

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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REDEMPTION:—God sent redemption unto his people; he hath commanded his covenant forever; holy and reverend is his name. Psalm 111:9.
PRAYER: We thank Thee, Lord, that we are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ.

Concerning Water Rates

Pre-election promises should be a sacred trust—a pledge of honor to be followed as closely as it is possible to adhere to in the best interest of constituents.

Even though it may mean an increase in water rates, The Tidings commends the action of the budget committeemen in refusing to sanction the authorization of issuance of bonds to meet interest on water bonds—the refusal to sanction such action based on a desire to adhere to pre-election promises as closely as possible.

It was stated that in issuing the first \$125,000 worth of bonds due to some error—the blame placed in no particular quarter—early maturing bonds were purchased making the peak of taxation come at a time which is embarrassing to public finances.

But a definite promise was made that the money for repayment of those bonds and interest would not be made through taxation—The Tidings and the voters were given to understand the water department would furnish sufficient revenue to meet these obligations.

A second increase—estimated at 50 per cent—will not be popular—water users have scarcely become accustomed to the increase in rates which were made six months ago—the situation is an unpleasant one—an error seems to have been made and promises and plans gone haywire—but, in refusing to authorize revenue from taxation at a time when taxation is high and property values low, the budget committee acted in keeping with public trust.

Movie Won'ts

Here are a few of the things the movies won't do in the future, according to an offer made before a Federal Trade Commission conference by Louis B. Mayer, representing the picture producers:

- They will not disseminate profanity.
- They will not portray nudity.
- They will not ridicule the clergy.
- They will not show traffic drugs.
- They will not give offense to any nation, race or creed.
- They will not picture seduction.
- They will not show arson, the use of firearms or methods of smuggling.
- They will not demonstrate the technique of murder.

Nor is this all. Such things as theft, robbery, safe-cracking, and dynamiting of trains, mines and buildings will be portrayed with special care.

With a program such as this few people can quibble. And it would be, probably, ungracious to suggest that the pledge carries with it tacit admission that the 'won'ts' of the future have been common practice in the past. The important fact is that the movie people are realizing that bad taste does not pay. They are beginning to clean house from within. Which is much better than cleaning house from without.—Dearborn Independent.

Another Record

How all London is agog over a clergyman's assertion that he has found a 17-year-old English flapper who boasts she can drink 40 cocktails between breakfast and breakfast, is related in this morning's press dispatches.

A remarkable feat, no doubt, even for a flapper, but most remarkable is the fact that London newspaper columns "blazon her prowess." Where the daily cocktail average for seasoned flappers has been from 12 to 15, this new stimulation will undoubtedly increase that to at least 25, and so the anonymous flapper will have made her contribution to society.

How different from the precedent established by the young girl who wins a tennis cup, a scholarship or who goes out to create a home. Happily the latter are in the majority. Perhaps they get less of the world's recognition, but their achievements are monumental in themselves, and lasting.

The flapper who drinks 40 cocktails today will be mighty lucky to be drinking water 40 years hence.—Klamath News.

The optimist hopes for the best and enjoys it; the pessimist fears the worst and usually realizes it.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams 'The Tidings'



SAP AND SALT
ROBERT MOSES

Learn how to borrow, and you will never go broke.

Vamping seems to be a matter of gall and shape.

Flannel pelicoats and people without cars are becoming scarce.

Clothes lines are moving pictures, but these days there isn't much to see.

When a man retires from business he automatically retires from thinking.

The world expects people to be circumspect more than it expects them to behave themselves.

Hex Heck says: "It may be possible, but I never yet seen anybody git into serious trouble all alone."

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK
By **EDSON R. WAITE**
Shawnee, Oklahoma

John F. Fralick, president of Fralick and Bates, Inc., Newspaper advertising representatives, says:

That a retailer who neglects the opportunity offered him to stock nationally advertised goods is rather inconsistent.

If he were just starting in business what kind or goods would he invest his capital in?

Would it be in merchandise that is unknown, that has no standing in his community, and that has no names on the package or containers, or would it be in goods that are put out by reliable manufacturers who have enough confidence in them to give them a name and support them with an advertising campaign?

The merchant addressed might hesitate, but he knows there is only one answer to his query.

Would not a customer look with suspicion on a merchant when she entered his store and found it stocked with unknown merchandise instead of with the products that she had come to know and believe in because of the advertising that was back of them?

