

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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What Price Education?

Football looms large in the interest of the nation. It is associated almost wholly with our institutions of learning and is conceded the leader of sports, both in college and high school.

This leads to a speculation as to the relative position of the country's sports and its education. Education is the very life of the nation—sports its pastime. The former, like our water and air, is taken for granted and almost considered routine; the latter is dramatic, impulsive and full of motion.

We are not belittling the value of sports in the life of people. We recognize their unifying influence in our institutions. It is a healthful sign when our citizens grow in their love for outdoor play. There is a tendency, however, to indulge in these exercises and sports purely by proxy.

It is a fact that the nation's expenditure for spectacular sports makes the outlay for education look insignificant. We have recently completed the World Baseball Series which approached a million and a quarter gate receipts; our last big prize fight, two million dollars. This latter figure is but a fraction of the cost of the fight when the other expenses of the fans are estimated. The American public paid this price for a two-man combat that lasted a total of thirty-nine minutes, and yet in this country we spend but a billion and a half dollars yearly to train twenty-three million boys and girls for a fight that last an average of approximately thirty-nine years.

There is another angle to this viewpoint of relative value. A middle western metropolitan newspaper sold 50,000 more copies the morning after the Dempsey-Tunney fight than it did the morning after the election November 2nd. Sport news is, therefore, looked upon as a matter of great importance by the newspapers, and, based upon public demand, naturally so. As a specialized subject it increasingly outranks the space of any other department in the day's news. When the Corbett-Sullivan fight took place in 1892 a newspaper not overly devoted to sports printed more than seven columns about it during the two weeks immediately preceding the contest. In 1923, for a like period previous to the Dempsey-Firpo battle, the same paper used thirty-eight columns. In the Dempsey-Tunney fight this year, the same paper used ninety columns.

No process of thinking can lead us to conclude that education has gained a corresponding emphasis. Nor will it, until we have a shifting of demand on the part of the public.

We believe in the manly art of self-defense. Our conception of the greatest self-defense, either for the individual or the nation, is education. It costs less and gives more.

Keep Your Mind Open

C. F. Kettering, vice president of the General Motors company, is a many sided man, and every side is brilliant. Not the least brilliant is his rhetoric ability.

"Do not introduce the dangerous mental state of completeness into your organizations," he told industrial executives of Detroit, meeting to observe National Management Week. "Let your men keep open to change—steady, regular development."

Herbert Hoover is sponsor for National Management Week. He thought there were too many types of the same article; too many types of bricks, of various kinds of machinery, of automobile tires; that this duplication ran all through industry causing needless expense and waste of labor and material. He wanted standardization and his efforts to achieve it have met with much success. On this point, Mr. Kettering said:

"I do not want you to understand that I am opposed to standardization—I know all that it has done—but do not lock the front door."

What Mr. Kettering was warning against was such thorough standardization that progress would automatically stop. New devices would be taboo. There is a good moral in that thought, "Do not induce the mental state of completeness in your consciousness," it might be paraphrased. Be open to new ideas and new impressions.

A New York policeman caught a woodcock. That is not the only rare bird ever caught in New York, however.

Our sympathy goes out today to the boy who played hockey from school only to find out later it was Saturday.

Yale has just found out how to make metal foils less than a millionth of an inch thick. However, this trick has been done with ham for years.

By Williams



What Others Say

Mayor Baker of Portland has issued an order that no more secret meetings shall be held by public committees and commissions in that city...

The Astoria Budget has discovered that scales may be used not only for weighing fish, but for telling its age. But what is really needed is a kind of scales that will do the same thing for eggs...

(Corvallis Gazette-Times) Swearing is a poor substitute for a vocabulary, but it beats "perfectly darling."

(Baker Herald) In a dispatch from Washington, both McNary and Stetler are listed as being opposed to seating Vane and Smith, the senators-elect who scandalized the country with vast slush fund expenses in the primaries...

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Roberts and son Lge. of the 461 ranch and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gall of Bellview, were Sunday visitors of their mother, Mrs. E. J. Roberts and sister, Mrs. L. O. VanWegen.

