

In the Social Realm

Mr. and Mrs. Benton Bowers entertained a few friends at dinner Friday evening.

Mesdames A. L. Engle, F. E. Moore, C. A. Briscoe and C. F. Shepherd will entertain at the home of Mrs. Engle, 534 Boulevard, Friday afternoon.

The Eleven O'clock Club gave its semi-monthly dance at Memorial hall Monday evening. Most of the club members were present and a delightful evening was spent. Pedersen's orchestra furnished music.

The Parent-Teacher Association of the West Side will meet next Monday, December 2, at the West Side school in the assembly room. The program will be: Music by Mrs. McQuilkin; paper on teaching obedience, Mrs. Wagner, followed by a discussion by Mrs. Slingerland.

Lecture by Dr. Mattie Shaw on Narcotics.

Dr. Mattie B. Shaw will address an audience in the M. E. church, Tuesday afternoon, December 3, at 2:30. This lecture will be an instructive one, and should be listened to by both men and women. She will point out the habit-forming drugs and their effects, such as cocaine, eucaine, morphine and so on. This will probably be the last time she will speak before an Ashland audience. Without doubt the subject of our Oregon laws on these drugs will be handled by someone versed in law. The public are invited to attend.

Federation is Organized.

The meeting held at the Carnegie library at the call of the Women's Civic Improvement Club for the purpose of forming a City Federation of Women's Clubs was a decided success. About 40 ladies responded, representing the Improvement Club, the Chautauqua Park Club, the Parent-Teacher Association, Sunshine Society and the library board. It was decided to organize a City Federation, and this was accomplished by the election of Mrs. E. C. Gard as president and Mrs. C. B. Lamkin as secretary and treasurer. It was decided to establish a Civic Forum and hold meetings at which all subjects of civic interest could be discussed. Notice of these meetings will be made when the dates thereof have been decided upon. There was a musical program in connection with the meeting, which was much enjoyed, followed by a social hour.

Merry Matrons Entertained.

On Friday last the "Merry Matrons" journeyed in full force to Royal Oak ranch, the country home of Mrs. John A. May, where an enjoyable afternoon was passed in playing 500. The quaint old homestead, which, by the way, is one of the landmarks of Jackson county, was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums, stocks and calendula, all grown in Mrs. May's garden. The first prize, a book, was won by Mrs. P. S. Provost, the booby prize, a bottle of "catch-up," going to Mrs. H. Pracht. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. H. O. Frohbach and Mrs. F. D. McQuilken.

All members were in attendance for the first time this year, as follows: Mesdames H. O. Frohbach, F. D. McQuilken, F. G. Swendenburg, C. L. Cunningham, C. Veghte, P. S. Provost, H. Pracht, J. H. Provost, A. W. Boslough, H. Barneburg, W. W. Blalock, W. H. Barges, John A. May. The next meeting of the club will be at the home of Mrs. C. L. Cunningham.

Lecture by Miss Christine Tintling.

Miss Tintling lectured to a well-filled house Tuesday evening. Two very pleasing duets were a part of the program.

Miss Tintling is a native of England. She has crossed the ocean eleven times. She said one thing that impressed her in America was the interest women took in children, not only in their own but in those of others. This was one of the reasons why, a few days ago, West Virginia amended her constitution by a majority of 81,000 against alcoholic drinks. Alcohol, these people said, was impairing the brain power of their children. Moreover, it was no longer pure alcohol. There was tobacco juice, and cocaine and all manner of poisonous drugs added to the wine, colored with aniline or burnt sugar, and that did not make strong, intelligent people. So hereafter the children of West Virginia will have no temptations to lower their mental powers while young. She stated the American nation was always hitting

ORIGIN OF THE PEARL.

The Prized Gem Only the Brilliant Sarcophagus of a Worm. Science has discovered the real origin of the pearl to be a worm. Dr. Hugh M. Smith gives some interesting information on this subject in the National Geographic Magazine.

We know that almost any foreign body—a grain of sand, a bit of mud or shell, a piece of seaweed or a small animal—may by its irritation cause the mollusk to cover it with nacre and make it the nucleus of a pearl, but the largest part of the annual pearl crop of the world is due to parasites that normally pass a part of their life cycle within the shell of the pearl oyster. Minute spherical larvae of marine worms known as cestodes become imbedded in the soft tissues, as many as forty having been found in one Ceylon oyster. As the result of irritation the oyster forms a protecting sac about the intruder, and then, if the larva dies, its body is gradually converted into carbonate of lime, and the pearly mass proceeds to grow with the shell.

