- 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 Matte

The Browning Case

The notorious,-or it might be more appropriate to say salacious,-Browning fiasco has become history for the time being at least. "Peaches" will rest after the "terrible ordeal" she forced herself to go through on the witness stand in an effort to separate her "Cinderella man" from a part of his fortune. "Daddy" finds pressing business awaiting him and must get back to work confident that "a woman has ninety-nine chances out a hundred" to

Trials of the Browning type are a travesty on justice, a mockery of our courts. To all purposes and intents the Browning affair was merely a let of monkey business between an "old fool" with a lot of money and young ideas, and a misguided girl of sixteen, with a grasping, daughter-sacrificing mother who offered her child's right to happiness on the altar of greed.

The whole thing is silly, is rot, is ridiculous. In the first place, the marriage was a farce on its face. There could be no attraction in an old man for a 16-year-old girl. She must, like other girls her age, want romance and companionship. There was none of either in "Daddy" Browning. He, according to his own testimony, wanted a home wife. He never expected to find that kind of a wife in a 16-year-old girl. He wanted a companion, yet he must have known that "Peaches" could never be what he anticipated.

"Peaches" " mother made a monkey out of herself when she let her baby daughter marry an old man like Browning. The wealthy old man made a monkey of himself when he allowed himself to become a party to such an unequal marriage. It all seems a lot of monkey business. Perhaps some biologist will look over the evidence in the trial and give us sume idea when evolution is going to begin.

The Frail Old Woman

When a frail old woman of 86 succumbed to pneumonia in the Chateau Bouchoute in Belgium the other day the final curtain fell on one of the great royal tragedies of Europe. Carlotta, the frail old woman of 86, had been in turn a happy princess. the idolized wife of a handsome, dashing, rather brilliant grand duke of the house of Hapsburg and empress of Mexico. A few years later she had lost in quick succession her empire, her husband and her reason. For upward of 60 years before her death she had lived in the world but not of it. While other empires rose and crashed as hers had done, while other thrones were being set up and torn down, she passed her days oblivious of all that was happening in the old chateau which was in reality a private madhouse.

Maximillian is quoted as having once said that she was the better man of the two. Perhaps it was her advice that induced him to occupy the rather unstaple throne which Napoleon III had erected in Mexico while the United States was too busy with its own civil war to apply the Monroe doctrine. certainly it was her urging that caused him to cling to the throne after Napoleon III had withdrawn his support and his better judgment warned him to abdicate. It was while she was in Europe vainly appealing for aid that her world came to an end. Maximillian's empire fell and he was stood up before a Mexican firing squad. With that blow her own reason fled.

Perhaps the tragedy which marked her for its victim was largely of her own making. Possibly she might have lived to die a gentle old grandmother had her youth been less ambitious, less intense. It seems a sort of consistency of fate that her death should have occurred at a time when Mexico again looms rather prominently on the international hori-

John D. Rockefeller made eight holes of golf in 45, according to a dispatch from Florida. Two Sunday school teachers verified it. We don't know whether they got dimes or not.

Potatoes grown on the Coolidge farm are still bringing \$3 a peck. Those Vermont folk certainly know their onions.

Soft collars for warm weather and sports only is fashion's new ruling. Out of the trenches by July 4th, boys.

The funeral of the late Emperor of Japan cost \$2,000,000, says a dispatch. No wonder the people shout "Long live the emperor!"

How about indoor sports? What color pantsguards should a parcheesi player wear?

TURNING BACK THE PAGES

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

past few months on the Neil Creek ranch at Dead Indian was in town Sunday.

Mrs. G. V. Gillette and son of Dunsmuir, visited at the home of Mrs. T. W. Sanford last week.

Mark True and wife visited Mrs. True's parents in Central Point the first of the week.

Leandor Neil has returned from a business trip to Port-

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Dr. S. T. Songer was called ess in the big G. T. Myers will

Normal Notes-Miss Ethel Osurn, a graduate of the class of 1906, has been called to a postion in The Dalles at a good salary. Miss Gyneth Lee of Ashtand will take her position at Logan, Clackamas county.

Arthur F. Hunt, the well nown stockman and buyer for Carstens & Co., has gone on usiness trip to Alberta province British Columbia.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Yreka today on a business trip.

lown in California for several months, returned to Ashland yes

Mrs. Dr. Webster and son Mar leparted yesterday for Sacra

Jos. Kinney returned from Siskiyou county last Friday.

J. A. Bailey has gone to Gold Hill to remain for some time.

Loren Bushnell is ill with the lu at his home on B street, Mr. Bushnell has been employed by he California-Oregon Power Co., at Prospect and expects to return to that place when he re-

Mrs. John Cochran will again ake possession of her attractive home on Lincoln street, which has been occupied for the past year by the William Robison fam-Mrs. Cochran spent last summer visiting in Portland and Salem and has been occupying an spartment since her return.