Kenneth McWilliams is employed with a government reclamation service survey crew in Klamath county. George Icenhower is a fellow surveyor.

Among real estate deals recently reported from the county seat were the transfers of land in Ashland from G. C. McAllister to Tom Bushong. A. B. Belves to Walter Prulan. J. R. Toner to C. A. Ellason. One of the biggest deals of the past week was the sale of farm lands from J. J. Brown to William Wiatt at \$21,000.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Emmett Beeson, the Talent farmer, dairy man and orchardist, was an Ashland visitor Saturday. He has twenty or thirty acres of young orchard coming on that he said to be among the most promising in the valley.

Mrs. Mollie Stanley and daughter Beattie of Ashland were visiting in Jacksonville this week, the guests of Mrs. Stanley's brother, Mr. John Ross.

Geo. W. Barron has returned from his trip to Southern California. He paid a visit to the Imperial Valley region at the California-Arizona-Mexico boundary line, and purchased a fine 126 acre irrigated farm there, which he placed Geo. W. Haward, formerly of Ashland, in charge of.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

W. J. Carter, Superintendent and F. G. Butler principal of the Indian Agency school, came to Ashland Monday and returned yesterday. They were accompanied by Mrs. G. R. Gallant and her daughter, Maud, who will spend a few weeks at the Agency.

Fred Hansen left for his home in Napa, Cal., yesterday, going by private conveyance. It is Mr. Hansen's wish to dispose of his Napa property and come to Ashland to make his home.

There was quite a hegira of Ashland people to Celestine on Saturday, among whom were Mrs. P. Dunn, Mrs. W. H. Ledgerwood, Mrs. Fields, Mrs. D. L. Rice, Mrs. L. George and Mrs. Strong.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Letters to Santa

Little Bill Tooker wrote a letter to Santa and he asked Santa for all the Christmas presents he wanted. He asked for books and toys and his brother Warren asked for both books and toys, too.

The two boys wrote letters to Santa Claus. Of course Warren had to be helped with his letter and little Betty couldn't write any letter at all, but with two fine brothers it didn't matter that Betty was too young to write.

The two brothers told Santa Claus what Betty wanted. Little Betty asked Santa for presents, too. This was what she wrote to Santa:

"Dear Santa: I hope you're having a good time making toys and aren't getting too tired. I'll tell you what I'd like to have, Santa. I'd like to have a little plant growing in a pot and then I'd like to have two little blue vases like the ones I saw up street. Maybe you have some like them in your toy shop. They are blue and not very big, but I think flowers would look pretty in them. Then I'd like a big doll if I could have one, Santa. I'd love to have a big doll. I've been going so well in my spelling lately, Santa. My Daddy says you will be pleased to hear that. But in this letter my Daddy is helping me, so there will not be any mistakes at all, for my Daddy never makes a mistake in spelling. Of course, if he did, you would know. I wouldn't know, but you would and I know you will see that he just can't make a mistake in spelling. I don't like arithmetic so well, but maybe I will like it better. I hope so. The blue vases are the color of the sky when it's blue. Some days the sky isn't blue, but the vases are the color of the sky when it's that beautiful shade of blue—you know the shade I mean. I hope you won't get too tired, Santa. If you give me a big doll, I'm going to name her Natalie. I think that's a very pretty name. Your loving friend, 'DOLLY.'"

Then Worthy wrote Santa a letter and this is what he said:

"Dear Santa: I'm going this afternoon up Slippery Hill to get a tree. We'll put the pop corn and the decorations on it, so you'll not have to bother about that. 'We'll just look for the presents you'll give. I know you will pick out just the things we want.' We've all written you so many letters I don't want to say the same things over too many times or you may get mixed up with others. 'But we'll get a nice tree. Really, Santa, there is no place just like Slippery Hill for a tree. They have wonderful ones up there. They always last so long and don't drop right away. I must get started now, Santa, but I just wanted to let you know about the tree which we're going to get. Your affectionate friend, 'WORTHY.'"

