

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

Published Every Morning Except Sunday by THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER Telephone 19

Deposited at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

Subscription Price, Delivered in City	\$ 65
Three Months	1.95
Six Months	3.75
One Year	7.50

By Mail and Rural Routes	
One Month	\$.65
Three Months	1.95
Six Months	3.50
One Year	6.50

DISPLAY ADVERTISING RATES	
Single insertion, per inch	\$.30
Political, Display, per inch	.42
One insertion a week	.27 1/2
Two insertions a week	.25
Three insertions a week	.20
Special Rates for Legal and Miscellaneous Advertising	
First insertion, per 5 cent line	\$.10
Each subsequent insertion, 1 point line	.05
Copy of Thanks	1.00
Estimates, per line	.02 1/2

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

Members of the mens class, at a local Sunday school yesterday devoted much of their time to a frank discussion on the progress being made in the enforcement of the Volstead act. While it was generally conceded that conditions locally were such that the rest of the country could not be judged by Ashland, some men expressed alarm, at the seeming lack of respect being paid to this important constitutional Amendment.

The discussion, however in its many ramifications, failed to take in this one thing; during the last few months in practically every election those candidates who were classed as "wet", have been most decisively defeated. In California recently, the only candidate for Governor out of a field of five republicans, who was an avowed, light wine and beer advocate, received out of the more than one half million votes cast, a little more than 5000. In our own state, we have a glaring example of the peoples distate for violators of the amendment when the republicans refused to nominate probably as able a senatorial representative, as Oregon has ever had. In the eastern states dry congressional representatives have defeated dry incumbents, but the wets have received little consolation, in the progress made by their candidates.

The results of this fall's elections are significant. They clearly indicate that while a man will lean so far towards the side of hypocrisy, as to have a favorite bootlegger, or maybe keep a bottle of good liquor in the house for state occasions, yet, when he is alone in the voting booth, he has little hesitancy in showing his opposition to those who would defeat prohibition. As long as the majority of people take that attitude there is little to fear for the safety of the Eighteenth Amendment. Years will pass before liquor is completely under control. But with a new generation coming on, and the present one continuing to show their lack of appreciation for those who would change the dry laws, prohibition enthusiasts have every right to feel that they are on the winning side.

"DIVINE CONTENT"

A speaker the other day declared that the reason many small towns remain small, is that the people are too contented. There is perhaps more to that explanation than appears on the surface. From time immemorial poets, philosophers, and the good book itself have hymned the blessings of contentment. These blessings are doubtless very real, but the trouble with contentment, as the boy said about being nice to his little sister is that "it don't git you nothin'".

If the cave man had been entirely content to pack his game on his back and the cave woman to carry water on her head, not a wheel would be turning today. If our forefathers had been satisfied with the ox cart, there would never have been a railroad, nor an automobile, nor an airplane. Had Columbus been satisfied with the theory that the earth was flat, America might still be a wilderness the home of wandering savages.

A bookkeeper who is contented with his lot will never be the president of a bank or anything else but a bookkeeper. Had woman been contented with the "sphere" into which God had placed her" she would still be a chattel. Contentment has its advantages but it is the death of all movement upwards. In discontent, which the poet calls "divine content" lies the germ of all progress and wisdom.

The Tidings pleads guilty to discontentment. That is one reason why we have signed a contract for the complete United News service. That's one reason why we have planned on still further improvements in the editorial departments. If we can stay discontented until Ashland has a newspaper which really reflects the spirit of the community, then we shall feel that our "divine content" has been worth while.

BLAH TO THE RESCUE

Blah, one should explain, is Rev. Billy Sunday's hyperbolic synonym for that branch of intellectual pursuit commonly known as science. Scientists, avers the evangelical gentleman of hard-boiled tactics and immense sawdust success, are mere ropers. Furthermore, they are blind. This, he concludes in a vehement burst of triumphant slang is the "tip-off." And that is that.

Most persons will recall a day not many years ago when a private Pullman was towed into Chicago at the tail-end of a fast train. In the car sat the Rev. William S. Sunday, propped up with pillows and looking extremely pale about the gills. He was being rushed, at an expense far beyond the means of most of us, to the Mayo clinic at Rochester, Minn. It seemed that the Rev. Mr. Sunday had been unceremoniously interrupted in the midst of a rousing gospel crusade in a southern city by his kidneys. For some unknown and diabolical reason the dogged things had suddenly refused to function as heaven had intended.

Most people — even believers in the beneficent powers of science — would, perforce, have been content with a visit to the family doctor or the home-town hospital. Or, had the trip to Rochester been within the range of possibilities, would have caught the regular 6 o'clock local north. But not the Rev. Sunday. Hastily laying back in his trunk the next sermon on "The Hellish Influence of the Occult", he ordered a private car and had it hooked to the first rattler that passed that way. (Trains, Mr. Sunday says, will stop for him at any place and at any time he desired, this being a pure compliment invariably paid him by railroad executives.)

Tears were in his eyes as he told the reporters at Chicago: "The Lord has never gone back on me yet and I know He wont now", which apparently, He did not. But the Rev. Mr. Sunday went on to Rochester just the same.