Services Well Attended-The services and the basketimner at the Church of Christ ast Sunday, Feb. 6, were well attended and everyone enjoyed happy social time together at he dinner.

NOTICE OF FINAL

SETTLEMENT IN THE COUNTY COURT, IN ND FOR JACKSON COUNTY. OREGON.

In the matter of the Estate of oseph P. Chisholm, deceased. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: seventh day of Pobruary, 1927, appointed by the Honorable W. County Court, as executor of the last will and testament of the said Joseph P. Chisholm, as well as the guardian of the persons and estate of the minor beirs. Any and all persons having Briggs & Briggs, Attorneys, in claim against the estate of the Pioneer Block, Ashland, Oregon, deceased are required to present within six months after the date undersigned, at the office of notice,



Clare remained the one cool, calm casts of reason in that hot desert of emotions.



bell. This was fortunate, for if that bell had continued its insistent jengling it would have tortured a

jangling it would have tortured a whole crewd's frayed herves into madness, turned that room into a psychological Saturnalis.

As it was, the distracted Ranny had all he could do to keep his twitching hands from furiously clawing the insigid smile off Clare's face.

il wen, the all he could do fiching hands from furthering hands from here," he predicts that was swiftly replacing pure amasement in Ranny's face, disturbed Clare not at all. She smirked at Ranny, then with carelless and studied defiance met the gleaming eyes of the crowd—gave them back giare for stare, and with interest.

Three full minutes passed before found his voice—three found his voice—three ities in which he mand deaths which he wand deaths for the first blow in what promised to be a first class shindy. It was against the captain's principles to ever stop a just fight; but more so, to ever permit an unnecessary one.

Of course, a two hundred and first a month skipper had to a year so

interest.

Three full minutes passed before Rainy found his voice—three soundless eternities in which he lived and died a thousand deaths at a thousand torture stakes.

Three minutes in which the only sounds were a shuffling of feet, and the only movements were an involuntary stepping forward from the sundeck door of Clay and the captain, an edging closer of Stivner

sundeck door of Clay and the captain, an edging closer of Stivner and the gaping mongers at his heels, and a brasen shrugging of Clare's dimpled shoulders under Ranny's open mouth as she turned the full battery of her baby stare and perpetually "misunderstood" ayes upon him.

Three minutes in which the only elequence was that aliently engraved upon the faces of the principals—asternances on Clay's, incredulity giving way to fierce thankfulness on Joan's, quick suspicion despening into ordinate rage on Stivner's.

If the fate of the whole world, in-stead of a mere handful of humans and a perfectly good yachting grate, had depended on her an-ever, Clare could not have dwelt with more reliab upon the leisure that the nature of her drawled re-

Den't YOU know?" She smiled are by into Ranny's baffied eyes, dan needed ingratistingly around

the same duly verified, unto the of the first publication of this

and between Clare and Ranny.
"Leave this to me!"

Joan, who had regained control of her nerves after the first shool lost them again now, but for a di

Chare into bits:

"You immoral little wretch! How do you dare to be so lewd and bold?"

Clare stepping out of that carefully prepared closet trag, instead of abner, the prey he had expected he staggared lack aghast and a garding house cry—half gasp, half sob—escaped his lips.

Joan, too, acreamed aloud—then choked her vetoe of by pressing to her lips hands so tense that the knowles gleamed white.

Clay's dumfounded hewilderment was en a per with Ranny's; and as for Stivner and Captain Marty, a mildly swung feather, would have bowled both off their legs.

The guests in general, clacking and staring like us many harnyard here delighted by a windfall of kernels, felt that this was an emmently satisfactory and exciting grist to their appetite for scandal which had been so keenly whetted by the previous signs and portents.

Clare remained the carefully Ranny's cown rage against the meddlesome, blundering Clare suddenly coused out as he read in Stivmer's accusing face and raging mien a total switch of sympathy, a devastating loss of faith.

Startled, Ranny hastily scanned the circle of watchers. It was the same all around. In every pair of syes he encountered hostile suspicion—amusement in some, and not a little contempt, but always accusation.

It suddenly dawned upon Ranny that he was in a very, very deuce of a jam! Far from being the injured aggressor, by some erratic and unexplained twist of a malignant fate he found himself on the defensive.

Stivner was speaking; in frigid, incisive tones.

