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G. J. READ, MANAGING EDITOR

W. H. PERKINS, NEWS EDITOR

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Woodrow Wilson

Throughout the nation men and women who have sensed the essential greatness of Woodrow Wilson, who feel keenly the great debt of world gratitude that will be his due forever, met on the occasion of his birthday to pay homage to his memory.

The place of Woodrow Wilson in world history is well established. He gladly sacrificed many years of life vigorous and abounding on the altar of his devotion, holding up to the world such a glowing example of self-immolation as has seldom been known by recent generations.

The great and positive services which Woodrow Wilson rendered to his country and to mankind during the eight momentous years of his presidency may be briefly summarized under five heads:

First, the wise program of national legislation which he carried through on his entrance into his high office, including especially the federal reserve act, which kept us from panic and financial disaster during the emergencies of the war.

Second, the patience and firmness with which he handled the question of America's entry into the war, refusing to go in until it was unavoidable and until he had a united country behind him.

Third, the vigor and efficiency with which he carried on the war after we were in, including the way in which he treated the difficult problem of the selective draft, and the wise integrity with which he chose honest and capable officers irrespective of party, to organize and lead our military and naval forces in the inevitable conflict.

Fourth, the splendid directness of speech with which he made it clear that America's purpose in the war was to promote the cause of liberty and peace for all nations, as well as to protect her own rights.

Fifth, the fine courage with which he advocated what seemed to him the best if not the only way of securing a lasting peace on earth, namely, by the united action of "the organized major force of mankind." To his soul that partnership of nations to promote the peaceful settlement of difficulties was the great cause. For that he risked his life gladly and died like a soldier, without fear, having kept the faith.

He was a teacher who taught for truth and noble manhood. He was a statesman who wrought for the good of all the people of the republic for the cause of a just, established and defended peace among the nations of the world.

High on the roll of American immortals stands the name of Woodrow Wilson.

Earned a Medal At Last

Congress has been asked to vote a medal to Matthew A. Henson. Congressional medals aren't to be had for the asking, but this one should be voted without delay. It was honestly earned and its delivery is long past due.

Who is this Matthew Henson and why does he deserve a medal from congress? There may be some readers to whom the name is not familiar, who will not associate it with any act of heroism to merit recognition from the people of America through their chosen representatives.

For one thing he is an old colored man, a menial servant in the customs house at New York. For the other he is the only living American citizen who ever stood at the north pole and one of the very exclusive body of men who have ever been in the Polar region. He went there before machines made it possible to get up and discover the pole before breakfast. He travelled a route strewn with dead men's bones to reach the goal, and he did it without the hope of glory that he spurred other men on. He did it because it was his duty to serve Robert E. Peary and Peary's venturesome spirit led him there.

If Peary served civilization in his exploration then the man who served Peary served it as well. If Peary was a hero for planning and carrying through his hazardous expedition then so was his humble follower who, with no stomach for adventure, saw it through because of loyalty to his chief. It is urged upon congress that Henson at peril of his own life saved that of Peary and made the discovery possible.

Peary was rewarded with the thanks of congress and promotion to the rank of rear admiral in the navy, permitting him to retire on a rear admiral's pension. Seventeen years have passed and Henson has nothing to show for the part he played in an epoch making event, save a servitor's job in the customs house.

January is to be known as Laugh Month. The laugh's on you when they bring the Christmas bills around.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



What Others Say

(Eugene Guard)
District Attorney Kayes, of Los Angeles, professes indignation because his principal witness against Almie "tells a different story every day." This fact ought to put the district attorney on his guard from the start and re-remember him from attempting to make a case tholy on the evidence that the chief woman gave.

(Coos Bay Harbor)
Senator G. L. McNary may appear to Coos Bay folks perhaps a little too enthusiastic about Crescent City's harbor, but we should remember that if that place does get an improved harbor the same would benefit southern Oregon in the Grants Pass and Medford area, where they have a lot of timber to market. Nevertheless, it is not believed the timber will go that way. But instead come through to Coos Bay. In addition to this, Senator McNary probably needs the help of the California delegation in getting his farm bill adopted.

The fellow who is hard to start is invariably harder to stop.—Silverton Tribune.

