

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Alabama's Governor

In San Francisco the former prohibition administrator for northern California has been in court trying to explain the presence in his hotel room of a fine collection of assorted liquors.

Down in Alabama Governor W. B. Brandon of that state and eight friends were arrested while playing cards in a room with 13 quarts of rare whiskey, two half-empty bottles, a number of empties and some glasses.

They posted \$300 bail each on charges of violating the prohibition law.

The arrests created a real sensation, for Brandon is a prohibition governor, elected on a platform of strict enforcement.

So much for the arrest of the governor.

The governor's party, minus the governor, stopped off at the county seat. The district attorney met them at the train and was informed, by a member of the party that Henry Hudson, a colored servant would plead guilty to owning the liquor. So it was agreed that the case be dropped and that Hudson should receive the minimum fine provided by the law—\$50 and costs.

So much for the dropping of the case.

Henry Hudson seems to be the only one who profits from the deal. For Henry will be known as the man who saved the governor. Also he stands before the world as the owner of 13 bottles of 36-year-old Scotch, which, at least if it were in Oregon, should bring at least \$20 a bottle.

Everybody who believes that Henry owned the liquor—prior to the raid—will now hold up his right hand.

Everybody who believes that it is possible for a prohibition governor to play cards in a room with 13 full quarts and eight or 10 empties, and not know they were there, will please hold up his left hand.

But suppose Henry Hudson had been caught on the street with half a pint of corn liquor in his possession. What would have happened to him?

Appreciation of Royalty

In view of the growing frequency of royal visits to America, readers may be interested in the spirit shown when the Prince of Wales recently visited the Gold Coast of West Africa. The following journalistic gem is from Vox Populi, a native newspaper of that region:

"Words adequately describable of the significance, historical, political and otherwise, of this exceptionally unique and unprecedented visit to West Africa of His Majesty the King's eldest son are to us unavailable—unavailable, indeed, because every effort of ours to obtain fitting terms and suitable phrases is absolutely drowned by the excessive gladdening of our hearts and merrying of our very souls at the joyous fact that in our own lifetime, by design of Providence Divine, we have been blissfully privileged and honored to see in person, yea, face to face, him whom many ancient kings, rich and noble men, would have rejoiced to have seen.

"Herein, then, is the warranty for that almost inextinguishable outburst of merriment, delight and ecstasy of our people. Like petrol poured into the conflagrant flames, our joys have been still more ablated by the several arrangements and decorations undertaken here and there to celebrate this festive occasion and to make the festive reception of our royal visitor a supreme exquisite one."

Some tribute, eh, what? And that, brethren, seems to give adequate expression to the emotions of some millions of our democratic Americans when a crown prince or queen deigns to visit our country.

All the troubles Queen Marie may have from now on in troubled Roumania will be easy compared with keeping peace among her "entourage" on her American tour.

French monarchists are backing the Duc de Guise, claiming that France and Europe would be better off if he came to a French throne. But European salvation will hardly come in that guise.

Chicago bandits invaded a loop store and carried away \$100,000 worth of merchandise. The police are trying to get a return game on the yeggs' home grounds.

Edward Payson Weston, 88-year-old walker, gave Coolidge his shoes. Maybe the Republican party will add to the outfit with a suitcase in 1928.

An Englishwoman proposes sculptural nurses to shape babies' faces, resulting in a beautiful race. It's an all-night job.

TURNING BACK THE PAGES

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

Dr. Gordon McCracken of Medford moves this week into the former Ellason residence at the corner of Laurel and North Main streets. Dr. McCracken is originally from Chicago, and succeeds to the practice of the late Dr. Reeder.

T. W. Acklin is moving from Pioneer avenue to his property on Nursery street.

Mrs. T. B. Chapman and Mrs. Bonney left Sunday to join their husbands on ranches in Alberta, Canada. The Chapmans will farm the ranch recently purchased by R. L. Burdick from W. H. Hodgson. They have, however, a 16-acre tract of wild land in the near neighborhood of the Burdick property.

Mrs. E. T. Merrill was presented with a beautiful Overland touring car yesterday the occasion being her birthday.

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

The condition of W. W. Kentnor, one of Ashland's oldest citizens, who has been in very feeble health for several months past, has shown marked improvement the past week.

Ira Hansen, who lives on East Main street, near the railroad crossing, left his overcoat in his wagon the other evening. It was not there in the morning. He is certain it didn't walk off by itself.

Brakeman S. J. Wylie, who was injured in a train wreck some months ago, has resumed his run.

ASHLAND

30 Years Ago

Among those in attendance from Ashland at the Mass Silver Convention at Medford last week were: Judge Howell, M. F. Eggleston, W. N. Luckey, Robert Taylor, Judge Frank Williams, Col. A. S. Barnes, T. W. Bryant, J. C. Beswick, Jackson Hocker-smith, J. D. Cummons, Thomas Dow, D. R. Murphy and T. B. Blanton.

Dan Stone has enclosed his lots on Spring street, adjoining P. B. Whitney's place, with a nice new fence and contemplates building a cottage there next fall.

Archie Pennington, who has been in southern California for some time, is in Ashland visiting with his folks.

Lester High went to San Francisco yesterday on the Flyer.



If you don't laugh with people they will laugh at you.

A woman is much more attractive if there is some mystery about her.

No story is too long for the person who is interested in it.

Preparing for opportunities beats seeking for them anywhere from 10 to 1,000 per cent.

Heck says: "A fellow gets less experience out of behavior himself than out of any other thing I kin call to mind today."



