

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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August 17, 1927
GOD'S FAVORITES: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Psalm 91:1.
PRAYER: Lord, we are grateful for Thy promise: with long life satisfy us, and show us Thy salvation.

Sacco-Vanzetti

The amazing thing about the Sacco and Vanzetti case was the six-year international fight put up in their behalf. The names became the signal for a movement which reached round the world, and their fate was pondered by anxious millions in all lands. Yet they were two obscure men, without money or influential connections. Even now, though the public feels the utmost confidence that Governor Fuller and his advisors have acted in the fairest manner and on the highest principles, there remains a doubt whether the processes of justice did not miscarry in this particular case—so deeply has that doubt been driven in during the past six years.

It is obvious, of course, that Sacco and Vanzetti were not the cause but merely provided the occasion for the movement which arose in their behalf. Here was an opportunity to show civilized justice in a bad light; here was an opportunity to newly align the discontented classes against the established order; here was a new emotional door to social anarchy. Doubtless it is easy thus to account for one aspect of the matter.

But there is another which quite escapes such easy diagnosis. How many voices would be raised in behalf of justice if and when justice failed with reference to citizens of good reputation? How many American communities are capable of being moved to their depths, of long continued exertion, of costly financial sacrifices, because of the abuse of a citizen by the law? There are abuses of justice every day—is it left to the friends of obscure Italian criminals to show the only concern that is felt about it? Is it the new American habit to acquiesce in anything only providing that it be official?

That is the amazing part of the Sacco and Vanzetti case as it has maintained itself before the world these last six years—the perfectly staggering amount of human sympathy and sacrifice it enlisted. Of course, there were other manifestations not so creditable. But it is impossible to close our eyes to the astounding fact that human sympathy has lately been given a more dramatic demonstration by what are called the underprivileged classes than we remember ever to have seen among the 'respectable' classes of society. — Dearborn Independent.

An Adequate Navy

Now that the naval limitation conference is safely out of the way the big navy crowd will get down to work in earnest and if a large part of the country's surplus is not spent in building a bigger navy it won't be their fault.

No doubt there are many Americans who honestly believe that the nation's safety depends upon having a navy equal to that of any other, but it is also true that much of the demand for a huge naval establishment comes from interested sources—individuals and communities who stand to gain financially if millions are poured into naval construction and maintenance.

Then there is the navy group—officers of the service who naturally have the interests of their organization at heart above everything else. There are many and varied influences working toward the building of a great naval force, but fortunately their efforts are counter-balanced by the forces in opposition so that it is likely we will have a compromise navy—one powerful enough to protect our coasts but hardly strong enough for aggressive warfare abroad against Great Britain, for instance.

There seems little danger of Congress being stampeded into an unnecessary race for naval supremacy through failure to agree upon a limitation program.

Commenting on the California press dispatch which tells of a girl whose body lived 78 days after her brain had died an eastern newspaper says that type is quite common.

Modern girls do not seem to be bothered materially by modesty in respect to wearing apparel or lack thereof and modern men seem to be glad of it.

Keeping shoes shined is expensive, but at least you don't need to check them when you go to lunch.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



Scissored Sentiment

The trouble with that proposed wet plank for party platforms is that it might be too slippery, whereas the dry plank is bound to be too rough. Which indicates that as usual both party platforms will probably be composition stuff.—Eugene Guard.

It is never the wrong time of year to start a budget or a savings fund. Plan for the next month ahead and the next big expense you have to meet, and gradually you will have enough accumulated to take care of what lies before you.—Halsey Rural Enterprise.

Trot out your favorite candidate for president. Douglas county, many years ago, had a man who thought he ought to be president—but that's as far as he got.—Roseburg News-Review.

Instead of making a fool of a man a woman furnishes the opportunity—and lets him do the rest.—Silverton Appeal.

Bishop Brent declares that church unity is no longer a vision—it is a necessity. Political platforms change to meet necessities, but religious creeds—never.—McMinville Telephone-Register.

