THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS
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Truck Chivalry

Princess Ileana of Rumania had a new experience when driving a car on an Indiana highway, she ran into a truck and carromed into a ditch with a bent fender and smashed hub cap.

A hard-boiled Chicagoan named Adolph Kofer was at the wheel of the juggernaut which, as the princess understood it, forced her off the road. When informed that he had been in a collision with a princess and endangered a royal life, he replied:

"Is that so? Well, my front fender is bent. Don't I get something for it? It was her fault. She was beyond the center of the road." He paid no more attention to the princess and stood looking at his fender as the royal party moved on.

In Europe nothing is ever a princess' fault. But Ileana was up against a new type of royalty. The truck driver is the autocrat of the American highway and whatever happens in his neighborhood is practically always the other fellow's fault.

The Auto Future Safe

An eminent scientist or inventor or something has found out how to keep the automobiles of the world running for the next 800 years, even if the present liberal supply of petroleum peters out as many people expect it to do.

This gentleman is going to run his gas engines with coal, but not the way we run steam engines with it. First he turns the coal into tar and then turns the tar into gas and gets double the mileage than present day gasoline gives. As we understand it, he gets his tar by distilling the coal and his gas by cracking the tar, which shows where the scientist has it all over the non-scientist. It would never occur to the ordinary person to go about it in this hind side first matter. He would undertake to crack the coal and boil the tar, which wouldn't get him anywhere. But the scientist never overlooks any bets.

So having provided for the next 800 years we can feel fairly easy about the future of the automobile business. By the time the coal supply gives out we shall have discovered the secret of canning sunshine or extracting the boundless energy from the atom.

A Coffee Drinker

A Minnesota exchange tells us that Gus Comstock of Fergus Falls, that state, has won the undisputed coffee-drinking championship of the world. Gus put away 62 cups of the beverage in 12 hours. His nearest competitor quit after the twenty-seventh cup.

This feat, we suppose, will be generally regarded as a piffling sort of triumph, but we can't see why. It may be that the drinking of 62 cups of coffee in 12 hours is of less importance than swimming the English Channel, but the reason isn't entirely clear. Certainly it should be no less meritorious to demonstrate the capacity and endurance of a well-trained stomach than to display prowess with the arms, legs and chest. Gus must be admitted one of the world's greatest heroes comparable in his field to Gertrude Ederle, Red Grange and Suzanne Lenglen.

Will-o'-the-wisp

And now comes Dr. Adolph Lorenz, eminent physician, with the announcement that the cult of thinness is a Will-'o-the-wisp which the obese may just as well quit chasing. He advises the stout ladies to burn up their diet charts and throw their reducing appliances into the ash can.

According to this authority, if nature has designed a woman to be fat, fat she will be in spite of pills, a spinach diet, elastic bandages, or lying supine and peddling a bicycle upside down.

The advice of Dr. Lorenz is doleful or cheerful according to the point of view. To one obsessed with the idea that happiness in both this world and the next is in inverse ratio to one's weight it sounds a good deal like the voice of doom. But one who is reducing merely as a duty to society may accept it as authority and cease being miserable. Obesity is neither a disease nor a crime. It is just nature's way of introducing variety into the world.

A man isn't always washed clean by a plunge into politics.

A stitch in time may mean appendicitis.

TURNING BACK THE PAGES

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mrs. J. W. Reynolds of Fort Jones is visiting her sisters, Mrs. J. M. Wagner and Mrs. George Loosley. Mrs. Reynolds motored over from Fort Jones in the remarkable time of three hours and a half, and proclaims the newly completed Pacific Highway in Siskiyou county to be a wonderful boon to the motorist.

Wm. F. Herrin of San Francisco, chief counsel for the Southern Pacific, visited Ashland last Saturday and had dinner with his brother Fred Herrin at his ranch over on Bear Creek. His aged father, Hon. John S. Herrin, was also present. The Southern Pacific attorney is a native son of Jackson county.

Mrs. Pearl Kearney leaves this morning for Portland where she will spend about a month.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. Homer Barron and her two children returned from San Francisco, yesterday having been visiting relatives in and near the bay city.

Mrs. J. E. Thornton and sons returned the last of the week for a few days' visit with her sister at Central Point.

Normal Notes: Frank Holmes, who is enrolled in the training department, returned to the school last week after a three weeks' illness.

Ed Sutton and his brother Ward of the Fourth street emporium, will leave tonight for Klamath county to visit relatives and look for business opportunities.

