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GEORGE MADSEN GREEN

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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A FINE CROP:—The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our Lord.

Think Like a Railroader

Highway engineers meet and discuss the building of roadways. They have one thought primarily. That is to see that traffic may move.

Great faith in signal systems, heavy road patrolling, and regulations, is held by authorities in whose hands lie the duty of making highways safe for travel.

But fast driving is one of the lesser menaces on the highways today. There is the "Safe" driver who goes slowly but turns suddenly without signaling.

There are scores of other violators of minor traffic regulations. There are those who forget auto courtesy. Reports of traffic officers show that warnings predominate in their duties.

Motorists must be taught that the highway is built for traffic and he must think accurately and quickly like the railroad man in order that traffic may move.

He Served Us Well

"My interest in and activity on behalf of the Southern Oregon Normal school and other Ashland affairs will continue unabated."

With these words J. H. Fuller, retiring secretary of the Ashland Chamber of Commerce expressed the spirit of service which has characterized his eight year tenure of office as secretary of Ashland's Civic organization, the Chamber of Commerce.

Always alert, always willing to sacrifice personal desires and interests to the demands of his position, Mr. Fuller ends his services as head of the Chamber of this city with an enviable record of progress and success.

As the head of the civic organization he has done things. He has had dreams of progress and he has seen them realized. He has been steadfast in purpose and loyal in service.

Whatever Mr. Fuller may do, whatever line of business he may follow, we bespeak for him success. Such loyalty and service as he has given the city applied to private enterprise can bring only what it has brought to Ashland—the realization of dreams.

The Daily Tidings regrets the severance of Mr. Fuller from active head of the Chamber, but we wish for him every success in whatever line of endeavor he may follow.

He has served us well.

Your Auto Horn

A pleasant sounding auto horn ought to be listed in the category of needed inventions we think.

Its inventor, along with financial returns, would reap a harvest of undying public gratitude. Manufacturers developed the auto horn as a warning signal. It seems to have degenerated into an unnecessary and abused noise maker.

We wondered if there might not have been a typographical mistake which said a "bomb" was found in Angelus Lighthouse. Maybe it was a bun.

OUT OUR WAY By W. J. WALLACE



SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES. Stick out your jaw and somebody will soak it sure.

THIS and THAT

Martin Jensen who won the \$10,000 second prize in the new traffic Iowa race has scarcely the "we won" spirit of young Lindbergh. He paid his navigator \$25 for his services.

A pie eating contest staged for the pleasure of a group of new boys was called off when the "ammunition" gave out. In 15 minutes with 300 boys at work and 30 dozen pies gone, it was thought safety first was a good policy.

Our idea of parents who have a "family heart" is exemplified by the Paris couple who with 20 children of their own adopted twin girls six days old.

We believe the 12 and 14 year old boys who have the "thumbs up" means of transportation learned so well are not getting much chance for a good start in this world.

Miss Leona Margers, in charge of the music department at the Normal school has been untried in her efforts in bringing outstanding musicians to the school for concert work this summer. Needless to say her efforts are much appreciated by all in the school.

Its up to the Boas to "shine" on the diamond tomorrow with

TOMMY'S SKYS. Henry Judd Gray denies the reports that he has been spending his time in the death cell knitting. White hammers to the height of defending one's reputation.

The police commissioner of Detroit prescribes music as a cure for crime. Certainly, commissioner, if you can only get them to face it.

The war in China has interfered with production of fresh eggs and dried eggs. It seems that even out of this war something good is coming.

The old-fashioned winter went away when the ladies began to ignore it.

"Let them pass," is to be the slogan in France for the American Legion convention. Might as well be that—they'd pass anyway.

The same brilliance which they are said to have "shined" in work outs this week.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

Leith Abbott, Merrill Throne, Elwood Hedberg and Slade Songer left Sunday evening for Crater Lake. The party will go by way of Dead Indian, visiting Pelican Bay and Klamath Falls. They intend stopping for a couple of days at the Lake of the Woods and at various fishing streams along the way. They are traveling by team.

