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
Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

Democracy's Foundations

As an attraction of public interest and as an occupant of the first page newspaper space, there is no denying that the Halls-Mills murder trial made of the Fall-Doheny case an ignominious also-ran. Comparison of the two makes a fairly good philosophic ground upon which to base some honest thoughts about democracy and its much-touted and brawl-engendering holiness.

What are the facts? A member of the cabinet, a sanctified guardian of the democratic holy of holies of our national government, (for which, we ecstaticize each Fourth of July, our forefathers ran blood) is charged with having sold out 100 million dollars' worth of public lands for 100 thousand dollars, or just one-tenth of one per cent on the dollar — and with having pocketed the whole 100 thousand, leaving the public what the little boy is reported to have shot at.

The case comes up for trial after a most leisurely four years, just contemporaneously, so it happens, with evidence that many millions have been spent in a half dozen states to secure election to the United States senate. There is the story of the million spent to elect a United States senator from Pennsylvania, and the alleged brazen election board frauds that followed in the wake of the spending, electing William S. Vare.

There is the story of the public utility slush fund in Illinois, and the election of Frank Smith, member of the Illinois public utility commission, as United States senator there. There are the rumblings of the more recent slush funds in the senatorial elections in Maine and in Massachusetts, of which nothing has been proven, it is true, but the Maine charges were supported by the authority of the governor of the state, himself a republican, as is Senator-elect Gould, in whose behalf the money was spent.

All these instances, from Fall and Doheny down to Senator-elect Gould, are serious charges affecting the very foundations of democracy. They are more potent attacks against the theory of popular rule than were the Stamp Tax and its legislative relations which provoked Lexington and Concord and what followed them, up to the founding of the new United States, the first democracy since Greece and Rome dedicated to the theory that all men are equal, money or no money.

They should be tinder enought in this to start a holocaust of flaming indignation — if democracy were loved and patriotism as holy as all this flag-shouting and fervent per-orationing would indicate they are. Any one of these offenses against democracy would have been enough to start a real war back in 1776, enough to let the dogs of battle slip and tear through the entire country.

But they start no holocaust now. The dogs of war are gnawing too comfortably upon the fat bones of contentment, perhaps, to be worried about who goes to the United States senate, or how or what happens to the public oil field reserves of the people of the United States.

Or is it contentment? Is it the callousness, the sang froid of full dinner pails and bungalow garages and radios, or is it a sophistication born of a hundred and fifty years' experience with democracy?

You pay your money, as the saying goes, and you take your choice. You stand for the assessor and the income tax collector and write your checks for them, you shout democracy and snarl at Queen Maries when they bring close to hand the aura of so-called royalty on occasion, but you read the Halls-Mills case and lose your sleep over it rather than bought elections—if you lose any sleep at all. Purchased elections and stolen public property are politics and politics you say, is bunk, even though it is the nursing pap of democracy. Why worry about bunk when there are such interesting things as smoking pistolry and sex triangles, ultra-romantic and ultra-revengeful women, and Willie Stevenses, thick-lipped, to weave into real drama? It is on such a very human nature that democracy has to maintain her foundations.

We do hope the secretaries of state in Washington and Mexico City won't send each other bombs for Christmas gifts.

If that cotton crop is figured much higher, the South will start importing a new and more efficient breed of weevils.

Along about Christmas, somebody should tap one of those Americal oil wells in Mexico and pour a little of the contents on the troubled diplomatic waters.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams

What Others Say

There is possible to be built up in the Salem district a great new industry.

The breeding of rabbits—

And the rabbit breeders we already have here are to meet tomorrow evening at the Salem Chamber of Commerce to organize for their mutual benefit; to lay plans for the development of their industry here.

The United States department of agriculture is taking an interest in this industry. That department has detailed experts to help the breeders, and has issued an attractive poster illustrating, the excellent qualities of rabbit meat. This poster says, in display type accompanied by pictures: "Rabbit meat, wholesome, appetizing, nutritious. Domestic rabbit meat is delicious, tender and fine flavored. It is firm and white, like the breast of chicken; far superior to wild rabbit and always in season; rich in protein and economical."

Oregon has 3,521 miles improvpd and 947 miles unimproved state highways.

Molalla—F. C. Mortenson will build sawmill, south of town.

SAP AND SALT

By HERBERT MOSES

The bum speakers at a banquet come first.

Buy what you don't need, and you can't buy what you do.

