

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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The Sapiro Case

In editorial explanation of the settling of the Sapiro case, the Dearborn Independent, Ford publication in which appeared the articles on which Sapiro based his suit for damages, made the following statements:

The Dearborn Independent wishes to announce that the suit commenced by Aaron Sapiro for libel against The Dearborn Independent and Henry Ford has been terminated satisfactory to all parties.

"The suit was based upon statements appearing in a series of articles published in 1925 and 1926 by The Dearborn Independent upon the subject matter of cooperative associations organized on the Sapiro plan.

"The articles complained of by Mr. Sapiro dealt with the so-called Sapiro plan of cooperative marketing and the relations of Mr. Sapiro with the associations organized on this plan. They were prepared and written by a contributor to The Dearborn Independent, whose works and writings have in the past appeared in various periodicals in this country. They were accepting at their face value by the Dearborn Publishing Company. It has since been found that inaccuracies of fact were present in the articles and that erroneous conclusions were drawn from these inaccuracies by the writer. As a result of this, Mr. Sapiro may have been injured and reflection cast upon him unjustly. Such statements as may have reflected upon Mr. Sapiro's honor or integrity, impugned his motives or challenged the propriety of his personal or professional actions are withdrawn. Likewise the charge that there was a Jewish ring which sought to exploit the American farmer through cooperative associations is withdrawn.

"Mr. Henry Ford did not participate personally in the publication of the articles and has no personal knowledge of what was said in them. He, of course, deprecates greatly that any facts that were published in a periodical so closely associated with his name in the minds of the public should be untrue.

"The articles in question dealt with cooperative marketing. The Dearborn Independent has published repeatedly articles dealing with various phases of this subject and of other subjects of interest to the farmer. If the advancement and development of cooperative marketing has suffered by reason of the publication of these articles, then we sincerely regret it. We recognize cooperative marketing holds promise of substantial relief to the farmer and the grower."

Mental Deficients

A Detroit judge recently declared that auto drivers with deficient mentalities should not be penalized as severely as those mentally efficient. The principle may be correct, but it involves the question of mentality on the part of the officials who issue licenses to defectives and turn them loose on the highways.

This opens the whole subject of the license system. Too often state permits are granted to drivers who can start, stop and turn around, regardless of their ideas of law, road rules, distance or sobriety. And the result is an awful death and disaster record. A man or woman known to be a "booze-fiend" should never be granted a license.

There should be no necessity for revoking his or her license after the damage has been done. It should be determined originally. A drunken driver should not be permitted to roam at will over our congested highways any more than we would permit a mad bull to run amuck.

It's only a question of time when the law-abiding and careful drivers will see to it that more stringent tests will be applied before licenses are granted. The highways must be made safe.

