

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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## ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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### Sports and Politics

Senator Borah announced the other day that the recent administration of the alien property custodian's office constitutes "the worst sinkhole of iniquity" in the history of the American government. The statement was made deliberately, after a study of the report, not yet made public, of Comptroller General McCarl, after a searching investigation of the records.

This charge, coming from so exalted a source would naturally be considered a sensation of the first order. A scandal worse than the scandals that have involved Fall and Daugherty and Forbes and Sinclair and Doheny and Jess Smith could be described only as unimaginably bad. It would involve betrayals of public duty and of public confidence unprecedented in American politics. It would entail an ineradicable stain on the national honor and go far to destroy the already weakened popular faith in the integrity of government.

Yet the charge created hardly a ripple of comment, and no excitement.

A day or two later came the accusations against Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, two of the Star Spangled Banner's foremost professional athletes. They were alleged to have been guilty of conspiracy, seven years ago, to "throw" a baseball game in the expectancy of cleaning up a few thousand dollars of dirty money betting on it.

The news has profoundly shocked the republic. It made many men and boys literally sick, as if an earthquake had been misconducting itself beneath their feet. It brought dolor and we and black pessimism into millions of honest hearts. Everywhere the fear is expressed that it will "ruin baseball." It was unthinkable, it was calamitous, that Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker should have sold their honor for a few pieces of silver. When such a thing could happen the skies might as well fall and make an end to everything.

Why, one cannot help wondering, the contrast? Is it because we are more interested in baseball than in the science and art of government? Or is it because, in the nature of things, we think that professional sportsmen should be more honorable than professional politicians, statesmen and public office holders?

Why should not a self-governing people have the same concern in clean politics as in clean sports? Why should they not set up a standard for politicians at least as exalted as those for ball players? We do not venture to answer these questions. We merely venture to propound them. And we do that with only the remote hope that in a little thoughtful contemplation of them the American people might learn something to their own advantage.

### The McPherson Case

There is one outstanding result in the McPherson case to date. It has probably ruined whatever chance the Los Angeles county district attorney had for reelection. Just now the district attorney is in the position of a man holding a red hot coal and not knowing whether to drop it or to tighten his grip.

After moving heaven and earth to secure Aimee's indictment, the prosecutor now finds he has no evidence which would warrant a jury in finding her guilty of anything. Thus the elaborate attempt to send Mrs. McPherson to jail promises to sputter out, a miserable fizzle. If Mrs. McPherson is similarly willing to let the matter drop there seems to be nothing more to be done about it except for the district attorney to go into court and move the dismissal of the charges against her. And she can well afford to be satisfied. Whatever vindication she might receive through acquittal by a jury she get from the frank admission by Mr. Keyes that he hasn't got the goods on her at all. The prosecutor plaintively complains that his principal witness won't stand pat, but he deserves little sympathy on that score.

But in spite of the present situation there is no doubt that a large section of the public believes Aimee was skylarking with Ormiston instead of being trussed up in a bandit's rendezvous. This is an impression that an acquittal by a jury probably would not remove any more than the prosecutor's confession of failure is likely to remove it.

But this impression should worry Aimee. She has her followers whose loyalty appears to have been unshaken by the discovery of grocery lists, lingerie, red hairs and alleged perjured affidavits.

Distressing as may have been the publicity she has received, it at least has had the effect of bringing thousands of the curious to her temple, and it is conceivable that of the number who came to scoff there were some who remained to pray and contribute to her gaudy enterprises. As a fitting conclusion to the whole affair, Mr. Keyes might establish a permanent exhibit of red hairs to the new Los Angeles county hall of records.

## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

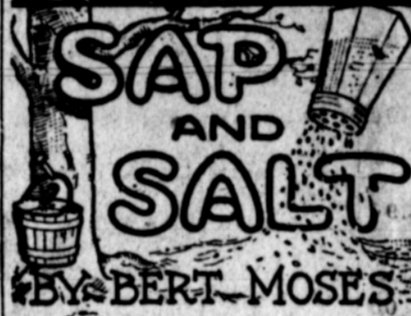
J. WILLIAMS

### Isn't It Odd?

GRANITEVILLE, N. Y.—Mrs. Anna Wilke leased part of her farm to a fireworks company, little suspecting that she would be chased out of her cabbage patch by skyrocketers. She has begun suit for \$50,000, alleging that as she fled from the patch, one of the skyrocketers came roaring along and caught her in the small of the back.

