

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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Peace Preparedness

A New York pastor, preaching an armistice anniversary sermon urged preparedness for peace as an offset for military preparedness.

We seem to believe that it is necessary to lay careful plans for the eventuality of war, that there must be men and material always at hand to meet a sudden emergency.

The result is that when we have peace we don't know exactly what to do with it. And not knowing what to do with it we prosecute our peace campaigns with much less intelligence than our military campaigns.

The peace moreover that immediately follows war is always a difficult thing. Pretty nearly everything from neurosis to financial crises in the past few years has been traced back to post war adjustments.

Have Some Postmasters!

New York World—Senators Frazier and Nye, insurgent republicans from North Dakota, were not getting the patronage. So they called on the president and put up a squawk about it.

These two gentlemen, it will be recalled, were recently the recipients of sundry snubs and insults. They dared cheer for La Follette, and so they were "read out of the party."

But now, how different is everything! The two black sheep beard the strong, silent man in his den, and having bearded him come away with what they want.

Need one say more? If two of these mutinous republicans were to make a gentlemen's agreement with the democrats, not even Dawes, supposing he could be kept awake, could pull the fat out of the fire.

The United States finances the western hemisphere, says a Paris editorial attacking this country's Latin-American policy. Yes, and some of the eastern, too.

In New York all good little children must be in bed now by 3 a. m. On the farms that's when they're supposed to get up.

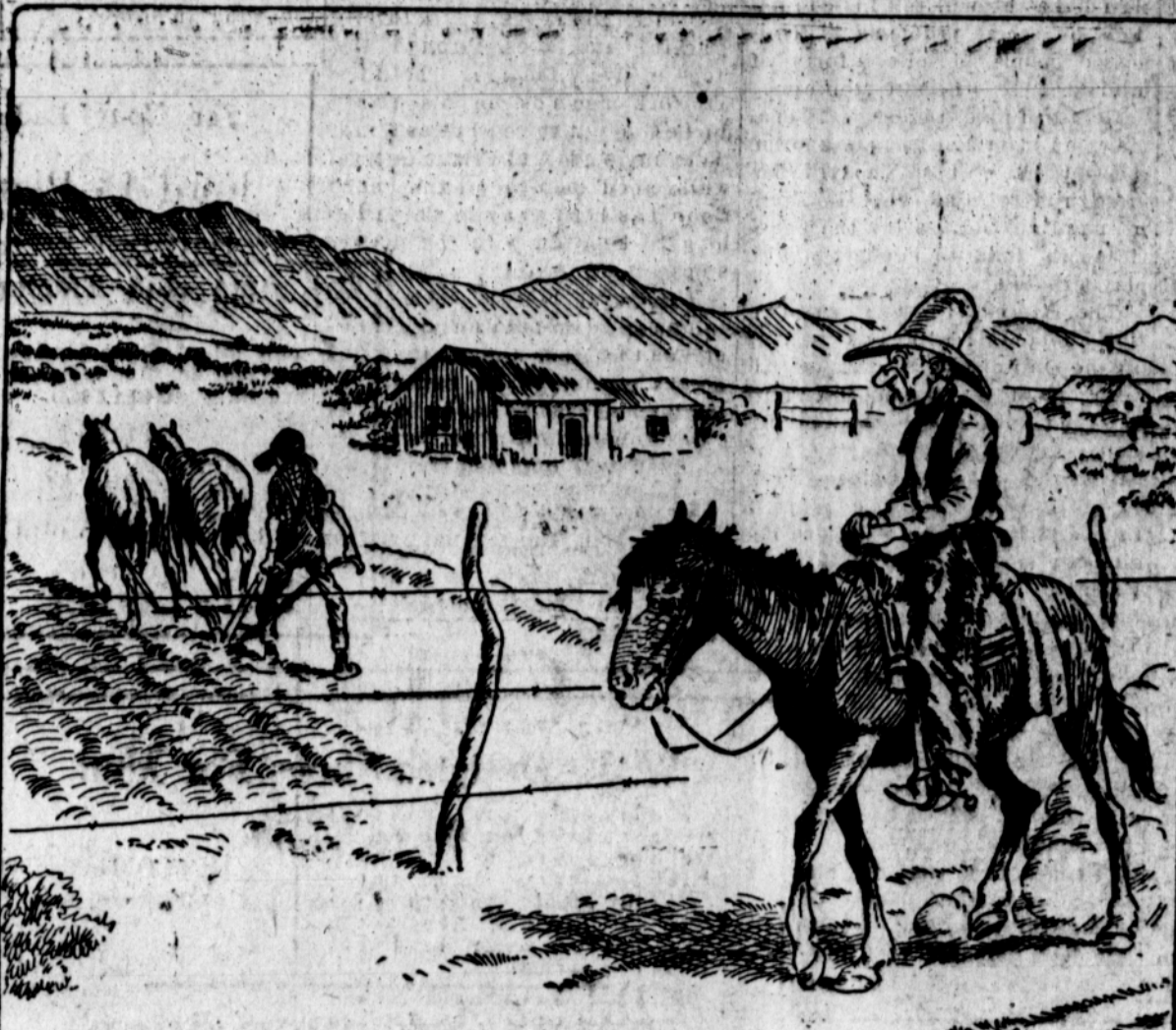
The former kaiser has ordered a new scarlet uniform of the Guard Hussars. Maybe he's going to play Santa with it next Christmas.