Miss Ella Conrad of this city visited her sister at Medford a few days ago.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

A committee composed of Sam Robinson of Talent, G. R. Gallant, G. W. Dunn and L. A. Neil of Ashland, returned last evening from a visit to Edgewood, Cal. They went over there to take a look at the workings of the Edgewood creamery and will report their findings at a meeting to be held at Ashland next Tuesday evening in the interest of the creamery project here.

Messrs E. A. Sherwin and E. V. Carter go to Portland this afternoon and will join efforts with R. A. Minkler, who is already in the city, in the interest of aid to the Klamath Falls wagon road.

C. C. Chitwood came up on his bike from Medford Sunday but went home by train with a good job for the bicycle repair shop.

C. H. Vaupel left for Portland yesterday to attend the grand lodge, A. F. & A. M.

PRESIDENT HALL SPEAKER

(Continued from page 1.)

cleared, is for him and the board of regents to be able to bid on the open market for the best possible instructors and to retain those which other schools might seek to take away from them. This would take but a small fraction of the taxpayer's money, he said, and would be repaid many times in better citizenship for the growing commonwealth of Oregon.

Mrs. H. C. Galey, president of the local chapter of the University alumni association, gave the address of welcome to Dr Hall and Senator George W. Dunn presided as chairman.

Dr. Hall will address a meeting at the normal school auditorium at 8 o'clock tonight, to which all citizens interested in educational matters are invited.

TOM SIMS SAYS

What would a politician do in heaven?

We wonder what Adam would say if he could have been here to enjoy Apple Week with us.

Gene Tunney was served with a summons in New York for participating in exhibition bouts. Now he's a true champion.

More young people might stay at home nights if they didn't mind being alone in the house.

Famous last lines: "I have a good friend in the city hall and I'll see that it's done."

SAP AND SALT

BY BERT MOSES

Our greatest fear is that we will be found out.

A good way to remove paint is to sit down and walk away.

Fatty degeneration assumes its worst form when it attacks the head.

You dont know how dear things are until you buy them, nor how cheap until you sell them.

Hez Heck says: "Some prays on their knees on Sundays and on their neighbors the rest o' the week."

What Others Say

(Corvallis Gazette-Times)

A statement by Secretary of State Kozer is to the effect that the state of Oregon will face a deficit of a million dollars when the new governor takes office.

This deficit is the result of politics pure and simple. As has been stated in this column many times, Governor Pierce and his appointed state treasurer purposely made a low mill levy two years ago in order that the governor might claim he had "cut taxes." All he had done was to postpone payment and his method has killed him forever in this state so far as any concerned.

Speculation is now rife as to how the deficit may be met. What plans the new governor may have have not been announced, but the problem is a serious one and means that the legislature in 1927 will have one of the most difficult tasks in a generation.

(Astoria Budget)

Aimee's trial is set for January which means that here in Oregon she is going to have to compete with the legislature for front page space. Poor Aimee! She is getting too many rivals. Lately it was Queen Marie who pushed her to the back pages.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city, which opened to them of his own accord; and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him." Acts 12:10.

Oftentimes we too may come to the iron gate in our own experience and we wonder just how we are t oget on the other side; yet simple faith in God, backed up by prayer and a little effort on our own part will put us on the other side, just as it did Peter.

Tracked by the Police

Copyright, 1926, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

"TRACKED BY THE POLICE," starring Rin-Tin-Tin, is a Warner Bros. production of this novel.

SYNOPSIS

Among the things that have sustained Jimmy Ford through the horrors of war in France are letters from his sweetheart, Ruth Allen. One of these letters upsets him, because it tells of the attention Dan Murtagh, a politician, pays her in Jimmy's absence. In his heartbreak he volunteers for a dangerous raid. A German war dog gives her life to save his. Jimmy, in gratitude, adopts her puppy, and smuggles it home after the war. Jimmy's father, a police lieutenant, is mysteriously murdered. Jimmy joins the Force to avenge him; and has an able ally in Rin-Tin-Tin, now full grown—

CHAPTER 2—Continued

Out—out—back and front, to a luxurious, satisfying stretch of every little cord and nerve and tendon in his great body; tingling now, grunting with the joy of strong physical life, Rinty drew himself together again, and the same motion that carried his hind legs erect under him sent him forward on a wide-awake, joyous trot into Jimmy Ford's bedroom.

At one minute and thirty seconds past six on that soft September morning the arbitrary jerking of the bedclothes from his body and the nipping of friendly fangs at his bare feet summoned Jimmy Ford from the land of dreams to a realer land just as interesting and romantic to him, in the first flush of manhood and love, as could be any figment of the night's sweet fancy. A land of work, and people, and a dog that he loved.

