

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

We Exercise Our Brains

The London Times is doubtful whether British prosperity can be secured on the American plan of high wages, mass production and increased consumption...

Probably, with unconscious British conservatism, it reacts against the thought of the complete turnover that might have to be made in British ideas, in order to adopt American customs.

In this country the old doctrine of class conflict is rapidly being replaced by the idea of cooperation in industry. Our greatest industrial organizations, public utilities and railroads, have broken up their stock ownership and sold their securities to millions of employes, customs and capitalists.

There is nothing in the American labor or capitalistic system which cannot be adopted by Great Britain, its workmen and capitalists, if they desire to do so.

It is not so much the utilization of natural advantages as it is the exercise of common sense, coupled with unhampered private initiative, that has built the United States into the nation it is today.

Paying Judges

Congress has passed, and the president has signed a bill to give judges of the United States courts increased salary. The poor compensation that accompanies judgeship has long been recognized as a handicap to the appointment of men best suited for the positions.

Of times lawyers who would have made the best judges have refused to leave private practices for the honor of the bench. Others have taken the position for experience to get acquainted of for some other reason, but very few for the salary attached.

Decreasing the Death Rate

Deaths from tuberculosis are decreasing, says the head of a big life insurance company. The mortality rate in 1920 was an average of 118 for every 100,000 inhabitants, while during the first ten months of this year it was 81 for every 100,000 persons.

No doubt the little Christmas seals that are sold at Christmas time are responsible for a large percentage of this decrease in the tuberculosis mortality rate. Have you bought yours this year?

A New Jersey mother recently spanked her fifteen-year-old daughter who ran away to get married and then forgave her. We agree with the suggestion of the editor of the Pocatello, Idaho, Tribune that the spanking should have come before.

Illinois courts have ruled that a husband is entitled to alimony if his wife deserts him. But can he get it?

The number of automobiles is increasing by leaps and bounds and pedestrians are surviving the same way.

Washington is to have a big stadium to which congressmen can go to extend their remarks.

European papers think America overdid the reception to Queen Marie. We overdo a great many things, such as lending money.



What Others Say

The old-fashioned woman who used to have to wear overshoes after a fall rain now has a daughter who goes out before breakfast to swim the channel. — St. Helens Mail.

Note to mail robbers: When a marine is bent on capital punishment, there isn't any time to hire a lawyer. — Corvallis Gazette Times.

The worst hard luck connected with a two-dollar bill is that if it isn't five. — Vernonia Eagle.

The spirit of a greater Port Orford was made manifest at the get together chamber of commerce meeting Tuesday night. It is the co-operation of the entire community that builds cities. — Port Orford News.

Fossilized mosquitos four million years old have been dug up in Utah, and we recommend this pursuit to other hill collectors. — Weston Leader.

SAP AND SALT advertisement by BERT MOSES

A well beaten road is often the wrong one to take.

Face the sun and your shadow will not get in your way.

When a man wants his wife to run away, she never does.

All that man wants here below is a little more than he's got.

Any man can be flattered by telling him he is a man who cannot be flattered.

Who is most provoked—the husband who goes home and dinner not ready or the wife who has dinner ready and the husband doesn't come?

Her Heck says: "The only way to prevent what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens."

Isn't It Odd?

REDDING, Cal.—A letter mailed in Arizona in May, 1923, was received here today by Miss Laurel Quinn. The missive had been sent from Tucson to Redlands, Cal., where it apparently lingered. The paper was yellowed with age, and the writing so faded that it was scarcely legible. Miss Quinn said the writer of the letter died two years ago.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—"Drat that daw," exclaimed A. D. Powell when his hound gave up a hot rabbit trail to tree a chipmunk. He brought the stock of his gun down on the hound's haunches, the impact released the trigger, and Powell is in a serious condition with birdshot in his right side.

PHILADELPHIA—James Donovan, 19 year street beggar, has been arrested upon discovery that he lived at an expensive hotel, owned an automobile, employed a chauffeur and had \$15,000 in a local bank. Donovan had been paying a boy \$5 a day to push him through the streets in a wheel chair.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Engineer A. H. Copner is painting his house and garage and making numerous other improvements on the property.

"Climax" Delaman, basketball and football star of the Ashland high school, last year, left with his mother Monday for the middle west, where they will spend several months.

C. R. Robertson and family arrived in Ashland Tuesday from St. Louis and will make their home here. Mr. Robertson's son, G. S. Robertson, is manager of the Square Deal orchards on the hills across Bear Creek.

J. J. Cambers returned home last Saturday from a visit to his Duck Lake ranch, making the trip both ways from the Dead Indian on snow shoes.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Miss Ida Case, of the State Normal faculty, departed yesterday for the north.

Miss Ida M. Case, of the State Normal faculty, departed yesterday for the north.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Willis depart today to join their daughter in Portland, where they will reside. The best wishes of their numerous Ashland friends accompany them to their new home.

Mrs. G. W. Addison and little son are here from Oro Fino, Steiyou county, to visit with Mrs. Addison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Hevener.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Gardner went over to Eagle Point yesterday to visit relatives and friends for a few days.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

The family of locomotive Engineer Joe Poor, arrived Saturday to resume their residence here.

