

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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November 20, 1927

THE LORD'S NAME:—Blessed be that cometh, in the name of the Lord: we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

PRAYER:—How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace in the name of the Lord.

The Municipal Airport

City councilmen are investigating the need of a municipal airport for Ashland and we can but hope that they will recognize the need sufficiently great to warrant the purchase of a tract of land for that purpose.

Already business men in commercial centers have tasted the good results from quickened communication and are coming to look for the letter that was posted the night before in distant points of the land while the public generally is rapidly discovering that flying offers a service never realized before.

Establishment of a municipal airport here will do more than place Ashland on the map of commercial aviation stations which is being prepared by the federal government—it will undoubtedly place Ashland on the map as an aerial center for their is no place in the Rogue River Valley which is more free of fog—the bane of the flier—than is Ashland.

For The Other Fellow

While it is an established fact that two and two make four it appears that anywhere from eight and two to twenty and two make five when you are counting the rabbits you shot.

Kindness

An Indianapolis woman did a simple act of thoughtfulness six years ago which has brought her a \$50,000 inheritance. She asked a Civil War veteran to ride in her automobile.

This kind deed becomes news because of its \$50,000 aftermath. By itself it would not be news, because the world is so full of thoughtful, kindly persons and pleasantly grateful persons.

Here is a hot top. Get subpoenaed as a witness in the Fall-Sinclair case and secure a free trip to Europe.

A couple of U. S. warships were in a collision recently and we wonder why they don't add bumpers to their equipment.

Evidently that Teapot Dome juror who "expected" to get an automobile "a block long" was riding to a Fall.

What's the lowest commissioned rank in the Mexican army, anyway—or do they start with lieutenant-general?

There is a men's club in Missoula, Montana, that has survived for twenty years despite its name, which is Xylpnmqxixit.

That one-of-a-gun in Portland who is peddling disease germs will have his license revoked before they're done with him.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

Edwin S. Friendly, business manager of the New York Sun, says:

"That truth in advertising and accuracy of statement accounts in a large measure for the tremendous growth in the past decade in both newspaper and magazine advertising."

"People respond to advertising because they believe in it and accept as truth the advertiser's statement."

"And responsible advertisers know that misrepresentation is the quickest and surest road to failure and bankruptcy."

"If any worthwhile business is to continue it must prosper, and if it does so no sane advertiser will knowingly jeopardize his trade and reputation with a mendacious description and by a misleading statement."

"Truth in advertising pays because truth is one of the most vindictive forces in the world. Truth is its own defense and it is readily accepted when believed."

"Some of the world's foremost thinkers have pondered deeply over the truth. But no one need to be a learned philosopher to detect falsehood in advertising."

"Most newspapers and magazines guard their columns with utmost care, knowing that misrepresentation is the surest road to failure and bankruptcy."

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Scissored Sentiment

The booster for any community betterment is an idealist. Take idealism out of a community and it is then time to hang crepe on the door of every business house.

Aviation enthusiasts are declaring that the airship will prove to be the greatest of all time-saving devices. It will have to go some to beat the sandwich—Madras Pioneer.

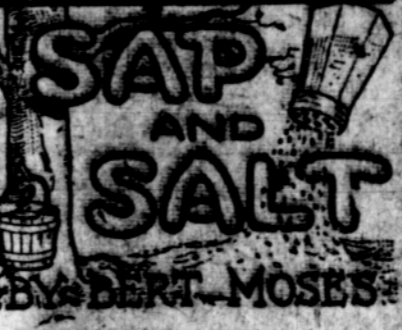
These Mexicans are literal folks. Running for office means just that. Running and nothing else but—except death—Springfield News.

The army has been awarded for medical purposes 1388 cases of champagne seized by the prohibition department. Now this ought to encourage enlistments a little.—Garibaldi News.

It is still difficult to tell when some Crane girls are playing the piano and when they are only dusting it.—Crane American.

The news from New York that Miss Corona was to sing in "Il Trovatore" left us wondering if she had the touch.

A Detroit bureau of research officer has discovered that three times more single men than married men are arrested. At last, "You're not going out tonight!" is beginning to show results.



Don't fight, but if you do, don't get licked. We rarely envy anybody whose pile is smaller than ours.

Most excuses are worse than the offenses they are offered for. The fellow who constantly uses a hammer eventually evolves into an anvil.

Rain is something we want when we haven't got it and don't want after it comes. No matter what you want to get rid of, there is always somebody to buy it. So advertise.

Hex Heck says: "After trying the thing for 63 years, I find it's a blamed sight easier to come down a ladder than to go up."

Twenty-four students have been graduated from the Dry Bureau's College for Enforcement Officers in Washington. The dispatch didn't mention the names of the honor men in the target practice course.

Yes, Broad Bill says "America" just like a Bowery character in a book. He very nearly hogged the show at the flood control hearings, although the speeches bored him. Strangers of various stations in life, including many from down state Illinois, approached him differentially to introduce themselves and shake the great man's hand—just as if he were Andy Mellon at a meeting of ordinary bankers.

