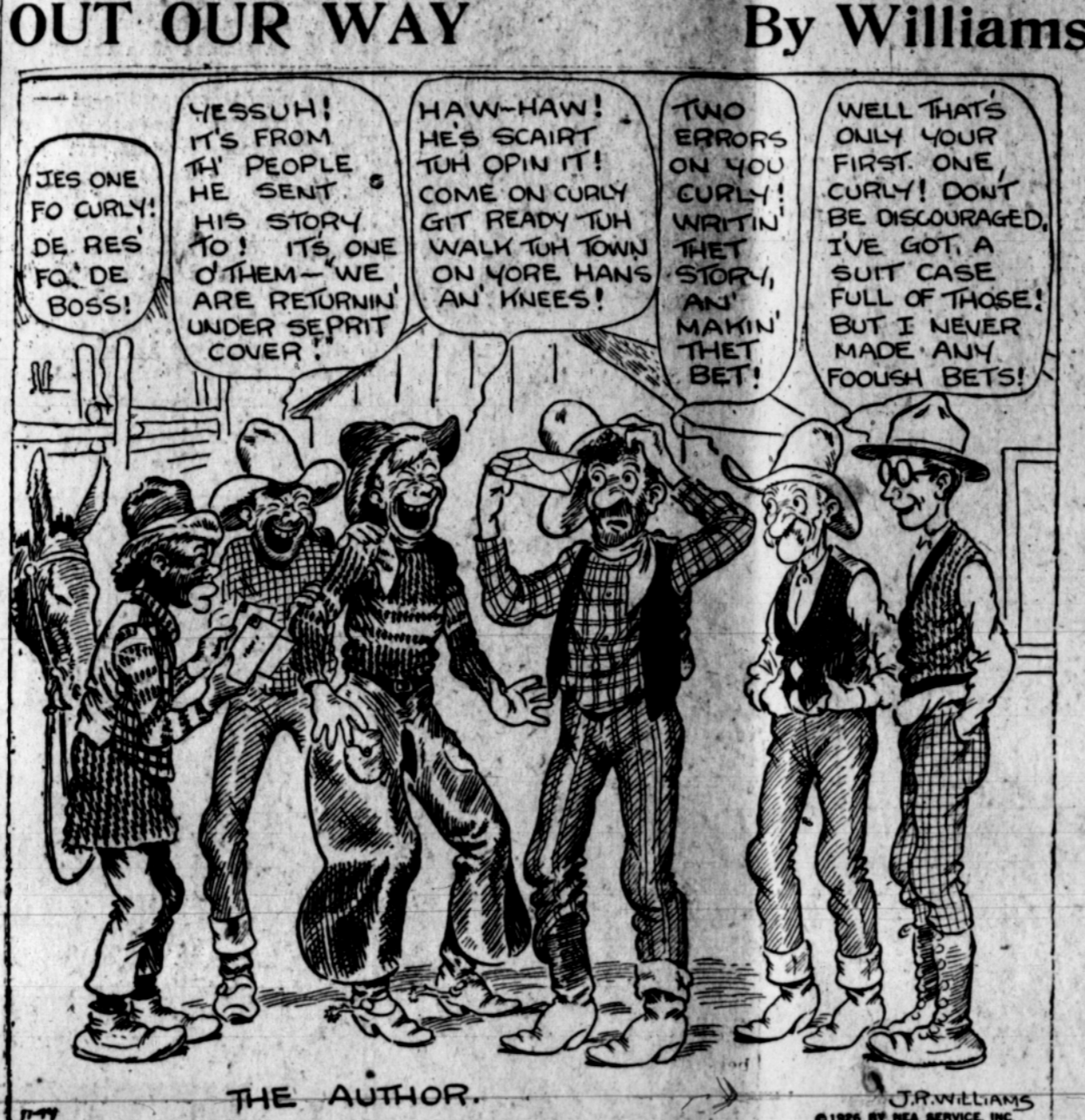
We have complied with his request. Our obligation insofar as our promise is concerned is ended. Now we want to express our own idea of this affair. We do not want to detract one bit from the credit that is due the above mentioned men, we are sincere when we say that they deserve all of the credit possible. But we want it known now, Mr. O. F. Carson, chairman of the drive committee, that if you had not given of your time and ability, if you had not been willing to forget for a while your own private business, and had not gone out and helped organize, and complete plans weeks ago, there would not now be credit to bestow upon any one else. Your unselfish request, that we give to others, that which is rightfully due you, explains largely why the goal has been reached in such a short time. If there is any credit to be handed out, you yourself deserve a large slice on your own plate.

