

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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October 28, 1927

THE CRY OF A WOUNDED HEART:—But do thou for me, O God—the Lord, for thy name's sake. Because thy mercy is good, deliver thou me. For I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. Psalm-109:21, 22.

PRAYER: O Lord, my God, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me.

Teaching Methods Up-to-Date

Among the latest plans for study revisions in the public schools made by the "steering committee on curriculum" of the Massachusetts Department of Education is one urging that "pupils should have as clear an idea as possible of the aims of the subject they are studying."

Education has long since gone beyond the mere teaching of facts. The call is to know both what the facts mean and what is their relative significance. In this connection perhaps the social obligations of the individual are of primary importance.

The committee also proposes to correct one habit that is often mistakenly called "thinking." To develop true thinking ability and to correct false mental habits, the committee proposes to pay more attention to the teaching of "accuracy, thoroughness, logical thinking, orderly procedure, sustained attention, perseverance in the face of difficulty and dissatisfaction with failure or partial success."

We Do Worry About Sex

Does the Western world worry too much about sex? A Chinese officer has been discussing the matter with Upton Close, the famous authority on China, who tells all about it in the Forum magazine.

The Chinese was quite frank in his criticism of Europe and America.

"To an Asiatic every phase of your life seems permeated with sex consciousness," he said. "From grammatical gender, incredibly ludicrous to our students of your language, through personifications of justice, ships, things high or low, concrete or abstract, to the sexward twist of your modern psychology, you are impressively sex-minded. The emphasis put by novelists and even jurists, upon the sex act is a phenomenon to us. Apparently it is regarded as the crisis of life. It is a climax to romance, or, out of place, it is catastrophe irretrievable. Magical, mystical effects are imputed to it. Life can never be the same afterward."

Work

"Work is man's best recreation. The work we love gets us up early and holds us late. It makes us happy through the whole day of toil. It makes us, for the moment, immortal.

Whether it brings wealth or not is unimportant. Even if it wrecks health, it is worth while.

Get a loyalty, an enthusiasm, a job of work. Let it take you, use you, burn you out, maybe, but keep it, live with it, die with it.

There is nothing better than life enthusiastically lived; life with a definite purpose and an abiding loyalty to some cause or business.

There is no death to be preferred to that which comes when the flame of endeavor is still burning brightly."

Fall's natural modesty no doubt impels him to credit others with the "patriotic" Teapot Dome oil lease.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



TUNING OUT AN OLD ONE.



The garbage can is closely related to the grocery bill.

When a man cries or a woman smiles, put your purse in an inside pocket.

Opportunity stands still only long enough for you to make one hasty grab.

Back-patting and brow-beating precede just about the same brand of goods.

Come to think of it, what is here left to make a girl hang her head in shame?

If you stick to the truth too closely, they will have you up in court as a dangerous character.

Hex Heck says: "An old woman with bobbed hair puts me in mind of an old man playin' marbles."

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

by EDSON R. WAITE Shawnee, Oklahoma

Theodore Bodenwein, publisher of the new London (Conn.) Day, says:

That your city or town or community is just what you make it. If you are not sufficiently interested in its affairs to be willing to assume a share of the burden of conducting it, how can you expect it will be efficient and economically managed?

Too many of our "best" citizens absolutely refuse to accept public office in their home cities. They permit others, petty clerks and small caliber men, to administer the business affairs of their community.

Then they find fault because their city does not show more progress and is inefficiently managed.

When a person is incompetent to conduct a business of his own he is considered good enough to hold political office in a city administration. No wonder the tax burdens of American municipalities are so alarmingly great.

What nearly all of our American cities need most is an enlightened public spirit that will

(Please Turn to Page 7)



A Chicago woman gave a beggar a dime and then discovered he was her husband. Moral: Don't marry beggars.

New York's mayor has ordered the law enforced closing cabarets at 2 a. m. If a patron isn't robbed by that time he doesn't deserve to be.

America is a place where a man can get along pretty well in the oil business if he's patriotic enough.

Maine's new ester law makes it a crime to sell any apple juice containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol except to vinegar makers of record. Most of the people in Maine, though are vinegar makers of record.

Among other things we don't care to be a patient of the doctor who fooled us about swimming the British channel.

They're erecting a monument to James James out in his home town. Some day along about 1930 you'll probably read about the unveiling of a memorial to a wrestling promoter.

