

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

GROSBY HADLEY GREEN, Managing Editor

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY

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MAN'S THOUGHTS.—The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity. Psalm 94:11. PRAYER.—Judge us not, O Lord, according to our evil thoughts but according to Thy Mercy, in Christ Jesus.

Whither Bound

The Interstate Commerce Commission, created to control or prevent trusts and combinations that would restrain free and open trade competition, is facing a program that was never anticipated in the days of its organization.

Consolidations of railroads into gigantic systems, of shipping interests, of department stores, chain stores, oil companies, lumber interests, coal mines, picture producers and exhibitors, elevators, co-operative producing and marketing associations, packers, banks and financial interests—and now the proposed consolidation of the DuPonts, United States Steel and General Motors—impels one to peer into the not far distant future when one big trust will absorb another until but two or three remain.

All this unmistakably indicates that business is feeling its way toward the elimination of waste through competition—but results do not indicate that the public receives any marked degree of benefit in the cost of living.

These consolidations are usually accompanied by a fictitious valuation and stock issue—a capitalization that precludes any possible reduction of prices if dividends are to be paid. The cow has been milked and the future mortgaged.

It has become a question if these combinations are not now more powerful than the forces delegated to keep them within reasonable bounds. Organized with the best intentions they are but human and may become drunk with prosperity and power. What has been accomplished since the war may be multiplied during the next five years—but can any one predict the end?

Go Easy With The Toots

The whistle is necessary in the operation of trains, both for signaling to train crews and as a warning at highway crossings. Unfortunately the sound of locomotive whistles often is an irritant to people living along the railroad right-of-way. It surely cannot be classed as a "friend-maker."

The light sleeper, the father who has just lulled his infant to sleep after having worn a path in the carpet, the swain who is trying to catch a few winks of sleep before sunrise and the beginning of a hard day at the office, the sick person trying to steal a few hours of rest from pain—all have a grievance when the locomotive whistle is sounded too long and too vigorously. And a grievance in the middle of the night assumes larger proportions than a grievance in the daytime.

It is a characteristic of people who work at night that they forget that most of the world is sleeping—or trying to sleep. Newspapermen on morning papers (and this editor has been guilty in the past) sometimes overlook the fact that people would prefer not to be interviewed over the telephone at midnight. And no doubt it is the same way with engineers who have heavy hands on the whistle cord.

Engineers have been cautioned not to sound the whistle more than is necessary for safety and to meet the requirements of train operation. We know that most engineers are considerate, and if those who have been thoughtless in this regard will remember the other fellow there will be many more friends along the line.—Southern Pacific Bulletin.

Not What It Used To Be

The little cross-roads village is a thing of the past. Automobiles and paved highways are responsible for this.

There may of course be some doubt as to whether the villager sitting on a storebox and whittling ever existed except in imagination, but there has been a transformation and about the only difference between a resident of the small town and his city cousin is that the former spends a bit more time on the road.

Before the advent of the auto, nine o'clock was the rural folks bedtime—and the bedtime of the villager. Now it is only nine o'clock. Villagers and country folks are acquainted with city theaters, baseball players, amusement players.

The march of progress of necessity leaves considerable wreckage along its line and some of it is composed of things we value very highly—but it is worth while.

If you are not up and doing its likely you are down and being done.



THE ORCHID AND THE CACTUS



In providing for old age, the big thing is to do it now.

It's the small end of a tack that causes the flat tire.

In an argument with your stomach, the stomach always wins.

Before reaching for anything, measure the length of your arm.

Truth says either "yes" or "no," while a lie makes a long speech.

As the bottom of the bottle is approached, the drinks become smaller.

Between hitting your thumb with a hammer and having a window sash drop on it there is little choice.

Hex Heck says: "It's a fool mosquito that wastes its bites on a turtle."

Scissored Sentiment

When we set a hen we don't start referring to the eggs as chickens but when we start a hole we immediately refer to it as an oil well.—Slaklyou News.

We read that many wealthy families are getting themselves incorporated. There are a lot of families that don't go through any elaborate formalities but just struggle along with ma as managing director and pa as financial secretary.—Portland Telegram.

Try This One

- ANSWERS
1. Senator Borch.
2. Belgium.
3. Nicholas Longworth and Charles G. Dawes.
4. A promise of farm relief.
5. No.
6. Charles E. Hughes.
7. Nicholas M. Butler of Columbia University.
8. Secretary of War Davis and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.
9. Washington and Roosevelt.
10. No.



If you can't be wise you can at least laugh at those who are.

A research committee finds there are nearly 2,000,000 laws in the United States. You'd think some of them besides the prohibitions law would be broken some time!

One thing about the naval limitations conference—they certainly did keep those Swiss shipbuilders down.

American tourists spent \$761,000,000 in Europe and other foreign lands last year. They'll have enough over there; pretty soon to start up another war.

