

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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MISSY'S UPLIFT:—When I said, my foot slippeth; Thy Lord, help me up. Psalm 94:18.
PRAYER: Great God, Thy power alone can help me fast.

"X" Marks The Spot

Slowly but surely there has come in recent years an important change in at least one attitude of politicians seeking to retain office, and those seeking to get into office. It is a drastic change, but so subtle that only careful observers have noticed it. And that is their attitude towards business and industry.

Twenty years ago a candidate wishing to be carried from the hall on the shoulders of shouting cohorts, needed only to rise, deposit his fifty-cent Corona carefully on the edge of the speaker's table, smooth his imported broadcloth waist-coat over his generous expanse of stomach, and launch into a burning rhetorical denunciation of the corporations in general. Occasionally he would even outdo himself and pick out one by name and emblazon it to the skies as a menace, an outrage, and an insidious foe to all those sitting before him, who need only mark an "X" opposite his name on election day to be saved from this hydra-headed monster.

Such campaign thunder is not now so popular. Business and industry have grown and continue to grow in power and public esteem. The people, as a rule, have seen through the political "spell binder"—he does not maintain payrolls. They have seen the steady improvement in industrial management and service.

A large percentage of our population owns securities of our industrial, public utility and transportation companies. It is no wonder that the business baiting politician is not so popular when his constituents make up the ownership of the industries he would attack.

Inspiring Service

Delegate G. A. Briscoe who was a delegate to the Spokane Kiwanis convention, brought back one message which was especially inspiring.

This was that the Spokane Kiwanians were purchasing or constructing with their own hands, and furnishing houses which they rented to widows and children who had been pensioned under the Washington law.

They did this merely as a personal service, as a desire to express that intangible desire in every human heart to do something besides just merely that which is necessary to make a few dollars to buy the comforts of life.

And, as in every case of inspiring personal service, they have found that their work has paid not only in soul satisfaction, but in dollars and cents. Every human being should adopt some project, whether large or small, of personal, unselfish service to mankind or his community.

More Farm Revenue

The Talent Irrigation District management has stated that, if conditions continue favorable, the returns to the farmers in the district should total a million dollars, which it is estimated is some four hundred thousand dollars more than the 1926 receipts.

This is the kind of reports The Daily Tidings likes to publish, the kind which reflects the growth of this wonderful section of Oregon that we believe will continue to grow and prosper. There is every reason to safely predict this, for we have the climate, the rainfall, the sunshine, the soil, the progressive people, and every other element which is a necessary factor for community development. In fact, as The Lithians' slogan says, we have "It."

Deficit Decreasing

State officials yesterday announced that instead of a million and a half deficit, the state would, according to present estimates, have a deficit of less than a million—and that it was possible this figure would later be reduced to less than a half million for the fiscal period.

No doubt there were many ifs and ands and exceptions and etc. following these figures, but it is safe to say that many of the readers of the announcement perused only the first part of it, with an unconscious thought that judgment would be withheld until later announcements and events would show that the deficit can be made even less than the present optimistic estimate.

Our idea of an old timer is one who can remember the days when girls tucked up their skirts so they might go wading.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.



Much of our wisdom comes after it is too late to use it.

Horsepower in the head beats horsepower in the muscles.

Anyhow, nothing a woman wears now will bag at the knees.

The tongue has no bones, but it knocks out more people than the fist.

Neither four-wheel breaks nor intelligence is of any use if not applied.

No problem is greater to a fat man than negotiating a barbed wire fence.

Herb Hock says: "It's a toss-up which takes the highest poll: the top of a bald head or the bottom of a leader's pants."

THIS and THAT

Maybe when the Coolidge's see how the White House looks since it has been remodeled they will want to remain.

Our idea of no way to spend a vacation of one week—is in digging your way out of a cave.

Old records show that the Southern Oregon Societers and Sailors convened in Ashland 30 years ago.

Restaurant folks reported a falling-off of tourist trade Sunday.

Bootleggers and booze hounds will breathe fearfully while officers continue to "clean-up" their joints about the county.

Fruit pickers welcome the cooler weather as do folks working in the packing houses.

The Petunias growing along the Ashland hotel are sufficiently beautiful to attract much attention from visitors.

SOCIAL NOTE: Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York has returned from a visit to his ancestral home in Ireland. There hasn't been much doing around New York lately, the Atlantic ocean having been pretty well flown.

Several doughboys are en route to Paris. This is their second attempt to see a little of France.



College Note: Well, it's about time to be up and pursuing one's studies again—and the co-eds.

The only thing we want to know about the new Ford is how much noise it is capable of in a narrow alley between 8 and 9 on a Sunday morning.

A prisoner in a California jail announced he would cry himself to death. Even the convicts are catching this non-stop habit.

A ranger in Africa reports he killed three elephants with one bullet. We live in a machine age, it's true, but the spirit of Aesop has not passed from the earth.

Well, we all can get publicity in one sure way—the delinquent tax list.

To prevent graft and theft the government has put green dye into all gasoline used in the Panama Canal Zone. Better be darning up the capitol dome—new bunch of congressmen are coming in soon.

The Tidings WASHINGTON LETTER

By Rodney Dutcher

WASHINGTON—They do say that aviation is safer than motoring, but some of us always will prefer the family fivver.

Despite progress, no one will be able to take the thrills out of flying immediately and meanwhile come such hair-raising tales as that of the Army's twin-motored Martin Bomber which crashed in the water of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, June 23. A full account of the incident, with none of the thrills left out, has just reached the Army Air Corps.

The plane was a member of a five-ship formation which took off early in the morning, piloted by Lieut. George W. Polk, Jr., and manned by Staff Sergeant Monroy and Privates Cyr and Valentine. Army maneuvers were in progress and the formation was to stimulate a bomb attack in northern Oahu.

Hardly was he well in the air before Lieut. Polk discovered that his landing gear was damaged—four bolts connecting a strut to a wheel had sheared off.

Polk dropped a message asking for four new bolts. Lieut. J. D. O'Connell and Philip Schneberger took off in a De Havilland with the supplies and picked up the bombing formation.

Schneberger climbed out on a wing, despite his slippery-soled shoes and Sergt. Monroy of the bomber walked out on the adjacent wing of Polk's plane.

The two pilots finally maneuvered their planes within arm's length and the supplies were transferred.

As he returned to his seat, Schneberger's parachute opened and he narrowly escaped being pulled off the plane and fouling the tail surfaces.

At 5000 or 10,000 feet in the air, Monroy climbed down to the bomber's landing gear and fit an almost impossible position amid a windstream of 90 miles an hour endeavoring, with Private Cyr, to repair the gear. They had to discard their parachutes and a slip meant certain death.

At noon they had to give up the repairing attempt. Polk decided to land in the water. As he flew over the field to drop the parachutes in order to prevent them from being spoiled by salt water, one of the chutes caught in the propeller of the left motor, stopping it for the rest of the flight.

The bomber hit the water with a terrific sock and turned turtle. Army and navy boats put out to the rescue and found that Lieut. Polk and his men had experienced nothing worse than a ducking.

Man Loves

By KLEE LOVE MILES

Copyright 1927, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. John Barrymore in "WHEN A MAN LOVES" is a Warner Bros. Production of this novel.

CHAPTER I
Fabien Neady to become a Priest

It was a glorious May morning filled with great promises of happiness and love.

The Chevalier Fabien Des Orieux, a romantically poetic youth, talked quietly with some fellow graduate students at the White Horse Inn, at Amiens, while waiting for the Paris diligence to carry them on to St. Dunstons to complete their training for the priesthood.

Fabien's parents belonged to one of the best families of Picardy and he gallantly reflected the fact that he was a scion of the highest type. He was a great favorite with his student associates and the inhabitants of the town. His life had been so well regulated and studious that his masters had pointed to him as a model of conduct for other scholars. Not that Fabien made any sacrifices or efforts to acquire this reputation, but a naturally tranquil disposition and a love of study had made him apply his time to work and duty. He had an inborn dislike for vice that was accepted as positive proof of virtue.

Fabien had earned his title, of course, by being decorated with the cross and when the Bishop of the Diocese proposed that upon graduation he enter the church, Fabien accepted the honor as one entirely to his liking.

Formerly a lay brother rode up to the inn and leaving his mount outside the gate, began searching for Fabien among the people at the little iron tables in the yard. He was greatly relieved to learn from one of the students that the youth he sought was in the tavern. The kindly old man's mission was important and his face lighted up.

As the great bells in the Chapel tower made themselves heard above the rumble of the diligence, Fabien suddenly stopped, stroking the dusty white kitten she held in her lap and a shadow fell across her face.

Her elder brother, Andre Lescaut, resplendent in the gay uniform of the Guards, watched her narrowly from his sprawled position on the other side of the diligence.

"What's the trouble, little sister? Are you already turning up your pretty nose at the thought of convent life?" Lescaut inquired quizzically.

"No, no, brother dear," Fabien hastened to correct him, at the same time trying to control her trembling lips. "My only thought is to do as you wish and not worry you—because you are all I have."

Nevertheless, at the prospect of lonely convent life, Fabien buried her face in the great pink bow on her girdle's neck so that her brother, and perhaps the other occupants of the diligence, would not see the tears that came in spite of her efforts to keep them back.

Lescaut shrugged his shoulders

with great sympathy and love when he saw Fabien talking with Jean Tiberge, a loyal friend and fellow student—one need never worry about thinking how little he had found congenial!

"My son," said the lay brother, taking a little medal from his belt and quietly presenting it to Fabien. "Here is a medal for protection against worldly evil—the Bishop bids me give it to you before you go to complete your training."

Fabien bowed in reverential thanks over the lay brother's hand as he accepted the holy token. A divinely spiritual expression spread over his face. He could not resist the temptation to kiss the medal and calling it a charm. Worldly pleasures and appetites could never tempt him from his studies and calling! And those who knew him were just as sure of this as Fabien himself.

"Ah! Fabien, I am delighted," broke in Tiberge, putting his arm about his friend's shoulder. "You have earned that reward in all fairness. None of us can equal your brilliance and unselfish devotion."

But it was not destined that all men should consider Fabien in this same light.

Until now she had had no contact with the world and its creatures. Her character was as beautiful and pure as her face. She thought the best of everyone and knew nothing of the existence of evil.

Manon's youth and loveliness had unconsciously lured and held the hungry eyes and interest of the third passenger in the diligence. He was Comte De Ravoir, the elegantly dressed and retired Parisian banker whose fifty years on earth had given him time to accumulate a vast fortune and to spend it on women who lavished the favor of their experienced caresses on him in return for money and jewels.

For a long while Comte De Ravoir had been surreptitiously watching Fabien, over the top of his book, and his thoughts piled up something like this, "God, what a beauty! Young—untouched! Made and ready to be taught what a woman is for. She will deprive someone of great pleasure if her life is given in convent." Through narrowed lids his small eyes took in every detail of Fabien's simple yet exquisitely girlish costume—from her charming floppy leghorn hat, her soft, inexpressive gown exposing a perfect neck and arms that could have added to the lure of precious jewels; down to her daintily pointed little slippers that extended below the billowy flounces of a fluffy gown.

(To be continued.)

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago	ASHLAND 20 Years Ago	ASHLAND 30 Years Ago
A. J. Bisgel was a business visitor to Medford Tuesday.	Miss Mary Chapman went to Grants Pass this morning for a few days' stay.	H. A. Spencer has bought of John Rice five lots and a stall house in the railroad addition for \$300.
Teddy Huff is spending a vacation at Reaser's sawmill.	H. S. Sanford of Hotel Oregon, has gone on a vacation trip to California points.	The heavy rains here Thursday and Friday were entirely acceptable to most people. Farmers and miners welcomed the continued rains, which have prevailed since then, too.
George Watson is busily occupied these days painting the West side school house.	John Loughlin came in from his homestead on Spencer creek, Friday evening, returning on the Peacock Bay stage this morning.	C. H. Gillette has returned from Colusa, Calif., where he has been making some improvements for Russ Cole in the way of a new and substantial milkhouse and outdoor cellar, with all the latest improvements.
John Enders, who has been in Portland for the past eleven months, returned Tuesday to the city.	Miss Mabel Beaver, who has been paying an extended visit to her aunt, Mrs. W. R. Yockey, left on Saturday morning's train for Wailes, Josephine county, where she has been engaged to teach school.	At various lots of venison brought in by hunters from the Crater Lake river country was sold in Ashland today at 7 cents per pound.

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14,866 Automobiles Entered according to the Medford Mail Tribune, a total of 14,866 automobiles and 3,835 persons had entered Crater Lake National park up to August 15, an increase of 14 per cent over any previous year.