The Tidings

WASHINGTON LETTER

By Rodney Dutcher NRE Service Writer

WASHINGTON - If you like that sort of thing, you can move to Washington and easily rub elbows with the great.

Just the other day for instance, a crowded street car nosed down Connecticut avenue bearing such figures as Senator Borah, former Senator Albee Pomerene and your correspondent.

Pomerene, doubtless, with his mind on his prosecution of Fall and Sinclair in the latest oil trial, clung to the rail on the rear platform. Borah had grabbed a brass seat-handle amidships. Borah is the most prominent of local strap-hangers, although he prefers seat-handles as more stable. He walks from his home on Wyoming avenue over to the car line in Connecticut and sometimes a bit further before boarding the car.

Sometimes a friend of the senator's stops and takes him in to his automobile—the senator is very democratic about it. If not, he boards a car marked Lincoln Park and rides down through the heart of the city and east until it stops at the Senate office building. He never requires a transfer because he doesn't have to change.

Lowman On a Bus - If one takes a bus down Sixteenth street in the morning he is likely some time to find himself seated alongside the Hon. Seymour Lowman, assistant secretary of the treasury and titular boss of all prohibition enforcement. That is, if Mr. Lowman has been lucky enough to get a seat. If he went a little earlier he would be completely out of luck, for the bus is always crowded during the rush hour before it reaches Belmont street, where Lowman swings aboard.

Some of the best elbow-rubbing is to be had on the sidewalks, however. If you try it on yourself, you can brush Vice President Dawes of a morning on Sixteenth street, hiking toward the capital pending the moment his motor car will come along and pick him up. Or, if you wait on the Connecticut avenue bridge, you're likely to have to make way for former President Taft himself. If you greet him he will nod to you and if you doff your hat he'll probably smile—in fact, almost anyone here will speak to a person if he's spoken to. Usually he hasn't the slightest idea whether he has met you or not but he does not want to slight anyone—especially if he's a politician.

Coolidge Guarded - It's pretty hard to rub elbows with President Coolidge, of course, for if you try that a secret service man is likely to interfere. But if one has any luck, he can shake hands with the president on special occasions three or four times a year. All that's necessary is to stand in line on New Year's Day for the annual handshaking, obtain a pass to one of the noonday handshaking sessions at the White House reception or two. Incidentally, it's a more satisfying though rare pleasure to shake hands with Mrs. Coolidge. She grasps one's hand as if she meant it. Most of Washington agreed years ago that as to the Coolidge family's capacity for being human Mrs. Coolidge had 99 per cent of it.

Brady was as nice to Polly as he knew how to be, not that he received any encouragement, nor because he expected to treat her in any different fashion than he usually treated women, but because he was afraid to bring his budding trouble with Haley to a head. Polly was taking a real interest in her life. She could climb the rigging like a squirrel, and could race any man aboard to the cross trees. One day as the schooner was brooding along before stiff breeze, the wind suddenly veered, and as the Sea Sprite was bound north, but not to any definite point, Brady called for all hands aloft to furl the lower canvas.

Polly was in her perch at the bow, and mantered down the deck as the crew crossed the rigging. As they returned to the deck, Brady saw that the top-sail was flapping loose. "Get up, one of you, and make that the top-sail."

One of the men started to go, but much quicker than he, Polly raced to the cross trees and fastened the erring sail. Coming down she passed over Brady's head, and her bare legs, browned now with salt and wind, held the man's eye. He shifted nervously, and looked around to see if Hurricane was on deck, then speaking to the man at the wheel, he left the bridge and went forward in search of Polly.

The girl was inspecting the morning's wash, held on a line by the simple method of turning the rope until the strands parted and then inserting a corner of the garment. This was the first real work that the girl had ever done, and she took a strange pride in doing it. As she stepped back to view the semi-whiteness of her work, Brady stopped up behind her and in his usual city manner whispered: "Say, Polly, you've never given me a tumble since you came aboard. You wasn't so high and mighty back in the River-side."

Polly looked at him, and some of the score in her heart peeped from her eyes. "That was my lot—I was working for Hurricane then, now I'm working for Hurricane as I don't have to talk to you."