We all get a certain pleasure out of thoughts we are ashamed to express.

Anyhow, radio bugs can't raise windows and annoy us this kind of weather.

Ten times as many words are required to conceal your thoughts as to express them.

Any one who can invent a process to recover the grease on garage overalls will threaten the supremacy of Standard Oil.

Hez Heck says: "What do you think o' the idea o' carvin' the name o' the doctor on the tombstone o' the deceased."

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK.—Trousers for women are predicted by Paul Poiret, and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is thinking of writing an essay on "will men wear skirts?" The trouser, M. Poiret writes in the Forum, will become as inevitable as bobbed hair but he sets the date for their general use as 1957.

NEW YORK.—"The experiment having proved successful thus far, Miss Eliza Riser and Mr. A. G. Weldike desire to announce their marriage," are the engraved announcements just mailed telling of a wedding that occurred a year ago. Actress and insurance broker explain that they desired to keep their union secret until they were sure it would be permanent. "Marriage is a good thing," says the bride, "but ours is the only way."

PHILADELPHIA.—A 17-ton bell that can be heard for 30 miles will ring in the new year. It is a memorial to John Wanamaker, made in England and has just crossed the Atlantic.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Hornbrook Leader—Mrs. C. E. Pratt entertained at dinner Rev. H. O. Edson and wife, their two daughters, Mesdames Tennant and Stout, and children, and Mrs. A. Kirake and son Albert of Ashland.

Mrs. Hartley is having her Nob Hill residence repainted and other improvements added about the place.

Word comes from Corvallis that Robert Throne of Ashland has been elected manager of the Student Engineers, and Willis Bailey, also of Ashland, has been elected to Gamma Sigma Delta.

Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Johnson, Mrs. Julia McQuilkin, Mrs. Leah Caldwell and Miss Mary Pierce motored to Medford Sunday.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Normal Notes—Officers were elected as follows for the Athena literary society:: president, Miss Lela Spencer; secretary, Miss Nellie Palmer; treasurer, Miss Clara Sylvester.

Mrs. Anna L. Myer and Mrs. Bertie Kerryman represented Ashland Lodge at the Grand Rally of Women of Woodcraft held at Eugene Friday and Saturday evenings returning Sunday morning.

Miss Jennie Williamson has returned home from Hornbrook, where she has been engaged as an accountant for the Southern Pacific company.

Wm. Wright from Newman's Grove, Neb., is the guest of Sam Ward. Mr. Wright is on a tour of investigation and may locate here.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

At a called meeting of those interested in the incorporation and improvement of the Hargadines cemetery, Saturday, Mrs. D. E. Hyde was chosen chairman and Eugene Walrad secretary. A committee consisting of E. Walrad, G. F. Billings nad G. O. Vannate was appointed to make full arrangements for incorporation and also find what is necessary to secure a perfect title to the said cemetery, and report at an early date.

Mrs. J. D. Crocker, delegate to the grand lodge, O. E. S., left for the north Saturday morning, to visit relatives a few days at Drain, before going on to Portland.

Chas. Wagner, Ray Robley and Bertram Spencer are home from O. A. C., where they attend school.

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"THROUGH THE POLICE," starring Rin-Tin-Tin, is a Warner Bros. production of the novel.

SYNOPSIS

In Brooklyn, Officer Jimmy Flaherty adopts an orphaned police dog, named Rinty, from Sergeant Dan O'Brien, at home of Jimmy's fiancee, Ruth Thorne. Jimmy's father, a police lieutenant, is disinterested, preferring Jimmy follow the force to carrying him. Jimmy has an odd ally in Mike Finnerty, who has proven Mikeson, nature and Rinty's training, has been assigned to the dangerous neighborhood of the Hudson Dusters, a gang of desperate secretive bootleggers. Jimmy and Rinty are ambushed, and fight a terrific battle with the Dusters. When Jimmy is shot down, Rinty runs to a closed box.

CHAPTER 7—Continued

Raising himself upon his hind legs, Rinty rested one forepaw on top of the police box, then with the other paw carefully pressed down the lever that unlatched the iron door. To pry the thus unfastened carrier wide open was a small task. Many a time Rinty had been schooled in this whole stunt by Jimmy, though not with the thought that the smart trick would ever be called into play so knowingly, so wisely as this by Rinty, left alone in a fatal emergency.

Once the box was open Rinty next unhooked the receiver of the repeat telephone and barked—barked in curt, eloquent little warning tones.