NEW YORK—Called to a Broadway furrier's shop by an automatic burglar alarm at 4 a. m., detectives Viethenheimer and McCabe, swung the beam of their flashlights on a scurrying, furry animal. "Skunk!" each exclaimed. "You get him and I'll get help." They both went for help after some argument. They called the proprietor from his bed. "Haw, haw!" he came back. "Skunk, fiddlesticks! That's a raccoon," which it was.

NEW YORK. There's so much new talent in the Metropolitan opera, that Teddy, a coal black cat, who has spent nine years of his first life in the opera house boiler room, is jealous. He went on the stage during a performance of Turandot and stopped the show.



Failure: Trying to deliver goods you haven't got.

Talking: Popular method employed to obviate thinking.

Bargain: Paying half a dollar for something worth a dime.

Flu: A disease that keeps you sick a month after you get well.

Investigation: An official smoke screen behind which the big offenders hide the shells.

Expert: One who draws big pay for doing simple things we ought to ave sense enough to do for ourselves.

Hex Heck says: "I never yit seen a grass widder who was green, nor one who was a vegetarian."

### What Others Say

(Klamath Falls News)

This newspaper wishes again to respectfully call attention of the business people who want to see growth and prosperity to the fact that freight rates out a big figure in future development. Without an equitable rate for commodities Klamath will remain handicapped. With a carload rate to this point suitable for distribution of merchandise from here Klamath will occupy that enviable place among cities of the northwest where the freight rates blend to such an extent to make the center a great distributing point.

Now is the time to do this investigating of rates. Mountain divisions have their handicap on rates, to be sure, but Klamath can be benefited more by an equitable freight rate than any other city in the state of Oregon. Just because we are getting railroads don't go to sleep on the rate question. It is important.

Sanitary milk bottles are fine things. They preserve a monopoly for the germs on your thumb nail.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.



CRACKED BY THE POLICE, starring Jimmie Fard Rees, is a Warner Bros. production of the novel.

**SYNOPSIS**  
Jimmy Fard Rees plays a police snuff home after the war. Murtagh, a crooked politician, leads a vicious gang, covers Jimmy's sweetheart, Ruth Allen, Jimmy's father, a New York police lieutenant, is mysteriously murdered. Jimmy joins the force to avenge his father's death. Jimmy, now full-grown, Murtagh's underling, speaks out, Neil, former Jimmy, who is dishonorably discharged. Getting Rinty, who guards her, Murtagh steals Ruth, and plans a getaway. Neil confronts them. Ruth begs her aid.

**CHAPTER 15—Continued**  
"You'll not go through with this thing, Dan Murtagh. I'm going for the dicks, and I'm going to tell them the truth—that you're the guy who stuck up the bank and murdered this kid's father!" Neil shrieked.

She turned and started for the passageway. Bottleneck moved to cover her retreat, but with a snarl of rage that matched the unexpectedness of his movement Dan hurled a stool, which he caught with one foot under a bottommost rung, straight into Bottleneck's face, flooring him. Neil, seeing this, broke into a run, but Murtagh overtook her, overpowered her, wrestled her back to the table and with a rope quickly seized from a drawer bound her arms behind her back.

Ruth meantime at Neil's revelation had screamed and swooned in horror. Finishing with Neil, Murtagh turned savagely upon Ruth, sagged her with his handkerchief and bound her in a similar fashion. Bound the two of them to chairs, gagged, thwarted.

Then he turned to be ready for Bottleneck. So swiftly had Dan worked that Bottleneck was just recovering from the stunning effects of the stool blow when Murtagh secured the last knot on Ruth. Bottleneck was by no means the mental equal of Murtagh, but this discrepancy he more than made up in the wiles of a natural born "dirty" fighter. He stayed on his knees and feigned to be still dazed, pretending not to notice that Murtagh was covering him. The apparent insensibility of the fellow disarmed Murtagh, who relaxed his vigilance, but in that very instant Bottleneck struck, hurling himself right from his knees across the floor at Murtagh's legs in a frantic tackle. Murtagh fired, but the shot went wild. "Another second and he was crashed to the floor by the powerful body of Bottleneck. As they tumbled desperately, chairs and tables went helter-skelter. An oil lantern, always kept lighted on a small stand near the trapdoor to the river for the play's use in the secret underground in the dark places under the dock, was extinguished.