Went on to Rochester, where solemn-visaged, white-aproned men go on dabbling about with test-tubes and X-rays and scalpels, where the mysteries of evolution and vivisection are subjects of constant and enthusiastic research, where the deficiencies of the old-humoral pathology, when life hung chiefly on blood, phlegm, yellow and black bile, are contrasted with the results of the unprecedented progress of the past fifty years, where young seekers bow reverently before the wizardry of Pasteur, the achievements of Koch and the sublime wisdom of Rudolf Virchow, where, in short, Almighty God performs many wonders through His legitimate agencies on the earth.

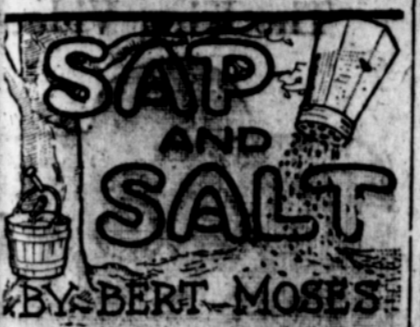
To such a house of darkness did the Reverend Sunday hasten that day. There science took him in charge, made its diagnosis, arrived in time at its prognosis — and almost before he knew it, the evangelist was back on his feet and rarin' to go.

How easy it is to forget. Sometimes it isn't even profitable.

peaceful means if possible but they want it, anyway. And the administration is respectful of large interests.

On the other hand, the administration strongly suspects that what the interests want can be secured peaceably and it doubts if violent measures, in behalf of a few interests, would be popular. The administration is mindful also, of its popularity.

Consequently in its not-writing to Calles, it always stops a little bit short of calling his hand completely.



Bigamy: An attempt to get more out of life than it contains.

Luxury: Any automobile after it has had three year's hard usage.

Woman: A female who works, as distinguished from a Lady, who doesn't.

Train: Something you are either running to catch or waiting for it to arrive.

Blunder: What Shakespeare made when he failed to write his drama around leg shows.

Dirt: A highly useful material that is constantly trying to get where it doesn't belong.

Hez Heck says: "My idea o' cleverness is a woman who kin keep her old man where he belongs without his gittin' next."



Barbs: If money is the root of all evil then working is evil.

Any married man can tell you what he would do if he was single but he would get married.

Perhaps elephants live two hundred years because they never try to reduce their weight.

A little shoving now and then is needed by the lazy man.

Winter is better than summer. The coal man doesn't mash up your vegetables with a cake of ice.

Our guess is men would show their knees if they were as proud of them as women are of theirs.

Normal Notes

Interesting Items of Student and Faculty Activities at the Southern Oregon State Normal School.

Returns from Trip— Miss Katherine Vincent, registrar of the Normal, who spent a week in San Francisco, in a vacation visit with friends, has returned to Ashland.

Doing Special Work— Mr. Wayne Wells, member of the Normal faculty, is in Seattle doing special work at the University of Washington.

Visiting in Marshfield— Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Taylor, are enjoying a part of their vacation visiting friends and relatives at Marshfield. Mr. Taylor is also one of the Normal faculty.

Returned from San Francisco— Miss Leona Harsters, head of the Music Department at the Normal, and Miss Nellie Dickey returned the latter part of last week from a fortnight spent in San Francisco and other California points.

They enjoyed a delightful outing, with much good music.

Also in San Francisco— Miss Clara Trotter of the train-

ing school and Miss Marian Ady of the Normal faculty, Art Department, are also enjoying a vacation spent in the Bay city.

Pleasant Announcement

The Accrediting Commission of California announces that the Southern Oregon Normal school is fully accredited in California, placing the Ashland school on par with any other Normal in the country. This is welcome information for those who may contemplate teaching in the sister state.

Coming Here— Students are being placed rapidly with applications coming right along every day. A large attendance is anticipated.

Arrived in Ashland— Henry Sheldon of Eugene, newly employed high school teacher of science, arrived from Eugene Thursday evening on the stage and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Galey. Mr. Sheldon is the son of Dr. H. D. Sheldon, head of the department of education at the University of Oregon.

Left for Portland— Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Stone, who have been in Ashland during the summer months, left recently for their home in Portland. Mr. Stone was employed to install the electric wiring in the new Junior high school.

Underway Operation— Louis Worth of Valley View, who underwent an operation at the Community Hospital in Ashland last Thursday, is getting along quite well.

Motored to Ashland— Henry Town of Lake Creek, motored to Ashland last week at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Grison and children.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, September 11, 1926.

NOTICE is hereby given that Archie Robert Grievs, of Jenny Creek, Oregon, who, on September 7, 1923, made Homestead Entry, No. 015155, for W 1-2, Sec. 34, Tp. 40 S., and Lot 4, and SW 1-4 NW 1-4, Sec. 3, Township 41 S., Range 4 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Chauncey Flory, U. S. Commissioner, Medford, Oregon, on the 18th day of October, 1926.

Claimant names as witnesses: Louis Miller, George Samuel Sloan, Fred Frain, All of Cocon, California, George Franklin Wright of Hornbrook, California, HAMIL A. CANADAY, Register.

Mom and Pop



By Taylor



A Change in the Concert



OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

