

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

C. J. READ, MANAGING EDITOR

W. H. PERKINS, NEWS EDITOR

PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

The Speed Demons

The Tidings has steadfastly stood by the policy of commending rather than criticising. We have always been for and never against any movement, for the ultimate good of the city. However, if a newspaper is to fulfill its full place within a city it cannot always commend, it some times must take the opposite attitude and use its power of publicity to attempt to correct conditions that are a menace to a majority of the people. Now after three months of boosting and commending the time has come when we must desert this policy, temporarily only, and call the public's attention to a serious menace that daily is endangering the lives of not only many citizens but little helpless school children as well.

Every day, many of the great passenger buses that go whirling through here are violating every traffic regulation that is on the books of the city of Ashland and the state of Oregon. There is not a day goes by, but that many of these great juggernauts of the road do not go through this city far in excess of the speed limit. As we sit in our office, and look out on the main traveled street we have seen many pedestrians narrowly escape the crushing wheels of a speeding buss, as it demands and always secures the right of way.

We are not offering this as a criticism of our efficient officers. We know that they are severely handicapped by a lack of men, that they cannot be only in one place at a time, and that they cannot spend all of their time checking up on the busses. However it has reached a serious stage. Something should be done, to slow them down as they come through Ashland. One human life snuffed out by a mania for speed, could never be paid for by action afterwards.

Something must and should be done, and done now, before it is too late, before some little child or good citizen pays the penalty for not being nimble enough to escape these speeding wheels.

The other day, a local man was driving down to the business section and as he passed a school house a buss swiftly passed him. It did not slow up for the school, but speeded on. He turned his ear about and followed it. Just before the city limits were reached, he drove along side of the buss, (he had to make forty five miles an hour to do it), and called out to the driver to slow down. The driver replied "What the H... is it to you how fast I drive," and kept right on.

Surely there is a way to check this, before some fatality results. Surely the city of Ashland, either through appealing to the home office of the stage companies, or, by posting a special officer, can put a stop to this dangerous procedure. Something should be done and done now, tomorrow may be too late.

Silence Is Golden

Representative "Sam" Low of Bernham, Texas, has retired from the ring, after ten years of service in the house. In that time he has never made a speech.

He is retiring, not because his constituency wouldn't reelect him, but of his own choice to take a place on the Texas bench. We haven't a doubt that he was, as alleged, a credit to the people he represented. The fact that his supporters did not measure his service on a basis of lineage in the Congressional Record is to their credit. They were not worried about the number of pounds of oratorical steam he could let off.

Debate is not without its uses. There is power in oratory. But both are less important than hard work in the committee room. More work and less talk would assure us of better legislation.

Thinking lengthens life, a medical authority tells us. This is specially true if the thinking is done by automobile drivers before they cross over railroad tracks.

Does anybody remember the old fashioned bottle goods oasis that had "quart," "pint" and "half pint" keys on its cash register?

Two vacations of a month each are recommended by a New York physician, but he doesn't tell how to get them.

It may be a difficult matter for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of heaven but it is dead easy for him to get on the board of trustees of the church.

It was about 30 years ago that the Rainy Day Club began its agitation for shorter skirts. It was a good idea but they failed to equip it with brakes.

By Williams



What Others Say

A Paris court has ruled that a wife has no right to open her husband's letters. Our judges seem to be behind time, or scared of their own wives. But if we lived in Paris we wouldn't want anybody opening our mail anyway.—Springfield News.

Civilization: Outlawing 6-inch firecrackers; casting 16-inch naval guns.—Vernonia Eagle.

By giving the boys what they wanted before they took it anyway, John Bull has shown that he has learned a lot since Yorktown.—Weston Leader.

If the average man knew as much as he thinks he knows it would make him bowlegged and hump-shouldered to carry it; but he probably would say less about it than he says about what he thinks he knows; and that's that.—Banks Herald.

The hen is like the human. She is worthless if she persists in staying on the roost too late in the morning.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

Breakfast foods have built up the magazines to a bigger extent than they have built up people.

No household problem is more vexing than deciding what to do with medicine that is left over.

Hex Heck says: "When a gal don't help her feller put on his overcoat, it's a sign she don't want him to call again."



If you do nothing but hope, you are hopeless.

The whale that doesn't blow never feels the whaler's spear.

Dodging things wears you out faster than taking them as they come.

It's up to you to be either an avvil or a hammer; you can't be both.

As for Jimmy, he heard nothing after the first thrilling announcement that the ship was to be sold.

As for Jimmy, he heard nothing after the first thrilling announcement that the ship was to be sold.

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK — Because he smoked a cigar in the lobby of the Christian Alliance society, James Dexter was recognized as a fugitive from justice and captured.

NEW YORK — Temple Emanuel, with the wealthiest and most influential Jewish congregation in the United States, has been sold to Joseph Deret, vice president of the Capital National Bank for \$7,000,000, or a record price of \$270 a square foot for Fifth avenue property.

ZARAGOS, Spain—Medical students at Spanish universities have been circled as part of a campaign inaugurated by their fellows at the University of Zaragoza to reduce the "excessive" number of doctors in Spain.

LONDON — Mrs. Jane Moss, who died here on her 192nd birthday shortly after she had had her hair shined, told those with her at the end that she attributed her longevity to minding her own business.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Mrs. Walter Herndon and son Bobby, have returned to Springfield after a visit with relatives here in the Beaver and Yockey families.

Manager J. W. Dobbin of the Hotel Oregon was a visitor to Medford Saturday.

