

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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## ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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November 30, 1927

**THE BLESSED:**—Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. Psalm 119:1.  
**PRAYER:** O God, in Christ, Thou canst make the unclean, do Thou cleanse us.

### Penalty for "Gun Totin" Criminals

There is a lot of talk about how to reduce the crime wave and one of the first suggestions is to prohibit the ownership of firearms.

This would remove protection which the private citizen has against burglary, robbery and assault, but it would not prevent the criminal from securing firearms. His business is unlawful and it would not bother him at all to go a step further and procure arms contrary to the law, smuggled in from other sources.

The fact that the private citizen could not lawfully buy arms would make the work of the thing just that much easier.

The logical way to reduce crime is to assure speedy punishment, also to provide that the use of a gun or any other form of concealed weapon in committing a crime should demand an increased sentence, with no possibility of probation or suspended sentence.

The average American citizen enjoys target practice and he enjoys hunting. It is healthy sport and recreation. Why should he be prohibited the use of a gun on the theory that this will prevent the use of guns by criminals? Why not make the penalty doubly severe on the criminal using a gun, instead of penalizing a law-abiding citizen who uses a gun for legitimate purposes?

To prohibit the manufacture and sale of small arms in order to prevent crime, would be equivalent to prohibiting the manufacture and sale of automobiles to prevent reckless drivers from inflicting injury on the public.

### Supremacy of Newspaper Recognized

Marcini, radio wizard, thus compares the field of radio and newspapers:

"The newspaper has this distinct advantage: It is a record. You cannot paste radio announcements in a scrapbook; newspapers put the news down in black and white.

"Of course, the radio has its advantages. A radio impulse can travel around the world in one-seventh of a second, and news can be transmitted almost instantaneously."

The newspaper cannot give the world the splendid musical programs available through the radio; but the press, he feels, will always be the big power in the world for expressing opinion by rulers and statesmen, and for the big events of news.

While the famous inventor does not exactly say it, the press is original and constructive instead of being largely a repeating agency.

The newspaperman who respects and lives up to his privileges has a power above that of kings. Even the radio is under him.

### Do They Lose Perspective

As the convening of Congress approaches, the air is filled with political talk about the necessity of putting government into business. There is not as much necessity today as there has been in the past, for the simple reason that this nation has worked out a system of public regulation of private industry which surpasses in efficiency government ownership and operation of industry.

Apparently many public officials, when they move to Washington, lose their perspective of common, everyday American life. They are beset by this class and that class, seeking special privileges for a favored few. They seem to forget the very fundamentals of our government, which Thomas Jefferson so ably set forth when he said, "That people is governed best which is governed least."

The safety of this nation, its traditions, its constitution and its institutions, rests largely with the common citizen and the rural editors who are living the everyday American life, and whose viewpoint is not warped by too close proximity to the whirlpool of political life and socialistic agitation which makes our state and national capitals a difficult place for calm and deliberate thinking.

It has been raining all over the just and unjust these days and also over those who forgot their umbrellas.

## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.



BY BERT MOSES

Giving with the hands beats giving with the tongue.

Anyhow, Chicago is a poor place to canvass for the birth-control idea.

When telling the truth means a loss of profits, most men don't tell it.

It is much easier to understand how you fell out of love than how you fell in.

Patience that comes natural is more commendable than patience created by main force.

Those who most loudly protest against women exhibiting their legs are the ones who do the most looking.

Has Heck says: "I never yet seen anything that didn't hev something the matter with it."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler says that thinking is a lost art. It might also be said that the people are voting as they think.

Jefferson Review.

### Scissored Sentiment

It is quite evident that some of the easterners who sent their sons to the west never anticipated that these sons might grow up and want to manage their own affairs.—Hood River News.

The farmer, who hated the automobile because it frightened his horses and spoiled the roads, is now one of the largest users of gasoline wagons, which proves that the world does move.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

If a man can make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, the world will beat him out of the patent rights.—Roseburg News-Review.

If a wife dresses up to the fashion, the neighbors say mean things about how she keeps her husband's nose to the grindstone. If she is not particular about her dress, they feel sorry for the man who has to live with such a dowd.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

The thinking people are looking for presidential candidates who will give us soundness in judgment and firmness in control.—Hubbard Enterprise.

One of the principal reasons why so many young men are falling along the way is that they try to make non-stop flights from school room to game and fortune.—Medford News.



A dispatch from Bucharest tells all about a bill that "would make Rumania as dry as the United States." A country with such a fine sense of humor is just bound to get along.

A culture contest between Harvard and Yale is proposed. Yale is said to have the lead in raccoon coats, with Harvard having a slight edge in open-faced roadsters.

Dean Inge says England would be better off if the country were more sparsely settled. Certainly, Dean, look at us—why, we're not settled at all!

