

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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AN URGING EXHORTATION:—O Coms, Let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

PRAYER: "All Praise to Thee, Eternal Lord."

If We Only Knew

Yes, if we only knew the why and the wherefore of things we would be more charitable to those who say and do things which we don't like, or don't understand.

Many men have been maligned because of political hatred by press and pulpit, by men who would be the first to cry a protest under any other cause.

The strong man who happens to be in distress does not go about laying bare his troubles, but tries to hide them, and resolutely sets about overcoming them.

Yes, if we only knew. Is it not well, therefore, not to take snap judgment on those whom we do not quite understand and wait until the facts are fully developed?

Prayer

"For everyone that seeketh me, and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."—Matt. 7:8.

Every prayer must contain directly or implied the petition: "Thy will not mine be done."

Petition may properly embrace our daily wants, "our daily bread," the general course of our life, its great affairs, our work and career, success in our efforts to perform all ordinary and extraordinary duties of our life and station, our special necessities also whether in times of crisis, in sickness and want, or in common times; but all things asked for must be in accord with the Divine Will and Plan which are for the ultimate good of all.

Some Argument

An official of an automobile company argues for faster driving as a safety measure. He says motorists and pedestrians would both be more careful if everybody drove at a high rate of speed.

We always knew there was something wrong somewhere with them. Now a modern "Paul Revere" has termed our modern histories as far too pro British.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams The Tidings



HOPE.



Neither necessity nor hunger draws much attention to the cobbler.

Love that can be supported with little expense lasts longest.

A fat woman's greatest joy is to meet another woman still fatter.

Pedigree adds much more to the value of a horse than to the value of a man.

Every now and then we come across a man whose wealth is greater than his intelligence.

A dollar doesn't go far in buying a girl's dress, and the dress doesn't go far in covering the girl.

Hes Heck says: "When the brakes won't stop the car, the telephone pole will."

They are known as the "unsung heroes of the movies" and when the bill announcing a new movie is gotten out everyone contributing to its making is mentioned except them.

This Day in Fistsiana

OCT. 20th, 1840

CAUNT vs. BRASSEY

By DOC REID

Eighty-seven years ago today Ben Caunt, a former heavyweight champion of England, who later regained his title, engaged in one of the hardest ring battles of his career when he met Billy Brasseley of England, whom he defeated in 101 rounds with bare knuckles at Six Mile Bottom, Eng.

Caunt was terribly punished and almost a beaten man when the referee awarded him the decision in the 101st round, when Brasseley went down without being hit. The action of the ring official started a riot and he and Caunt narrowly escaped bodily injury from the angered mob.

Our candidate for the meanest man in town is the fellow who stole the village toothbrush from the town pump.—Chiloquin Review.

Because of politics the federal enforcement department is now employing spies to seek out dishonest dry agents—particularly those who don't properly "divvy" —McMinnville Telephone-Register.



Authorities in New York plan to take scantily clad actresses to court just as they are, without stopping for a change of garments.

A St. Louis boy, whose Latin grammar was blown away in the tornado, has just received it back. Some very kind person found it and mailed it to him.

If Ruth Elder ever writes a book on her life, which shouldn't be hard to do, we suggest the title, "Lifeticks and Joysticks."

The political correspondents have found a brand new term to use in their stories. It is "prevaling sentiment."

The Prince of Wales, in his pajamas, walked along a railroad platform where his train had halted. Now watch the railroad platforms in this country blossom with 'em.

If the Pittsburgh Pirates win the series next year, they can win the world series. All they have to do is follow the advice of the Yankee stars, as contained in the current advertising, and eat plenty of yeast before each game.

SHANGHAIED

WASHINGTON—Here in the effort east, where almost anyone from west of Chicago is regarded as a radical, many persons regard Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana as a radical who will bear watching.

But out in Montana, one learns with astonishment, Wheeler is being panned as a reactionary. Some of the voters out there are much more radical than Wheeler and if there were enough of them, as there aren't, Wheeler might be defeated in the campaign for re-election next year.

The anti-Wheeler feeling centers in Sheridan county, in the extreme northeast section of Montana, along the Canadian border and North Dakota.

Experts say that you can't find a more radical section in the country than Sheridan county. The folks out there boast of it, too. And it's peculiar in more ways than that.

By electing farmer-labor county tickets each year, these radicals control the county. From all reports they do a good job of running it. They drove a small-time crooked regime out of office when they stepped in.

Sheridan is altogether a farm county and is run in the interests of the farmer. The state law prevents any change in the form of county government, but the Sheridanites don't mind that. They have just the kind of a government they want.