Hoover, Dawes and Lowden are regarded as the leading republican presidential possibilities. The country will be fortunate if one of them gets it. Each is well qualified by character and experience.—Baker Herald.

COUNTY HEALTH NOTES

WHEN TO BEGIN GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

As soon as a child begins to walk the first steps should be taken to prepare him for the hazard of going to school. The age period between two and seven years is one of tremendous importance when the child's future health and happiness are to be considered. This age has been sadly neglected in the past, and vital statistics show that one-third of all deaths occur under the age of six years. These years determine the child's future prospects much as the foundation and frame determine the structure. The law of growth makes these the most formative of all years. Much care is given to the baby, but the mother too frequently forgets that the runabout child is probably in need of greater attention than the nursing baby. The child is left too much to his own devices. No greater mistake could be made because this is the most important period in the child's life.

Parents must remember that they are accountable and responsible for the normal development of their children. Children should be carefully prepared for school life. The preschool child is in need of expert advice. This is the period when an intelligent and scientific examination can do much to safeguard its future health. An expert will be able to detect defects in their first stage. A correction of these defects may make success out of a child that was doomed to failure and chronic suffering.

School teachers find that children are handicapped because they have been neglected at home. The parent has failed to realize that the age from two to six should be one of preparation. In these years habits of right thinking and living must be formed. The child's physical progress should be followed by regular examinations of at least height, weight, and mental development. When physical defects are found they should be remedied.

The preschool child should have well regulated hours of play, rest, sleep, and meals. Health habits, such as bathing frequently, cleaning of teeth, outdoor living, liberal use of fruits and whole grain vegetables and drinking plenty of water are necessary to insure his future life and prosperity.

An interview with W. J. Virgin & Co of the Ashland Flouring Mills, discloses the fact that the wheat crop of the valley has been greatly damaged by the excessively hot weather.

County Judge G. W. Dunn was a visitor in Ashland Tuesday.

The Sulphur Springs Hotel, First Avenue and A streets, in Ashland, has been purchased by Lewis Dennis, who has already taken possession and is effecting successfully as landlord of the place.

A stray bullet passed through the cover of Norton's milk wagon and passed uncomfortably close to the driver one night recently when the outfit returned from the usual rounds. No trace of the bullet's source has been located.

The first copies of the new "glass of water" booklet are now being distributed. The cover is three-color work of a nature seldom attempted by a small city printing shop. Fifty thousand booklets will be distributed.

The special committee consisting of Messrs. Cunningham and Ware, Attorney Moore, which was appointed at last week's council meeting to investigate the legal phases of the proposed building of the new jail back of the city hall fire station reported at Tuesday evening's meeting.

Deputy Forest Ranger W. G. Kropke, in charge of the Ashland Forest Reserve, received notice Tuesday to forbid until further notice, camping on the reserve, the department having been prompted to issue the order by the local authorities on the representation that campers polluted the waters of Ashland creek, the source of the city's domestic supply.

Messrs. F. M. Carter, E. D. Briggs, and his two boys, and Billy and Owen Short, left this morning for four or five days' fishing on Rogue river. There ought to be an interesting variety of fish stories this year, judging from the number of experts in the field.

The almost total failure of the fruit crop, the shortage of wheat and damage to its quality, the extreme scarcity of money, and uncertainty bred by political embarrassments make up a combination which will be long remembered as the distressing season of 1927.