A magazine suggests that the ardent swain make his sweetie a Christmas present of credit at a beauty parlor this year. But there would be ladies who could cry over that, too.

Clarence Chamberlain is devoting himself to the building of what shall be called "fool-proof" airplanes. Clarence is quite a flyer and we hope he doesn't give that up for some empty pursuit.

## The Tidings

WASHINGTON LETTER  
By Rodney Dutcher  
NBA Service Writer

WASHINGTON — When a statesman makes a speech or talks for the newspapers, he is apt to be something of a bore.

But when he talks "not for publication," he is likely to have something interesting to say.

The reason for that is that the statesman—or politician, if you prefer—knows full well that if he speaks his mind, he is likely to offend someone or express what may be deemed a half-baked idea.

He always has one eye on the voters or the bosses or financial backers on whom his career may depend, and when he says something any of them are likely to hear or read, he chooses his words very carefully.

The situation causes some of them to become apparent victims of repression. Year correspondent, who originally arrived in the capital weighted down by a great awe, somehow become hep to the fact that most of the important gentlemen he interviewed for publication were often mouthing mere platitudes or bunk or else repeating parts of their previous speeches.

He consequently adopted the habit of assuring all interviewers that they mustn't say anything for publication. Those tactics seem to put some of them at ease. Others, who feel that their views seldom receive proper newspaper attention, are disappointed.

Still others, perhaps the most important ones, seem glad to take the opportunity to get something off their chests. Thus, one is able to pass along ideas and facts of interest without quoting anyone, the only drawback being that if they were attributed to the actual source they would often be good for eight-column headlines on Page One.

For instance, an outstanding leader of the Democratic party who often has been suggested for the presidency unburdened himself the other evening of certain beliefs which, publicly expressed, would cause him to be eviscerated and damned by Democrats wherever they are to be found.

"Our political set-up," said he, "is based on silly, artificial lines established by the Civil War. We have men on our side of the Senate who are no more Democrats than Coolidge and Republicans on the other side who are no more Republicans than I am."

"The only thing that keeps the Republican party dominant is the fact that we have a solid south. The north has been warned against putting the south in the saddle and enough of it votes that way to elect Hardings and Coolidges."

"The only solution I see is to break up the solid south and the best way to do that is to nominate Al Smith. I admire Smith, but he would take a terrible licking."

"Smith wouldn't carry one single southern state except Louisiana. The more states he carried elsewhere, the better for the party, but he couldn't win."

"Then, with the south an open field, we would have a national party. There wouldn't be many more of those fearful landseeds, and there would be real contests in nearly every state. I don't see any other way out for us, because except in case of a terrific

(Continued On Page Five)

### This Day In History

NOV. 30th, 1870  
COBURN vs. MACE  
By DOC REID  
Fifty-seven years ago today, Joe Coburn, a native of Ireland, who gained recognition as the heavyweight champion of America, fought 12 furious rounds to a draw with Jim Mace, the champion of England, at Bay St. Louis, Miss. The men fought with bare knuckles under London prize ring rules and the battle lasted three hours and fifty minutes.



Copyright, 1927, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.  
Dolores Costello in "OLD SAN FRANCISCO" in a Warner Bros. production of this novel.

**SYNOPSIS**  
Don Hernandez Vasquez and his beautiful granddaughter Dolores occupy old Vasquez homestead overlooking San Francisco. The city's prosperity that followed the gold rush missed the Vasquez ranch. Vasquez's indolent ways are to blame. The ranch is coveted by Buckner, a political boss. His lawyer, Frank Adams, with Vasquez's nephew, Terry, try to buy the ranch. Vasquez refuses to sell. Terry falls in love with Dolores. Buckner plans to oust Vasquez by selling old Spanish land grant. Terry goes to court Vasquez and secures a quantity of land that Vasquez ignores. Terry's earnings and tells him Dolores is to marry young Spaniard, Don Luis.