"SHANGHAIED"

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

Polly, the dancing girl from "The River-side," a famous Frisco dance hall, is kidnapped aboard the "Sea Sprite," the fishing schooner belonging to Hurricane Haley, a captain who fell in love with Polly. Through her Hurricane lost the savings of many hard cruises, and he blames the entire mishap on her. He revenges himself by treating her like a dog, and intends to make her work for him until the whole debt is paid. After her hard work in the galley she is made to dance for the crew. She rebels and tries to jump overboard and when she is dragged back Hurricane treats her more harshly than before. At every opportunity he taunts her, knowing that this hurts her more than any hardships.

Never, while she was saying this did the girl raise her voice, but now, as she looked at Hurricane and found him smiling sardonically, unbelieving, she broke down: "Oh, Hurricane, can't you see? I am telling the truth, put me off the boat, but believe me—please Hurricane—Mora's yer-lies," Hurricane told her. "I suppose you think I'll pay for the boat, an' let yer go free?" "No," she repeated quietly. "I'm satisfied to stay. I want to stay."

Hurricane looked at her long and strangely as if he were trying to see into her soul. Polly bore it steadily, then turning away and went down to her cabin. For a long time Hurricane stared straight ahead looking at the sea. Next day Hurricane seemed to be another man. His assurance that he was gone, but never for one moment, did he cease to heap

hardships and abuse upon the girl. For days this went on till Brady, who though more beast than man, was still a sailor, told him that the Sea Sprite was making little headway, and that her many leaks, and cruises were bringing them no nearer to their destination.

"We're right in the steamer lanes to Vancouver," he growled. "And I don't want no two year's cruise again, anyhow."

A look from Hurricane silenced him, but it bred a feeling of antagonism between him and the skipper, which appeared in sundry little things. Hurricane noticed them and watched for further developments.

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to take the lead if they were to learn anything, he asked, in an equally quiet voice. "Look here lads," Brady whispered. "I want you to know in case anything happens, be the wind of his nut. He's liable to do anything, an' neither you nor me want's to sail with a mad-man. Look how he's been cruising up an' down without gettin' anywhere, an' before yer knows it were a-goin' to have another two weeks like the last. What say we put him in irons an' I'll take yer, where the seal are, an' we'll soon be back in Frisco with lashings of Jack."

Limey smiled his acceptance, but the rest began to get scared. "The law says," Brady went on. "The law says that the skipper is unfit to keep command of a ship when she's at sea, the crew can take charge. An' you can see for yourselves that the skipper's as gummy as hell."

"So yer making up to him now, Gawd, what a dirty little rat yer are," Limey said, "an' Polly looked around, with temper flaming in her eyes he pushed her roughly. "Get below," he ordered. "It's about time you thought about getting something to eat. This ain't no picnic, neither is yer."

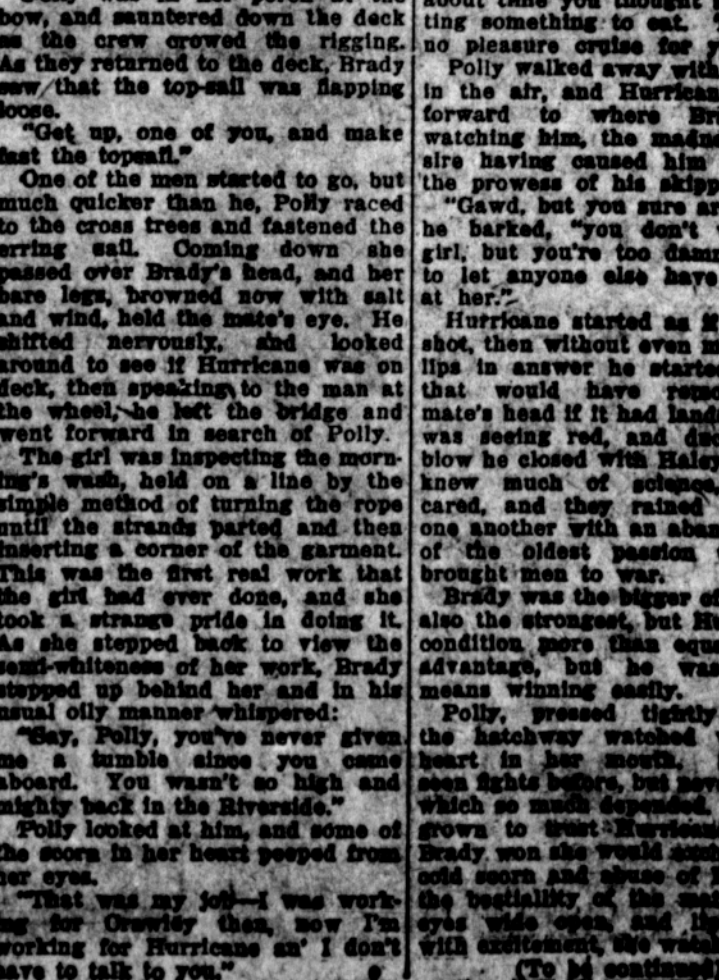
Polly walked away with her head in the air, and Hurricane started forward to where Brady was watching him, the madness of desire having caused him to forget the prowess of his skipper's fist. "Gawd, but you sure are a hog," he barked. "You don't want the girl, but you're too damned keen to let anyone else have a crack at her."