Ruth and Neil bound and helpless, saw what the men in the lust of their hand-to-hand, throat-to-throat fight, could not see. Wild-eyed, they saw flames from the lantern. Looking up some scattered newspapers, snatching on the slender dry boards of the wall. The warehouse was aflame!

Meanwhile, through many long hours of the night, Rinty had lain unconscious on the Allen kitchen floor. The dawn brought a fresh, cold breeze that blew through the partially open kitchen window and dispelled the fog of fumes that still sagged heavily through the litten air. The only thing that had saved Rinty from death during the night was the fact that his motherless knees were out-thrust upon the floor beneath the heaviest part of the gas poison curtain, which, in common with most of such stuff, had a tendency to rise, a fact that further favored Rinty, because the strong new current of morning air reached his nostrils unimpeded. The first whiffings of it brought the first signs of life that Rinty had be-

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Former Resident Here—Bill Holmes, who is employed by the Standard Oil company in Grants Pass, was a business visit-

or in Ashland over the week-end. Mr. Holmes is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Holmes and formerly resided in this city.

From Wagner Creek—Mrs. C. A. Knighten of Wagner Creek was a visitor in this city last Thursday.

Visited in Medford—Horace Mitchell of Ashland spent Thursday in Medford looking after business affairs.

From Klamath Falls—Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bussard of Klamath Falls spent the week-end in Ashland at the home of Mrs. Bussard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Doremus of the Standard Cleaners on Oak street.

Will Visit Daughter—Mrs. A. E. Patterson of Portland, Ore., returned to Ashland with her granddaughter, Miss Margaret Churchman, who had been visiting with her for a few days, and will spend the next two months in this city with her daughter, Mrs. Elsie Churchman.

Mrs. Raymond Rager Here—Mrs. Raymond Rager of Dunsmuir, Cal., is spending a few days in Ashland visiting with relatives and friends.

**VINING**  
THE THEATER TODAY  
FINISHING TODAY  
"SYNCOPEATING SUE"  
with  
CORINNE GRIFFITH

Tomorrow and Wednesday

**RICHARD BARTHELMESS**  
The WHITE BLACK SHEEP

Mystic Orient — flashing fights — treacherous tribesmen — plots — Pursuits — and the most dramatic love story ever filmed.

For Your Radio  
**Ford 13 Plate Rubber Case Battery, \$12.00**  
Battery Generator Starter Magneto  
Radiator and Motor Work done  
All Work Guaranteed.  
Battery Recharge, \$1.00  
Radio Batteries, ... 75c  
**Claycomb Motor Co.**  
Ford Garage  
Phone 50

## TURNING THE PAGES BACK

### ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Those of the football squad who were entitled to get a "map made of his physiognomy" were "Climax," Deisman, "Brigham" Young, "Jack" Jones, LaVerne Buck, Bart Wiens, "Doc" Furry, Donnie Lowe, "Les" Cunningham, "Art" Long, "Mill" Fraley, Harley Brower, Reed Harrell, Alward Leavitt, Cecil Nerton and Bentley.

The high school instrumental trio, consisting of Miss Allie Vanderalus, Fern Murphy and John Anderson, had their pictures taken last week.

Miss Ethel Davenport, bookkeeper at the Citizens' bank, left yesterday afternoon for San Diego.

### ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Miss Younger, daughter of Andy Younger, formerly connected with the Iron works in this city, is staying in Ashland with Mrs. G. M. Granger.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hubbs left Friday for Lebanon, where they expect to open a new branch dry goods store. For the present Harold will remain in Ashland with his uncle, A. W. Hubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McNair returned to their home in Lewiston, Idaho, yesterday.

Mrs. G. F. Fendall leaves today for a visit to California. Miss May will remain in Ashland.

### ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. O. Winter assisted by about twenty friends and relatives, accorded Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Vining a pleasant surprise party on the occasion of their fifth wedding anniversary.

Lee Minkler and wife, who have been in San Francisco during the past five weeks, were on Thursday's train enroute to Salem where Lee has secured a permanent job in the Western Union office.

C. C. Chitwood came in from Klamath Falls by team Tuesday and returns there tomorrow accompanied by his sister, Miss Irene Chitwood. Miss Chitwood will probably spend the winter with relatives in Klamath Falls.