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

SYNOPSIS
In France Jimmy Ford adopts a police puppy, names it Rin-Tin-Tin, and smuggles it home. Murtagh, a crooked politician, covets Jimmy's sweetheart, Ruth Allen. Jimmy's father, a New York police lieutenant, is mysteriously murdered. Jimmy knows the police are against him. Jimmy has no other ally but Rin-Tin-Tin, his endearing, crooked, new puppy. Murtagh, Jimmy's new father-in-law, is the head of the local underworld. He is the one who has killed Jimmy's father. Jimmy and Ruth beat the gangsters, who never let go even. Murtagh kills the old New York cop, his endearing, crooked, who seeks and hates Jimmy on Murtagh's station to Ruth.

CHAPTER 10—Continued
"So far as Ruth and you are concerned," Dan Murtagh means nothing in my young life," Jimmy blurted.

"Only so far as Ruth and you are concerned?" Nell's eyes were like moonlight on a glass.

"What—what do you mean by that, Nell? What the heck are you driving at?"

"Oh, nothing. But say, Jimmy, listen. I like you. You're a white kid compared to most of the flatfoots in this precinct. So I say that anyone who is a friend of yours ought to be up to you."

"To what?" Jimmy was reaching eagerly for the mirror. Was he at last to get hold of a thread that would lead to the murderer of his father?
"To the guys who shot you," Listen, Jimmy," she laid a hand on his arm and leaned close after looking around dramatically as if to make sure no one was listening or watching. "I can't tell you how I know, but I'm a friend of yours, and it's straight. If you want to know the name of the gunk who tried to give you the works,



"Who and what are you driving at?" be at Barker's Hotel at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

For a long minute Jimmy stared deep into Nell's eyes, suspiciously weighing and appraising and testing the steadiness and honesty of her blue eyes, searching for motives. But her large eyes never blinked. And furthermore, Nell managed to infuse into them a glow of righteousness and frankness that disarmed him of any thought of hidden purpose.

"You're on, Nell—and thanks. I can tell by your face that you're not trying to put anything over on me. I can tell by your face what I couldn't tell by all the words you might say."

"Attaboy, Jimmy. You're a swell kid, and I'm coming straight with you. Gee, Ruth Allen is a lucky girl."

"Thanks!" Jimmy, in simple and impulsive friendliness and gratitude shook hands with Nell. When he had gone away down the street, Nell snickered nastily. "The poor simp. His dog has better sense than him. If the dog could talk, he'd tell what I was saying. He wouldn't be fooled by my line as easily as that!"

But Nell did not know that it was not any anxiety to find out who shot him, nor any special trust in the honesty of Nell, that led Jimmy to agree to keep the rendezvous; rather, it was because his overwhelming desire to gain some clues as to the murderer of his father made him willing to take any chance to run any risk.

That night, when he and Ruth huddled close on the upper step of the Allen hallway—for it was too chilly at night now to spoon on the North River pier—and Rinty dozed peacefully on the landing below, Jimmy told her of Nell's answer.

Womanlike Ruth was instantly suspicious; but when Jimmy told her his real reason for desiring to keep the appointment, she reluctantly tried to see it his way.

"Get it," she commented, "you'll be as sure as the stars that you leave your post on the street to go into the hotel!"

"In search of information about criminals. Why not?"

"Oh, dear," she sighed, irrele-

Gall may take you to first base but it will never carry you clear around to the home plate.

Now if somebody would only invent a self-stopper for thermometers when they reach zero.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MARIN
Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Thursday, November 11, 1929.

Today has been a fine day—to have an inside job! She sure has been stepping some outside today. Last night I thought it was going "some, filling my bed full of sand and snow, that it blew in around the ashes and casings. For a while I was almost sea sick, and when I fell asleep I dreamed that I was cursing the captain because he didn't head her into the wind. But last night was just a taste of what it was today. I thought I would go out and see how much snow had fallen. I opened the door and got outside just in time for the dandle of them all to hit me. If I had not had hold of the door and been in the lee of the building I would have made a record non-stop flight over the north pole. As it was I spun around three or four times and sat down, all out of wind. No, I mean I had lots of it but it wasn't in the right place. When I let the building took out for its self and sat down, the wind slammed that door open so hard that it sounded like a prohibition officer answering an invitation to have a drink. I got up on my hands and knees and crawled inside and with the aid of a two-by-four pried the door loose from the partition and got it locked again, and made up my mind that I didn't want to play that way. I would stay inside.

I worked at the engine again today and put double windows on one of my rooms.

No travel today.

Cloudy and storming today, wind blowing a gale from the south west. Snow 6.1 in. precipitation .61, tem. H. 40, L. 14, M. 33.

The end of a day that has been perfect.....Hell.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIDINGS.

"Mind now, girl, that what you're saying is very serious. It means instant dismissal for any man who's caught at it."

"I know it, and I think it's no more than he deserves."

"WHO?" The Captain's roar brought the desk lieutenant and the station sergeant into the private office of the run; the room by instantly while Nell slowly undulated her trim figure from the desk ledge, and leaned her face, glowing with uprightness, close to the Captain's, and declared:

"It'll be the surprise of your life when I tell you that, believe me, I know just what this means and I wouldn't come here unless I could prove what I say. You wouldn't hardly believe me, I know."

"WHO is it? Who's trying to shake down women in my precinct? Out with the skunk's name!"

"Who, but your little white-haired boy, Sergeant Jimmy Ford!"

The captain, the lieutenant and the sergeant gaped in concert. "No, no! Jim Ford's boy! It can't be true. I tell you that, believe me, I know just what this means and I wouldn't come here unless I could prove what I say. You wouldn't hardly believe me, I know."

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