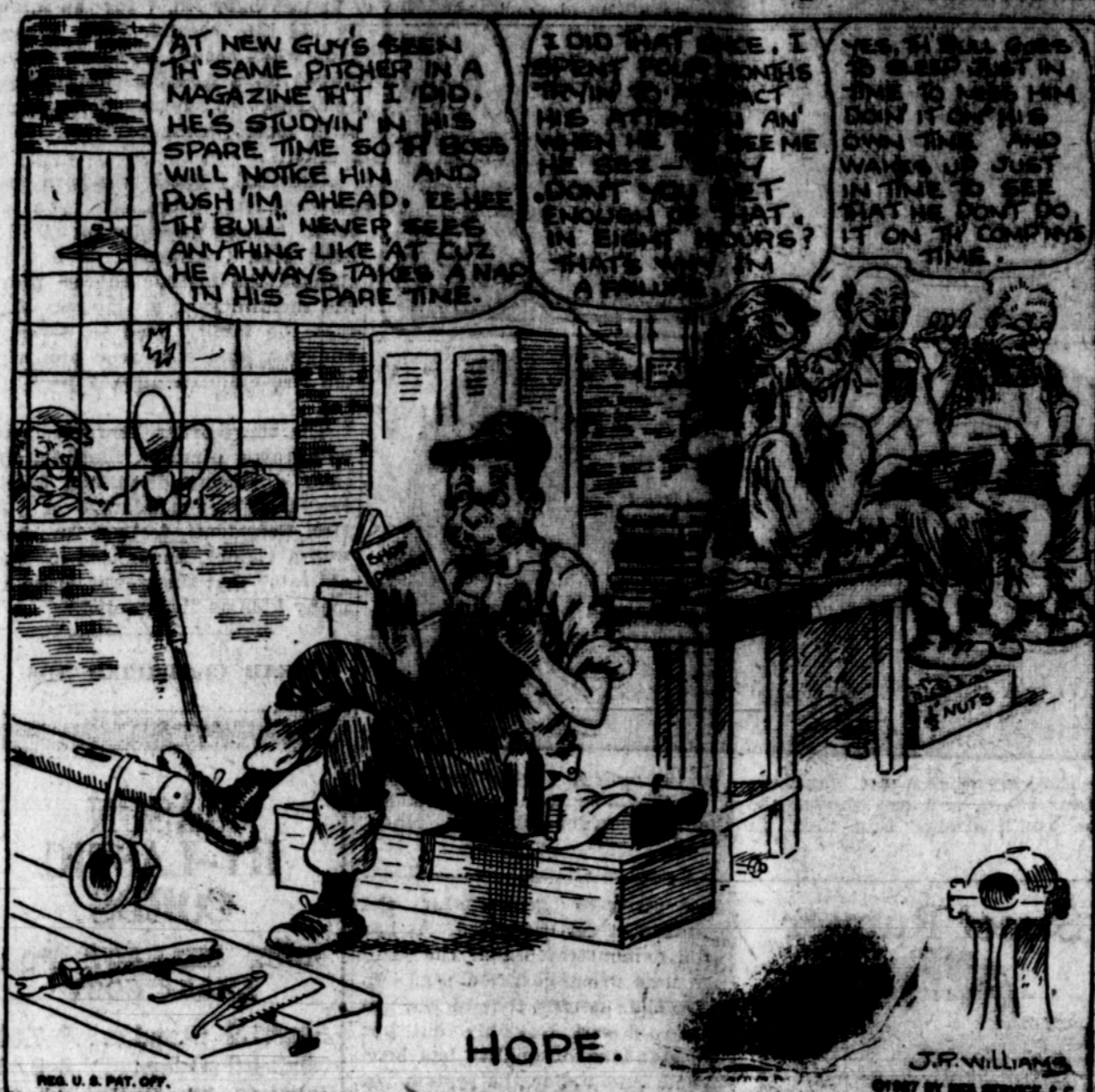
Aimee seems to be completely squeezed off the front page since she and "Mother" kissed and made up. Its up to Dempsey or some movie star to start the L. A. publicity again. Maybe Lita will do her part.

Canada has become accustomed to entertaining H. R. H. but a visit from Premier Baldwin is a real event in that country.

We just had an idea why Mrs. Stillman threw those plates. A newspaper referred to Lena as a "plain faced servant girl" when the whole world knows brides are always blushing and beautiful.

Charley Lindbergh attempted a 100 mile hop recently and was stopped by fog. The ways of the weatherman are past understanding.

OUT OUR WAY



Try This One

GENERAL

1. Name the Missouri Congressman, deceased, who succeeded the late "Uncle Joe" Cannon as Speaker of the House of Representatives?
2. What was the maiden name of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth?
3. Which of the late President Wilson's daughters was the first White House bride of his administration?
4. What Massachusetts senator deceased, was the bitter political enemy of the late President Wilson?
5. What western state turned the tide from Hughes to Wilson in the election of 1916?
6. On the vote of what state do much hope in the 1938 campaign the democrats favoring Smith pin points?
7. What book by Samuel Hopkins Adams is said to deal with the activities of a recent republican administration in Washington?
8. What mid-western state is investigating an alleged klan scandal?
9. What mid-western mayor is considered anti-English in his utterances?
10. Name the present Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

ANSWERS

1. Mithal.

SAP AND SALT
BY BERT MOSES

For every one way of being good, there are two ways of being bad.