Mrs. Bent Eggleston returned Tuesday evening from a business trip to Pocatello, looking into the status of claims she holds against the old mill company there.

Mr. D. S. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. T. James and son and Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hammond went out to Wagner Springs to remain three or four days.

Fred Roper arrived home Saturday evening from California where he has been employed for some time past, to remain at home for awhile again.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MARIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Wednesday, November 2, 1924. Tonight I happened to be looking over my log for the winter of '21 and found this under the date Nov. 3. Gone from the lodge for two days, after trappers in the northwest corner of the park. Then under the date of Nov. 6 I found this story:

"Hit the north boundary of park 6:30 a. m., Nov. 5, this morning. Worked west, looking over both side park lines for one and a half mile. Came to Boundary Springs at 2 o'clock. There was snow on all the north hillsides but no ski tracks. Arrived at N. W. corner at 4. Headed south keeping well inside the park. Picked up ski tracks at 5, followed them till dark, 6 o'clock. We did not want to lose the tracks so we made camp. We had reasons to think that the men we were looking for were camped south of where we were, so we could not build a fire for fear they would smell the smoke. It was a cold night and we had to keep moving to keep warm so we were traveling light and did not have blankets. A mountain lion paid us a visit in the early morning hours. At day-break we were on the move again. The trail led due east for about a mile, but not a sign of a trap set, then south and at last west again to the park line. By this time we were south of Crescent Ridge. We hunted the meadows at the head of Copeland Creek, by this time we had given up following the tracks, the last we saw of them they were outside of the park line. We began to look for the camp. We realized that it would be a chance if we found it, unless we found more tracks. About 4 we found it hidden under a cliff of rock. It was a small cave, the floor covered with hemlock boughs, the opening was walled up almost to the overhang a small opening was left for the smoke to escape. We waited till dark and no one showed up, then went a short distance away where we could see the fire if they made one. We watched all night but they did not come to camp. The next morning we looked for trap sets inside the park. Gave it up about noon and started back to the lodge.

"Our first hand mark was Bald Crater, we arrived there at 2 o'clock, and took Red Cone Crater as our next objective, thinking we could get views at Red Cone Springs. We hardly left Bald Crater when a blinding snow storm hit us. You couldn't see ten feet. There we were in a tangled mass of dead fall of jack pines, and in a half hour's time we were lost. At last we got to traveling in circles, so we hit upon this plan. The storm was, or had been coming from the southwest, we drew a square in the snow with the wind coming across the southwest corner, the next thing was to decide the course we would take. The rim was to the east, so we headed a little south of east. One of us would stand still and line the other with a tree as far as he could see then he would call out, the other would wait till the one behind caught up, then with the aid of the tracks another line would be taken, and in this way we came to a land mark that I knew. We had to cross the southeast end of the Palmos Desert. It was all we could do to stand up in the wind. If we had had had to face it we would have been walking circles in no time. We hit the rim at old camp six, at the Devil's Backbone, at 6:30 and it was good and dark. The wind was crusting the crests, some of them were four feet deep. You would get in the middle of one of these and break through, your breath was freezing



Copyright, 1924, Warren Bros. Printing, Inc. "TRACKED BY THE POLICE," starring RINTY THE DOG, in a Warner Bros. production of this kind.

With blackjacks and kicks and pistol shots the Busters swarmed around him. Rinty ducked the blows, dodged the kicks and slipped to swingly sideward a pistol was raised that the aim was spoiled. Thrashing with his body as an infuriated crocodile snaps its tail, he bowled over some; a neat little trick of throwing his head backward, he kept his feet and giving a quick sid and upturn to his body upset the others. Within a few bewildering moments after the beginning of the fight Rinty had blasted every one of the gangsters with the pavement. Bloodied, crawling, frantically seeking one other and one thing only—escape!

Meanwhile Jimmy, never for a moment forgetting the old captain's instruction to "keep cool," recovered his senses; clambered to his feet, unshackled his blackjacks and went to work in Rinty's stall. Soon the sidewalk was littered with as subdued a collection of tough guys, groaning and abjectly in the midst of broken hands and mangled shins, as the crowd had seen the unmistakable of any strong arm squad.

That was, taking advantage of Jimmy's insouciant supply of hand-cuffs, tried to escape were promptly worried back into the crawling group by Rinty's savage fangs. "Watch 'em, Rinty, while I phone for the wagon!"

The amazed onlookers moved closer. They had seen the starling witnesses of a night unprecident in the annals of criminal life at Old Ashland. The Hudson Busters, terror of new cops, beaten and smashed and arrested by a lone man and his dog! Wonderful, incredible day! The reign of these rascals was at an end at last! The honest citizens among the onlookers ejaculated, fervent thanks to the cop and Rinty. But one there was who was a spy, and he sped away toward the gang's headquarters with the most disconcerting swiftness.