### November Record

Ashland has established an enviable record for one month. So far November has been the voting of more than four hundred thousand dollars for water bonds. This month has marked the successful conclusion of the Y. M. C. A. drive for \$3600, and now last but not least the Lithians have started a movement to build a grand stand to seat five hundred people, and do it in time for the Thanksgiving day game.

It is a good sized program to be accomplished in the short space of one month. These people who have been in the habit of referring to Ashland as a community that was asleep, that was different in that the people did not do things, should change their tune for this is a record that many a community twice the size of ours would be glad to claim.

It gets dark early these evenings. The Hole-In-One club should grow considerably.



THE AUTHOR.

### By Williams

### Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### Billy's Wheelbarrow

It was, perhaps, an unusual wish. At least when Santa read his letters he did not find many of his friends asking for the present for which Billy asked. This was Billy's letter: "Dear Santa Claus: I would like to have a number of small things, such as a pair of heavy shoes. I don't suppose you'd call my shoes or my feet small. But I mean that that isn't as big a present as a present could be or as the one I want. "Well, I'd like to have some stockings for skating and I would like to have some hard candy and maybe a knife. "But most of all I'd like a wheelbarrow. I'm awful fond of flowers, Santa Claus, and then I'm earning money with my vegetable garden. I'm taking care of and fixing the grass and the flower beds and getting rid of the weeds in the garden path. "So I'd really love to have a wheelbarrow. Style number four is the kind I'd like if you could possibly get it. "So Santa Claus had bought a wheelbarrow and he had had to bring it in a side door, for the wheelbarrow could not be brought down the chimney. "It was just the kind that Billy wanted. It was a good-sized one and it would be so useful when the summer came. "It would help him so much in his work. "But the most wonderful thing of all was the trouble that Santa had taken with it. "As he had put it down at one side of the Christmas tree he had filled it with branches of greens and at one end had tied a little toy Santa Claus, who looked very ruddy and bright and cheery. "That made the present seem so much like a Christmas present, too. "Well, when Billy saw it, he said that nothing pleased him more, and oh, how happy he was that Santa Claus had brought it to him and had been able to bring the gift he had said in his letter was the one he wanted most. "And then after the presents were all unwrapped Billy took his shoes and his skating stockings and his box of hard candy and the book his sister gave him and the tie his mother gave him and the bright silver dollar his father gave him and several presents and cards from friends and put them all on top of the greens in the wheelbarrow. "So everyone who came in saw the wheelbarrow filled with presents and sometimes Billy would wheel it around the room and say: "No weeds and no flowers, but lots of presents." "And though it was snowing gently and steadily all the time out of doors Billy kept thinking of the days when the warm weather would come and when the frozen earth would become soft and muddy and when the water in the earth would ooze forth. "He thought of the first flowers that would come in the spring, and of the trips he could make to the woods gathering ferns and unusual plants. "He thought of the way the garden would look and of how he would see that the paths just never, never, never had weeds. "And he thought of the help the wheelbarrow would be when he thinned out the flowers growing too close together and of the transplanting he would do. "In fact, as Billy sat in front of the fire, his face almost glowing with the warmth of the red-hot coals, his mind was on flowers and the spring and the summer and warm weather and mild showers. "That was what had happened because Santa Claus had brought Billy a wheelbarrow! (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

### What Others Say

(The Portland Telegram) It is so seldom that the government ever makes any of its enterprises self-supporting that the Panama canal record is noteworthy in the extreme. It has not only fulfilled the most glowing financial promises that were made for it, but the receipts have far exceeded expectations. For the last fiscal year a total of nearly \$23,000,000 was collected in tolls and the net earnings were \$17,340,865, an increase of more than \$1,500,000 over the preceding year. While these figures were exceeded in 1924 when there was an immense oil traffic through the canal, in passenger ships and general cargo carriers, there has been an unbroken increase from year to year since the canal was opened. That the big ditch has become a profit paying institution is all the more gratifying when it was remembered that when the canal was under construction, financial returns were regarded as a secondary consideration. The canal was built for strategic purposes to offer quick transit of American ships from one coast to the other. It has in every way proved a great success. Hustling with the head beats hustling with the feet. Young husbands tell their wives everything; the old tell them nothing. Unhappiness is that wretched state where you are happy and don't know it. When a business prospers you always find common sense bossing the job. A little intelligence is needed to get money, but positive genius to get money, but positive genius to get money, but positive genius. Hex Heck says: "I would analyze a kiss this way: One-third taste; one-third noise and one-third feel."

