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NOVEMBER 14
FULNESS OF JOY.—Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand here are pleasures for evermore.—Psalm 1:11.

BROKEN HOMES

Yesterday's Tidings carried a front page story under the caption, "Skeen Slayers are Guarded." Near the close of the story in which was related the visit of George Hard, Vernon policeman and father of William Hard, to Mrs. Skeen, mother of the man murdered by young Hard and his companion, Erno, were these words:

"I am the father of the boy who stayed at your place and who you have every reason to believe was implicated in the slaying of your son. I am almost as broken hearted as I know you are. The boy lived at home and was a model son until we became estranged, the boy going with his mother when our family home was broken up."

The words quoted require no explanation. They bare the sad story of an estranged husband and wife, a broken home, a small boy derived of the love, guidance and protection of a father. Robbed of that which is the inherent right of every boy and girl, the love and guidance of both father and mother, young Hard became a wanderer. He fell in with harder men. Whether the boy, who is still in his teens, became a criminal at heart is not known, but he is confined within the walls of the jail at Yreka, awaiting trial on charge of murder in the first degree. The hangman's noose appears to be his fate. He claims his older companion committed the crime, but will he be able to prove it? Only God grant Hard and Erno witnessed the crime. It is the word of one man against another.

The undeniable facts of the case are that the boy has been woefully handicapped in the struggle for a foothold in a world cent, smiling boy some with his boys. While still an innocent and estranged his father and mother. A home is broken, ties come the pitiful, ties that God forbids be broken. The lad became a victim of circumstances and is charged with the crime that can be committed. How much of the fault can be charged to the boy? Influences over which he had no control threw him into the world. Some one else must bear a part of the responsibility.

In every nook and corner of the United States, and in foreign countries, representatives of the law are looking for three D'Autremont brothers, who are suspected as being the perpetrators of the almost unparalleled holdup, and quadruple murder near Ashland a month ago. That crime is almost without parallel, yet suspicion points to three brothers, mere boys, whose father and mother separated some years ago. Guilty or not, the brothers have been gravely handicapped in life and during years that are important in the life of any boy. Crime after crime can be cited which were committed by boys who were the victims of broken homes.

This is not a brief for the murderers of Skeen, nor for those who slaughtered the four trainmen in the Siskiyou hold-up. If the law declares them guilty justice demands that they pay the penalty with their lives. Sentiment must not be permitted to override judgement and the guilty must suffer. But in their suffering those who dodged responsibility, and those who were responsible for their broken homes should suffer almost to death. Some of the responsibility for the victims of the hangman's noose must be placed where it rightfully belongs. If public sentiment does not fix the responsibility, God Almighty will. He never fails. His judgement is sure.

The appalling tragedies of the present ought to be driven to the fathers and mothers of children until homes become that which right principles demand. There is need for strength in the homes of America. They are the Gibraltar of the nation and of the race. But they are weakening; they are failing. Young Hard and the three D'Autremonts are the products of broken homes.

When a man starts out to make a fool of himself he is quick to resent any interference with his plan.

A great many people mistake gab for conversation.

None too early to take an option on a Thanksgiving turkey.

It's early enough now to practice putting off Christmas shopping.

No doubt the efforts of scientists to conquer Age gives Time many a laugh.

Chorus girls are to wear more clothes in 1924, which introduces us to the comparative of not much.

Europe is always willing to be saved again. Almost too willing.

The world needs to raise more things to eat and wear not so much of the commodity saturated with sulphur.

Daily News Letter

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Bored husbands put one over on artistic wives at the recent annual recital of Mme. Eva Gantier at Aeolian Hall. Jigg's discovery of corned beef and cabbage on the menu of a polite Parisian cafe could not have been more gratifying.

Not that this talented artist's program lacked ancient airs or recognized reputes, for it included "Hark, Hark, the Echoing Air," a selection from the "Fairy Queen," and other delectable musical morsels, but

The hit of the evening was "Alexander's Ragtime Band!" Condensing critics, with customary restraint, satisfied themselves in referring to this and to one or two other jazz selections, by noting Mme Gantier's "extraordinary catholicity" of taste. She also rendered "Carolina in the Morning."