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THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY

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It was not once there any intention to justify his suspicions. He altered up the steps in the front door and knocked promptly. Instantly it opened. "What do you want?" a shrill voice answered. Immediately Mrs. Davis realized how out of place the question must have sounded, for her tone changed. "Afternoon, sheriff," she said. "What can I do for you?" "Is your husband in, Mrs. Davis?" "No, the Captain isn't around." "Who's here?" "No one," she said, shrilly again, stepping out suspiciously and slamming the door behind her. "I'm alone." It was the movement Spofford had been playing for. He had seen Bill duck out from the covering of the trees and make for the rear of the cottage. Given a few minutes' respite and he would be able to make his way unobserved. "Well, now, that's too bad," Spofford said slowly. He told me particular to come out and see him today." "Well, he isn't here." "Said he wanted me to get a keg of cider he'd been saving for me." Mrs. Davis suddenly straightened up. "What?" "He didn't say anything to me about it." Spofford shrugged. "Careless of him, wasn't it? But he told me expressly to come here today. Sort of a shame to make this long trip all for nothing." "Well, he isn't here and there all I can tell you." Abruptly Mrs. Davis discontinued the conversation and threw open the door and went inside. She meant that to be the end of it, but to her amazement Spofford followed her right into the cottage. As soon as she realized what he had done she placed him unheeded on the floor. "I tell you it's no use," she stormed. "I don't know just when he'll be back and if he said he's going to give you a keg of cider it's up to him to do it, not me." Spofford moved around, eyeing the contents of the room as if his prying eyes were searching for some trace of his confederate; and it pleased him that he was unable to find any. A closet, a blanketed partition . . . these were possible hiding places. Bill might have resorted to it if he had done a good job of it. Not even a pair of protruding shoes under the blankets gave any indication of his presence. Mrs. Davis was watching him snoop around the rear of the cabin with a nervous perturbation when a shadow passed before the front window. "Captain sent me back here as a guard. Something's wrong." "What?" Mrs. Davis asked. "The whole Marine detachment went out eastward run. We thought the incoming machine would leave. They got off. Donaldson here went to the power house where they were supposed to quarter and found it empty. They must have sneaked on the train again afterward. Somebody's tipped them off." In the emergency Mrs. Davis thought clearly and quickly. She had always known that at some time there would be a crisis that would demand quick thinking and sharp action. It found her fully prepared. "What's the plan?" Spofford asked. "I'll survey the outlook thoughtfully." "You can get Mrs. Davis out in about five minutes. As she is around, I'll sneak in the back way. It looks as if there are some things there that's standing looking over." Spofford nodded his approval of the plan. They waited in silence, hoping at least some signs of life would appear. Finally Spofford signaled with his hand and Bill crept off to the rear of the cottage, skirting the edge of the trees. Spofford waited until he had given Bill sufficient time to reach a point in the circle directly opposite, then strode boldly forward. He kept his eyes open during the march in the open, ready to detect any trace of abnormal activity, but



Captain sent me back here as guard. Something's wrong.

"Any idea what we're up against?" "Not sure. Got a gun?" Bill pointed to his hip pocket and grinned. "We may need it. Let's go." "Sally, who had expected anything from a quarrel to gun play when these two men were treated to a further surprise when Bill rose, linked arms with the sheriff and stroled to the doorway in that fashion. One more humiliation was in store for her.

Bill, looking back, saw her peering through the kitchen doorway. With majestic insistence he freed his arm from the sheriff, brought out some change from his pocket and tossed a silver dollar on the counter.

"There, my girl," he said patronizingly. "Go and buy yourself a Rolle Royce."

Sally wanted to cry in protest against the indignity. She was angry, but before a suitable resort came to her Bill had passed out of hearing. With the sheriff he was rapidly making his way up the main street to the spot where the sheriff's car was stored. They moved slowly but with an apparently well understood plan. Spofford took the driver's seat. Without stopping to ask a question of Spofford, Bill he turned the car east on the main street, through the outskirts of the town and out into the isolated country in the direction of the Davis cottage.

Miles passed in silence. Finally, when they had reached within a quarter of a mile of their destination, the sheriff stepped on his brake. Carefully he guided the car off the road into the foliage until it was completely concealed. "Reckon we'd better stow her away," the sheriff commented laconically. "Some prowler might see this bit o' tin and it'd start him thinking."

"They say the car safely hidden in the underbrush and started a silent tread through the woods. At the edge of the Davis' clearing they stopped.

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