W. G. Kropke, who has been spending the past two months at Pelican Bay, returned to Ashland Friday evening.

Grant Ahlstrom, who has been spending a few weeks at Oklahoma, Siskiyou county, Cal., returned to town Thursday.

Mrs. L. E. Hunter, who was called to Ashland by the illness of her sister Mrs. Bessie Stanley Kinn, returns to her home in Portland this evening.

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The Tidings

WASHINGTON LETTERED By Roday Dutcher

WASHINGTON—The principle of state rights, instead of being immutable, has long been a political football alternately carried for a touchdown or a touchback on the gridiron of expediency.

Persons who go along for years without caring a whoop about that hoary principle are often suddenly heard to emit loud yelps of anguish when it appears that their own interests may be pre-empted or subordinated by such tactics.

The only person who bellows about state rights all the year round is the Hon. Albert C. Ritchie, governor of Maryland.

The state rights cry, for instance, was used against such moral reforms as the prohibition and child labor amendments. Apparently it got nowhere in the first instance and emerged triumphant in the second because money and industry favored prohibition and were somewhat cold toward the child labor measure.

The principle of state rights is again an issue as Bill Vore and Frank Smith undertake to clinch their seats in the Senate despite the charges against them. Their friends, Republicans of course, are beefing to the effect that it is the only real principle the Democrats have had since the Civil War and here they are turning two men legally elected by the people of Pennsylvania and Illinois.

Most recently of all, the National council of State Legislatures came before the House Ways and Means Committee as it held tax bill hearings. Its members announced bellicosely that they would launch "a new era in government" that "it is time to call a halt to this tendency of Congress to usurp the powers of the state governments" and that "it is incumbent upon us to warn Congress that usurpation of state powers must cease."

But it developed that the "state rights advocates" had nothing in mind but repeal of the federal inheritance tax which, in effect, makes it difficult for states to attract wealth citizens within their borders by relieving them of such estate taxes.

Regardless of the merits of the tax, the Ways and Means Committee appeared unimpressed by the flaunting of the state rights banner. Thus bearded in their den, veteran congressmen handled the mere legislators like a faculty sitting on a group of recalcitrant school boys. Down here it's not of ten that a congressman can high-tail anyone, so they probably enjoyed themselves.

At the flood hearings on the same floor, your correspondent had an "exclusive interview" with Mayor Broad Bill Thompson of Chicago. "George Washington's going to be a hero as long as I'm mayor," said Broad Bill, grinning. "The whole trouble is that when you change from one anti-American history in the schools you have to turn to another. Now we have a \$10,000 prize up for a real American history. No, I don't know who the judges will be, but I know damn well they'll all be Amurricans."

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CHAPTER VI—Continued. They both burst into merry laughter and Terry lost no time in presenting the remaining power with the locality.

"Thank you," called Dolores, shyly, blushing to her hair as she spoke Spanish artistically.

"I would like to bring you an arm full of American Ecruities, their color is like your dress," Terry's admission was making him surprisingly complimentary.

"It is strange that you come out here. I was wishing you were here," confessed Dolores with frankness.

"You were? That's great, but why? Is anything wrong?" Terry suddenly remembered what had brought him to the ranch and his tight bearded frown gave way to a smile.

"Grandfather is ill with worry about the ranch being taken away from him. We don't know what to do." Her great eyes were opened wide in perplexity.

Dolores did not have any hesitations about confiding private troubles to Terry; by some miracle it seemed to make her feel better.

"That's a funny thing," exclaimed Terry. "I came out to try to help you because I was afraid your grandfather did not understand how grave the land grant situation is."

"Yes, I think he does, but he is unwilling to take advice from outsiders."

"I'm not an outsider," quickly objected Terry. Dolores burst as quickly agreed. Neither of them realized how much they were talking for granted in so short a time, nor how strange their sympathetic loyalty would have sounded had anyone been there to hear.

"I am afraid Grandfather would not listen to a relative of his," Dolores said.

Started at her own avowal, Dolores clutched her throat in a futile effort to suppress the thing she had just said.

"Never mind," coaxed Terry. "Then he regarded Dolores steadily for what seemed to be a long time before adding, 'At least I will try and talk with him anyhow, and in case I fail I hope you will let me know if you need me.' Taking out a card he placed it in her hand."

"Thank you, Terry," she said gratefully. "I will use the address on the card without looking at it."

"That's a promise," Terry smiled and held out his hand.

Where Dolores delicately brushed her hand, Terry's delicate fingers touched his palm as they parted. The sacred years that he hoped to spend with her were over.

They were rudely recalled from their moment of each other when Dolores stalked out into the patio, with Dolores at seeing them together. Dolores pulled her hand from Terry's warm grasp and drew back anxiously, afraid of the impending outbreak.

"Good afternoon, sir," greeted Terry, meeting the old man's eyes coolly.

"The same to you, Senor, and may I be of any service to you?" Terry's eyes did not waver.

"Why should you infer that I re-

quire your help?" inquired Vasquez in stiff indignation.

"Please, Grandfather," quickly interposed Dolores, "allow him to speak!"