If the larva lives it may pass into the body of the strong jawed trigger fishes which prey on the pearl oysters, there undergoing further development. Ultimately it reaches the body of the great rays, which in turn eat the trigger fishes. In the rays the worms attain full development and produce larvae that are cast into the sea and find lodgment in pearl oysters. Thus the cycle is begun once more. We may literally accept the saying of a celebrated French investigator that "the most beautiful pearl is in reality only the brilliant sarcophagus of a worm."

FAITH OF THE FOREST.

Curious Traits of One of the Savage Tribes of Siberia.

Concerning one of the obscure races of northwestern Siberia a traveler writes: "A few of the traits of these curious people may prove of interest, as they show that environment is the strongest factor in determining character. Their intense superstition is accounted for by innate fear of all things they cannot understand. Their shyness, dislike of strangers and dread of their lamas and chiefs are again the result of superstition and seclusion. Sadness and melancholia are stamped on their faces, as is natural to a people who are in constant fear of the gnarl of the mountains, rivers and forests, whose whole time is taken up with propitiating the gods lest evil befall them."

"The Uriankhai is a product of the forest as the Arab is of the desert. The one is the antithesis of the other. Environment has molded the character of each to his surroundings. The fearless believer in one God, the nomad of the sunlit desert, compares strikingly with the superstitious inhabitants of dark, damp forests, fearsome of evil spirits and cringing under their witch doctors."

"All through life the forest dweller is in fear of offending the deities, and at death his corpse is carried out and placed on some lone hilltop, where the wild beasts are expected to devour it if the man has led a good life, but bad Uriankhai have not that doubtful honor bestowed upon them."—Chicago News.

Ventilation.

Have we ever stopped to think how our ancestors two or three generations back lived and flourished with little or no ventilation in their sleeping apartments? The night air used to be considered a very dreadful menace to health and a sure inducer of colds. Bedrooms were kept closely shut, and yet our ancestors, many of them, were harder than we and lived to good old ages. Animals burrow in their holes at night, breathing the same air over and over again, while birds and fowls tuck their heads under their wings. Of course ventilation is absolutely necessary for proper comfort, cleanliness and health, but people have lived on little or none of it for hundreds and thousands of years.—Exchange.

A Giant Pepsys Saw.

King James I. had a gigantic porter eight feet six inches in height, but he was not perfect, being round shouldered, knockkneed and lame in one foot. Of a similar height was Charles Munster, a yeoman of the Hanoverian guard who died in 1678, and seven years before there was being exhibited in London a Dutchman eight feet nine inches high and whom in Pepsys' diary we find the following entry on Aug. 15, 1699: "Went to Charing Cross to see the great Dutchman. I did walk under his arm with my hat on and could not reach his chin with the tips of my fingers."

Happiness.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after folly, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is in his hand or on his head.

A Safe Wager.

Towley—Some one has said that he is a benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. Subbubs—I'll bet anything that fellow never had to run a lawn mower.—Boston Transcript.

Two Puns.

Miss Young—After all, what is marriage but a mister-y?
Miss Older—Yes, and what is spinsterhood but perpetual missery?—London Tit-Bits.

THANKSGIVING IN THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

"THINK," said the minister's little wife, "of eating eggs for a Thanksgiving dinner!"

The Rev. Robert Kean smiled down into her wistful eyes. "It is strange," her husband mused, "that somebody hasn't invited us to dinner."

"Well, of course they don't dream how hard up we are," Mrs. Kean murmured, "and each one thinks the other has asked us."

In the days that followed no one would have imagined that the mind of the trim and smiling little minister's wife was constantly distracted by the problem of feeding four hungry people on a few dollars.

"I can't have turkey," said little Mrs. Kean stoutly, "and that settles it."

But it was harder to deny the "kiddies."

"No, dears," the little mother said, "we can't have a feast this year. But we are going to be thankful just the same."

The children looked at her seriously. "I don't see anything to be thankful for," said Dudley, the big boy of twelve. "What can the Lord expect if he doesn't give us a turkey?"

"Oh, my dear!" was his mother's shocked reproach. But little Marion piped up, "I'm just going to be thankful and thankful and thankful and ask the Lord to send us the turkey anyhow."

Mrs. Kean told her husband of the comments. "Poor dears," she sighed; "they don't understand the blessedness of giving."

"There are some older people who don't understand," said her husband wearily. "Look at our neighbor next door. Never a penny does he give for the poor, and he has riches that he can't count."

But the old gentleman across the way was not worrying about the opinion of his neighbors. "Mary," he said to his cook the night before Thanksgiving, "cook me an old fashioned dinner tomorrow, turkey and all the fixings."