At the signal board in the precinct station house the police telephone operator on duty was listening to the strangest message that had ever come over any such line—short barks, succeeded at length by the mysterious, eerie night cry of the wolf. The officer, after trying in vain to get a response in human tones, had let out a yell that brought the desk lieutenant from his oaken throne and the captain from his private office.

Rinty barked in curt, warning tones.

They recognized Rinty's "voice." When the telephone cut cry died away Captain O'Brien said:

"There isn't a doubt but that Rinty's alone and something terrible has happened. Quick, sergeant, the reserves—armed for riot duty!"

The smooth, faultless, almost inhumanly perfect machinery of a police precinct headquarters was flowing in swift motion the next moment, and before a dozen or more seconds had elapsed two patrol wagons and several scout roadsters, an ambulance and the captain in his own high powered car were rushing and rumbling through the streets toward the midway phone box of Post 13.

Meantime Officer Flaherty had reached the battleground shambles. And simultaneously with him a few lay citizens who had chanced upon the scene. It was a gruesome spectacle that presented itself to them. Two men, stone dead in the dark cold tide of their fellows' blood. Black Mike, horribly torn by Rinty; but really killed by the bullets of his own comrades, and the Squeeze Kid—these two would haunt the underworld labyrinths of law-breaking no more.

But the sight that almost caused Flaherty's good old heart to stop its beating was the motionless, blood covered body of young Jimmy, and the wan, white face and closed eyes.

"Jimmy, Jimmy lad! Did they get you, boy? Speak to me, Jimmy!"

A swirl of shaggy shoulders, a sorrowful whimpering, an anxious concentration of great eyes—that was Rinty, back beside his stricken master now with a bound. A furious rush and clanking down the street, and a leaping, silver blue and a heartbroken, outraged medley of fight and cold entry when they saw Jimmy—that was the arrival of the reserves.

Captain O'Brien shared with Flaherty the loving task of pillowing Jimmy's head, tousled head, in their strong arms while the police surgeon applied the stethoscope to his heart. Suspense, dire, unspoken suspense, clung.

"He's still breathing — thank God!"

The first of hope in this communication took O'Brien, who throughout clung, when the surgeon seemed likely to take responsibility on his case Rinty suddenly thrust his snout into forward and sniffed Jimmy's cheeks. The surgeon, observing this, returned as though to impatiently push the big dog aside, but Captain O'Brien caught his arm and whispered:

"Wait, man. There's some things in this world, you know, that have more power in them than your medicine."

A moment later when Jimmy's eyes flickered open and looked up into Rinty's face, bewildered, but conscious, the Captain nudged Flaherty and the surgeon with such delight and vigor that he came near to upsetting the both of them.

"You see," he said, "there's something in the love of this fine dog that you can't carry around in bottles."

All knot close to Jimmy then—Rinty, the surgeon, O'Brien and Flaherty—and above them an overhanging circle of concerned faces, concern in which mingled the resolve to exact vengeance for this shooting down of a comrade.

Jimmy's first weak, word and faint smile were for Rinty, his next for Captain O'Brien:

"I told you Rinty and I would do our best, sir—and we did till they got me!"

Then to Flaherty: love after duty:

"Break it easy to mother and Ruth. Tell them not to worry. I'll be O. K. I'm not hurt much."

An exclamation of pain cut short his words and belied them. The surgeon hastily took charge and warned Jimmy to say no more. Indeed, the lad could not. The captain grasped Jimmy's hands encouragingly and whispered enthusiastic praise, while the surgeon did his preliminary work there on the hard cobblestones:

"If your brave father's looking down on you this day it's proud he must be, Jimmy. Your best was—damn good! Two of the rascals are dead—and by the Lord Hannah I'm going to personally direct the scouring out of this neighborhood, and every suspicious character we can lay our hands on will go into the jug until we get at the bottom of this assault on you, boy!"

With that the Captain left Jimmy to the professional mercies of the precinct surgeon and the personal care of Flaherty and Rinty, while he arose with a fierce light in his eyes and in a few crisp instructions formed his reserves into the police "drag net" so hated and feared by New York's underworld. But search and pry and ferret though every available cop in the precinct force did, they were unable to find any person or thing of importance. The Hudson Dusters had disappeared into their unknown holes, and Dan the Dude Murtagh, suave and feigning to be greatly concerned, was one of the most solicitous visitors at the station house to learn the details of the shooting of Copper Ford—and later at the stricken boy's hospital bedside.