Another point in favor of nationally advertised lines for the

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TOM SIMS SAYS

Pedestrians seem to be increasing these days by leaps and bounds.

The population of Chicago has increased a million in the last seven years, a Chicago statistician figures. We wish he would tell us what the increase might have been if the machine gun never had been invented.

Mussolini declares against speeches of all kinds. Mussolini's utterances apparently a few speeches to end speeches.

Some of the political candidates in Mexico don't know whether they're running for chief executive or executor.

A Chicago judge ruled a girl 19 years old past the spanking age. That's when the smacking age begins, judge.

One thing they forgot to ask of the average citizen was his idea of what the new Ford is going to be like.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By Rodney Dutcher
NBA Service Writer

WASHINGTON — The Fall-Sinclair jury, like most juries, is an ordinary jury. It is noteworthy that in Washington, where nearly everyone seems to be working for the government, no federal employees are among the twelve. In fact, the defense was very careful to ask all prospective jurors not only whether they ever had worked for the government, but whether they had any relatives employed by the government.

The non-government employee in Washington is a peculiar individual, taking him in the mass. He has no particular interest in either local government or national government, for he has no part in them. Perhaps that is why few of the jurors ever paid much attention to the newspapers in general or the oil scandal cases in particular.

The government employee generally reads his or her newspaper, even if it's only the hometown newspaper sent on by the folks. And in governments, especially in the Navy and Interior Departments, there is much interest in the Fall-Daheny-Sinclair cases which is not to be found among ordinary citizens of the capital.

Miss Bernice Heston and Mrs. Annella Bailey are on the jury partly because they wanted to be on it. Jury duty for women is optional in the District of Columbia, but these two were anxious to give it a try. As they were being examined they strained obviously to make a good impression and avoid saying anything that might disqualify them.

"I think it will be a wonderful experience," remarked Bernice after she had been seated, and Mrs. Bailey agreed that she, too, was thrilled.

Photographers had a hard time getting a picture of the jury. First the court and the chief marshal ruled that no such picture could be taken on the courthouse grounds. Then the jurors advised that they must not be in each other's company between sessions, which meant that each one proceeded from the courthouse and across the grounds in different directions. Worse still, it rained for the first two or three days after the jury was picked, making it impossible for the camera boys to round up the jurors and make them stand still.

At a noon recess, one juror who is trying a multimillionaire in a case involving millions—expressed carefully that he couldn't afford to wait for a posed group picture because he must get home for lunch and couldn't afford to buy his meal in a restaurant.

This Day In Flistiana

NOV. 2d, 1909.

JEFFRIES vs. SHARKEY
By DOC REID

Twenty-eight years ago today, Jas. J. Jeffries, heavyweight champion of the world and conqueror of the famous Bob Fitzsimmons, successfully defended his title against Tom Sharkey in a historic battle of 25 rounds at Coney Island, N. Y.

Jeffries was awarded the referees decision at the end of the fray which was one of the hardest fought contests ever witnessed in Gotham. Sharkey was one of the most logical contenders for the heavyweight crown and proved a most formidable opponent. The match created world wide interest and drew the largest gate on record up to that time.

Only a small percentage of the electrical energy that flows through the filament in a light bulb, goes to the production of visible light. The rest passes off as heat or rays that cannot be seen by the eye. In some bulbs, as much as ninety-four per cent of the current is unused for actual light, leaving the unit only six per cent efficient so far as illumination is concerned.

"SHANGHAIED"

Copyrighted by FBO Pictures Corp. 1936-1937
From the FBO photoplay starring Ralph Ince and Patsy Ruth Miller

SYNOPSIS
Goaded by the presence of Polly, a little dancer whom the captain has brought aboard so that she work out an imaginary debt to him, the crew of the "Sea Sprite" mutinies. Hurricane Haley, the skipper, has a broken arm which he keeps in a splint with his wife, Brady, who is the leader of the rebellious crew. Polly overhears the crew's plans and warns the skipper so that he is not taken by surprise. Polly takes the wheel and together they wait for the crew to rush. The schooner is ploughing through a dense fog when suddenly out of the shadows comes a rush of men. Hurricane's revolver barks and the rush stops for the moment.

Suddenly the fog was pierced by a flash of light which finally picked out the deck of the schooner, and in a few moments Hurricane saw that the little damage that had been done could be repaired in half a day when the fog lifted.

Limey, who had recovered somewhat, staggered forward, cursing and looking for the man that threw the block.