Keep active to live long, says a doctor. Especially when crossing the street.

Now, if we just had an Oil Commissioner!

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



POTATOES AN' BEEF HAS BEEN PARTNERS SINCE BEGINNIN' O' TIME. THERE ABOUT, BUT LIKE MANY A FIRM IN BUSINESS, SPUD'S CROWDIN' HIS OL' PARTNER OUT.

Isn't It Odd?

LONDON — The Earl of Oxford and Asquith, although a distinguished statesman, simply can't keep ahead of his wife, Margot, in a literary way.

WATERLOO, Iowa — Unable to pursue a man who had stolen her wooden leg, Mrs. Marlowe Tharp appealed to the police and the man was apprehended.

YONKERS, N. Y., William Burns, 48, has gone on dressing strike in Yonkers jail, where he awaits arraignment on charges of disorderly conduct.

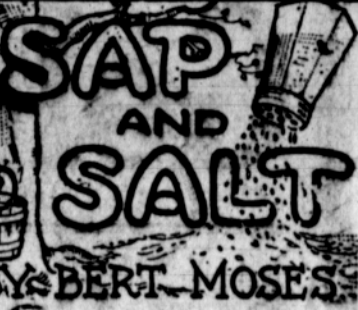
TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Several jolly coasting parties have taken the place of indoor affairs during the past few days. One of the merriest crowds enjoyed coasting Friday evening on Ashland street and afterwards consumed great quantities of waffles and coffee at Memorial Hall.

In New York all good little children must be in bed now by 3 a. m. On the farms that's when they're supposed to get up.

Earl Tate, who has been working on the Dollar-hide treaty, spent the week-end in Ashland with his family.



Consider the river—it never rises above its own level.

After you forgive a man, it is just about impossible to respect him.

An income tax report reveals a man's character more accurately than his income.

Reforms are apt to begin with a small truth that winds up in a gigantic falsehood.

A blunder that hurts your bank account isn't half so bad as the blunder that hurts your reputation.

Her Heck says: "If the breweries opens agin, they'll be plenty o' skilled brewers lookin' for jobs."

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

W. J. Messenger of this city received a choice piece of bear meat recently from his nephew Nathan Messenger, of Trail creek, brain having been slain in the Trail creek district by Nathan and his dog, "Bouncer," after committing depredations among the fat hogs on the H. C. Messenger place.

J. O. Boyle has purchased the confectionery store over the bridge at Main street of L. London.

Dorsey & Ecclefield, whose lease on the Palace Chop House near the depot, soon expires, will be succeeded by J. M. Rasterling.

