

The Ashland Register

Semi-Weekly Paper Published at Ashland, Oregon
Formerly the Central Point and Ashland American

Office at 372 East Main Street
BUSINESS AND NEWS PHONE 95

One Year \$2.00

Advertising Rates Given on Application

Entered at the Postoffice at Ashland, Oregon, as Second Class Matter, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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THIS PROBLEM OF PUGILISM

The Ashland Register believes, and rightly, that laws prohibiting prizefighting should be enacted before laws prohibiting the broadcasting of prize fights by radio. It observes that the cart of reform is hitched ahead of the horse, precisely as it is hitched in the law which forbids the circulation of prize fight motion pictures. As long as prizefighting is permitted, just as long will people be keenly interested in it, declares the Register, and for exactly that length of time it will be necessary to give the public the news of the prize ring—by print, by radio and by film. It sums the situation in these words:

"Prize fighting is rotten. It disgraces an intelligent civilization. But it is interesting."

The Register very properly concludes that interest in pugilism, in the drama of the event, is not peculiar to ungodly men. A minister, if he is candid, would frequently confess that he has been following the pugilistic news, as a championship fight approaches, with quite unclerical emotions, declares the Ashland newspaper. Touching upon this very statement we remember an illustrative instance.

Back in the times when Jeffries was preparing for the conflict with Johnson, and was accorded the partisanship of millions who believed that the heavyweight belt should be worn by a white man, there was a mid-western minister whose habit it was to drop into the country printing office and read the metropolitan exchanges. In his college days he had played football. Now all his ways were ordered and devout. Yet it was observed that invariably he turned to the sports pages and read with avidity every line pertaining to the impending conflict. This he did more or less by stealth and wholly without subsequent allusion, until one day he chanced upon a column of type which declared the chances of Jeffries to be null and void. Springing to his feet, his face empurpled, the reverend gentleman hurled the offending journal to the floor.

"I have no use for prize fighting!" he roared. "'Tis brutal! 'Tis degrading! A coon has the championship, and I'm glad of it! But I'll bet any man ten dollars that if Jeffries ever gets him in the ring he'll knock him out before the fifth!" Morning Oregonian.

MOTHER'S JOB

The various and complicated duties of "mother" have been described in story and song, but it remained for a Minnesota editor, Billy Noonan, of the Baudette Region, to tell the world Mother's troubles in plain English. Billy writes:

Mother has a soft snap, hasn't she?
She gets up at six o'clock, feeds the fire, tunes up the kitchen orchestra and starts cooking breakfast.
Then she calls dad, and he rolls over on the other ear for another yard of sleep.
Then she calls the children and dresses the younger ones.
Calls dad again, and he gets up growling like a strange bulldog.
After breakfast she sends the children to school and washes the dishes.
Then she tidies up the house and gets a backache picking up things father has scattered around.
Then she digs up a couple of his shirts and chaperones a needle over the place where he ripped them.
The children are hard on their clothes and she puts in an hour mending garments.
Then she cooks dinner, serves it and sends the children back to school.
Business of washing dishes again.
The church is going to have a food sale, so she bakes a cake for it.
Dad's best suit, which she pressed the other day, is all over cigar ashes and has more wrinkles in it than an accordion, so she presses it again.
Then she mends her own clothes.
It is nearing supper time, so she gets busy in the kitchen again.
Now she has her daily vacation, so she hunts up her husband's peekaboo socks, gets out the knitting bayonets and mends the foot kimonas.
So it isn't much of a vacation after all. The children are sleepy, so she puts them to bed.
By this time she is ready for bed herself, but steals a few minutes to look over the newspaper.
Reads that miners, who haven't taken out

their citizenship papers intend to strike for a six-hour day and five-day week. Starts to bed envying the old maid and the foreign-born miner.

Then she changes her mind. She's glad she's a mother after all. You say we have overdrawn the picture? Overdrawn it, your grandmother.

It isn't every home, of course, but some of you astigmatic lads look over your own home and see if it don't fit.

American Legion Auxiliary Meets

The Auxiliary to the American Legion met in regular session Monday night at the Pioneer Cabin on Winburn Way.

The social committee in charge was composed of the following ladies: Mrs. J. Andrew McGee, Mrs. S. A. Peters, Jr., and Mrs. C. A. Malone.

After the business of the evening had been taken care of a social time was enjoyed by the members, carpet rags were torn and assembled in balls to be sent to the Veterans Hospital number 77 in Portland. Refreshments of delicious sandwiches and coffee were served buffet-style on a long table beautifully decorated with huge bouquets of zennias and nasturtiums and sprays of colorful autumn leaves. The next meeting will occur on the first Monday in November.

Ashland Study Club Meets

The Ashland Study Club met Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Louis Dodge on the Boulevard.

The afternoon's work proved exceptionally profitable and interesting.

Mrs. Fred Wagner had the major topic of the afternoon, instead of the usual review she gave a very instructive account of the history of Webster's International Dictionary.

Mrs. A. G. Adams had the minor topic, she gave a pleasing talk of the "Island of St. Helena."

During the relaxation period, Mrs. Louis Dodge read an amusing article from Harper's Magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. McCoy Entertain at Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCoy are entertaining at dinner this evening, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Lew Hansen and Mr. E. G. Harlan. Dinner will be served at 6:30 and the evening spent informally.

It's quite possible to commit "race suicide," according to Sam Bones, retired Southern Pacific conductor and safety sage, who remarks that race suicide is what happens when sporting blood at the wheel of a bonny buggy tries to beat a fast train to a crossing by a hair.

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"If the race is a draw," Bones says, "the benzine buggy and its driver lose anyhow. In fact the only way really to win is to lose by reaching the crossing about ten seconds or more after the Iron Horse has dragged its tail out of the way."

"The autoist who wants to know what makes the world go around and finds the answer in moonshine usually disproves the old saw about experience being the best teacher. Sometimes he isn't able to cash in on the lesson because he has "cashed in" in course of experiment."

"If Moses had been writing commandments in the 20th century there would have been thirteen instead of ten, and not the least of these would have been STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN."

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