The light touch of two swift passing years had brought to Jimmy many fortunate things. He had gone away to the War a boy and come home from it a man full molded and tempered in mind and body, albeit a trifle immature emotionally. The shock of his father's murder, but a short week later, had

Rinty looked steadfastly at the crayon likeness.

been a climax which forged his emotions into a stable whole with his mental and physical qualities, so that he had stood forth sad but clear-eyed on the dark and desolate day after his father had been laid away in the imperturbable dust over which Father Clancy muttered a few prayers and sprinkled a few drops of sainted water. Gone then the careless flip of youth from his eyes; the arm that he had slipped around his little mother's quivering shoulders even as it comforted her took the responsibility for holding the load of life off those frail shoulders.

The look that the man Jimmy passed to Ruth's dear, suffering eyes above his mother's head had been pregnant with a worshiping insight and understanding that brooked no longer the jealousies and selfish sulkings of the boy Jimmy.

In that hour Jimmy's love had grown up to and matched the calm, sweet certitude of Ruth's sturdy affection and advanced comprehension; in her heart there was no room for another, in his mind there was no more space for youthful jealousy. Then began the sure and steady fostering of love, and the preparation for the sanctification of love some future day before that selfsame Father Clancy whose cloth gave him the holy power to bless and speed the welding of two lives, as it did the beginning and the close of individual lives.

Patient love. The patient love of the poor. In all the world there is nothing nobler than the long-denying steadfastness of true love in those to whom the stress and obstacles of economic stringency deny a spontaneous launching of the marital adventure. Well enough for the scions and pampered daughters of the rich and well-to-do; with them, to love or covet is to marry without hindrance or delay. Not so the fortune of the poor or moderately circumstanced. For them, while the candle is reverently tended, the tallow must be stocked by the slow and painful accumulation of "enough to get married on." Common phrase, that, in the shadowed strata of humanity! Common in Chelsea. Common for Jimmy and Ruth. Many's the time they mouthed it longingly, the while in hallowed dusks they sat lovedrunk on pier stringpieces in quiet nooks of the North river waterfront, holding hands, thrilling in untold measures at the bulge of thigh against thigh, kissing. Unexploded pandan! Matches flaming under powder kegs. Plain, old-fashioned courting. Petting parties not for such unsophisticated souls as these.

Gravely Jimmy had gone to work. It was not so much that he had to support his mother. The pension from the Lieutenant's Fund of the Police Department assured her comfort for the rest of her days. Happiness she would never know again—now that her Jim was gone. For further material aid, there was the spare bedroom. Now, if some nice bachelor coy would appreciate a clean room in a quiet flat at a reasonable charge. Someone like Officer Flaherty, for instance—fat, and jolly, and a little dumb, and quite helpless. Indeed, Flaherty would! And so, in due course, he was installed.

No, the fact of the matter was that Mrs. Ford, knowing how things stood with Jimmy and Ruth, and having a soft memory of her own flushed young days with Jim, would accept no more from Jimmy than his board.

Friends he had by the score. Lieutenant Ford's boy! Him that was shot down making things safe for us around here! Within the week Jimmy's rifle and grenade clumsied fingers were cramping over bank statements, and his application for "the force" was on file with the commission, bearing three indorsements from as many captains and inspectors who had been his father's friends. Jim Ford's boy!

Not many weeks later he had left the staid ledgers for two days and presented himself for the test of his manhood, the guage of his mind, that would aid an unsentimental board in determining whether or not there was merit enough in him to make wise the appointment to the force of this young man about whom so many high police officials had waxed and written sentimentally. Small need of friendly boosting in his case! Rare in the history of the department, here was a man who had passed with a perfect score—mental and physical!

Ruth had had something to do with that. Indirectly, of course. The fragrant odor of her hair in his nostrils as he bent over examination papers, the strong phantom pressure of her hand when he strained at his physical drills. His father, too—a beckoning, smiling, encouraging, idealized phantom. Little wonder it was as it was with Jimmy Ford's test.

Then he was in the rookie school. Then a probationer, proud and with the lusty swing of tradition and family heritage in his carriage. Already a suggestion of paternalism in the manner in which he stroked dirty Dago kids on their unwashed heads.

That was James Ford, Sr.—the genial and amiable, but hard fisted pride of the toughest neighborhoods in his plain cop days—living again in his son. Father to son—a succession of guild pride that persists solely, almost without exception, in the humbler walks of human endeavor. One seldom hears of a railroad president being succeeded by his son. But a cop—the bright gold lieutenant's bars of his father's coat were a burnished goal. Jimmy went into the staid parlor in his pajamas every morning immediately after Rinty had routed him from the sheets and formally saluted the purple and black draped crayon enlargement of his father that hung over the bemanteled synthetic fireplace.