Hurricane started as if he were shot, then without even moving his lips in answer he started a blow that would have sent the girl flying. Hurricane's mate was seeing red, and decking the blow he closed with Haley. Neither knew much of science, neither cared, and they rained blows at one another with an abandon born of the bestiality of the beast that has brought men to war.

Brady was the bigger of the two, also the strongest, but Hurricane's condition more than equalled this advantage, but he was by no means winning easily.

Polly, pressed tightly against the hatchway, watched the two men fight. She had seen fights before, but never one in which so much depended. She had grown to hate Hurricane, but if Brady won she would exchange the cold ocean and shore of Frisco for the hot sun and sand of the beach, and the white sand of the beach with excitement, she watched them have to talk to you."

(To be continued)



Hurricane was by no means reticent, and edging closer he patted her arm as he whispered: "I could be mighty good to you. You wouldn't have to work or wash no shirts. If you'll only say the word I'll wipe the deck with him."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

Rev. Ward Hammond of the Episcopal church entertained about twenty couples of young people at the Trinity parish house Friday evening. The affair was of the "hard-time" nature, and many and varied were the costumes worn.

The Ministerial Union, as organized for the winter months, is officered by Rev. R. W. Farquhar, Congregationalist, president; Rev. C. B. Langdon, Nazarene, vice-president; Rev. A. R. Blakstone, Baptist, secretary-treasurer.

Miss Bertha Kincaid of this city, has been elected one of the seventeen honor students at the University of Oregon, where she is attending school.

Mrs. Shirley Keane's third dance last Thursday evening was enjoyed by about twenty couples.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Normal Notes—Mrs. M. E. R. G. Brown gave in chapel last Tuesday, an instructive talk on the race and social question in the South.

Ashland High School Notes—Thursday evening the Seniors of the A. H. S. surprised Hosea Inman at his home. After games and a general good time refreshments were served. All went home feeling that they had had one of the best times of the year.

W. L. Guy, formerly night traffic chief in the Western Union office at Seattle, has taken the position of night traffic chief in the company's relay station at Ashland.

A. M. Beaver, a brother of Mrs. Yockey with his family arrived in Ashland today, from ORIG. They expect to locate here.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

The increased attendance in the Ashland public schools has necessitated the employment of another teacher, Miss Susie Jones, who assists Miss Gleason in the primary department at the south building.

The Lindsay Bros. have completed a lot of improvement work on the wagon road from Ashland via Dead Indian to Pelican Bay. Chas. Lindsay returned to town Thursday and will be out at Hunt's in Dead Indian yet.

J. A. Copeland of Talent has rented the Durkee farm (now owned by Wm. Lytleton and T. Noonan) located on the north side of Bear creek near Ashland.

Jacksonville Items—Mrs. Anna Holmes went to Ashland last Friday for an extended visit with her niece, Mrs. M. L. Stanley.

This Day In Fistingiana

GRIFFO vs. DIXON By DOC REID

Thirty-two years ago today, two of the greatest and most scientific boxers in the history of pugilism clashed in a ring at New York City, when George Dixon, colored featherweight champion of the world, and Young Griffio, Australian featherweight marvel, met in a scheduled ten round affair that resulted in the third draw fought by the pair.

In the previous year they had gone four rounds to a draw and earlier in the same year the pair fought 25 furious sessions to an even thing. The affair attracted one of the largest light crowds of the year.