"Mind this a free country?" asked a Chicago school girl when the police arrested her for leading a Sacco Van Zett demonstration. When we are going to learn not to say ain't?

La Grande—Forty-Fold wheat by Galaway farm makes 49 bushels per acre.

Salem—Three local bull farms are growing 3,000,000 tulips for market.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

Rex and Lloyd Stratton arrived Tuesday evening from the San Francisco exposition. Lloyd left this city a couple of weeks ago and after visiting in Cottage Grove joined Rex in North Bend, from whence the brothers made the trip down the coast by boat to the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Finley, just returning from the fair, are visiting Mr. Finley's father E. Finley and the family of R. H. Whitmore. Mr. Finley is a brother of Mrs. Whitmore and will spend some time here. He may decide to locate permanently.

W. D. Hodgson visited his ranch at Rogue River yesterday.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

L. Dudley Dollarhide was down Saturday from Slaklyou.

Maurice J. Goodheart was a visitor in Medford Friday.

Miss Jessie Mathes has returned to Ashland from a two months' visit with relatives living at Tacoma.

Mrs. Margaret Reecer of this city has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. H. H. Carpenter at Dunsmuir.

Irving E. Vining arrived in Ashland today from Buffalo, N. Y.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Frank Hansen, a former attaché of the Tidings, who has been connected with the Russ House in San Francisco for some two years past, is now in London, England, where he arrived a few days ago. He will visit the Continent before returning to his native haath.

Max Pracht is still in the Good Samaritan hospital at Portland, much improved, but experiencing the after results of pleurisy, a slight attack of hydro-dropsy. It is expected that he will be about soon and able to come to Ashland.

Mrs. J. P. Gilmore and her two grandchildren, Lita and Agnes Rice, started for Portland Saturday.

Superintendent George A. Briscoe is Speaker at Kiwanis Luncheon

The greater value of personal welfare work in comparison to the value of merely giving dollars to promote such work was the keynote of the district convention of Kiwanis, according to George A. Briscoe, local delegate, at the Spokane convention last week, in his talk to the local club today.

He held of the work done by the Spokane club in buying and furnishing homes at very reasonable rent to the widows and children who are pensioned under the Washington law. The club members now own 22 such homes and are building two more each year. The personal interest taken by the members in this work makes the results very satisfactory, far more than if they just merely gave the widows a sum of money equal to the value of the house which they furnish.

Included in the outstanding special stunts was the music, especially the entertainment by the Seattle quartette and "Miss Seattle," and the Aberdeen girls who were so effective in persuading the convention to meet in that city next year.

Feature activities recommended by the convention are child welfare work and vocational training guidance. Mr. Briscoe told of the building of a vocational training building at the Junior high school, where six courses in vocational training will be taught, and urged the Kiwanians to make this one of their main objectives—personal interest in the work of the school and to demonstrate to the students that the Kiwanians were personally interested in their efforts to locate the proper vocation.

The Kiwanians will hold a picnic and golf tournament at the Ashland Golf club links on Labor Day, September 5, according to decision of the club after this had been suggested by V. D. Miller.

Mr. Miller suggested that two foursomes be chosen from the golf playing members of the club, and that the club membership be separated into sides to root for the two foursomes and that following the contest between the two teams a picnic dinner be spread. Later, the winner could challenge outside Kiwanis foursomes. The idea was enthusiastically received by the club.

J. W. McCoy's name was drawn to contribute to the child welfare fund. Carl Stockwell, former president of the Aberdeen, Wash., Kiwanis club, and Mr. Thorne, of San Francisco, were guests. Mr. Stockwell congratulated Ashland on having such a wonderful hotel as represented in the L. I. H. Springs hostelry.

California Licenses Are On Sale

In the past Oregon hunters have often desired to go into California to hunt deer, but the difficulty of getting a license and bringing the deer back into Oregon has kept many from enjoying the sport in California.

However, it will not be so difficult now for local hunters to go across the state line to hunt, as A. C. Nitzsger has received a consignment of license blanks, shipping tags and copies of the California hunting licenses, and hunters can therefore get the necessary permits right here at home.

Since the California deer season opens 10 days before the Oregon season, no doubt many here will be among those securing the California bills this fall for a deer.

"OLD HAT" MOVIE RECORD IS MADE

Moving pictures of the Old Hat parade in Medford were taken by Horace Bromley. Cosmo, movie man, and Medford Kiwanis are anticipating the showing of the scene at their meeting.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIDINGS

STORY

After many successful attempts, the bandit who has been robbing trains all over the State of last week... "I know," Laura agreed. "Their hands met in common understanding."

"Through it all," Howard continued, "I've been hoping for the day I'd have the right to tell you—I love you."

He was within fifteen feet when another train rose menacingly. It was Davis, swinging a revolver wildly and trying to steady himself against the after effects of the lumps.