And then at the end of the letter he wrote this: "Postscript—I got the tree. It's a beauty, Santa. A Santa Claus thought the letters were very, very helpful. (St. 128, Western Newspaper Union.) Salem — Grafted walnut tree on Herren farm produced walnuts worth \$250,000, this year. Molalla — White Poultry Farm has 1100 trap-nested hens.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Rev. 3:16, 17.

God needs men who are on fire for His cause, there is no place in His program for the half-hearted or lukewarm. We need to pray that God will set us on fire for His Kingdom.

LYDIA of the Pines

by Honoré Willets

(St. by Frederick A. Lakes Co.) WNU Service

(Continued from yesterday)

"And so," Lydia's voice trembled, but she went on bravely, "I'm trying to understand—trying to see how I can make something good come out of his poor lost life. Somehow I feel as if that were my job. And—the idea helps me. Oh, my dear John Levine!"

The two young people sat staring at the distant hills. "Don't you see?" Lydia burst out, "that I've got to do something, to do something, to make all the loss and trouble of my life worth while?" "I understand," answered Billy. "Early in September, John Levine's will was found. He had left his entire property, unconditionally, to Lydia."

Amos, at first, was frantic with delight. Lydia was appalled. "All my life," she half sobbed to her father, "I've been fighting to get away from Indian lands. And Mr. Levine knew how I felt. Oh, how could he do this to me?"

"Don't talk like a fool, Lydia!" roared Amos. "But don't you see how I feel?" cried Lydia. "Don't you see that all John Levine's lands up there are haunted by death—his own—and all the starved Indians? Oh, why did he do this to me! I won't have it, I tell you! I'd rather be poverty stricken all my life!"

"Well, don't worry too much about that," said Kent. "Dave Marshall thinks there won't be anything left after the estate is settled, but the Indian lands..." "Oh, Kent, you aren't having anything to do with Dave Marshall, are you?" exclaimed Lydia. "Kent flushed a little. 'Well, his advice can't hurt me. If it's bad, I don't have to take it. You ought to go out and see his farm, Lydia. They're getting the house all fitted with modern conveniences. Dave's going to make a model stock farm. Bought with money earned by the Last Chance,'" said Lydia. "Kent looked at her quizzically. 'A New England conscience must be something awful to own, eh, Lyd?'"

Lydia chuckled. "It's pretty bad," she admitted, then she went on soberly, "but I won't take these Indian lands." "You can give them to me," said Kent cheerfully. "She'll keep them," said Amos, shortly, "or Lydia and I'll have our first real row."

Lydia looked at Kent thoughtfully. Since the day under the willow tree in December, she had loved to hear, yet she had the feeling that Kent was devoted to her and she wondered sometimes why he liked to spend as much time with Margery as with herself. Then she gave herself a mental shake. "I'm going to tell you right now, that until I have to I'm not going to worry. I'm going to try to be happy in my senior year."

CHAPTER XVIII

Cap and Gown

The fifteen dollars, after all, I were disposed of in a highly satisfactory manner. They paid for Lydia's cap and gown. Perhaps there were other members of the class to whom their senior insignia meant as much as they did to Lydia, but that is to be doubted. In a way, Lydia's conscience smote her. She knew that her father was worrying over her attitude on her inheritance, but she continued to avoid the issue with him while the estate was being settled. Lydia was doing heavy work in college. She actually had entered all the classes in dairying possible, while carrying her other college work. And she enjoyed the new work amazingly.

Early in December, the settlement of the Levine estate was completed. John's method of "shoe-stringing" his property was disastrous as far as the size of Lydia's heritage went. As nearly as she could understand, one portion of the estate was used to pay up the indebtedness of another portion, until all that was left was the cottage, with a mortgage on it, and three hundred and twenty acres of land on the reservation. The three hundred and twenty acres on the reservation was under a cloud. Part of it was land he had gotten from Charlie's sister. All of it he had obtained from alleged full bloods. "Oh, daddy!" cried Lydia, "we can't take it! Don't you see we can't?" "I can't understand why you act so like a fool," began Amos, querulously. "And I can't see why you set your judgment up as better than mine. I swan—even your mother never did that, except on borrowing money. We won't keep the land. We'll sell it and have the money to clear up the mortgage on the cottage." He took a turn up and down the room. "I can't see what's happened to children nowadays. In my day we obeyed. Lydia, I'm not going to discuss this any longer. You've