SAP AND SALT

BY BERT MOSES

Economy: Sidestepping a bath in order to save soap.

Soft Job: The first step to take in achieving failure.

Politician: One who avoids facts by making statements.

Genius: Being able to make a luxurious living off of your debts.

Disappointment: Peeking through a keyhole and not seeing what you expected.

Experience: Something that makes half of you better and the other half tougher.

Hex Heck says: "A fine religion, it seems to me, kin be built around the man who works for a livin' an enjoys it."

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK—Prince Christopher of Greece is here as a private citizen and will remain so he says. Met at the pier by Princess Xenia of Russia, he insisted his visit had no bearing on rumors of a rift between her and her husband, William B. Leeds.

WASHINGTON—A young man nearer college age is now to keep an eye on John Colledge at Amherst. After the holidays, R. C. Wood will relieve Col, William L. Starling, who is represented as disliking the severe New England winter.

DETROIT—Disliking mince pie, which was the only dessert listed, John Gillespie, former police commissioner, left the dining car of the train just before the train wreck at Rockmart, Ga. The man who sat beside him was killed.

BOSTON—Municipal Judge Frank Hadden brings hammer and anvil to his bench and hammers revolution taken from prisoners until they can never be used again.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

F. D. Bingle and wife accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Vallandigham, attended the revival at Medford recently.

I. N. Dordoff and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dordoff of Kansas have recently moved to Ashland and reside on Fifth street. They are relatives of the Rushes, who live south of town.

Mrs. A. H. Peachey, who has been visiting relatives in Jacksonville and vicinity, has returned to her home in Ashland.

C. C. Gell, who has been seriously ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Myer, is getting along nicely.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Perry Ashcraft left for Fruitvale, Cal., Friday to join his brother, W. H. Ashcraft, who is in the jewelry business there.

Frank Whitney has returned from Klamath Falls, where he has spent the last few months working for the Klamath Canal Company.

Ralph Billings left for Portland Saturday being called as a witness in the case of Jew vs. S. P. Co., which is called for Tuesday morning.

Charles Lindsay, who has been on an extended business trip to his old home in Canada, returned home Friday. He has been gone four months.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

J. R. Norris returned from the convention at Albany and Portland Sunday. L. F. Willis, who was elected an alternate delegate to the national convention, tarried a day or two longer.

J. M. Wagner of Soda Springs, where Siskiyou mineral water bubbles up through the rocks, is steadily increasing and better output of the springs. The water is taking rank with the best bottled water of the market. Most of the bar-keepers of Southern Oregon now keep Siskiyou regularly and orders are going to a number of houses in the northern part of the state this week.

Robert Hammett and Charles Young have returned from a trip to Portland and Astoria.



Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MARIN
Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Sunday, November 14, 1908
Stealing between trunks of snow laden trees, ever keeping on the shadowy side of the drifts, pausing at the edge of the clumps of small green trees, to listen and sniff the wind, then on again with stealth and rhythm of stride that blends in the unseen, his outline and movements.

The Phantom's shadow, of the tribe of Skell, named by mankind Drag-His-Right-Hind-Leg, is with Phagatom, for such he is. Few, if he again, let us call him The Phantom, for such he is. Few, if any, but myself, have ever seen him. The other name was given him because of the tracks he leaves in the snow, a very slight mark made by dragging the front toes of his right hind leg, caused no doubt by a device fashioned by the hand of man. It must have been years ago, for I have known of him for seven years and he had the mark then, but today he is just as wary of the spoor of man as then.

Why the Tribe of Skell? Because he makes a pilgrimage of The Play-Grounds of the Gods, on the side of Liao's Yim, the first days of every winter. It was from there, you know, that he was the throb of the heart of Skell to its hiding place; where they body of that great warrior grew around the heart again.

I have often wondered, as I have followed his winding trail to Liao's Mountain, for there it goes and no further. If the spirit within that little, silent body recalls to memory the day of that great race. When a hundred miles were covered in the space, or time, of three breaths. Perhaps it is this that speeds him across the great open places of day, like a flash of light, when nothing is pursued and nothing follows. The memory of a great trust, when the earth and air was filled with war whoops and howls of the pursuers. Picturing again the need of speed as he recalls the fluttering, exhausted fall of the giant Bywas, the whish of falling rocks and trees that fell around him as he made his start, almost surrounded by Liao's warriors. Is it the low moaning of the wind, like the cooling of the dove, that ages ago told the spirit within him that he had won the race of life, that the heart of Skell was safe, and that his chief would live again; that makes him stop in his lightning bolt rush and listen, and then resume his journey in a leisurely manner?