But those noble martyrs to domestic tranquility reveled in it, and their shoulders shook suspiciously as the syncopated strains of "Come On and Hear" shocked the boys with long hair and Lord Fauntleroy neckties.

Mme. Gantier was ostensibly "introducing" American jazz music to the recital world.

But many New York husbands need no introduction to Nora Bayes nor Irene Bordoni.

Senor Vicente Blasco Ibanez, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and other celebrated novels, was "licked pink" at a reception in his honor given by 500 members of the Author's League of America recently at the Hotel Waldorf—only he didn't know what it was all about.

Senor Ibanez speaks Spanish only, and apparently his translator's version of the divers and sundry "wise cracks" carefully prepared days in advance by the witty and spontaneous speakers, were a total loss.

Each author strove valiantly to be funny—in fact, everybody but the guest of honor was highly amused. The farous Spaniard, however, quickly sensed the situation, and his chorales were hearty if not always timely.

He delivered the only serious speech of the evening, which made a profound impression on the American authors, who knew no more Spanish than Senor Ibanez did English.

Ed. Howe of Atchinson, Kansas, better known as the "Sage of Peetato Hill," who has been visiting in New York recently, told Journalism students of Columbia University the other evening how to apply the acid test to a news story.

Anything that will make a woman throw up her hands and say "For Heaven's sake!" is news, said Mr. Howe.

It takes an auction sale of articles having something more than intrinsic value to bare characteristic human traits in all their unadorned nakedness.

When the household furnishings from the late residence of Mrs. Geo. J. Gould went under the hammer recently there was a wild scramble of eager women, as well as professional dealers.

Highest prices, of course, were paid by the traders, but the real competition was between private bidders.

One woman, victorious in her clamorous offers for a small bronze Buddha, went out hugging it fondly to her bosom, declaring she had "never been so thrilled" in her life.

Another, purchaser of an overstuffed chair, seated herself in it and sighed contentedly, as her late competitors surveyed her ruefully in green-eyed jealousy.

A woman who previously had purchased a rug, returned with a request for her money back, saying the rug was too large for her room. When the rug was being resold the auctioneer told his patrons it was "too big for a bathroom" and advised them not to bid on it until they were sure of room dimensions.

English Influence.

One day an old Kurdish chief, with a heavily armed escort, rode into the grounds of the British legation in Teheran, Persia. He had a little grandson with him, "a richly dressed boy of about nine who, in addition to a dagger and sword, had a couple of the most up-to-date revolvers stuck in his belt." The old chief wanted to send his grandson to Harrow school in England. The matter was discussed through an interpreter, "and after countless complaints and expressions of thanks, the wild-looking horsemen, with the old chief and the boy at their head, rode away."

Oysters and Clams.

For 48 hours young oysters enjoy freedom as moving creatures. Then they settle down for life. Among the oysters' enemies are the starfish. These five-fingered gentry sometimes destroy a whole bed in one night. There are giant clams weighing 50 pounds. Limpets, a shell fish found stuck to rocks when the tide goes out, have kept many an English fisherman's family from starvation in unlucky seasons. Limpets go on traveling expeditions at night, but by a wonderful homing instinct, return to exactly the same spot on their "home" rock.

DO YOU OWN 1-8 OF AN AUTO? A CAR FOR EVERY 8

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Have you a little motor vehicle in your home?

There is some kind of a motor vehicle for every eight persons in the United States, according to statistics just made public by the Department of Agriculture.

More than 13,002,427 motor vehicles are now in operation in the United States as compared with 3,512,996 in 1916, the Department stated.

This large increase since 1916 the Department stated, has been systematic and at the rate of more than 600,000 every six months, and no indications of retardation is noted.

There are now 12,571,181 pleasure cars, 60,188 hired vehicles (including buses, etc.), 1,371,058 trucks and 141,521 motorcycles registered throughout the country.