Meantime the surgeon and his stretcher bearers made Jimmy ready and as comfortable as humanly possible for the trip in the department ambulance to Bellevue Hospital. Flaherty was to go along and stay with him. Jimmy halted the preparations with a feeble gesture, while he asked:

"Who—is going to tell mother about this?"

Flaherty knuckled a tear out of the eyes between his sorrow creased forehead. "Sure, it ain't but an hour ago I was sayin' I didn't want to be the bearer of bad news to the widdy!"

Jimmy, with a courageous show of strength and determination, gritted:

"It ain't half as bad as that old phiz or yours looks! But you'd scare anybody to death with that mug, Flaherty, so please get out a bit of paper and write as I tell you to—"

The surgeon attempted to remonstrate and urge the need to hurry, but Jimmy stopped him with a firm gesture. Flaherty extracted his memo book and wrote as Jimmy dictated:

"MOTHER DEAR—HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT. WILL BE O. K. TELL RUTH. AND, PLEASE, NEITHER OF YOU MUST WORRY. COME TO BELLEVUE. LOVE.

"Hold me up now," said Jimmy. Grasping the pencil grimly, he affixed his signature to the note.

"JIMMY."

One thing more, after which he would be content to lay back and resign himself to the medical men. "Put that message in Rinty's collar and send him home. He's got more sense than any other cop in New York. He won't frighten mother to death." Jimmy looked wanly at the faithful dog: "If I check out you'll be all that mother and Ruth will have left to protect them, to love them, Rinty. It always seems to be up to you!"

(To be continued)

Insurance Man Here—

George F. Cline, an insurance man from Portland, Ore., is in this city today looking after business affairs.

Visiting with Daughter—

Antone Olsen of Bayfield, Colo., is in Ashland to spend the Christmas holidays with his daughter, Mrs. Howard Gearhart.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN
Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Saturday, November 8, 1925

You know that I too find myself waiting and watching. Every wind that has a peculiar whistle, I find myself saying, this one will bring it. Every low, black bank of clouds coming from the southwest are the chariots of Skell loaded with the shackels that are to bind the people of the land.

Yesterday afternoon and last night was one of these times. The wind was blowing a gale, the clouds were sweeping the tree tops, rolling and tumbling like huge engines of destruction. The deep throated voice of the sentinel trees calling to one another from canyon and peak, the whimpering wail of the small trees grouped together for company and strength. The booming battle cry of the rocks and crags and their warning cries to the waters, all mingled together in a thundering chaos of sound.

There was a lull of the wind, and all the land began to whisper, the swaying trees were pointing their tops toward the west. There was the promise of Liao to his people that he would come again. Starting a faint glow on the horizon, like a bolt of lightning it set all the underlining of the sky aflame, and then there was a peaceful stillness that told the happiness of his people. Now the fight is on again, the windows are rattling, the building swaying, the hissing noise of the hail and rain as it beats against the walls. Yet in all this turmoil there is a peaceful feeling as I think of the promise of Ilao, the king of summer.

Four cars at the rim today. The day was stormy, fog, rain, and snow.

Wind, S. W. temp. H. 44, L. 31, R. 13, M. 45.1. (Received some new weather instruments) Percipitation, .25 in.

PRINCE GEORGE HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

Youngest Son of England's King is Twenty Four Years Old

LONDON, Dec. 22.—(UN)—Prince George, the youngest son of King George and Queen Mary, celebrated his 24th birthday recently. A happy family party was held at Buckinghom palace in honor of the young prince who has just returned from his lengthy naval service in oriental waters, and the birthday festivities were in the nature of a welcome home.

Prince George, like his royal father, is a keen sailor. He is now a lieutenant, and has been serving on the cruiser Hawkins in China.

Also like his father, Prince George's favorite sport is shooting, and he is an excellent shot. He is also fond of riding, but his life in the navy has not given him much opportunity to become expert.

He receives an annuity of about $50,000 and is free of any burden of expectancy regarding the throne, especially since the birth of the Duke of York's daughter, Elizabeth, who is now third in line of succession, following the prince of Wales and her father.

Sherwood — Suspended street lighting syste minstalled.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Psalms 27:1.

For the man whose trust is in God and who is living on the square with his fellow man; who is living a Christian life, there is nothing for him to fear. It is only when we have done a wrong that we are in fear of being found out.