"And I shall value every day that you so much as think in meek appreciation, her eyes twinkling merrily.  
"You love a joke, don't you? Well, there is something else in the bottom of the box that I am sure you will appreciate."  
Dolores tilted up a corner of the cotton doily that had appeared to be a silver tube. Taking it out, she examined it with a puzzled frown between her beautiful eyes.  
"What is one to do with a queer piece of silver like that?" she asked, looking toward Don Luis.  
"I shall be my pleasure to show you." Dolores pulled off the small top and exposed a crimson tube of lip rouge. It was Dolores' first introduction to an artificial beauty aid and her bewilderment amazed Don Luis.  
"For your lips?" she inquired, her feminine instinct telling her what it was for without being informed.  
"No, my sweet, not mine—yours!" And without warning Don Luis placed the palm of his hand on the soft curve of her cheek and, drawing her toward him, applied the rouge to her lips.  
Furiously indignant, Dolores pushed his hands away and stood facing him defiantly.  
"It is an insult to infer that I have no right to wear it on my lips!" With the back of her hand she tried to wipe the moist scar away, and it only inflamed her anger to have Don Luis throw back his head and laugh.  
"He was thinking of the night before and of how different another woman had acted when he painted her lips. It was that incident that made him think of buying a similar toy for Dolores. Had she only been able to divine his thoughts her anger would have no bounds, for, although she had never before had very decided ideas about what was right and proper, and she would not have approved of the worldliness in which Don Luis revelled. Haughtily turning away, she left him and went into the living room, passing just long enough before a mirror to make her see one of the painful stuff was left on her lips.  
Dolores was surprised to find her Grandfather alone. "Where is Senator O'Shaughnessy?" she inquired eagerly, pronouncing the long name with a flourish.  
"Gone back," replied Vasquez, shrugging his shoulders and pointing down the main road in front of the Rancho.  
"Why?" Dolores felt like crying.  
"Because I did not tremble at the rash warning which his youthful imagination probably exaggerated." Vasquez believed this to be the real reason for Terry's sudden departure. "It does not matter!"  
But to Dolores it mattered very much. She could not understand why Terry had been feeling her up with drooping shoulders and curled-up on a wide window seat and dolores looked toward Old San Francisco. Perhaps she would never see Terry again! Taking out his card, she read:  
"ERRANCE O'SHAUGHNESSY,  
The Backslows' Club,  
San Francisco."  
Dolores found herself wondering just where the Backslows' Club was and how Terry spent his time. Did he know a number of girls, and was he as nice to any of them as he had been to her?  
Looking up from the card, Dolores sighed, then she gave a little start, frowned and suddenly turning her back to the room, continued looking out the window.  
Don Luis, smiling indolently, had just entered and blown her a kiss from his finger tips. When Dolores turned her back he laughed softly and quickly crossing to the window seat, lounged comfortably at the opposite end.  
"Am I forgiven?" And leaning forward he grasped her high-heeled slipper to attract her attention.  
"Yes," conceded Dolores. "If you will let go of my slipper—please!"  
"All right, sweet lady. Now I am going to play a love song for you."  
And closing his eyes he leaned back against the window and began playing a guitar that he had brought in from the patio.  
Rising very softly, Dolores stealthily slipped away and followed her Grandfather outside, where she had just seen him receive a message from a stranger.  
His shoulders sagged. The spark of his old fighting spirit was gone. He was silent and dejected, with an open letter in his hand.  
"Grandfather, dear, what is wrong?" she asked, gently putting her arms around his drooping shoulders.  
The old man tried in vain to smile from his depression. "The young Senator was right," he explained helplessly. "They have served notice that our grant is invalid and we must vacate immediately." His lips twitched and his eyes were moist.  
(To be continued.)

### CHAPTER VI—Continued

Vasquez smiled gently. Not for a moment did he imagine how deeply his announcement had affected Terry.  
Nor did he notice that the youth smiled bitterly at the thought of what a fool he had been. Terry wanted the wine back on the table that he had barely sipped. He wanted a quantity of it to drown his disappointment and make him forget about the secret Vasquez had just revealed.  
"I am sorry you have failed to heed my warning, Senator Vasquez. I seem to have misunderstood things." And without further delay Terry picked up his hat and lay by the entrance opposite the patio so he would not encounter Dolores. He felt like a silly ass for having believed that Dolores could have cared as he did.  
Vasquez looked after him in surprise, shrugged his shoulders and settled down to polish the great

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## TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago	ASHLAND 20 Years Ago	ASHLAND 30 Years Ago
Andrew McCallen, former assistant cashier of the First National Bank, is now employed in the collection department of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, San Francisco office. Mr. McCallen makes his home with his mother at Berkeley.	Ed Barr and wife of Soda Springs were in Ashland Saturday, closing up a deal for the purchase of the Wash. Powell place of 160 acres in Barron addition.	Dr. Hester went through for San Francisco on Monday.
High School athletes will turn their attention to basketball on next Monday. A week of candy and soda was followed the breaking of training after the Thanksgiving football game.	Ira Tangalo of the Forest service, was in Ashland Saturday. He is now headquartered at Jacksonville, looking after portions of the Ashland and Siskiyou National forests.	Mrs. Joe. Rapp visited Ashland today.
O. T. West came over from Hornbrook (alone) for a sojourn in the city Monday.	County Clerk W. R. Coleman was a visitor in Ashland Sunday among the Elks.	Joe. Robinson came in last night from Redding.
No. and Mrs. A. H. Franchi returned Wednesday from an extended visit to the exposition.	J. B. N. Smith returned yesterday from a visit to the Coos Bay Region.	Rev. F. G. Strange has gone to Medford to attend the Williams funeral.
		Fred Ulen, who has recovered from his recent illness, returned to Ashland from Grants Pass Friday.
		Albert Walker is in from Klamath county.