To begin as a clerk is creditable, but to remain one forever isn't.

Trying to make a living out of love is one way to be listed with the boobies.

I have much admiration for the lad who goes ahead in the world without the aid of a family "pull."

Hex Heck says: "We are making progress of course, but the reformers are makin' the going slow."

TOM BAY

A Chicago newspaper is seeking the best known professional woman in the country." In the belief she lives in Chicago. Let's see where is Peggy Joyce now?

Wear sunburn, advises a doctor. My good man, the jails are full enough now without such advice.

A stag cook book has been published, offering the favorite recipes of various men. It looks to us like a lot of bologna.

Chimpanzees can be taught to sing, says a scientist. Looks like competition for the elephants in grand opera.

Si Slocum looked in at the opera house where they were holding graduation exercises the other day and decided to stay. He said he thought it was a revival of Black Crook.

A professor announces a college course on how to be happy though married is the next step to be taken. Einstein's theory of relativity probably will be the main subject.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. R. Beswick and daughters, Miss Sarah and Mrs. Lottie Pope, left Saturday evening for San Francisco where they will visit the exposition, after which they will continue their journey to southern California, where they will make a visit of indefinite length.

One of the big \$120 pneumatic tires on the big gray interurban car blew out in front of McNair's East Side Pharmacy Thursday evening, making a report which rattled all of the plate glass windows on Main street and could be heard all over the city.

J. W. Finnell has returned from a nine months' stay in southern Ohio. He brought back with him his cousin, Mrs. Jennie McCoy, who will make her home here with Mr. and Mrs. Finnell.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. J. Syd McNair and daughter, Matilda, arrived home Monday evening from Newport. Mr. Hugh Patton, Mrs. McNair's father, from Alaska, joined them on the way down and will spend a few weeks in Ashland.

District Attorney W. J. Moore of Klamath and Lake counties, arrived in Ashland yesterday, accompanied his wife and two daughters here from Lakeview where they had been spending their summer vacation. The family reside on North Main street.

Mrs. O. W. Nims and Mrs. Anna B. Hall, Misses Winnie Hall, Margaret Nims and Pearl Parsons a party accompanied by Geo. C. Spencer, departed yesterday for an outing at Pelican Bay and Crater Lake.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Mr. A. D. Helman and wife and Mrs. John Carter and daughter, started last week for Adin, Calif., to visit relatives.

Ed. Farlow and family, who have been camping up the Ashland Canyon about six miles near Nim Long's cabin, returned to town Friday.

W. H. Brunk and family spent Sunday at Celestin.

Mrs. J. H. Martin left on today's train for Oakland, Calif., for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. W. A. Patrick and family went over to Celestin on Saturday's train.

By Williams LITHIA PARK GIVE PRAISE

Beauty of Lithia park so improved a tourist from Idaho, Idaho, recently that she returned to her home and wrote the following poem in which she artistically describes its outstanding attractions:

At the edge of the city of Ashland is a treasure hard to find; It consists of many features Which are pleasing to eye and mind.

It's a park of one hundred acres; Holding a great store of wealth, And is pouring it out freely Lithia water, to restore one's health.

Right next to the entrance there lies, A grassy nook 'mong the trees At the left there is hidden a lake Around which is always a breeze.

Above on the hill leads a pathway To a building strange and queer; In which the people of Ashland Enjoyed chautauqua once a year.

The next point of interest As one treads up the path; Is the playground for kiddies Which turns away wrath.

The Lithia Fountain itself; Is a wonderful sight to behold; The water within it is leading Its health restoring power untold.

The handstand is just beyond it. At the right is a grass covered hill. On which is a statue of Lincoln Standing firm and still.

A small pond surrounded with flowers Is the sight which next greets the eye. Just beyond it is the tree Of mulberries, towering high.

The tennis courts and croquet sets Are enjoyed by old and young; Around them are trees like a forest Which is marvelous to wander among.

On Sunday, the people like to dine In the picnic grounds by the creek. Yes, not only on Sunday though, But every day in the week.

The water bubbles from the rock A fountain of beauty rare, Scattered around for the picnickers Is a table and then a chair.