### Isn't It Odd?

LA PLATA, Md. — The recent tornado which destroyed a school house and several other buildings, blew to light a Washington newspaper dated July 21, 1838, advertising a slave for sale. The newspaper apparently was blown out of the cornerstone of a destroyed building. CHICAGO. — A drummer boy who received a shell wound in the famous charge up San Juan hill during the Spanish-American war, has just had the bullet removed. He was George H. Riley, president of the musician's club. After carrying the bullet in his thigh for 29 years he finally submitted to an operation for its removal. Forbidding college students to use automobiles reminds us that words like "verboten" do occasionally bounce back, no matter how hard they have been stepped on. Retail merchants say men shoppers are better sports than women, according to a magazine article. Probably that's because they're not professionals. Goods bought on time sometimes are paid for late.

## TURNING THE PAGES BACK

**ASHLAND 10 Years Ago**  
Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Jillson are spending a few days in Grants Pass.  
William O. Dickerson transacted business in Medford yesterday.  
Professor Magavern, principal of the East Side school, and his wife, are to conduct a summer school here this summer.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Carter, Messames C. T. and H. S. Sanford and Miss Gertrude Churchman in the Carter's car, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wagner, Mrs. Ralph Scott and Mrs. Elsie Churchman and children in the Wagner's car, motored to the saasle beds near Grants Pass Sunday, and enjoyed an all-day picnic.

**ASHLAND 20 Years Ago**  
The musicians chosen for the new term are Edith Fish, Mable Moody, Lloyd Casebear, Marie Rice, Alice Albaugh and Josephine Baker.—Ashland High Notes.  
R. P. Campbell and family of this city, who have been on a month's visit to relatives in Indiana and the east, returned home Tuesday.  
S. L. Harmon and family and Thos. Morris and family, arrived in Ashland last week, to locate, from Sumas, Whatcom county, Washington, a town at the British Columbia line. They brought a carload of household effects with them. Mr. Morris is a former resident here, his wife being the daughter of W. B. Kincaid of Nell Creek where they are staying until they get settled.

**ASHLAND 30 Years Ago**  
Rev. E. P. Childs returned from Salem Saturday.  
Mr. Z. A. Moody returned to the city this morning. Mrs. Moody has continued her trip to The Dalles, where she will visit her parents for a few weeks.  
Mrs. E. A. Sherwin, Mrs. G. S. Butler, Mrs. P. Mills, Mrs. D. R. Mills, Mrs. P. W. Paulson, Mrs. H. Holmes, Mrs. A. C. Caldwell and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vaupeil went to Jacksonville yesterday to attend the Eastern Star Chapter.  
R. L. Parker, the S. P. conductor, returned a few days ago from a visit of several weeks in San Francisco. Mrs. Parker and children, who accompanied him, will return home to Ashland after a short visit in Chico, Cal.



**LYDIA of the Pines**  
by Honoré Willis  
(© by Frederick A. Stokes Co.)  
WNU Service

(Continued from yesterday)

Lydia sat down and Levine slowly rose and looked thoughtfully out of the window. "The legality or illegality of the matter has nothing to do with the broader ethics of the case, though I think you will find, gentlemen, that my acts are protected by law," he said. "The virgin land lies there, inhabited by a degenerate race, whose one hope of salvation lay in amalgamation with the white race. An ignorant government; when land was plenty and the tribe was larger, placed certain restrictions on the reservation. When land became scarce, and the tribe dwindled to a handful, those restrictions became wrong. It was inevitable that the whites should override them. Knowing that the ethics of my acts and those of other people would be questioned, I went to congress to get these restrictions removed. If another two years could have elapsed, before these investigations had begun, the fair name of Lake City never would have been smirched." Levine's hand on the back of his chair tightened as he looked directly at Billy Norton. "Once more Lydia came to her feet. "Oh, Mr. Levine," she exclaimed, "don't put all the blame on Billy. Really, it's my fault. He wouldn't have done it if I hadn't agreed that it was right. Oh, it is all my fault," she repeated brokenly, "all the trouble that's come to Lake City." Billy Norton jumped up. "That's blamed nonsense!" he began, when Smith interrupted him, impatiently. "Be seated, Norton." Then, gently, to Lydia, "My dear, you need that, knowing what an investigation would mean to the people you love, you backed young Norton in instigating one." "Yes, sir," faltered Lydia. "Can you tell us why?" asked Elvyr, still more gently. Lydia twisted her hands uncomfortably and looked at Billy. "Go ahead, Lydia," he said, reassuringly. "Because it was right," she said, finally. "Because—Duff Amor Paris—you know, because no matter whether the things were good or bad, we had made promises to them and they depended on us." She paused, struggling for words. "I did it because I felt responsible to the country like my ancestors did. In the Civil war and in the Revolution, to take care of America, to keep it clean, no matter how hurt I— I couldn't be led by love of country and see my people doing something contemptible, something that the world would remember against us forever, and not try to stop it, no matter how it hurt." Trembling so that the ribbon at her throat quivered, she looked at the three commissioners, and sat down. "I suggest that we adjourn for lunch," said Smith. "Miss Dudley, you need not return." While her father paused to speak to Kent and Levine, Lydia made her escape. The expected John Levine to come home with her father to supper, and for the first time in her life, she did not want to meet her best loved friend. But she might have spared herself this anxiety, for Amos came home alone. Levine was busy, he said. To Lydia's pain and disappointment, Levine did not come to the cottage before he returned to Washington, which he did the week following the hearing. And then, all thought of her status with him was swallowed up in astonishment over the revelations that came out early in September when Dave Marshall and the Indian agent were called before the commission. Dave Marshall was the owner of the Last Chance! The Last Chance where "hustlers" lay in wait like vultures for the Indian youths, took their ancient Indian decency, and cast them forth to pollute their tribe with drink and disease. The Last Chance, the main source of Dave Marshall's wealth. Even Lake City was horrified by these revelations. People began to remove their money from his bank and for a time a run was threatened, then Dave resigned as president and the run was stopped. The drug store owned by Dave was boycotted. The women of the town began to cut Margery and Elvyr. Lydia, sitting on the front steps in the lovely September afternoons, rubbed Adam's ears, watched the pine and the Norton herbs, and thought some long, long thoughts. Finally, one hazy Saturday afternoon, she gathered a great bunch of many colored asters and started off, without telling Lizzie of her destination. It was nearly five o'clock when she stopped at the Marshall gate. Elvyr opened the screen door and