The "wagon" came a-belling. The handful of reserves who jumped out looked upon the scene with even greater amazement than had the citizens. Sergeant Mulcahy beamed at the somewhat battered, but crisply combed, Jimmy and said:

"A good start, Jim. Maybe 'twill teach these bums to respect you, and you'll have no further trouble." "The whole credit belongs to Rinty," said Jimmy honestly. "If you ask me, I'd like to be referred to as 'your things doctor'."

"Not a bit of it," snapped Jimmy. "We're just beginning to enjoy ourselves!" The gangsters, cowering, as gamblers always will, under the weight of a gunner's glare, made Jimmy the target of their baleful, hateful glares. He returned the compliment with cool contempt.

"You weren't doing nothing," whined one of the bullies. "What this guy comes along an' picks a scrap with us. Wait until Mr. Murgan hears about this. We'll complain to him, an' he'll get the commissioner to settle this smart fellow!"

"Can it be that the old Mr. Murgan is a friend of the likes of you?" asked Jimmy sarcastically. The bully sneered. "Well, I know him, an' he's a friend of everybody who gets into trouble when it ain't their own fault." "Just tell 'em, then, if he's so much the good friend of the Hudson Busters that Jimmy Ford is the cop who made the arrest. He'll be doubly indignant!"

The line and speech bite of this was not wholly lost on the gangsters and the delighted cops who now rode off with them in the wagon. Jimmy, left with Rinty on the triumphant battlefield, shared with the police the satisfaction of a small crowd of longshoremen.

But as Jimmy knitted at the crowd and walked off with Rinty, his thoughts were not concerned with this flashing glory, except in so far as the episode impressed him as a most suspicious case for his long quest of vengeance. Some-how inside he felt vastly encouraged that the fortunate turn of this first encounter with the Hudson Busters insured the eventual success of his long and arduous and untraced purpose to track and track down the murderer of his father.

Long ago the honest folk of Chelsea had ceased to believe about that mysterious crime. With the help public at large had followed the usual course of such news day sensations. But with the police, and with Jimmy Ford in particular, it was a matter of always fresh personal and professional interest. Jimmy led a working party of 25 as he walked along. Always he connected Murgan with the deed. But he knew so positive that would lead Murgan to either commit or instigate the murder. Knew nothing about it, but he was a responsible suspicion his father had always had of the man. But suspicious made poor judge for the electric chair!

CHAPTER 5—Continued. Rinty and Jimmy and Rinty strode toward the corner, where he had a dozen of the young toughs, who had but lately quit the headquarters of the Busters under Dale's orders to "get Jimmy, who killing. The rowdies tried to make believe that they were paying no attention to his approach, when Jimmy looked but took his eye to the side and saw that they were staring at him and down covertly and stealthily.

He approached them steadily, calmly, when he drew back he noticed a sudden movement. He took him by surprise. He gave an "ah!" of alarm—did not let on that he had noticed. But under his breath he whispered a word to Rinty to be alert. Rinty crowded close Jimmy's legs and moved along in a blur with the crowd.

The Busters had chosen their ambush spot well; it was a deserted corner in the center of Jimmy's legs and moved along in a blur with the crowd.

When Jimmy and Rinty drew apart of them, slowing down to meet them, eye for eye, the young fellows in a clumsy manner intended to escape accidentally together. Jimmy's legs and moved along in a blur with the crowd.

The Busters swarmed around him. "What's the big idea, Ain't the sidewalk wide enough for you fellows?"

Down, both of them, the cop landed the dog writhing in agony. A shower of kicks and fists. Jimmy doubled up and covered his face with his hands instinctively. He looked at his coat and feared his beating for the two, new cop and champion dog. A beating that would break the spirit—perhaps the backs—of both of them. Make them glad to never see the west-coast again!

The exuberant triumph of the Busters was suddenly checked. However, by an unexpected counter. Even as he gasped painfully for breath, Rinty flung his head at the morning light, righting the whole line of one of the gangsters who was about to kick his ass.

Decreasing in pain, the thug dropped to his hands and knees and tried to crawl away from the spot. Jimmy was left on his hands and sprang on a dime upon Rinty. Now, however, these mongrel humans were to see and feel and know the stuff of which real thoroughbred are made. As they rushed upon him Rinty struggled to his feet, elastically, instead, and struck with all the devastating force of a saw-toothed tornado.

The onlookers recuperative nature of his body were quickly forgotten. Jimmy had to be helped to his feet and given new strength and courage. Jimmy and Rinty were around like a self-annihilated atom. He attacked the gangsters one after another, all together. He was a whirlwind of fury. Jimmy and Rinty were around like a self-annihilated atom. He attacked the gangsters one after another, all together. He was a whirlwind of fury.

For every tree is known by its fruit: for of thorns men do not gather the seed of a bramble bush, so they gather grapes? Luke 6:44.

Neither will the Kingdom of God be brought in by lot of ungodly, profane, so called respectable citizens. Nor will it be brought in by a lot of lukewarm Christians. It will be brought in by the untiring efforts of earnest consecrated Christian men and women who put Christ and His cause first.

Dark. The wind was crusting the crests, some of them were four feet deep. You would get in the middle of one of these and break through, your breath was freezing on our faces. At first we would scrape it off, but when the skin began to come off with