Messrs. D. Peruzzi, D. D. Good and F. Jordan have an option on part of the Wm. Taylor farm on Bear creek.

What Others Say

Cold and flood in the east and south; civil war in Nicaragua; intrigue in Rumania; gunmen in Chicago; Almee in Los Angeles and the peace that passeth understanding in old Oregon. Not so bad; — Forest Grove News-Times.

An English scientist has discovered that a ship traveling east is lighter than when it travels west. And on the Atlantic side, drier—Vernon Eagle.

The New Year can be made prosperous and happy, if we want it to be, by being more frugal and willing to live within our income.—Selig Tribune.

The pessimist will insist that we can never escape winter floods here while we are so near the ocean; the optimist is as sure that no disastrous flood can happen while the ocean is as near to us.—Harrisburg Bulletin.

To take care of the growing tourist trade, Oregon has spent \$7,230,000 on hotels in the past two years and still her auto camp grounds are liberally patronized.—Athens Press.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

J. Cal Eubanks was last week re-elected president of the Pacific coast commercial traveler's association at the annual meeting at San Francisco, a high endorsement of his standing with the commercial men, which his old Ashland friends are pleased to recognize in this announcement.

Dr. J. S. Parson, assisted by Dr. Songer and Eugene Walrad performed a very delicate operation Saturday for relief from appendicitis the patient being Will Short, the young blacksmith, who has been ill for some weeks.

C. E. Hooper the new street commissioner assumed his duties Friday. The streets of Ashland have never before been in a worse condition than at the present time.



CRATER LAKE IN WINTER TIME

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MARIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Monday, November 18, 1923.

Wow! What a day this has been. Perhaps it seems worse after those few hours of brilliant sunshine yesterday, but it has really been bad enough taking things as they really were today.

The floors of some of the rooms are almost swimming. In one room some one had some balls of blueing and three of them were on the floor, when I found the room I had four Crater Lakes.

The storm would have been a mild drizzle without the terrific wind, as it was, the rain was driven through the shingles themselves. The water fairly poured into the rooms. I have all the pots and pans on the ranch scattered through the rooms, but the water would drip any where but in them.

The ranger force left for good today. Weather — Day cloudy, wind high, south, snow fall since last observation 0.0 in. precipitation .75 in. dept hot snow on ground, 17.5 in. Temp. H. 36, L. 21, R. 15, M. 28.5

FORTUNE MAY AWAIT HUMBLE FAMILIES

Five Million Dollar Estate is Left in Scotland By Relatives

HAVERTHILL, Mass., Jan. 5.—A fortune may await two humble families here if relatives in Scotland succeed in establishing claims to an estate of \$5,000,000, which has been in chancery there for almost a century.

John Brown, laborer, and Robert Scott, garage mechanic, and their immediate families claim they are the descendants of the late Marquis of Laurieston, and as such are the rightful heirs to the vast estate left by him.

Mrs. John Brown contends she is the great granddaughter of the Marquis, while Scott, who is her nephew, bases his claim on that relationship.

The case is pressed by Mrs. Brown's mother, Mrs. Annie Fairholm, of Tannochside in Uddington, Scotland. Mrs. Fairholm is 85, but hopes to see her family in Uddington, established as the legal heirs to the estate before she dies.

Attorneys representing her are said to have high hopes of success. Mrs. Fairholm asserts she is the rightful marchioness of Laurieston, tracing her family back through a mass of ancestors and relatives.

Two of the daughters now live in America. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. D. Fleming of Reading, Penn. The others live in Scotland.

The heads of the Brown and Scott families here apparently are not getting excited over the prospects of becoming rich.

INTEREST GROWING

A large number of people enjoyed the sermon at the Baptist church Monday evening, which was given by Dr. H. L. Keanon on "Depositional Truth." With the aid of a large and graphic chart the truth was made clear and interesting.

Paulus Eaton of Medford, assisted by a male quartet and an organist, furnished some excellent music.