The old man looked from Terry to the beloved Granddaughter, whose hand rested on his shoulder in alarm. He had never been able to refuse anything that this only child of his only son asked of him.

"Very well," he acquiesced, bowing stiffly. "Come into the living room, Senor, and be comfortable."

Dolores stood alone, watching them slip away with the familiar shadow of the rancho. Terry's card was still clutched convulsively in her hand. As if fearful of being left alone, she hurried after the men, but stopped to gather a bouquet from a large clump of flowers. She was near enough to watch them disappear. The additional revelation for Dolores' interest lay in the fact that she did not see Terry to depart without her knowing.

True to habit and custom, Vasquez was seated upon a round of wine before Dolores, the subject that was uppermost in their minds.

Unable to delay any longer, Terry turned to Vasquez, saying: "Senor Vasquez, know that unless you sell this ranch you will lose it just the same. Lose fighting you are cruel and ruthless."

"Why do you think you know this?" Vasquez inquired stiffly.

"I heard it from the man's own lips—the man who intends seizing your property to lose his own power and wealth. As I pay for whatever figures you want to have your original land grant declared invalid. And he can do it," finished Terry with conviction.

"I am willing to concede that you are acting in good faith, Senor," said Vasquez sternly, "but I do not believe they could do such a thing. Why my ancestors founded this rancho and the Vasquez family has dwelt here in peace and prosperity since 1776."

Terry sank back helplessly. The fire in Vasquez's eyes showed that he was inwardly raging at the bare thought of such an action.

"When my son, Senor, will be powerless, sir," Terry was doing his best.

"No! No!" Vasquez's voice rang out in protest and crossing to the mantle he took the famous old weapon from its case in the wall. "This sword," he explained proudly, "showing it to Terry, "has protected this land and the Vasquez line since Spain's conquest of California—and it will not fall me now."

"Unfortunately," pursued Terry, "the politicians of San Francisco have no respect for tradition and a man's feelings. They are merciless when it comes to securing what they want and perhaps the greatest leader of them all is determined to add your rancho to his holdings because he knows that its value will increase as the city extends this way."

"My rancho is not for sale, no matter who wants to buy. I once loved a man, Senor, because he stole my Vasquez home and killed my brother. I will not hesitate to inflict a similar punishment on any man who dares trespass on my property rights." While Vasquez spoke he was ransacked with his youthful fire and courage—his spirit was magnificent! "Let us go out into the sunshine, Senor; it will be more pleasant."

As they approached the doorway, Don Luis galloped up on his horse and waved gaily to Dolores. Terry's heart skipped a beat when she raised her bouquet in answer to the salute. And his thoughts were in a tumult when he saw the man who had been so kind to her, so disinterested and great Dolores by pressing her fingers to his lips. He could not see Don Luis say, "Behold what I have brought you, my loved one!" but he saw a long jewel box presented to Dolores and could tell that the greeting was more intimate than he wanted any man but himself to enjoy.

"Ah, thank the Good Mother that I have lived to see this joyous day," sighed Vasquez, smiling happily as he watched the little scene.

Terry looked at him quickly, his brows puckered in a boyish frown of interrogation.

"The last of a family as proud and as glorious as my own," continued Vasquez, waving his hand toward Don Luis; "the only one to whom I would trust the happiness of my child."

Terry frowned inwardly. He had dared dream such glorious plans for Dolores and himself, and all the time she was promised to the picturesque Spaniard!

"I thought—oh—had never been away from the rancho," Terry could not understand it.

"Why? It is true, except as regards calling her friends. They were children together—their traditions are the same as ours. For the daughter of Vasquez to marry other than a man of her own blood would be to court the Pater's wrath."

(To be continued.)

Wolgast is the boy who defeated the famous Battling Nelson in 40 grueling rounds almost three years previously.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

Mrs. Frank Burgess, wife of the Deputy Superintendent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company at Portland, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Parucker in the city.

J. J. McNair was a week-end visitor to Portland, returning the first of the week with his wife, who has been visiting friends in that city.

R. F. Brown, residing on Ford street, received a telegram Monday morning to the effect that his mother had died at her home in Ohio.

S. S. Terrill has moved into the Glenn ave. residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Glenn, who will spend the winter in Santa Ana, Cal.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Max Fracht arrived in Ashland, yesterday from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. David Brooks left in a few days with their daughter, Mrs. Richard Bondle, to spend the winter with the latter at her home near Gresham.

Dolph Naylor of Medford has been in Ashland for a day or two.

Mrs. L. E. Hunter, who was called to Ashland by the illness of her sister Mrs. Bessie Stanley Kinn, returns to her home in Portland this evening.

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ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

H. P. Weeks, the carpenter, came over from Dismal last evening on a flying visit.

Frank Morine of Table Rock is in the city.

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This Day In Fistiania

RITCHIE vs. WOLGAST BY DOC REID

Fifteen years ago today, one of the greatest little lightweight champions in the history of the game went down in defeat and was worn of his championship togs, when Ad Wolgast of Cadillac, Mich., was declared loser

on a foul in the sixteenth round of his memorable battle with Willie Ritchie of San Francisco, at Daly City, Cal.

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