### Gathered a Great Bunch of Many Colored Asters.

Lydia gathered in her usual "bunch" of many colored asters. She had not calculated on Dave's being at home. At that moment there was a light step in the dining room, and Margery came into the kitchen. When she saw Lydia she gasped.

"Haven't you heard?—Oh, Lydia!—You came anyhow!" and suddenly Margery threw herself down and sobbed with her face in Lydia's lap. Elvyr threw her apron over her head and Dave, with a groan, dropped his head on his chest. For a moment, there was only the cracking of the stove and Margery's sobs to be heard, and then Dave said, "What did you come for, Lydia? You only hurt yourself and you can't help us. I don't know what to do! God! I don't know what to do! I want Margery and her mother to back up and go away—for good. I'll close up here and follow when I can. None of these cases will ever come to anything in our state court. It's the disgrace—and the way the women folks take it."

"I've been thinking," said Lydia timidly, "that what you ought to do—I don't think you'd do a bit of good for you all to go away. The story would follow you. Mr. Marshall ought to sell out everything and buy a farm. Let Mrs. Marshall go off on a visit, if she wants to, and let Margery come and stay with me a while and go to college." Dave raised his head. "That's what I'd rather do, Lydia, for myself. Just stay here and try to live it down. I'd like to farm it. Always intended to." "I don't see what she needs to go to your house," said Elvyr. "Let her stay right here, and go up to college with you if she will. And I don't want to go live on a farm, either."

"Elvyr," said Dave grimly, "our day is over. All we can hope to save out of the wreck is a future for Margery. Just get that through your head once and for all. I think Lydia's idea is horse sense. But it's for Margery to decide." Margery rubbed her hand over her forehead. "Well," she said, "I don't see that I'd gain anything, but a reputation for being a quitter, if I went to Lydia's. I'll stay with you folks, but I'll go to college, if Lydia'll stand by me." Lydia rose. "Then that's settled. On Monday we'll register, and meet you on the eight o'clock car." "I can't thank you, Lydia," began Margery. "I don't want any thanks," said Lydia, making for the door, where Dave intercepted her with outstretched hands. "Lydia looked up into his dark face and her own turned crimson. "I can't shake hands," she said, "honestly I can't. The Last Chance and the—staring squaws make me sick. I'll stand by Margery and help you—but I can't do that."

Dave Marshall dropped his hand and turned away without a word and Lydia sped from the house into the sunset.

(Continued Tomorrow)

### FREE LOVE IS BANNED BY CHINESE OFFICIALS

PEKING. (United Press)— Having voiced vigorous opposition both to co-education and to the use of nude models in the Art College, Marshal Sun Chuan-fang of Nanking has now opened a campaign to steer the guileless Chinese away from "free love systems from Occidental countries." The Marshal has sent a long communication to Yang Chung, auditor of Hupeh province, endorsing dispatches sent by Yang which assailed introduction of free love into China. In approving Yang's view, the Marshal took care to point out that it would be practically impossible for the Chinese people to adopt any low moral standard anyway, since their background is so full of wise historic precepts.

### DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"And Jesus said unto him, 'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God.'" St. Luke 9:62.  
The heroism of Jesus is seen in His decided preference for a chosen few rather than a nondescript and popular following. Numbers counted less than quality in His scale of values.  
Headlines you never see: WALL STREET BROKER HELD FOR RED SPEECH.