CHAPTER 14 Two weeks passed over Crater Lake with a heavy tonnage and brought many changes; but one thing Ruth Allen's father, known as a brave man, had been buried. Bank and police officials attended the funeral.

CHAPTER 15—Continued That odor—God never to be forgotten fatal spell—a significant, and far more trustworthy, to dogs as calling cards and names are to the race of man. The odor of the man who had killed Rinty in France! He had been only a puppy then.

Now it was clear and strong in his super nostrils. All the cunning and ferocity of the jungle feud came over Rinty; if Jimmy had seen him at that instant he would have known him for the hateful, hating light in his eyes.

It had been arranged, too, that Ruth was to go to live with the Ford. Mrs. Ford had insisted upon that. She would be safe there; she could stay alone in the little sky-light flat.

Another change, Rinty had been "bred" from the Police Department. Captain O'Brien's wrath had known no bounds when Rinty's escape from the punishment yard was discovered. The commander of the Bank robbery and the murder of James Allen that same night had in no wise sweetened the Captain's disposition, nor augmented his capacities for continued expertness with a police dog.

Therefore, Jimmy and Rinty had resumed the steps left as free agents, officially adjudged unworthy and incapable of upholding the dignity of the law. It was the protecting the citizen, citizens who, having known Jimmy throughout the blameless integrity of his life since childhood here on these same brownstones front street, nevertheless turned against him.

Jimmy hustled about with that aimless hurry of the unemployed, but purposeful, seeking two things—a chance to vindicate himself and another job. Rinty went along and worked hard with Jimmy in the efforts to unearth some clues, some traces, of the persons and events behind the frame-up.

With one person at least, Marlag did not get very far with his subtle campaign of slander against Jimmy. That person was Ruth, faithful, loving Ruth. Marlag visited her frequently, lavished gifts and attentions upon her, yet she was becoming more and more unattainable to him every day.

Ruth's growing aloofness, to witness the utility of his approach and attacks. His manner, though outwardly more suave and oily and smiling if anything would have betrayed to a close observer of human character a growing malevolence. A grim and sensual determination not to be denied his fair, slim frame.

Ruth began to fear him, where before she had merely tolerated him. She began to dread his frequent visits, his persistent attentions, his bolder and franker protestations of his love and his growing and pointed references to his own desirability as a husband.

By the time Rinty's brain cleared, and he had taken up the trail, the fleeing men were out of sight in the night. The scene of the robbery being near their secret rendezvous, the Busters had depended upon swift legwork for their getaway, and had not employed the usual motor car. So Rinty had a fresh, strong trail.

Bound by bond, he was overtaking them when the big, deserted warehouse was reached. His soft pads made no warning noise. The Busters did not know he was behind. By the smell, Rinty singled out his man—the big, husky fellow who carried the loot.

But Rinty's police training had taught an artificial professional method to mingle with his instinct for bold, deadly attack. He saw that he was outnumbered; that he would be shot down if discovered. So he retreated from rushing his man, or from betraying his shadowing presence, and crept along to watch for a chance to attack when the odds might shift a little in his favor—perhaps he could cut out and separate his man from the others.

They were in a blind alleyway when the men were backed against a wall. Rinty had crept along the wall and waited. Then, as if he had invoked magic, Rinty's man touched and pressed upon a brace bolt in the dead end of the wall. A grating in the ground flew up. The head disappeared down into it one by one.

CHAPTER 16—Continued That odor—God never to be forgotten fatal spell—a significant, and far more trustworthy, to dogs as calling cards and names are to the race of man. The odor of the man who had killed Rinty in France! He had been only a puppy then.

CHAPTER 17—Continued That odor—God never to be forgotten fatal spell—a significant, and far more trustworthy, to dogs as calling cards and names are to the race of man. The odor of the man who had killed Rinty in France! He had been only a puppy then.

At the Lithia Springs Hotel— and Mrs. J. A. McKennon of Bend, I. O'Donoghue and wife of Ore., are among those who stopped at the Lithia Springs Hotel Danger of San Francisco and Mr. last evening.