But fate had decreed that no turkey and fixings should be served in the house of the rich old gentleman, for Thanksgiving morning he suffered an attack of gout that kept him tied to his bed, with strict orders from the doctor as to diet. No orders, however, having been given the cook, she proceeded to cook the dinner.

The aroma of it came up the stairway and tickled the nostrils of the rich old gentleman.

"Just my luck," he grumbled, "not to be able to eat it," and he sat up in bed to ring his little bell and to order all the doors shut to keep out the tantalizing smell.

The movement brought his eyes on a level with the window, and he looked straight across into the dining room of the minister's little flat.

Listlessly his eyes rested on the group; then suddenly he leaned forward and scanned the table. In front



"IT'S FROM THE GENTLEMAN ACROSS THE WAY," THE COOK EXPLAINED.

of the Rev. Bobbie was a deep dish from which he was serving spoonfuls of some yellow substance.

"By the gods," murmured the old man, "it's eggs—scrambled eggs—and on Thanksgiving! Why in the name of all that's appetizing don't they have turkey?"

He rang his bell sharply. "Send the cook," was his peremptory order, and when the cook came he asked: "Is dinner ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then carry it across the way, every bit of it."

A few minutes later a procession filed into the parson's flat.

"It's from the gentleman across the way," the cook explained tartly as she stood in the hall. "He is ill, and there is no one to eat the dinner, and he thought you wouldn't mind."

There was really never such a dinner. The turkey was delicious, the pies perfect, and the little Keans brimmed over with happiness. But there was a deeper happiness than the mere joy of good eating in the heart of the Rev. Bobbie when, after a call next door, he came home to his wife.

"I have found a good neighbor," he said, "an old gentleman with a crusty manner and a heart of gold, and that's the best of my Thanksgiving, sweet-heart."—Temple Bailey in Omaha World-Herald.



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GREATEST GAS PRODUCER.

West Virginia Has Output of More than 200 Billion Cubic Feet of Natural Gas.

West Virginia is the greatest producer of natural gas in the United States. She produced in 1911 twice as much as any other state and two-fifths of the total output for the whole country.

According to the United States Geological Survey, the state produced in 1911 the enormous quantity of 207,112,576,000 cubic feet of gas, valued at \$28,451,907, as compared with 190,705,869,000 cubic feet, valued at \$23,816,553, in 1910.

Natural gas accompanies the oil in the wells of West Virginia even more regularly than in Pennsylvania, and the sands yielding gas without oil are more extensive, so that while the state consumed 80,868,645,000 cubic feet of gas in 1911, it also exported a large quantity to Pennsylvania, to the lake shore in Ohio, to Maryland and to Kentucky. In order to supply the necessary quantity for Pittsburgh the gas is pumped through the lines at an average rate of 42 miles an hour, and occasionally at as great a speed as a mile a minute.

Drilling was active throughout the state in 1911, resulting in the completion of 870 productive gas wells out of a total of 987 well drilled, the number of gas wells at the close of the year being 4,755 as compared with 4,052 wells at the beginning of the year. Fifteen years ago there were only 840 natural gas wells in the state and the value of the output was less than \$1,000,000.

The quantity and value of the gas consumed in West Virginia in 1911 amounted to 80,868,645,000 cubic feet, valued at \$6,240,152, an average price of 7.72 cents per thousand cubic feet. Of the total consumption in 1911 a larger proportion was consumed for industrial than for domestic purposes. The quantity of gas

consumed in manufacturing was 50,130,046,000 cubic feet.

One of the industries which is almost entirely confined to the state is the manufacture of carbon black, for which large quantities of gas are required and to which the gas is well adapted. It is estimated that during the year 1911 a total of 18,737,265,000 cubic feet of gas was used by the carbon-black factories of West Virginia. The value of this gas was \$544,856, an average of about 3 cents per thousand cubic feet.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

H. A. Autry.

We are authorized to announce H. A. Autry as independent candidate for the office of city recorder.—Paid adv.

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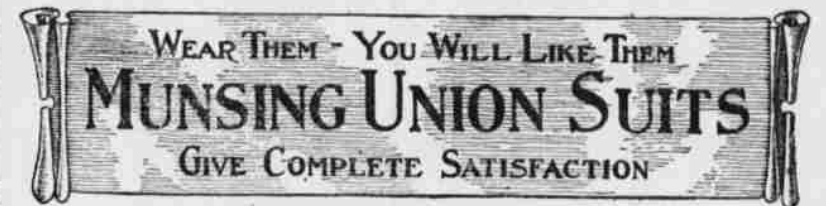
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