"Drop it, Davis, and put 'em up," Howard barked. "Before Davis could make up his mind whether to comply or not, his strength gave way. The gun left his grasp like a flitting shadow to land upon the earth. Davis, beaming his hatred, reached both hands to his shoulders, as far as his reduced strength would allow him to go."

"Got you, Davis. You'll probably hear for this day's work."

Davis glared. "Who in hell are you, anyway?" he asked.

"That's something you should have found out several days ago."

"A double crosser, eh?"

"Correct."

"You squealed on us."

Howard, sure of the upper hand, shrugged. "That depends on the point of view, my dear Davis. You played the game according to your lights. I've played it according to my duty."

Davis had realized earlier in the afternoon that this man had fooled him completely but he was still unable to reconcile his mind to his own stupidity. "By God, a detective," he exclaimed.

Howard shook his head. "Not a detective," he corrected. "A Major in the Marine Intelligence Service; but I had a devil of a time convincing you that I was a thorough rogue like yourself."

Howard turned to summon Lyons, who was advancing with several marines. "Take this man under guard. Be very careful he doesn't get away," he ordered. "He's the leader of them all."

"Wait," Laura's voice stopped them. She pointed to Gray Eyo's form curled up along side a rock ten feet away. "Don't overlook him. From what I could gather he's had a hand in all the robberies."

"Two of the marines lifted his unconscious form. A rifle butt prodded him to his feet. His cursed scowl in Spanish and then asked for a drink. They answered him with a rifle butt and he moved along.

The marines from the north end of the arroyo had come into sight. Howard motioned Lyons to hand the two prisoners back under guard and then go on to meet the others.

Along with Laura he found himself suddenly tongue tied. "Are you feeling all right now?" he asked in the commandant's manner.

"Quite," she answered. "It got me for a while; but I had learned the secret of guarding against that. We used to go to Fort Denmark to watch the maneuvers."

"Speculated was at a loss when he always knew Lyons to hand the two prisoners back under guard and then go on to meet the others. "Along with Laura he found himself suddenly tongue tied. "Are you feeling all right now?" he asked in the commandant's manner.

Howard nodded. "You've shown that," he agreed. "When everybody else was against me, except MacReady."

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY

that might have given him an indication of who I really was could have betrayed me. I had to play my part. "I know," Laura agreed. "Their hands met in common understanding."

"Through it all," Howard continued, "I've been hoping for the day I'd have the right to tell you—I love you."

The smile of insufferable happiness that lit up his face was his reward for the weeks of patient suffering he had endured.

From the north of the arroyo the men made a steady march back to the south end where all the captives were assembled. The work of the aeroplanes was finished, and sooner than risk the hazard of another landing on the plateaus of High Canyon they decided to make the flight directly back to Fort Denmark.

Howard and his detachment started back in organized line of march. Laura, upon whom the strain of the afternoon was beginning to tell, was mounted on one of the bandit's horses. The rest of the file were on foot, for the most part. With the aid of the long western summer twilight they were able to reach High Canyon before dusk had settled upon the long march of battle. They found the work of rescue and rehabilitation had gone on in their absence. A radio message had summoned



MacReady was seriously injured.

medical help and a repair crew from Yellow Canyon. While a doctor worked over the wounded, the repair crew equipped with tools were replacing the track torn up by the dynamite.

Howard made a rapid summary of the damage done. In addition to the five dead bandit bodies they had left behind them in the arroyo, there were three lifeless outlaws along the track. Some of the marines had suffered minor wounds. The most seriously injured was MacReady. Howard found him propped up in the Pullman.

The bullet had entered his right shoulder from above. He had bled profusely but the doctor was confident of his recovery. He smiled weakly as Howard approached, tried to extend a hand but failed in the effort and sank back into passiveness. Then he saw Laura, who was following closely on Howard's heels.

"Fine girl," he mumbled. The tax on his strength was too obvious. The doctor mentioned Howard and Laura away. "He'll be much better in the morning. Just now he needs rest."

The damage done to the tracks was easily repaired; but the mail car was a hopeless wreck. The chief chance of carrying that along lay in clearing the wreckage that hung down from the center of the car and pushing it along until it could be switched off on a siding.

The danger of an attack was practically over and there were the prisoners to be guarded too. Howard detailed a detachment of six marines to stay with the gold consignment under Sergeant Lyons' command. They gathered up all the loose stores among the tracks, leaving it to an official accounting after the train reached its destination to determine the extent of the loss, if any.

Owing to the damage to the mail car the radio car was transferred into an empty freight car. With the details arranged, Howard prepared for the conveyance of the wounded and prisoners back to Fort Denmark as the relief train. MacReady was spread on a stretcher and made as comfortable as possible. Willing hands bore him with infinite tenderness over that rough ground and Laura herself sawed the arrangement of his blankets under the supervision of the doctor.

A radio message had demanded a close watch. Two snarl shrieks signalled to the others that they were being followed. There was a chorus of "Get down!" as the train was hurled into the fast enveloping darkness.

(To be continued)