Dr. Lane Bristol, son of Superintendent of Schools, G. A. Bristol, arrived last week from Seaside, Ore., where he has been located for the past several months. He will make a visit of indefinite length in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Walker left this morning for a short visit with relatives at Klamath Falls.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

S. C. Hamaker visited a few days in Ashland with his family, while enroute back to Bly, Klamath county, from a trip to Portland. He left yesterday for Bly, where he is heavily interested in the mercantile business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Walker have returned to Ashland and will occupy their home on Granite street. They have been spending the past few months at Boise, Idaho, whither they went from their old home in Curry county, thinking perhaps they would locate in Boise. Ashland, however, seemed best of all in comparison as a place to live, and they are now later to stay, and will be joined later by the other members of the family.

Mrs. George Fitch, Miss Agnes Fitch, George and Robert, arrived in Ashland yesterday morning on a visit to the family of Mr. D. McCarthy, Miss Agnes Fitch has been spending the past three years in Philadelphia and Newark, N. J., and this is the first visit she has made to her old home in Ashland.

H. P. Garnea and family have been visiting relatives in Gold Mill.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Mr. Ross Dodge, who had been teaching school in Curry county, returned to Ashland this morning to spend the holidays.

H. B. Evans, the painter, is at Klamath Falls, brightening the town.

W. H. Stewart, who is superintending the shipping and packing of the Hart fruit shipments, returned to Ashland Friday, after a few days visit at Roseburg.

Baker county tax collection for year total \$640,450, Union Pacific, 28 tributary sawmills, and paying more than \$100,000, \$1,000,000 a month payroll.

SAYS SANTA IS WORLD MOST IMPORTANT MAN

LAWRENCE, Kas., Dec. 15.—(United News)—The world's most important man is Santa Claus, for he is the only one who can remake the universe, according to William Allen White, editor of the Emporia, Kas., Gazette, and a famous author and publisher.

Addressing the University of Kansas in the annual Christmas convocation here today the "sage of Emporia" declared that Santa Claus, whom children know only as a merry old man with flowing cheeks and sparkling eyes means more to the world than any one else.

The editor said that it is Santa Claus in his spiritual guise that can bring the long wanted peace to the world today.

"There are periods of darkness and depression in the world followed by war," he said. "Every conflict in the nation has been followed by a spiritual paralysis. It has robbed countries of peace and faith—of love and charity, which have been swallowed up in social vices.

"Every war is a fool war, whether intended for the good of a nation or not and today there is a cloud of doubt hovering over Christendom as a result of the recent world war. The product of the nation today must be distributed with more love and faith—as gifts are distributed by Santa Claus."

HERE IS THE FIRST OF THE NEW FEATURE

(Continued From Page One)

ed hot lead instead. Who was to blame the one who shot her, or you and me, that taught her to trust mankind?

Let us take Jeff for an example. Here tonight I gave him and his three pals every thing that I could find that they would eat, yet it was hardly a taste, he will come back to-morrow and I will have less, the next day I will not have anything at all. He will hang around until he is so hungry that he will either break in the lodge or go away disgusted, a sorehead in other words. He catches the scent of man in the south wild and follows it. If he is lucky it won't be a hunters camp. In his travels he comes upon a kind of lane through the timber, the trees are what you and me would call blazed trees, some of the trees have white rags nailed on them. If Jeff could read, these pieces of cloth would tell him that this was the park boundary, but unfortunately, Jeff was kicked out of school when he was a year and three months old. He crosses the line and keeps his nose to the wind and keeps on, and comes to a pasture. In this pasture is a number of sheep. Jeff doesn't know what they are, doesn't care. All that interests him is the fact that they are in his line of travel and went get out. He lands on one and knocks him for a row of Woolworth buildings. The sheep get frightened and bunch up, still in his way. The result is that before Jeff gets through that bunch of sheep, there is wool and sheep scattered over ten acres, and the Jeff, that used to spit a life-saver in half, that was held between our fingers, has become a killer. Who is to blame? What are you going to do, make a law to keep a man from protecting his property? Why not feed Jeff until the snow gets so deep that he can't travel, and he will go to bed where he belongs and give you a great deal more pleasure next year than this one.

CHAPTER 5.

Meanwhile, after sponsoring James Allen into his new and floored job, Dan the Dude had hurried from the Truth Avenue block. He turned the very first corner he came to, toward the river. It is an instinctive habit with the hunted and the furtive, the fugitive and the rat, to turn corners. At any drop of a hat, slouch of shadow, or a faint glimpse of a shadow, he will tell you his observations have shown that crooks in the city, even when on innocent missions, never walk in a straight line, down avenues or along streets, but wind and twist about as if they were a snake.

Dan the Dude Murtagh did just that—he kept glancing back over his shoulders as he slipped along, particularly as he drew near the waterfront street. The instant Murtagh had turned the corner, his slouch had dropped from him like a sloughed snake skin. Now the inner man was hard, foxy, covert. But he remained more than ever the "big man" in the neighborhood, the man who was the victim of his own vicious authority about him. Directed, nurtured, he might otherwise have been a captain of industry, maybe; or a successful entrepreneur. But now—just Dan the Dude, bareheaded, bare chested, and bare of the underworld.

And this was his palace. This slouchy cavern, on a Chelsea street, Prospect; a short, blind, oval, little strip of a street, bordered by modestly respectable buildings, and the street was an enclosed appendage of the waterfront's vascos of slouch. No living quarters around here. Just grimy blank walls. Something foul was in the wind, besides the smell of stock market and the healthy slaughter-house and the Jersey factories across the river. Dan the Dude would Dan the Dude, who held his head high in high places, crouch it so low here in a low place? The weight of guilty fortification was dragging down his mind and his soul.

Klamath Falls has 11,500 people, 28 tributary sawmills, and \$1,000,000 a month payroll.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"And he said, The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God." Luke 18:27.

There is no such word as "can't" in the Kingdom of God. If men could be brought to realize this and to trust in God and His goodness, there would be fewer human failures and human wrecks.