More than \$167,240,937 was derived in taxes from the registration of these vehicles, of which \$134,733,225 was expended by the various States in road projects.

MEXICANS MOURN FOR EX-AMERICAN COWBOY

"Ed" Williams, Once Famous Character Was Loved by Mexicans.

TAMPICO, Mex., Nov. 13.—This city is in mourning over the death of "Ed" Williams, one-time cowboy who held up "Bat" Masterson, city marshal of Dodge City, Kansas, in the days when Dodge was the toughest town in the West, with "Bat's" own gun. Williams was hurt recently by a street car in Mexico City.

The Governor of the State of Tamaulipas, Senor Lopez de Lara, telegraphed the American Chamber of Commerce here of the accident, adding: "I will continue by his side, with great sorrow." The next morning, October 10, the Governor telegraphed again that "Don Eduardo" had died.

Thirty-nine years ago the young cowboy came down into Mexico and made and lost fortunes in mining. Thirteen years ago he settled in Tampico and helped it grow from a few thousand to a hundred thousand, with more than 20,000 Americans, and by the time he died at 65, he had long been known as "Uncle Ed," the Dean of the American colony. But just as affectionate a name was the "Don Eduardo" of the Mexicans, who sent a representative to escort the body of the loved American back to the Texas town from which he drove the steers up to Kansas.

Good citizenship does not come from teaching arithmetic or grammar. It comes from a sense of responsibility to the community. Loyalty must be taught in the home and the school in order to develop that loyalty that we call patriotism.—O'Shea.

WHAT TO EAT

Tuna fish is one of the most delicately flavored of fish and may be used in various dishes and enjoyed by those who are not fond of fish.

Ocean Chicken Pie.—Take a large can of tuna and mix with it, after flaking, the following sauce: Two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and when well blended add one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Boil together two diced carrots, one medium-sized onion chopped, two small potatoes diced and one cupful of peas. Line a baking dish with plain pastry, fill with the vegetables in layers with the fish mixed with the white sauce. Cover with an upper crust with opening for the steam to escape and bake in a hot oven until the crust is brown.

Cranberry and Raisin Pie.—Cut one and one-half cupfuls of cranberries in halves, let the water run over them in a colander to wash out as many seeds as possible, add one cupful of prunes cooked, pitted and cut into bits, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of flour. Turn into a pastry-lined pie plate, dot with bits of butter, cover with strips of pastry lattice-fashion and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Raisin Pie de Luxe.—Line a medium-sized pie plate with pastry. Cook together one cupful of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water mixed with three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, the rind of two lemons and one orange, and one and one-fourth cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of raisins. When the starch is cooked add the juice of two lemons and one orange, one cupful of walnut meats coarsely chopped. Pour into the pastry-lined pie plate, cover with top crust and bake for thirty minutes.

Begues Mackerel.—Wipe the fish if salt, soak until freshened. Brush with olive oil, put into a dripping pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper to season and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

How many of us who write, want to write only about the things that please? How differently did Crabbe act! He did not like at all the conditions under which he was obliged to live and work, but he recognized that it might be of great use to record them in literature, artistically, truthfully, and dispassionately. And he became a great artist by writing about the things he detested. To work in this way requires more than self-denial; it requires immense force of character.—Lafcadio Hearn.

In your youth, if not in your later wanderings in the country districts you may have been stung by poison ivy and poison oak. For ivy poisoning a good treatment is salt water. Another good application is one teaspoonful of boric acid in a quart of hot water. Avoid the creeper with three divided leaves. The harmless creepers have five leaves. Avoid the small shrub with the broad leaves like the oak. This is the poison oak. Give a wide berth to the sumac which grows in swampy places.

For supplying its own liquid ball polish or article oil, a patented manure stick with a hollow stem, opened and closed by a small spring device on the side worked by the thumb, feeds any desired quantity to removable orangewood points having holes drilled through them. Interchangeable tips with screw threads may be attached for different kinds of work to the end of the barrel, which is about the size of the ordinary fountain pen and may be carried in the vest pocket or purse, or kept on the dressing table.

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