The dominant force in Sheridan county is the United Farmers, a secret agrarian organization which has also made headway in Washington state, Minnesota and North Dakota. This group is organized both for economic and political action. Its numbers and membership lists are kept secret and when it endorses a candidate for office the fact is kept secret so that if perchance it takes a political licking the fact remains unknown. Meanwhile, it arranges with legal merchants to give all card-carrying members a discount when they come to town for purchases.

Every store in Plentywood, the county seat of Sheridan, is said to grant such a discount. In this way, members are guaranteed savings amounting to more than the membership dues. Often the council steps in and persuades a banker to hold off on a mortgage foreclosure against a farmer.

When a court ruled that a Sheridan county mortgage-holder

"You said you loved me," broke in Polly. "But you ain't so hot now, are you?"

"Shut up you little rat," and Hurricane raised his fist as if to strike her.

"When you're through listening to me, you'll know whether I love you or not. I've got you down on the books at \$30 a month; thirty more's your worth. It'll take you years to earn it, an' when you get back to Frisco you'll be an old woman. You'll be able to tell the chaps you work for, or rather had to pay, an' maybe I'll be a lesson to the rest of yer kind. Get inter the galley, an' cook, if yer know how, you better know."

Polly had lain whimpering in her corner, as for the first time she heard what the average man thought of her kind. She realized that Hurricane was half-mad with love that had turned to hate. It was useless to plead or argue with him. It was best to obey. Dimly she wondered if he would kill her if she refused.

She struggled to her feet and as Hurricane stood aside she darted past him, headed for the galley. Hurricane smiled, a sneering half-hearted grin, and followed her.

The crew of the "Sea Sprite" had never seen a woman aboard the ship. In fact it was seldom that they had heard of a woman aboard a sealer. At times a skipper would take his wife or daughter for a voyage, but they would always visit the warmer climes of the South Pacific. The Sea Sprite was bound north for the far corners of the Aleutians and the Behring sea. And the girl, most of them knew her, but those that did not say and wondered at her rugged lips and painted cheeks and the short, dark, curly hair that served merely to pull off her legs. This was something quite unknown.

They whispered together, who was she? Where did the skipper pick her up? What in hell is he going to do with her?

Friday, the mate, his loose lips and heavy body, flinging with desire watched her going forward. She was the skipper's woman and was not for him—yet.

"That night he made her serve the mess in the kitchen. They were a rough lot, the crew of the Sea Sprite, only Red having failed to remain. The Sea Sprite was not a bad boat and Hurricane hated her and said better than most of the sealers. Bronson, the fellow who took Red's place was a somewhat decent sort of a chap, but he was no more to be trusted. Long before the mate's lips of drink and desire.

She sat in the cabin where Hurricane and Brady ate. Little was said, but she had not forgotten the look of Hurricane and Hurricane was in no more to be trusted. Long before the mate's lips of drink and desire.

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There is a thought of tremendous significance to advertisers.

Copyrighted by FBO Pictures Corp. 1924-1927. From the FBO photoplay starring Ralph Ince and Patsy Ruth Miller.

HURRICANE, skipper of the schooner "Sea Sprite," tries to make Polly repay him for the trouble he has been through during his latest cruise. He meets Polly, the dancer from Oroquieta, Riverside, and forgets all about her. Hurricane robs him of all his money, and the sailor leaves her for his misfortune. He kidnaps her and takes her to sea with him. Polly, in the cabin of the "Sea Sprite," Polly fumes and calls for help, but the crew of the schooner refuse to do as their skipper's orders. Hurricane tells her that she is going to repay every stolen penny and sends her to the rest of her kind.

Polly knew that it was true, and she pulled her torn little dancing dress around her. By doing so she showed more of her shapely limbs than before. Hurricane misunderstood.

"Go on, show your legs, and see if I care. There ain't enough of you to pay me back the money that you stole," his voice roared so that he was nearly shouting.

"I worked like hell for that money. Two long years of it that look the best of me. But I'm going to get paid back, an' you're the one that's going to pay me." "Do you get that clear? I'm going to keep you on this ship till you've paid back every cent, and you're going to work for it, you're going to earn it, and you're going to go through hell while you're doing it."

"Gawd, what rotten truck," he growled.

"You can't even cook. What in hell can you do? You've got to earn yer money. The heavy, the devil in his eyes cowed her; took away all the calmness that his presence had brought.

"Turn out men," he called "clear the walk-deck aft, and fix a dozen flares in the rigging. We're going to have a little party."



"You can't even cook. What in hell can you do?"

The men knew what was coming, and in a few minutes the space was cleared. The heavy, the devil was dragged off the hatchway and lit by a dozen flares, the motley crew of the sealer waited for Hurricane to speak. Polly had been waiting, shivering with a terror which she had never felt before. Polly had never been hated. People had not liked her, but even Blonde Beauty did not look at her with the eyes that stared out of the fixed face of Haley. He turned to her, and she spoke, the sneer which she hated, spread over his lips.