Clyde A. Payne, son of Mrs. Martha Shock of Ashland, and former Oregon University athlete, Southern Oregon Normal instructor, and more recently an Ashland realty operator, now a resident of Long Beach, Calif., was recently admitted to practice law in the state of California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Storch arrived in Ashland from Fresno Saturday. Mrs. Storch was formerly Miss Ida Cape, a teacher in the state normal, and sister of Mrs. F. D. Wagner of this city.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. W. O. Marks of Portland is visiting in Ashland with her mother, Mrs. M. L. Stanley and other relatives.

Mrs. E. H. Wagner spent Saturday and Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. T. W. Miles in Medford.

Frank Lowry has resigned his position with the Ashland Meat company and contemplates going to Portland the first of the coming month.

Mrs. Annie Barron, who was operated on at the new Southern Oregon Hospital last week for an aggravated attack of appendicitis, is reported as convalescent; her friends will be pleased to learn.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

A. F. Hunt moved his family into Ashland Saturday for the winter and they are living in J. L. Peltou's cottage, rear the depot. Mr. Hunt will spend much of his time at the Dead Indian ranch during the winter.

Fred Tucker is reported as ill at the home of Chas. Homes, south of Ashland.

Mrs. W. T. Van Scoy reached home Saturday from Drain, where she has been visiting relatives and friends.

Wm. Harris and wife will spend the winter at their old home at Santa Rosa, Cal. They leave for that place next Wednesday.

BY ROBERT BUTLER

WASHINGTON - Government license is being granted to pilots obtained from the Department of Commerce. At present you apply for a license, write the Department here and it will send you application blanks along with information about the examinations.

The first thing to do, however, is to find out what sort of a license you require. You must have a plane at your disposal for the examination includes practical flying tests.

Anyone over 16 and physically fit does not require a license if he merely intends to fly for pleasure. Although his plane must carry visible identification marks.

Whenever one intends to enter commercial flying which will take him over a state line, that is, to fly for pay—he must be 18 years old and must have a license. He must pass mental test, physical test and practical flying test. This is because all planes engaged in interstate commerce must be licensed and flown by licensed pilots.

The classes of pilot licenses are "Transport" for pilots who may carry passengers or freight wherever they desire; "Limited Commercial" for pilots carrying passengers only from one designated field; "Industrial" for non-passenger carrying commercial pilots and "Private or Student."

The requirements for a "transport pilot" license are the stiffest of course.

The transport pilot must have had 300 hours of solo flying. The examination requires him to glide from an altitude of 1500 feet to a spot on the ground within 300 feet of a designated line, and he must glide, with the option of using his motor when necessary, to within 100 feet of a mark, to prove first that he can function properly if his motor goes dead and second that he can land properly under normal conditions.

At 800 feet he must make five figure eights over two marks 1500 feet apart and must perform such emergency maneuvers as spirals, side-slips and stalls to show that he knows how to get out of them. To show his ability at landing in strange fields, he must fly a triangular or rectangular course of at least 100 miles within a given time and make two landings enroute.

Important Books Reviewed—"Open Confession to a Man From a Woman," by Marie Corelli. Who does not know and love Marie Corelli? Here is what her publishers call her valedictory—"A real personal message"—discussing the everlasting problems called human love, a subject she has dabbled in always. Here she is probing it to the bottom in a way that nearly every woman will like and some men will endure.