got to take that land." Lydia sat with her thin hands clasped before her on the table, her clear eyes fastened on her father's face. Amos looked down at his daughter grimly. "Can't you see what a fool you are!" he shouted. "The land can never go back to the Indians. John took good care of that. If you don't take it, somebody else will. Can't you see?" "Will do anything you want but this, dad," she said. "But this is all I want. It's what I've wanted for years, this little bit of land. And you haven't any idea what that feeling is." Like a flash Lydia saw again long aisles of pines, smelled again the odor of the needles, heard again the murmuring call of the wind.

"Good God!" cried Amos, tossing his pipe on the table, "poverty's hounded me all my life—poverty and death. The only two people who cared about me, Patience and Levine's gone. Yet here's the chance for me to be independent. Here's a chance for me to make up for the failure I've made of life. A man with a little piece of property like this and a little bank account is somebody in the community. What do I care how I get it, as long as I can hold it? What's a lot of dirty Indians to stand between me and my future? But what do you care?" "Oh daddy! Oh daddy! How can you talk so to me!" groaned Lydia. She put her hands over her eyes for a moment, swallowed a sob and then started for the outer door. She caught her coat from the nail and closed the door behind her.

An irresistible impulse had carried her from the house. She wanted to see Billy. It was still early and a lantern flickered in the Norton barnyard. She ran across the field to the door. Billy was whitening himself as he began to bed down the cattle for the night. Lydia looked at him eagerly in the dim light. How big and strong he was!

"Billy!" she said, softly. The young man dropped his pitchfork and came toward her. "What's the matter, Lydia?" he exclaimed.

"Dad and I've been having an awful quarrel." "About the land?" asked Billy quickly.

Lydia nodded. "Oh, I don't know what to do." And then, not having meant to do so at all, she suddenly began to cry. "Why can't they let you alone, don't you see?" exclaimed Billy furiously. "Come away from that cold doorway, dear." And he led her into the warm stable and over to a harness box. "There," pulling her down beside him on the box, and putting his arms about her, "don't cry, Lydia. I can't stand it. I'm liable to go over and say things to your father and Kent. I'll tell 'em both, some time, what I think of their bullying you this way."

A vague, warm sense of comfort and protection was stilling Lydia's trembling. She rose and looked up into his face gratefully. "Don't see why you're so good to me," she said. "Do you want me to tell you?" began the young man eagerly. "No! No!" Lydia began to move hastily toward the door. "Don't come home with me, Billy. I'll just run back alone."

Billy's face in the lantern light was inscrutable. "I'll obey tonight, Lydia," he said, "but the time's coming when I won't" and he picked up the pitchfork he had dropped. With the sense of comfort and protection sustaining her Lydia went homeward under the winter stars. Kent's automobile was standing before the gate and Lydia's heart sank. It was the first time in her life she ever had been sorry at the thought of seeing Kent.

She was sitting before the base burner with her father and jumped up to help her take her coat off. He greeted her soberly. "Your father's been telling me about your discussion, Lyd," he said. "You can't mean to stick by your decision?" "Oh, Lydia set down wearily. "Oh, Kent, don't you begin at me, too." "Now look here, Lydia," began Kent, "let's begin at the beginning and sift this thing out," and once more he began his arguments on the Indian question. "Don't you see?" he ended finally. "I see how you feel, yes," replied Lydia. "But just because you can't let what you call average American business deals that are crooked, you aren't justified in being crooked, are you?" "Kent threw out his hand helplessly, and for a moment there was silence in the room, then he said, "Well, after all, there's nothing so selfish as your Puritanism. Of course, every one but yourselves is wrong. And, of course, it doesn't occur to you to sacrifice your own scruples to do a thing that would mean so much to your father." Lydia looked at Kent, quickly. This was a new Lydia. She had followed this opening at once had not Amos spoken for the first time. (Continued Tomorrow)

Salem — 11-story First National Bank building which National Bank Building Bank building will soon be ready for use. Salem — Southern Pacific R. R. builds mile of new switch track.