"Why," Jimmy always said guilty to Rinty, who gravely accompanied him each morning, "he'd have been an inspector, maybe even a deputy commissioner, if Murtagh wouldn't have poisoned the politicians against him."

And Rinty always looked steadfastly at the crayon likeness and ruminated over the statement of thwarted eminence, not that he was at all interested in the photograph as a picture—indeed, it made no sense to Rinty at all, because, while it looked like a man, it did not smell like a man, but reeked rather of all kinds of disconcerting greases and powders—but merely because it was undoubtedly the object of his beloved master's especial concern. Therefore, quite aside from his personal lack of interest in sentimental art, Rinty stood ready to bite the hand off any strange man, woman or child who might profanely touch the mysterious and abstract treasure.

Following this, while Jimmy proceeded to avail himself of the new-fangled shower that he had had a Twenty-third street Irish plumber attach to the flat's old fashioned bathtub at a cost of $11.85, Rinty went about other chores. First he scared Officer Flaherty into wide awakefulness by snarling and barking in his face. It was not a well loved or intimately affectionate task like the rousing of Jimmy! A one man dog—was Rinty!

(To be continued)

A Belgian cartoon refers to Uncle Sam as Shylock. That's right, Shylock didn't get the money either.

It seems that New York has dug up enough horses to stage a horse show. Will wonders never cease?

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of an execution on foreclosure duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the county of Jackson, to me directed and dated on the 30th day of November, 1926, in a certain action there, wherein The Pacific Savings and Loan Association, a Corporation as Plaintiff, recovered judgment against W. C. Gibson and Camilla Gibson, husband and wife, the defendants, for the sum of one thousand sixty-four and 51-100 ($1064.51) Dollars with interest at 10 per cent with costs and disbursement taxed at Twenty-one and no - 100 $21.00) Dollars, and the further sum of One hundred ($100.00) Dollars, as attorney's fees, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County on the 29th day of November, 1926.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the terms of the said execution, I will, on the 8th day of January, 1927, at 10:00 a. m., at the front door of the Courthouse in the City of Jacksonville, in Jackson county, Oregon, offer for sale and will sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment, together with the costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest that the said defendants, W. C. Gibson and Camilla Gibson had on the 13th day of December, 1922, or now have in and to the following described property situated in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Lots 1, 2 and 3, of Block 3, in the Alta Addition to the City of Ashland, Oregon.

RALPH G. JENNINGS
Sheriff of Jackson County, Ore.
By OLGA E. ANDERSON,
Deputy.
78-5-Fri.

SHORT TALKS BY THOUGHTFUL MOTHERS

An Indiana mother tells this: "We find nothing to compare with Foley"s Honey and Tar Compound for coughs and colds. My little lad had trouble with his bronchial tubes from his third year, but since we started giving him Foley's Honey and Tar we have been able to control it. We know there is nothing to compare with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound." The very name tells a story. Good also for croup (spasmodic) and troublesome night coughs. Ask for it. Sold everywhere.—No. 2.

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds! It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.

Used Car Bargains

1926 Ford Sedan	$400
1926 Chev. Coach	$600
1925 Chev Touring,	$485
1924 Chev. 4-Pass Coupe	$350
1924 Ford Roadster Delivery	$125

All Cars in Good Condition

The Automotive Shop
Chevrolet Dealers
SEE THE SMOOTHEST CHEVROLET

BABY'S COLDS
we mean "nipped in the bud" without "dosing" by use of—
VICKS VAPORUB
Over 32 Million Jars Used Yearly

FOR FINE CAKES
Snowdrift makes the finest kind of cakes. Cake making requires a delicate shortening, and Snowdrift is delicate—as delicate as the best butter. Snowdrift is a *creamy* shortening, too. No creaming or softening is necessary—it's all ready for mixing with the sugar.
Snowdrift

A REAL FAVORITE

More and more people are learning that the best breakfast these mornings consists of those delicious hot waffles with piping hot coffee which Nininger's serves for 25 cents.

Come in for your breakfast tomorrow.

Also Complete Fountain Service

NININGER'S

When you plan to build

you will find that an experienced insurance man may be able to suggest several features of construction that will secure a minimum fire insurance rate on the property. Let this agency help you.

We represent the Hartford Fire Insurance Company.

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