At the other end of the park Is a tourist camp 'mong the trees In the evening around the water Is always a gentle breeze.

A silvery stream winds thru this park; Always murmuring true; Across it are rustic bridges Which it took some time to hue.

O'er the paths one likes to wander They are very romantic to see; With beaches and rose-covered arbors Where lovers stroll in the eve.

This park lies between two large mountains Which are covered with evergreen trees. Over one winds the low drive and high drive From there one may view the park with ease.

In this creek that flows from Mt. Ashland Is water pure and clear. It is water that people search for. They come from far and near.

Also the people of Ashland Like this water to drink. It is piped to every house in the city. Others come to the brink.

This park is a marvelous work Of Nature's steady hand. So sure to see it—everyone! 'Tis the best that's in our land! E. A. N., Twin Falls, Idaho.

Beaverton—Beaverton theatre being improved. Southern Oregon pears will sell for \$50 a ton for canning.

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY

(Copyright 1937 by FBO Pictures Corporation)

MacReady, more anxious to escape death, made a semi-circle to the left rear of the cabin. By doing so he forfeited the least advantage he had had over Laura on his arrival.

He realized that as soon as he reached a point in the thick underbrush from which he could see again without obstruction. Whereas he was still twenty yards from the cabin, Laura had made progress until she was alongside the window. Satisfied to give her a clear field, MacReady remained out of sight as he saw her stealthily approach the door and rap on it.

In response to her knock the door was opened. A form, outlined so vaguely in the gathering darkness as to be indistinguishable, but resembling Howard in its general proportions, appeared, lingered a second and then made way for Laura to enter, immediately after the form also disappeared inside the cabin.

MacReady took advantage of the situation to draw closer until he was able to command a clear, if somewhat incomplete, view through the window.

Laura had no time to waste in this emergency. Her sole impulse was to tell Howard he was being pursued by the soldiers and urge him to make his escape. The question of his guilt or innocence could be settled later. She was too sure of her love and the peril was too imminent for anything else to matter at the moment.

In spite of her determination to order him out, though, she found herself arguing the question with him because he refused to budge.

"But Phillip, I tell you you must go," she pleaded.

"Why?" he asked coldly.

"Because," she insisted frantically, "they've got the bond, they know it's one of the stolen ones

and they know it was found in this cabin."

Almost as if it were a stage gesture, Howard raised his eyebrows.

"How?"

Laura threw back her head in despair.

"I've told you that already. I told you how I gave you a way. I wanted to give you every chance to prove yourself innocent. I still believe you are. But—"

"Go on."

"Father found the bond in my room. He asked me the truth. I told him. He said I lied. I tried to stop him, but he was too far gone in his anger to listen."

"Why did you want to stop him?"

"Because—" Laura grasped his sleeve in despair and picked his hat from the table, pressing it into his hand. "You man, hurry. Father went for the sheriff. In such a mood as he was in that means only one thing."

"And why do you want me to escape? Is it because—"

MacReady, his face fattened against the wall, peering inside the door. He saw only a dark, a worried look came over his face. He reached for the cap that he had previously rejected and thrown aside on the table.

At the same moment MacReady heard it, too, the crackling of a twig under his advancing foot. MacReady ducked. Moving as rapidly as he could on bent knees, fairly safe against discovery in the darkness, he made his way back to the underbrush. He wanted to survey the happenings in comfort. He heard the tread that warned him of the approach of his would-be captors. Leaving Laura's sentence half finished, he raised his cap. Deliberately, but without confusion, he moved quickly to the rear door. He opened it slightly. He told that no one had approached that side, he gave Laura a quick nod. It might have been appreciation of her confidence. It might have been—and the girl winced at the possibility—a sardonic grimace of triumph.

Laura was isolated in the black loneliness of the cabin, but only for a moment.

There was a stentorian rap at the door, followed by a voluble: "Open up now."

Before an answer could have been given the door was thrown open. Sheriff Spofford stood revealed, a six shooter in his hand. Behind him were two marines, their forms outlined against a background of trees.

(To be continued)