The Gray Phantom is a great, gray wolf, that seemingly makes a pilgrimage to Liao rock every winter. A few days after he has passed by the Lodge he returns again and I see his tracks every where hunting the snow-shoe rabbit, of stalking a grouse that has taken to the snow for warmth on a cold night. I have known of him since 1910 and became acquainted with him in 1921. In winter he follows me on most of my trips. I have only seen him twice, one time he was a quarter of a mile away, the other he was almost too near. I have played hide and seek with him, by taking off down a steep hill and then doubling back, but he was always too wise for me.

One time on a trip to Anna Springs I had a feeling that he was following me. The skiing was good and the wind was at my back. I hit a good stiff gait for about a mile, then turned off the road and hurried back. I came to the road again where it crossed a small ravine, who's floor was covered with a clump of small hemlocks, in the shelter of these I waited. There he came! A thing of fierce beauty. No human ever written was more beautiful than the Phantom. Movement of those muscles as he half walked and half trotted along the track. The red jaws were bared in a fierce grin. The muzzle scared from baby a fight, in which he should be asked or given. The left leg was broken, but the light of a fierce conqueror was in those bright yellow eyes. To my mind there flashed the

CHAPTER 18—Continued.
Jimmy's strong, brown hands whipped Ruth, giving her strength to look against. "I've had news for you, Ruthie. There's been a robbery at the Bank. A big job. The police say the Hudson Busters did it. And they're close to you what they did to me. Your father fought bravely, but they killed him."

Black, swaying moments. Then victoriously eager, he loy, steady tobes.
"Fought you say?"
"Yes, dear. Fought bravely. Like a lion. Knocked out two of the Busters with his watchman's club. They were captured. That's how the police know who got it. Even after he was shot he managed to stagger to the window, and break it, and yell an alarm. Brave? Sure your Dad did a hero."

And mixed with Ruth's sobe of grief was a strange tinge of Spartan joy!
CHAPTER 18
Meanwhile, to go back a little, Captain O'Brien that same afternoon had come to the end of his patience with regard to his halcyon special witness, Mrs. T. M. M.

Back, back, back against the rear wall of the station house he crouched, balancing his weight on the powerful springs of his hinges like a tiger preparing to pounce. There were none present. He applied the same strategy with his sword eyes. Twelve feet high, or more. A tremendous jump, even if he could have had a long run. But in this day, two-by-four yard, impossible!

Forward and up, flying steel muscles—rubber shoes.
day and insubordination were two things that the sturdy Captain tolerated about as much and as long as he would a cocklebur in his pajamas. But the sight of Rinty sitting or stalling forlornly around the station house all day, watching only a chance to get out so that he could get home, had got on the Captain's peevy nerves. Besides, it was not good for discipline. Rinty had to be made to work—or else to be discharged from the force. The Captain, who had never lost a moral battle in his whole life of authority, was not one to bow to, or humor, a dog-own or a wretched, wretched streamer, as big as Rinty, accordingly, he had given instructions that day that when Sergeant Figherty came off duty at six o'clock he was not to take Rinty home; but that Rinty was to be confined in the tiny, four-walled square courtyard in back of the Precinct Station House until such time as he became amenable to routine and consented to go out on patrol with one of the cops.

One by one, each cop in the Precinct had endeavored to "make up to" Rinty and win his partnership. And one by one Rinty had superciliously ignored them; on in the case of his temporary partner, he had shown a hint of his anger. Just a hint of bravado on the sky fellow's face, but that was all.

On the particular night long after Figherty and his shift had gone home, and the night men were on duty, Rinty looked discontentedly in his prison yard. Like all wild-man, Rinty was a creature of habit. He knew that this was time for him to be in the cherished little stall, eating supper, and

mother be removed from the frame in her home and placed in her casket for burial with her.

MILWAUKEE—A will left by Mrs. Wilhelmste Pfundstein provided that a large portrait of herself and