Forbes, I'll admit I don't quite

Stirner was speaking; in frigid, incisive tones.
"Forbes, I'll admit I don't quite

move all the ins and outs of your little game yet. No doubt there are certain little underhand tricks of polo that can be carried into your social activities. This much I do know; that you've publicly humfisted and disgraced your wife, made a jackass of yourself, a shameless exhibition of this — woman — and

this as I do. You know that I just came in here a moment before you, and that my wife was here. If you want any explanation, ask her!"

Ranny indicated Clare with a savage jerk of his thumb.

"Den't let him put you off," cried Joan, capitalizing the mexpectedly favorable tide to her own fortunes. "Make them BOTH explain!"

But Stivner was heedless of logic, indifferent to explanations. He was hitting out freely, recklessly, like a wounded bull, letting the implications fall where they may. And indeed he was wounded—to the heart, with the dull, aching futility of a strong, rich man who can get everything and anything in the world, except the one woman he

"What," he gulped at length at district more reasonable as he look. Clare, "are you doing here, Mrs. ed around. To be sure now, it was clared."

The pure that of all on the boat, Aborat?"

from a sound sleep.
"Where's the fire?" he yawned lightly.

Date of first publication, February 9, 1927 JOSEPH H. SANDER. Executor.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

seeday, Dec. 14, '26 Although I didn't have my girl ith me, and the Nameless One wouldn't substitute, I enjoyed a ittle skiing by moonlight last ight. Strange, but I do not remember whether the moon was full or not, but I do know that it was his fault if he wasn't, because there was all kinds moonshine

No telephone connections to-

day. I am going to let it ride for awhile and see if they won't work from the Fort this way." If they don't I have to go out in a day or two with some mail and then can run it out to the mill. I was down over the line today within a mile of Anna Springs, but didn't find the break. Who ever the half-wit was who sugrested putting the line off the oad ought to have his pants removed and dragged the full length of the line. It is a fine o sit with your feet up on a radiator and tell what a great thing t is to have it out of sight of the road, but it is a different story when you have to chase through the brush and over the logs to hunt trouble. If they wanted it to e out of sight why didn't they oury a cable and be through with rouble for all time, winter and

I guess the thing that makes so sore. I fell in the creek and got wet. I was so mad that I

Now is the time for you to do your fencing. Ground is soft for setting your posts, and we carry every size, height and description in fenc-ing that is made and at right

prices,
Harrows Plows and all kinds
of tools carried in stock.

A few White Sewing Machines left for \$50.00 each,
will cost you \$120.00 elsewhere.—At Peil's Corner

GARDEN SEEDS

GARDEN TOOLS

Simpson's Hardware 'The Winchester Store'



swore that I wouldn't walk over the line, but curiosity killed the oat; when the bell rings you want to see who it is, so if the line is working tomorrow I'll fall for it.

Worked on the telephone line. Weather, partly cloudy; wind, outhwest; snowfall since last observation 0.00 inches; precipitation, 0.00 inches; snow on ground 70.0 inches; temperature, H. 22. L. 3, R. 10, M. 12.5

100 ESCOLOS

Poultry Feed Clean Scratch \$2.75 per 100 lbs. Wheat \$2.75

per 100 lbs. Cracked Corn \$2.50 Dried Buttermilk

Herbert's Grocery

OUR POULTRY FOODS. will increase the production of your flock.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF THIS. Albers, Cherro and Crown Feed in stock

Barnes Emulsion for Backward Biddies

Ashland Fruit and Produce Ass'n.

DAFFODIL FARMS

BABY CHICKS

CUSTOM HATCHING

Hatch each week after February 22nd.

Phone 466 Ashland, Ore.

Pullets

1 dozen-100 or 1000.

From PURE HOLLYWOOD TRAPNESTED S. C. White Leghorns, every bird guaranteed, also chicks. Write at once for prices.

LANE'S EGG RANCH Willamina, Ore.

BLOX

WOOD

COAL SERVICE AND QUALITY

in fuel as well as lumber.

Carson-Fowler Lbr. Co.

OLD TIME FIDDLERS' CONTEST

TO BE DECIDED FINALLY THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10 AT WALKER'S

2nd FLOOR, MEDFORD BLDG.

In the old time fiddler's contest that closed Saturday night the votes on the 5 leading contestants were so close that all the 5 contestants have decided to play again Thursday, February 10 to decide the final winner. Judges will be selected from those present in the dance hall that night and the contest will be decided there. Votes by telephone, telegraph or mail will not be counted. The 5 leaders are Charles Pankey, Central Point; L. B. Tucker, Ashland; Nick Kime and C. E. Foster Medford; and S. J. Sinclair, Eagle Point. No advance in price.

> Admission 10c—Dance 50c Dancing, 8 to 12

> > Tucker's Orchestra

BROADCASTING ON KMED 10 TO 11. -