"Under The Leaves," by E. Earl Sparling. There be land tales and sea tales, and short stories that combine the elements. Here is a collection of thirteen in the old New Orleans atmosphere. No such volume of quality has appeared in many a day. Edward Earl Sparling is a westerner, a native of Arkansas, who has played all over the southwest, doing newspaper work at Fort Worth, Dallas, Austin, Oklahoma City, and getting a little education—not too much, at Tulane University, New Orleans. Then he made his writing home on Grand Isle off the Louisiana coast, where pirates were harbored. His stories easily match, if not surpass, Lafcadio Hearn, Davis, Kipling, O. Henry, and many not in his class. His story moves swiftly. He is a born tale-teller, shattering all records in short story lore, but never forgetting his art. There is lightning action, unfathomable emotion, truth and purity of sentiment. He has it all.—The Larist.

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY. A dramatic illustration of a mail train robbery.

fixed up for him in Phelps' home and the division superintendent was the first to insist that Howard should be at the bedside of his fellow officer. Laura's tender hands arranged the sheets for the bed, applied the bandages to his chest and nursed him through the fever that followed the rattling ride back to Yellow Canyon. The thought that affairs had been brought back pretty well to normal was given one rude contradiction when the knocker on the Phelps' door was sounded at nine o'clock at night. Stephen Phelps answered and returned to summon Howard from MacReady's bedside.

"There's a tall, good looking chap downstairs asking for you," he informed Howard. Curious as to the identity of his unknown caller Howard went downstairs to face Sergeant Bill with Sally on his arm. To Howard, who knew Bill's history, the sight of Sally alone might have occasioned comment. That surprise was as nothing compared to the spruce, alienated civilian figure that the service toughened leatherneck presented.

"Begin your pardon, sir, we'd be asking how Mr. MacReady is, sir," he inquired. "Fine, Bill," Howard volunteered. "Doctor says he ought to get a good rest and then he'll be coming right around by morning."



on that train. What have you done with her? Laura's clear voice answered from directly behind Howard. "It's all right, father, I thought under the circumstances, it wouldn't be necessary for me to go on to Walla Walla. You see, Bill's a major in the Intelligence Department and he's been working against this gang all the time." It was neither the time nor the place for profuse apologies; but Howard felt Phelps' hands close down there all the time waiting for the drop on them. So we brought them back prisoners and then Sally and I decided we might as well get married right off.

Bill's unconventional method of courtship brought a roar from Howard, that quelled as he asked: "Did you get permission from headquarters?" "No, sir," Bill admitted. "You see, seeing as we were bringing in three dangerous outlaws we thought perhaps they wouldn't mind if I brought in a wife too."

Bill looked around, hoping for encouragement. "Anyway," he concluded, "I was thinking Mr. MacReady might be able to fix it up for me, now that I've done it." "I imagine he'll be able to," Howard answered solemnly, "anyway I'm expecting to be married myself in a few days." At that moment Laura appeared behind him. She put an arm gently over his shoulder; her lips caressed his cheeks. Then, as she understood the scene before her, she welcomed Sally with outstretched hands and drew her through the doorway into the house.

Howard's attention was before Sergeant Bill. The big leatherneck's face slowly parted in an enigmatic smile as he took the girl that sealed the bond of the benedict order between the two men.

TO OBSERVE COMPLETION OF HIGHWAY. PORTLAND, Aug. 26.—(P)—Completion of another big section of the shoreline highway, between Portland, Astoria and Newport, forming another link in the Roosevelt highway, will be celebrated September 15.

The south section is open from the Columbia River to Gardiner at the mouth of the Umpqua river. The north section is open from Astoria to the south of the Siletz river. There remains a 76 mile gap in the improved road from Newport to Gardiner, which will require about \$4,000,000 to complete. This gap is bridged by a passable dirt road. With the completion of this last stretch the highway will be open along the entire coast of Oregon, connecting with the Roosevelt highway fringing the coast of California.

REVIVAL SERVICES ARE BEING WELL ATTENDED. Splendid attendance and enthusiasm is marking the revival services which are being held at the Four Fold Gospel Temple on the Boulevard under the auspices of Miss Marjorie L. C. A. B. I. e. known as the "girl evangelist" of the west. With deep sincerity Miss Cable brings her message. SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIDINGS