

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

GEORGE HARRIS, Managing Editor

PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

Subscription Price - Ashland Daily Tidings... A Copy Will Be Delivered Immediately

October 2, 1937... ALL THE HOSTS - Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts: ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

More Honesty Now

A Pennsylvania storekeeper has been able to retire after 35 years behind the counter because his customers in the last decade have been more prompt in paying their bills than were his customers during the first 25 years.

And the people who pay their debts on the first of the month do not live in that one village and don't all trade at that one general store.

Fifty per cent of the retail business of this country is done on a credit basis, according to credit men. The traditional thirty days' credit is still in widespread use and the deferred or partial payment plan of buying is in universal use where large amounts are involved.

Dregs Of Humanity

Despite the efforts of Jack London, Jim Tully or others to glorify the American hobo he will remain to most of us just a hobo—a social outcast with few, if any, redeeming qualities.

The other tenth may resemble in some degree the hobo Tully pictures—a London, Tully or Jack Dempsey, but it is probably that it is composed of adventuresome youths, who like these famous examples, eventually drift out of the hobo ranks.

A large part of the petty crimes of which we hear are committed by tramps and not a small part of major crimes may be traced to them—particularly those against women and children.

Undoubtedly there are a great many boys and youths who take a whirl at beating their way across country at some time or other but they are in no sense tramps or hoboes and would find association with such as distasteful as it would be to the rest of us.

No, there is nothing romantic about the hobo—there is nothing even remotely admirable in his makeup and he is apparently daily becoming scarcer and scarcer for which we can be thankful.

The Special Probe

In justice to the two officers who fatally wounded Manfred Zimmerlee as he attempted to escape from them following arrest—in justice to the members of the family and friends of the dead man, the grand jury investigation and action of the officers in asking for the appointment of a special prosecutor to conduct the probe, is most advisable.

The coroner's jury vindicated the young men of all blame—a second vindication will merely emphasize the exoneration—a probe conducted by outside officials should satisfy everyone.

The two officers welcome the probe—in order that there may be no doubt regarding the fairness with which it is conducted, the district attorney welcomes the appointment of an outside prosecutor—the friends and relatives of the dead man are getting the investigation for which they asked.

The United States Supreme court has ruled that bootleggers must pay income tax, which reminds us of the method to exterminate pota bugs, first catch and then—

Add to fistic vocabulary the word "squawk." We might also add that to date Flynn is very little improvement over Kearns. Dempsey seems to be singularly unfortunate in his choice of managers.

By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

SAP AND SALT advertisement by RYSDERT MOSES

This Day In Pistiana

OCT. 2nd, 1932. RYAN vs. BEAUCONVOLTE by DOC REID

Twenty-five years ago today, Tommy Ryan, famous middleweight champion of the world, met and defeated two prominent heavyweight ringsters in the same ring at Kansas City, Mo.

Ryan was billed to fight a scheduled 30 round affair with Barney Walsh, who had achieved considerable fame in the middleweight, and knocked him out in two rounds.

The sudden termination of the fray displeased the patrons to such an extent that Ryan offered to take on any man the promoters produced. Accordingly, Jack Beaucholte a giant brawler of Chicago was sent in and Ryan disposed of him in five rounds.

Shoes which will float are the latest device for the beginning swimmer. Very fine if the beginner happens to be light-headed.—Bend Bulletin.

No man likes to get up and give his seat in a street car to the woman who looks at him as though that is just what she expected him to do.—Exchange.

Hood River dairymen and poultrymen plan cooperative buying association.

TOM SIMS SAYS advertisement

Maybe the flappers keep so well because a good healthy germ doesn't care to waste time on tidbits.

"Let's Be Divorced" is the trade name of perfume products sponsored by an operator. The world certainly needs some sort of invitation like that.

A college is a place where a football hero, merely by a good, strong handshake, changes a villain into a gentleman—in the movies.

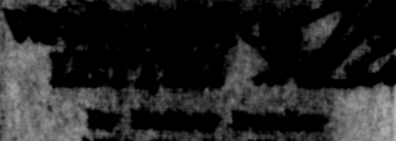
Chicago police captured a number of geese after they had escaped from the stockyards and drank a quantity of liquor that had fallen from a truck. Not all the geese ever got to the stockyards, however.

It's a strange country where bargain sails can be advertised and moving pictures of prize fights are very evil.

Bonding the prohibition agents is well enough. Any reliable prohibition agent can get a good boot-logger to go on his bond.

Grandmother liked her pipe but nobody thought of her as trying to blow her femininity behind a smoke screen.—Medford Mail Tribune.

The Tidings



WHEELER — A hat often pointed up to an ornamental top of a small station in Ohio. Real-estate regulations allowed it to have three for two passengers, but none for one.

A small child - looking in a newspaper at one of our placards with his big eyes.

The contractor came to him, carrying two telegrams.

"Get away here to sleep from a fellow named Wheeler and a fellow named Wayne," he said. "What's your name?" "Wheeler," replied the little fellow.

"Where's Wayne?" "That's me, too—Wayne Wheeler."

And, as you may have guessed by this time, so it was. The car of the Anti-Saloon League was due to make a prohibition speech in a big city and the train had been his only chance to get there.

The story is told by Wheeler's friends as illustrating the late dry leader's humor and resourcefulness.

In his early Ohio days, during which he attracted the attention to himself which caused his elevation to leadership, Wheeler wanted to attend a brewer's convention downtown which was not open to the public. He boarded a train at Cleveland, quite uncertain as to whether he would get in when he had arrived at the convention city. The man beside him seemed worried and Wheeler always affable and something of a "good mixer", opened the conversation. The stranger confided that he had to make a 15-minute speech at a convention that afternoon, was flabbergasted for lack of ideas and couldn't possibly get out of it. Wheeler allowed that

(Please turn to Page Three)

Your Boy and Your Girl

ARTHUR DEAN, Sr., D. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Handy Andies Make Good

"You told me to write you," peeps a lad of thirteen. "telling you how we boys got along this summer in our Handy Andy Club. Here's my report."

And then the boy goes on to tell how a group of boys in his town, acting upon a suggestion of mine made last March, had earned money doing odd jobs in the neighborhood. But let the "treasurer" as he calls himself—tell his story:

"After I received your letter I got some of the bunch together and explained to them that it seemed to you and me that we boys could earn winter money by summer work if they hustled around this town for odd repair jobs. You see most of us fellers are too young to get a job in a factory and there are more boys for store jobs than there are places. We did want to earn some money because the boys don't like to ask their Dads for every penny they want to spend and besides some of us don't get it when we ask for it. So we decided to get busy and earn some."

"The first neighbor we tackled in town after we organized ourselves as the Handy Andies was old man Keller. He's had a gate hanging on one hinge for as long as I remember. Being the biggest and most nifty of the bunch I knocked on his door and asked whether he would let us fix the gate. I explained we had studied manual training in school and knew how to do it. He growled that he did not believe in athletes; I politely told him it was not physical training, it was hand and mind training. Then I told him of the Handy Andy Club. He grinned and asked how much we charged. I said we'd do it for fifty cents and buy the hinge. He said 'Go ahead.' We didn't make much on that job—fifteen cents, but anyhow it was a start."

"Lots of Tackling People "Then we tackled a woman who had a broken pane of glass. Three of us went to her house. I was spokesman. The first thing she did was to scowse us out of breaking the window. I told her that if we had broken it we wouldn't be likely to show up the next day to ask permission to fix



Copyright 1937, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. John Barrymore in "WHEN A MAN LOVES" is a Warner Bros. Picture.

me on the ship to a peak colony in Louisiana?" she asked tremulously. "Yes—" Fabien's hands had been tight. "I am glad to have seen you before I go!" Manon wept. "Why don't you go with me? We have power on earth and separate us again. I will find a way to get to your ship." The desire to please Fabien forget for a moment that he was wanted for treason and murder.

She was so grateful for his devotion that a flood of tender emotion almost overcame her. She marveled at Fabien's excessive love and could not understand how she had been fortunate enough to have inspired such a perfect passion.

"What happened to Andre?" He tried to smile at her. "There was a note of pride in Manon's voice. "My dear, I know," Fabien dreaded the task ahead of him. "He sent you his love and asked me to look out for you."

"Was he captured for working against the King?" she asked anxiously. "Worse than that, Manon. He was—"

"No!" she cried in anticipation. "Yes, darling," Fabien crushed her to him and spoke very softly into her ear. "He died trying to help you."

Burning tears welled up in her eyes and a great lump filled her throat. She could not talk and was grateful for Fabien's silent sympathy. She knew that he understood how she felt about her big brother, whom she had loved since she was a child. He had not had the heart to add to her grief by saying it was the Count's cowardly sword that took his life.

The jolting of the wagon made Manon miserably uncomfortable. Her face was colorless and her eyes had become circled with great lavender rings that made Fabien's heart ache. In a further effort to give her a little rest he removed his coat and reeling it into a long pillow effect had her lean against it from her exhausted position.

All the other women in the van were dazed and each in her own way by this last minute love making entrance to the ship. When the guards discovered that Fabien was interested in the prettiest girl on the chains they demanded payment every time he spoke. Consequently his thin purse was emptied each time he stepped on the shafts at Manon's feet when a mounted guard drew rein alongside again and said, "We got to have some more money for your share!"

"I have given you all I have," Fabien's voice seemed to imply that he was sorry, but it had no effect.

"Well, you can't ride for nothing—get off!" The butt end of a musket emphasized the command. There was no alternative. With a trembling pressure on Manon's hands, Fabien whispered that he would follow along, then he jumped off the wagon and stood at the roadside until the last van had passed. Unmindful of the clouds of dust, he followed along, reconnoitering the way as he went. He was in store just as long as it left him free to live and love with Manon.

The sun was terrifically hot and directly overhead when the little procession from the Magdalen Prison arrived on the wharf at Havre.

A pitiful crowd, composed of heartbroken mothers, wondering children, sympathetic friends and numerous sympathizers, were there to bid the unfortunate woman a tearful goodbye as final and more tragic than death. No one who had been deported ever came back!

The carts were driven out to the head of the lanes where and the guards ordered the chained women to "get out!"

Combed and dressed in body as well as spirit—they stood in a pitiful line, as far apart as the heavy iron chain would permit, while their loved ones gathered around them in small, close groups. The desperate young woman, who had been in her arms for the last time and moaned about the injustice of separation.

The hardened sinner, who had no regrets about deportation, looked over all the different groups and in the entire line who had neither friends nor relatives to weep at her misfortune. She stood alone. A woman whom France considered a monster and no longer wanted, a woman who had given her beauty, her youth and her body to man of the nobility and to others; to man who other nations had despised her as they would an empty sack by the roadside. No wonder she appeared cynical, but at heart she was still the woman she would like to have been—she would have been, all to her own to keep the lump down in her throat, to keep the tears out of her eyes. "God, be cruel!" she thought, and laughed again.

(To be continued)

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

The continued low water necessitates the turning off of the street lights at an early hour at night. Saturday it was necessary to yank the switch before midnight.

Miss Mary Niederhauser of Kenton, Ohio, was a visitor last week at the K. L. Miskah home in the Bellview district. She is a niece of Mrs. Miskah and intends to take up missionary work in Siam, in southern Asia.

Miss Mary Young of this city will sing at the Cosmos theatre in Gold Hill this evening.

Samuel Koehler was operated upon yesterday at a local hospital for appendicitis. He went through the ordeal in good shape and is resting easy.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Dr. J. K. Reeder was at Medford yesterday attending the regular meeting of the board of pension examiners of which he is a member.

Miss Mabel Young of this city, who has been employed as bookkeeper for the Ashland Ice & Storage Company for a number of months, has gone to Portland to make an extended visit with relatives living in the metropolis.

W. Nichols, who came out to Ashland recently from Eugene with his family, in search of health for his daughter has located in Iowa addition.

The old Sison Tavern, a noted station when stages ran from Redding to Ashland, after being closed for several seasons, is being business again.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Mrs. F. O. McWilliams, with her two daughters, Marie and Frances, and two sons, arrived in the city Thursday to join her husband, who has been in Ashland for some months past. She was accompanied by Mr. McWilliams' brother, Mr. H. L. McWilliams, and her son. They all come from the city of Houston, Texas.

Mrs. M. L. Ferral, mother of Mr. Ferral of the laundry, arrived in the city Friday from Redford, King's county, California, to remain during the winter.

A. G. Rockefeller returned to the city Thursday from a coal prospecting tour to the Skitoyous.

Miss Irene Chitwood arrived in the city Saturday from Klamath Falls.

it. That job paid us better—we made a dollar. Gee! It was lucky one of us knew how to set a pane of glass because they didn't teach

as that in manual training. "We then went after a painting job—then we tackled the per-

(Please Turn to Page 3)