"You're a dancer ain't you? Well, you can't work, so you'll dance an' earn your money that way. Come on, climb up on that hatch an' start in now, and dance till I tell you to stop."

A couple of the crew formed the orchestra, one with accordion and the other with a kind of whistle. Many times when she was a kid Polly had danced to worse music than this, and enjoyed it but tonight her confidence was gone, her legs felt leaden, and she was ill at ease. If Polly had had this assembly of men to entertain in Frisco, she would have been at her ease, she would have been able to hold them in her grasp, but here in this wild lighted place, hemmed in by faces, each of which seemed to stare at her, she felt that others, she was plainly awkward.

"Dance, damn you, dance," yelled Hurricane. Then Polly started, accompanied by the whistling and stamping of the crew. Mechanically and listlessly she dragged through her steps.

"Snap into it," yelled Hurricane again.

Polly tried, but in her effort to put a little life into her work, she lost her step entirely, tripped a little, then catching Hurricane's arm she tried an even more intricate step. For a while she danced, but her face lost its smile, her features were tense with the effort of the dance, and most of the crew were casting doubtful glances at the skipper. The rest were shouting their approval.

"Don't stop till I tell you," shouted Hurricane. "If yer starting for me now, keep it up, dance, damn you, dance."

Polly's legs were aching and her heart was pounding so that she could hardly breathe. A single thought was tearing through her mind. She wanted to get away from the steady eyes of the skipper, which seemed to be boring into her. Looking for the rotten and ignoring the good. She could hear the waves lapping against the sides of the schooner and she began to imagine how soft and cool they would feel to her tortured legs. Another thought came into her mind. She was a little girl, and she was making a little girl's game of it. She was making a little girl's game of it. She was making a little girl's game of it.

(To be continued)

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

Invitations are out in the Bellview district for a Halloween party to be given on Friday evening of this week. This is in charge of the teachers, Mr. Buchanan and Miss Skeen.

Mrs. W. W. Usaber of Ashland was elected vice president of the Oregon Congress of Mothers and P. T. A. for the coming year at the annual convention held last week in Corvallis. Mrs. George Mitchell of Portland was elected president. Mrs. Usaber is one of the most prominent of the club workers of Ashland. Mrs. Silver was the other Ashland delegate to the congress.

Davis Arthur Snyder and Miss Golda Etta Barnes were married by County Judge Uilleste at Granite Falls last Wednesday evening.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

A delightful dinner was given on Friday by Mr. and Mrs. P. Dunn at their beautiful home on Granite street to Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Potter of Eugene, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien E. Applegate of Klamath county, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leese, Miss Ruth Leeds, Mr. and Mrs. George Dunn and Mrs. Daniel Walker. A very entertaining time was had by those present.

The High School Literary Society held its regular meeting Friday afternoon. The society appreciates the interest shown in these meetings and cordially welcomes the friends who attend. The following officers were elected for the coming term: President, Philip S. Rose; Secretary, Mable Kincaid; Treasurer, Edith Fish; Critic, Jesse Lee; Editor, Elizabeth Wagner; Librarian, Boulan Caldwell.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Dr. D. M. Brower is adorning his residence property on north Main street with a handsome new fence—an evidence of the reign of McKinley property that depends upon Republicans, Democrats and Populists alike.

J. A. Anderson has sold a 140-acre farm of 282 acres near Phoenix to Joel Hartley, of Griffin creek for a consideration of \$9000. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson will spend the winter in California.

Mrs. M. E. Rose has purchased the new house on the railroad addition near the Holy Rosary church from F. D. Robbins, possession to be given November 5.

Mrs. Avery Johnson is having her residence on Granite street painted a beautiful Klondike hue.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

By EDSON R. WAITE Shawnee, Oklahoma

Curtis A. Hodges, General manager of the Indianapolis News says:

"Among the numerous significant features of the Lindbergh triumph is a side light of importance to advertisers.

Col. Lindbergh rose from comparative obscurity to unprecedented fame within a few hours. His accomplishment and his personality became familiar to hundreds of millions of people almost exclusively through the speed of the newspapers. Probably no single personality ever was projected so completely into the lives of hundreds of millions throughout the world in such a brief period of time. Second only to Lindbergh's remarkable achievement is the service and influence of the newspapers as reflected by this event.

Col. Lindbergh's world-wide fame was thoroughly established by the newspapers in less time than it would take any other form of publicity (or advertising) medium to start their presence. The job was done without the assistance of any other medium, with the possible exception of the comparatively limited activities of the radio.

There is a thought of tremendous significance to advertisers.