"What the 'ell' he muttered, and bent down to look at Bronson who was still out, but showing signs of coming to, and of being in a sea-dish temper when he did so.

"Hurt much?" queried Hurricane.

"'E'll be 'airright in a bit, but someone's 'art croak 'em," answered Limey.

As if to prove him correct, Bronson staggered to his feet, and glanced around, wondering what the schooner had been through.

"Had a collision, Brady's dead," laceratedly explained Haley. "A steamer hit us, they're coming aboard now, we ain't hurt much, but I want to see them."

From the port side of the schooner came the creak of oars, and soon a voice hailed from the side



The huge steel prow crashed into the schooner.

enthusiasm as he turned to Polly. The girl was rising to the occasion. The topsails of the schooner were drawing, and Polly made the little schooner reel and dance so that Brady could not sight on the man below. Hurricane, forgetful of the rest of the crew, returned Brady's fire. Once, twice, six, eight times, then his hammer fell on an empty chamber.

Brady, up above him, seen that the gun is empty, and leaning over the spar laughs derisively as he begins to clamber down. Suddenly he stops and throws up his hands as if to wipe his eyes. The schooner gave another crazy roll which pitched him halfway out of the spar, but he hung on pointing wildly. The crew, hidden behind spars and hatchways, emerged from the shadows, careless now of being seen. Heeded by a big brainless Swede, they started to rush aft, when a shout that Brady had not joined them they looked up at him. He was still pointing into the fog.

"The horn, you damn fools," he roared.

Too late the crew realized what he meant, as through the fog came the muffled beat of an engine. A fog-horn howled from close by on the port bow, and dimly through the swirling fog came the towering outline of the bow of a giant steamship. The clean straight cut-water of the steamer came to the cross trees of the schooner, and before the lookouts on the liner could see the "Sea Sprite" the huge steel prow crashed against the bow of the schooner.

With a superhuman effort, Hurricane had torn the schooner from her course, so that instead of being broadside on the liner had struck a glancing blow, had taken away the bowsprit, and wrecked the topmasts.

In spite of that the "Sea Sprite" was driven onto her beam, and spoke to another woman then it would serve him right. Hardy, the visiting mate was a congenial soul, and the influence of a couple of drinks of good scotch would have made him agreeable to anything. His offers of help and a low voice refused to utter a word. He was only too pleased to agree when Haley proposed that they should take his sister home with them.

When Haley and the mate went below, Bronson went to the wheel and found Polly still there, her hands tightly around the spokes and tears streaming down her face.

"What's the matter, little girl?" asked the mate softly, "everything's alright now."

(To be continued.)

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

The Commercial Club banquet to be held next Thursday evening is fast rounding into shape. The tickets have been printed and may be had by seeing one of the committee, consisting of H. O. Parucker, Frank Jordan and D. B. Norris, or by phoning the secretary's office number 65. This is going to be a big time and is a banquet, not a luncheon. C. E. Gates, Alex. Nibley and C. M. Thomas will discuss the sugar beet proposition and irrigation for the valley.

The Merley Circle of the Baptist church held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. S. E. Miller Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Hardy assisted Mrs. Miller in the entertaining. About twenty-five ladies were present.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Now that the telegraph strike is a thing of the past, the Pacific Postal repeating office at Ashland has gotten down to a permanent working basis again and everything is lovely. Newt. Harrison, from San Francisco, is manager and handles the first trick. W. H. Mowat and Thos. J. Fuson are working their old tricks in the office. Ray Satch-Gates, who worked a trick in the office here before the strike, was given a good position in the Seattle office and began work yesterday. Operator J. Pierpiow, who has been working in Ashland temporarily, has been transferred.

Dr. R. C. Hall went to Los Angeles, Cal., on a business trip last week.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Thomas of Turner, Marion county, arrived Saturday on a visit to their daughters, Misses Ada and Hallie Thomas, of the Ashland Normal. Mr. Thomas has been S. F. agent at Turner for many years as well as W. F. agent there, and also served the people of Turner as postmaster for nearly a quarter of a century.

G. W. Crowson is preparing to ship a carload of Ashland dried fruit East and expects to get it out the last of the week. It will consist chiefly of prunes and peaches. Mr. Crowson having secured the product of Jas. Thornton, W. B. Colton, George Crowson, Thos. Frisbie and others. He proposes to send the car to Minneapolis, and will go there in person to look after the delivery and the sale of the fruit.